

# Warlock of the Magus World

(巫界术士)

Arc 03

## Morning Star Chronicles

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### Story Description:

From the future, from a society where man and technology have become one, a scientist known as Fang Ming, upon his death, is reborn in the body of a noble called Leylin. Leylin belongs to a world where magic, swords and knights are commonplace.

Leylin had been a weak, lusty and silly noble before his death. And upon rebirth, the new Leylin finds that fate has provided him with one gift – an AI Chip from his prior life.

With his trusty AI Chip, Leylin embarks on a never-ending journey as he hungers for knowledge and strength to achieve his one goal: becoming a great Magus – one of the most powerful wielders of magic in this world.

Original Story can be found here: [Link](#)

# Chapter 392: The Central Continent

Magma roiled around like water in a rough sea, emitting heat waves that swept across, a hint of the incredible power beneath.

A sheet of golden liquid lay at its center, as if a lake within the lake. However, this magnificent sheet could stop Magi in their steps.

Above the lava lay a giant passage, tiny voices sounding from it now and then. The rock around this passage was very hard, and no one knew where it led.

Swish! A silhouette appeared on the shores of the lake. The light dispersed to show a very young Magus, his long black hair tied up casually and his skin fine and smooth. His handsome face was filled with the dignity of a ruler.

This was naturally Leylin, but his robe was currently a little dusty. The hurried round trip had drained him.

“My Lord!” a middle-aged Magus with bronze skin saluted.

“Are you finished?” Leylin asked casually.

“Yes! Please follow me!” Kubler led Leylin to a hole he’d dug near the lake.

A giant ball lay at the center. The dark ball seemed to be made of stone, its surface was a glossy black. On a side of the ball was a door which revealed that it was hollow.

“According to your blueprint and orders, all parts were made from the hardest layer of this metamorphic rock to bear the high temperature of the central magma. The joints were even reinforced by runes...” He reported at Leylin’s side like a loyal servant.

He didn’t even mention the difficulty in collecting the rock and casting it into shape.

“Good job!” Leylin nodded, looking at the runes inside the ball with surprise.

This Mankestre bloodline Warlock was much better than he'd expected at alchemy.

"No, it's my pleasure to serve my lord, there is no trouble at all!" Kubler saluted humbly with his hands crossed before his chest.

This sort of respect was expected in front of Magi with higher bloodlines. Kubler had grown used to it during his time in the Ouroboros Clan.

"The lava lake is becoming more active recently. I'm afraid this means that it's about to erupt!"

At that time, the place would be flooded with lava, blocking the entirety of the passage.

Kubler had come down here when the volcano was dormant, and had still suffered horrific burns. This had left him in fear of the lava. Although he went with his lord's plan, he was still worried. However, the servant had no right to make the final decision. He could only make suggestions and had to follow his master's orders.

"I understand. The eruption will occur in an hour and 23 minutes. Prepare yourself!" With the A.I. Chip's ability to observe and forecast the eruption, Leylin knew the timing much better than Kubler did.

He had run this plan by his A.I. Chip's calculations, and the success rate was over 90%. Why would he risk his life if not?

More than an hour later...

A black ball was floating on the red lava as if it was in the water.

Kubler sat inside with Leylin, face pale. Watching the lava outside through a magic screen, he stammered out, "My... my Lord, this plan is too dangerous!"

Once the ball was crushed, they would be devoured by endless lava! Even if he was a Magus, this kind of horrifying death made him shiver.

"Calm down!" Leylin stared at lava outside calmly.

Blub! Blub! The lava had reached its boiling point, and the whole cave

began to tremble, dust falling off the walls.

[Beep! Eruption will occur in 10, 9, 8...]

The A.I. Chip had begun the final countdown.

“Now!” Leylin’s eyes flashed, and the terrifying strength of a rank 3 Magus burst forth.

“Freeze!” With his hands as the centre, a layer of deep blue ice spread out along the walls. Cracking sounds rang out as this phenomenon soon extended to the outside, enveloping the ball in ice.

This ice was so cold even the boiling lava could not melt it. White vapours arose as the two surfaces came into contact.

“This can earn us some time!” Leylin said with a smile, and then looked at the screen of the A.I. Chip.

[3! 2! 1! Critical limit reached!]

Boom! With the prompt of the A.I. Chip, Leylin and Kubler felt tremors envelop the ball. It was like they had entered the body of a terrifying ancient monster, and that monster had woken up with a thundering roar!

“AAAAAAH!” Kubler screamed with fear, his hands waving around as he struggled to find something to hold on to.

Then, he felt a force that could be from the explosion of the universe as a huge impulse hit the bottom of the rock ball. The lava rose into the sky like a dragon taking flight, except this dragon had a small rock ball on the front.

Lava surrounded them and rushed into the passage. The ball shook continuously as it hit wall after wall, but what frightened Kubler to death was instead the high gravity!

As the ball had rushed up like a rocket, the two inside dealt with an equally large gravitational force.

The intense force pulled at Kubler’s skin, making him feel like he was being bitten all over by ants. The pain made him lie on the ground like a frog, and he felt like if he wasn’t a Warlock with a strengthened body, he

would have died long ago.

Booms sounded out and the trembling continued. The terrifying power of nature made Kubler feel like a tiny ant. All he could do now was pray; pray for an early release from this torment, pray that this rock ball would hold out. Thumps and explosive noises continued to sound out. This was a giant volcanic range, and today its central volcano had accumulated enough pressure to erupt.

Masses of black smog were ejected into the sky, forming a sea of gray clouds that shrouded the nearby lands in darkness.

Rivulets of lava flowed down the mountain slopes, looking like arteries on flesh.

BOOM! Finally, with a huge explosion that caused an earthquake, the volcano erupted.

It was as if heaven and earth were torn asunder, and the world was ruined. Red lava, dotted with gold, burst into the sky transforming into countless fire dragons that flew in every direction.

Fire raged, and explosions rang forth even as the earth quaked. It was like armageddon.

Amidst this terrifying lava were multiple rocks. Boulders that were as large as hills hit the ground with great force, cracking the earth underneath and ruining everything around them.

Bang! Among the countless boulders in the sky was one rock with a particularly regular shape.

This rock ball streaked across the ground, leaving behind it a long track of burnt black. The surface of the ball was still a dull red, as if it was ready to melt any moment.

The ball soon began to crack apart, and a portion was thrown off with a bang, revealing a hollow interior.

“So this is the central continent ?” Leylin came out of the ball, exhaling a breath that was as hot as fire itself.

The hellish scene nearby did not affect him. Instead, he was filled with delightful anticipation. "The central continent, here I come." he murmured in his mind.

It took a while for Kubler to slowly crawl out of the ball, coughing. His body was in a mess, with some burn marks on it.

The layer of ice Leylin had made had been thawed within a few dozen seconds of the eruption. Afterwards, the rock ball had heated up to extremely high temperatures. They would have been roasted had they not been Magi.

"Exciting! This is so exciting!" After retching for a while, Kubler wiped his sweat off, fear in his eyes.

"Relax! We got out safely, didn't we?" Leylin turned back and smiled. "It's quite fair for us to pay a small price for concentrating a day's journey into a few minutes!"

"Yes, my Lord!" Kubler could do nothing but smile.

"So is this the central continent?" Seeing Kubler collect himself, Leylin wanted to confirm it with him.

"Yes!" Kubler said even as his expression turned complicated, "This is the Mt. Asura of the central continent. The land that we are standing on now is undoubtedly of the central continent."

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Three days later, in a small town.

A giant gleaming revolving gate swung around as carriages and people wearing strange clothes passed by, some of them official Magi.

Leylin was sitting in a hotel room, the pudding and juice in front of him all but untouched. He was staring outside with a dreamy gaze.

At that time, the door was opened with a thump and Kubler stepped in.

"My Lord! I've bought tickets for an airship heading to the Black River Domain that leaves tomorrow morning! In at most four days, we will arrive at the headquarters of the Ouroboros Clan!" His voice was tinted

with excitement.

# Chapter 393: Airship Network

“Hmm!” Leylin nodded his head inattentively.

“I see many Magi here!” He pointed to the outside.

A Magus who was dressed like a wandering poet was playing a pipe organ. A group of residents were watching and cheering him on.

“Yes! Over here, official Magi often mingle amongst the commoners and the residents know them very well too...” Kubler explained to Leylin. “In the central continent, the Magi and nobility communicate in the Byron language. Hence, my Lord, you do not need to worry about a language barrier. In fact, here are some materials about the central continent and a few variants of maps as well as information about communication. “

Kubler respectfully handed over a crystal ball filled with information to Leylin.

For a Magus to learn the Byron language was compulsory. Thus, Leylin and Kubler could communicate the moment they met. They could understand each other immediately.

Leylin helped himself to a scoop of dessert.

A rich, fragrant, and sweet flavour excited his taste buds, “Nice delicate food, looks like the lifestyles of the commoners in the central continent are better than in Twilight Zone.....”

“Naturally. This is the central continent, the core of the Magus world!” Kubler exclaimed with a hint of pride. Leylin smiled and shook his head.

Even if the seven layers of the subterranean world did not agree with such a statement, during the ancient past of the central continent, there was at least a rank 7 Magus overseeing it.

But now? Only a slight hint of their past glory had been restored.

As for this problem, Leylin did not want to do anything about it. After all, the current situation in the central continent might suit him better.

After a night of good rest, Leylin and Kubler headed towards a location



outside of the city.

The busy road there was filled with horse carriages and other means of transportation. Loads of luggage and goods were being transported on them and the place looked prosperous.

In addition, every passerby on the street had some level of energy undulations on them. There were very few commoners present.

Leylin and Kubler crossed the wide and sturdy road and saw what looked like a futuristic airport. There were many white oval-shaped airships at the huge flat field, some taking off and others landing. A throng of people moved in and out of them like an army of ants.

Some of the airships were towing truckloads of goods, with workers calling out to their partners to off-load the cargo and luggage. The scene was hot, busy, and messy.

The central continent was huge, its lands vast and boundless. Ground transport was not only slow, but it was also much more dangerous. Hence, airships had become their common mode of transportation.

Even within the small section of a city, there was an airship docking point with a few Magi and acolytes on duty manning it.

Their responsibilities included maintaining law and order in the city and the maintenance and repair of airships.

On top of that, there was a pool of specially trained engineers for the job. With bodies as thin as a match, bulging eyes and balding heads, Leylin saw them working between the bases of the airships and the tunnels with spanners and other tools in their hands.

Construction cost and maintenance fees for such airships were very high. Still, as long as the air route was secure, there were profits to be made. It was a case of large investments yielding great profits. And such investments could only be made by Magi who possessed great wealth.

The airships of the south coast were smaller than the ones here. Their air routes were limited and their flying times were regulated. They simply could not be compared to those from the central continent.

“Who is behind these various air routes?” Leylin asked Kubler in a soft tone.

A single airship ticket in an ordinary cabin cost one hundred magic crystals. For Leylin and Kubler, who naturally chose to travel in the superior cabin, their journey alone had cost them six hundred magic crystals.

Fortunately, Leylin was rich and imposing as he had control of an entire region’s resources. Money came easily at his beck and call. He had an abundance of magic crystals, so he would naturally not be a scrooge.

Even though Leylin had the great support of Twilight Zone’s resources, when he compared himself to the enormous airship business, he felt that he was still lacking.

“The central continent’s entire airship route is single-handedly managed by the Fallor Family, it is their private property!”

“Private property?” Leylin was shocked, and immediately asked, “Who is the Magus on their side?”

Such enormous benefits that included crucial traffic involvements, if their background was not up to par, they wouldn’t have been able to manage such a thing.

And for the Fallor Family to dominate the entire continent until now, surely their support was a formidable one.

“The Fallor Family themselves have two Morning Star Magi. Of course, it doesn’t count for much. The crucial one who has their back is the Monarch of the Skies!”

“Monarch of the Skies? Breaking Dawn Magus?” Leylin nodded his head.

With a Magus who stood at the pinnacle of the central continent devouring those deals, the Fallor Family were basically relegated to housekeepers. The actual one who had the control over the entire airship’s business was the Monarch of the Skies after all.

“Yes, under the rule of the prestigious and intimidating Monarch of the

Skies, the safety of the airships is guaranteed,” Kubler remarked, a ray of yearning in his eyes.

Rank 6 Magus! This was the highest level in the central continent! Every single action of his would affect the lives of innumerable Magi underneath!.....

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Woosh With the whirring of the wind, the airship retracted its anchors, and it started to drifting upwards into the sky.

Leylin stood on the deck enjoying the wind, a pleased look in his eyes and a smile on his face.

With a mix of sunshine and the taste of fresh green grass, the cool wind blew and lingered around him.

“It’s been too long! Too long! I have not been under the sun for so long....”

Leylin looked at the blue and white sky and the golden rays of sunlight. Momentarily, he felt emotional.

Although there were sun stones and spells of everlasting light in Twilight Zone, they were artificial after all. They could never be compared to the the light and warmth the natural sun gave.

Those who lived in Twilight Zone for a long time constantly faced a land and sky made of thick black rock. It left them depressed, and on occasion could lead to serious problems as well.

Even though Leylin didn’t have such misfortune, he did not want to risk it anymore. He never wanted to leave the luxurious space and experience the radiance of the actual sun brought again.

Those constantly under the sun would never understand the others who had been in the dark and who looked forward to its natural radiance!

As the airship picked up speed, the airflow on the deck increased tremendously, enough to blow away an adult.

Of course, in such a situation, Leylin was unfazed and couldn’t hear the

announcement made for everyone to retreat to their rooms. He allowed the strong winds to envelop him all around.

“Very beautiful, isn’t it ?”

A sweet female voice was heard. Leylin turned to his right and saw a young lady holding tightly to the railing. She was tip-toeing and attempting to gaze at the scenery beneath.

Beneath them, past the sea of clouds, patches of farmland and crops could be seen. The windmills appeared to be toy-sized and the outline of the city far away. Tiny dots of black were moving about on the roads.

The young female Magus was not frustrated that Leylin ignored her, instead she started to ask more questions.

“What kind of power do you possess? Where do you intend to go? Do you like the flower cape jasmine? I like staffs made of walnut, I believe they enhance my magic power, and they smell nice too...” She chirped on like a sparrow, asking a chain of questions.

“You...” Leylin rolled his eyes and was about to speak up when another voice spoke from behind him.

“Jessica, What are you doing?”

Leylin turned around. A young Magus wearing a golden white robe with a red ruby emblem on it walked towards them, anger hidden in his eyes.

“No... nothing... I am just out here looking around...” Jessica pulled back her head, looking pitiful.

“Since you are done looking, head back in now! It is dangerous out here!” The youth repressed the smile on his face.

“Sir Leylin, I’ll look for you next time!” Jessica waved while walking away, and the youth was clearly displeased.

He looked at Leylin, his lip parted to speak, but did not do so. He shot a darting look filled with warning towards Leylin and turned to walk back into the cabin.

“Ridiculous!” Leylin shook his head in disbelief.

He knew the young female Magus had used him as a human shield and he had negative Impressions towards both of them.

It was clearly evident that they had not discovered Leylin's hidden undulating energy, hence one regarded him as a saviour, yet another unknowingly did not dare to challenge him.

"Kubler, come here!" Leylin looked at secret imprint on his hand.

"Master! What are your instructions?" Kubler got onto the deck swiftly and replied respectfully with a bow.

"Do you know this symbol?" Leylin projected an image of the red ruby emblem that the young Magus was wearing.

Judging from the proud persona of the young Magus wearing the ruby red emblem on his chest, Leylin suspected it could be the symbol of a powerful Magus. Unfortunately, he had no idea at all and had to endure the critical look from him.

Luckily, following Leylin along this journey was a Magus from the central continent, who was knowledgeable and was able to answer many of his questions.

# Chapter 394: Engaged

“This is the crest of the Rolithe Family!” Kubler took a quick glance and concluded.

He knew that his master was not of the central continent and knew nothing about this matter. He went on to explain, “The Rolithe Family is a rather famous Magus Family in the Black River region. It’s said that there’s a rank 3 Magus in charge there!”

“A rank 3 Magus? What stage is he at?” Leylin asked on.

Rank 3 was a period where one prepared to become a rank 4 Morning Star Magus. It took a long time and was extremely difficult to cross. Within it, there were a few smaller stages, and each stage meant a large difference in strength for Magi.

For instance, a rank 3 Magus at the Vapour Phase was definitely capable of suppressing a few Magi who had yet to reach that stage.

“All information regarding the strongest Magi is confidential. We subordinates know very little about it...” A look of shame appeared on Kubler’s face.

“But that Magus Rolithe once won against a rank 3 Vapour Phase challenger, so his might cannot be underestimated.”

“Is that so? I understand.” Leylin seemed absent-minded. As long as his opponent was not at the Hydro Phase or above, he was confident in his abilities.

“It’s all up to you now. I hope you won’t continue to provoke me, or else...” Leylin lowered his head, a dark glint flashing in his eyes.

The first class cabin not only had individual rooms but also had the luxury of a dining hall with fine wine, all included in the ticket price.

After all, given the value of magic crystals, normal food and drink were all very cheap.

Only precious ingredients and high-energy beings could be used to make

delicacies that were effective for Magi. That was why they were sold at such a high price.

“Sit, Kubler.” Leylin sat down at a round table with a white tablecloth spread over it without asking anyone and then called Kubler over.

Kubler bowed respectfully, and seated himself at the edge of the seat, not daring to get comfortable.

He was now a retainer of Leylin and was similar to a high-grade servant. It was natural that he acted respectfully, lest he be punished by his owner.

Leylin noticed this and sighed inside.

Kubler’s behaviour showed how rigid the hierarchal system in the Ouroboros Clan was.

Luckily, he was not only a Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock with a pure bloodline but also a rank 3 Magus. The moment he went there, he would be considered one of the higher-ups and would not have to suffer.

“The fourth level of Kemoyin’s Pupil, as well as information regarding the shackles of bloodline! I have to obtain them from the Ouroboros Clan.” Leylin schemed.

Though he had successfully simulated the level of Kemoyin’s Pupil through the A.I. Chip and information regarding multiple meditation techniques in Twilight Zone, he was not that confident. Hence, he still had an intense desire for the original.

High-grade meditation techniques were usually not for training the body. They also related to a modification of the spirit, and this was something the A.I. Chip would not be able to calculate.

Just like Sacred Flame before, the A.I. Chip had made changes, but there were a few issues during the experimentation stage with the guinea pigs. Leylin did not want a repeat of this disaster, especially since this was not going to be on any guinea pig but himself!

“Mister, do you need anything?” At this moment, a waitress in black, low-cut maid attire with white socks arrived in front of Leylin’s table,

asking respectfully.

Leylin opened the menu and took a look. There were all sorts of dishes, and they could be considered quite sumptuous. “Give me a calf steak and cider. As for Kubler, ask him yourself.”

The atmosphere in the dining hall was not half bad either, with warm light from a crystal lamp and a pleasing fragrance from the fresh flowers on the table.

At a corner of the dining hall, they had even placed a bard who was currently performing.

Even Leylin felt like he had made a good choice in spending those magic crystals!

“Mister Leylin!” After the fresh calf steak was brought out, Leylin arranged the napkin and, with a knife and fork in each hand, sliced up the steak that was emanating steam. The calf steak here was of a good quality, and the chef had also spent great effort on it. The moment the fork and knife made contact with the steak, boiling gravy gushed out.

Just as Leylin raised his wineglass and was about to enjoy himself, he heard a voice like that of a skylark.

He looked aside and found Jessica, who had seen before, waving her arms with all her might, while that Rolithe’s face was as sour as a lemon.

“Oh!” Leylin greeted casually, and then turned his attention to his own food.

However, it was evident that the other party had no intentions of letting him off. Lifting her skirt, Jessica ran over in little steps, sitting right beside Leylin.

“Mister Leylin, do you like cider? In the Jessica Family, there’s a bottle that’s not bad in our cellar...”

“Even if you’re looking for a shield, does it have to be me?” Leylin raised his head gloomily, taking a look around.

He then found out that he really was the only choice she had. After



reaching the rank 1, Magi could use energy particle radiation and alter their appearances, retaining their young, bright looks.

There were very few geniuses who, like Leylin and Jessica, had become official Magi before the age of 20.

Many rose to rank 1 after fifty, and female Magi obviously wanted to retain their most youthful and beautiful looks. On the other hand, many male Magi chose to keep their image at the time they advanced.

Hence, in the Magus World, there were old and young male Magi, but most female Magi were around twenty to thirty years old in terms of their looks. There were few who presented themselves as old women.

In the dining hall Leylin was situated in, it was not that there were no official Magi, but most of them were middle-aged or elderly men. The few young acolytes and the like did not dare flirt with official Magi or rival anyone for the affection of the people around.

Thinking about it, it seemed like Jessica's best choice was Leylin.

Firstly, though she could not tell Leylin's strength, he was definitely an official Magus. That was the most important thing! Next, Leylin was young and rather handsome, which was enough for other men to get mad at.

However, towards this unexpected luck with women and the calamity it could cause, Leylin rolled his eyes.

"Can I sit here?" At this moment, the young man whose expression was dark also arrived.

Leylin nodded and watched as he sat by Jessica's side, much to her visible displeasure.

"Let me introduce myself. My name is Nolan, Nolan Rolithe! This is my fiancée, Miss Jessica!"

Nolan laughed slightly, putting emphasis on the words 'Rolithe' and 'fiancée'.

"En! Honestly, this engaged couple is quite compatible! Both are just as young and full of talent!" Leylin nodded.

Through their conversation, the aura and waves that were unwittingly emitted, and even their eyes helped him deduce their general age.

Usually speaking, this would be a perfect pair, but it was a pity that the female did not seem satisfied with this wedding.

Though there were two extra members here to disrupt things, Leylin was able to enjoy his meal, completely ignoring Jessica who paid much attention to him, and Nolan who was about to explode.

Before leaving, the guy called Nolan secretly sent Leylin a transmission, "Get away from my fiancée, or else you'll regret it!"

"Master?" Kubler looked at the expressionless Leylin and asked, sounding him out.

With Leylin's command, he would immediately kill the moron Nolan who dared offend his master. Though they were all rank 1 Magi, these two were obviously rookies who had just advanced. It was impossible for them to survive under the hands of Kubler, a Warlock.

"There's no hurry," Leylin waved his hands, though he had some questions. Magi were rational people, and while Jessica's actions would give rise to Nolan's displeasure, he would definitely recall everything and not start a feud with another Magus over such trivial matters. Besides, Leylin and Jessica had only exchanged a few words.

In addition, Leylin would not kill the two of them over something so insignificant. It was not beneficial to him.

"Looks like the female Magus called Jessica might continue with some tricks!" Leylin touched his chin, feeling like he was watching a show.

"Yes, master!" After hearing Leylin's instructions, Kubler was unwilling but did not bring it up again.

Two days passed by quickly, the airship stopping outside a station at a middle-scaled city in Black River Region.

Leylin held a cane and put on a hat, wearing something like a suit. He seemed even more elegant than young masters of noble families, having

the dignified aura only a ruler would have as he walked down the stairs.

Meanwhile, Kubler was like a loyal butler, following close behind and holding something in his hands.

“Mister Leylin!” Jessie’s voice sounded. This was also her stop.

Leylin laughed and approached her.

Nolan stood aside, though he was full of smiles as if he had understood something.

“Sire Leylin, my apologies for my behaviour!”

Nolan resumed his good behaviour, washing away the impatience and seeming poised.

He had realised his mistakes and was now coming forward to apologise.

“It’s fine! If I had such a pretty fiancée, I’d be overly suspicious of everyone else well!” Leylin teased.

Jessie rolled her eyes at Leylin and asked, “Mister Leylin, where are you going?”

It wasn’t the first time she was asking this, and Leylin had refused to answer.

“Me?” Leylin saw a hint of nervousness in Nolan’s eyes, and couldn’t help but shake his head and break into laughter.

No matter how poised and calm he looked, his eyes would give him away in the end.

# Chapter 395: A Scene

“I would like to walk around for a while, you may leave here!”

Leylin saw a hint of disappointment in Jessie’s eyes after he told her that, and Nolan heaved a sigh of relief.

He chuckled as he turned around and raised his hand and disappeared among the stream of people, with Kubler immediately following.

With his astonishing senses, Leylin faintly heard two people behind him arguing in constrained voices.

“This is really....” Leylin shook his head, “Instead of focusing your limited energy on pursuing the truth, you focus on such things...”

“But I suppose this is probably a commoner’s pleasure right!”

He nodded his head after shaking it, called out to Kubler and continued his journey.

“After entering the Black River Domain, the Ouroboros Clan Headquarters—Phosphorescence Swamp will be very near...” Kubler was naturally very familiar with this place and had a tinge of both fear and longing.

After hiring a horse chariot, both he and Leylin enjoyed the scenery along the way.

If they had hastened on with their journey, they would not have been so slow in progress. However, Leylin was not in a hurry and had wanted to enjoy the sights and sounds of the central continent, hence he chose to travel by chariot.

As night fell, the two arrived at a small town.

Accommodations at the inn were cramped, and the air was filled with the odour of alcohol, sweat, and manure.

Leylin furrowed his brows at such conditions. Since this was the only inn in town, he still reluctantly accepted it as it was still better than spending the night in the open.

After putting down their luggage, Leylin and Kubler headed to the main hall intending to have a meal.

The menu for dinner was beef and potato stew with some fresh vegetables. That was all the town had to offer. Surprisingly it was deliciously prepared with an enticing scent to boost one's appetite.

"Huh?" At this moment, Kubler's expression changed.

A gush of profound ash-colored dust started stirring from the main door of the inn, spreading continuously and extending to the other parts of the inn enveloping other travellers and the owners themselves.

Crackle! Crackle!

The commoners, whose bodies were covered with the ash-colored dust all stood frozen, their bodies as stiff as a candle.

"It's a freezing spell! There is a Magus around and we are the target!"

A shocked Kubler stood up and exclaimed with anger. Yellow energy emerged from his body and spread all around.

A circular radiance surrounded their round table, protecting them against the fate of the other travellers.

Leylin was totally unfazed by what was happening and was still enjoying the town-brewed wheat wine.

Bang!

The wooden main door burst open and 2 Magi wearing black robes entered the room. In front of their chest, Leylin saw the familiar red ruby emblem.

"Nolan! We meet again!" Leylin raised his glass and greeted casually.

Indeed, Nolan was among the two entrants. He had a vexed expression and stood, glaring at Leylin. "Where is Jessica? Where? Hand her over!"

"Jessica? Isn't she with you?"

Leylin chuckled.

"She left! I thought she was abducted. Based on the location markings

marked on her body, I am sure she is here!" Nolan's eyes turned red.

"Location markings?" Leylin laughed in amusement, "How insecure are you? To put such a spell on your lover?"

"I do not care. Uncle! It is him! I am sure this is the Magus who took Jessica!" Nolan tugged at the sleeve of the Magus standing beside him and pointed at Leylin.

The accompanying Magus shifted his eyes and abruptly took a step up.

A ray of silver flashed by and the light barrier on Kubler's body collapsed immediately.

"A rank 2 Magus!" Kubler mumbled under his breath.

Nolan looked on proudly upon hearing it while the other Magus had no expression on his face.

In his eyes, he did not regard Kubler who was a semi-converted Magus. However, he was distracted by the silent Leylin who sat quietly by the side.

"Sir, we the Rolithe Family have no intentions to use force. The fiancée of our successor has gone missing and it is a big matter. We need to inspect this place and we seek your cooperation..."

Power was exhibited first, followed by etiquette. It was a remarkable way of handling the situation, much better than what Nolan did.

"Absolutely!" Kubler was surprised that Leylin agreed instantly.

"Many thanks!" Seeing how cooperative Leylin is, the two Magi eased the tension on their faces and Nolan fell silent.

"Over here!"

Nolan looked into an odd mirror he was holding in his hand and rushed forward.

"Let's take a look!" After his satisfying meal, Leylin got up and together with Kubler, stepped forward as well. The two Magi followed closely as if they were afraid of Leylin's escape.

"Ah.... Jessica..... My Jessica....."

Upon reaching the room where Leylin and Kubler's luggage was, they heard Nolan's cries.

"Bad news!" Kubler rushed in and saw a white coloured woman's dress on the bed, there was a big patch of blood stain on the stomach area and some portion had dried to a dark colour.

"What happened?"

"Jessica! Jessica! How dare you...." Nolan's face flushed a fiery red as he yelled and stormed forward.

"This is trouble!" Kubler frowned, a layer of yellow scales appearing on him and his huge hand and suppressed Nolan who had lost his self-control onto the ground.

"Warlock from the Ouroboros Clan?"

The Rank 2 Magus expression immediately changed to become a vicious one as well.

"Even if you belong to the Ouroboros Clan, abducting the fiancée of our Rolithe Family's successor and treating him with such disrespect, you have to give me an explanation!"

The rays of silver in his eyes amplified and streaks of silver whips appeared in his palm.

"Wait!" Leylin smiled subtly, his hand on the shoulder of the Rank 2 Magus.

"Huh? What is happening?" Although it is just a hand, but it felt like a mountain. In fact, the Rank 2 Magus felt his body stiffen and couldn't even lift a finger.

"Innate spell—Ring of fire resistance!" the Rank 2 Magus emitted a layer of flame from his body, forming rings of fire with it, with streaks of silver on the edges, blazing the surrounding atmosphere ferociously.

"Annihilation!" Soon after, he heard Leylin mouthing the word.

Hiss Hiss! The blazing flames were put out immediately, leaving no room for the smoke to reignite the fire.

An enormous and horrifying spiritual force assaulted the Rank 2 Magus, destroying his defences, took over his consciousness and confined his magic power.

“Ra... rank 3 Magus?” The Rank 2 Magus turned his head with difficulty, his throat dry and rough.

Leylin had been using his skills to suppress his spiritual force and energy undulations all this time. Now, he undid the suppression bit by bit, and a huge tide of energy was released causing the atmosphere to become heavy.

“So tell me, if I want Jessica, do I need to be sneaky about it?”

Leylin shot them a look and asked sarcastically.

“Of... of course not! It is our mistake! We’re sorry!” the rank 2 Magus shook his head promptly. In the central continent, the sighting of Magi might not be uncommon, but it was not easy to witness the presence of a rank 3 Magus. And among the large-scale powers, rank 3 Magi were high-ranked with stable power and authority. They did not need to resort to any unscrupulous methods when dealing with rank 2 Magi.

At this time, Nolan was speechless. Although Kubler had lifted the spell on him, he lay helplessly on the floor with cold sweat trickling endlessly.

The Magus with the highest power in the whole of the Rolithe Family was only at Rank 3. If Leylin was displeased and had them killed, the other Magi might not even have the ability to seek revenge.

Thoughts of killing them crossed Leylin’s mind, but he eventually let it slide.

To him, there were no benefits in killing either these 2 Magi or even Jessica. Additionally, he might provoke an enemy with rank 3 strength.

Even though he was not afraid of the opposite party, he did not want any trouble.

“Follow me!” As such, he looked nonchalantly at the rank 2 Magus and Nolan, who was still lying on the floor before heading out.



Kubler followed Leylin closely, with the rank 2 Magus and Nolan close behind. In the face of a Rank 3 Magus, they had no chance of trying any tricks, hence they could only follow Leylin's orders.

Leylin walked on with a destination in mind and soon they left the town and reached a paulownia tree forest.

Nolan didn't quite understand anything, he merely followed suit.

Leylin came upon what seemed like the biggest paulownia tree, and knocked gently on the trunk as if he were knocking on a door. "Anyone there?"

Dong Dong! The tree trunk produced a dull sound, but there was no response and all was quiet.

"You are very clever! And attentive to your set-up. However, you are still not wise. After completing your work, you can't help yourself but return to find out the reactions of others!"

"I have already noticed you, you should show yourself! Otherwise...." Leylin's voice turned chilly.

"Humph! Alright, alright, here I am, what are you going to do about it?"

Shhrrk, the surface of the tree trunk split open to reveal a round door. Jessica, whom they had first met on the airship, jumped out and grabbed Leylin by the arm.

"Brother Leylin! You are so awesome! How did you discover me?"

On the other side, both the rank 2 Magi and Nolan were speechless, anger filling them to the brim.

# Chapter 396: Phosphorescence Swamp

“Jessica, What are you doing? Get back here now!”

Flames blazed in Nolan’s eyes when he saw Jessica holding on to Leylin’s arms shamelessly with her breast almost pushed towards him.

The rank 2 Magus on the other side immediately stepped up and delivered a hard slap to the back of Nolan’s head, causing him to bend forward.

Droplets of cold sweat were trickling down his forehead.

It was obvious that what had happened today was all a misunderstanding. The crucial point was, they were lacking in ability when compared to the opposing side

Moreover, any slight mishandling of the situation would enrage a rank 3 Magus, and on top of that worsen their relationship with the Ouroboros Clan. At this point, thoughts of death crossed his mind.

“Anyway, it is just a small misunderstanding! Forget it!” Leylin replied indifferently.

Before the rank 2 Magus could reply, Leylin’s ice cold voice was transmitted to him, “This is the price for offending me!”

Bang! Bang! Bang!

The rank 2 Magus, Nolan and Jessica collapsed and were flung out, blood trickling down the sides of their mouths.

“Leave, all of you! I do not want to see you all ever again!”

“Thank you for sparing our lives, my Lord!” the Rank 2 Magus gave a respectful bow, and quickly pulled Nolan and an unwilling Jessica away from the scene.

“I believe such troubles will continue to occur in the future....” The look in Nolan’s and Jessica’s eyes when they were leaving left Leylin with the feeling that this matter was not over yet.

The common hatred might have spurred them into an alliance in the

future.

“What nonsense is this?” Leylin felt rather gloomy and thought he should not have gotten involved with matters between husband and wife.

“My Lord, should I...” Kubler spoke up with an ominous glint in his eyes

“No!” Leylin shook his head.

He fiddled with a dark and shiny gold coin in his hand, silent and in deep thought.

.....

Phosphorescence Swamp.

This was the general headquarters of the Ouroboros Clan. Very few other Magi ventured out to this place.

The swamp was a sea of thick black wetlands and the air was a continuous mix of cold and chilly yet hot and blazing. Occasionally, flashes of green phosphorescence could be seen on it.

“The concentration of energy particles in the air is very high here! This location is a good find indeed!”

Leylin looked at the graphic data collected by his A.I. Chip, nodded his head and told Kubler who was standing behind him.

Although the average energy concentration in the central continent had far exceeded that of the south coast and twilight zone, the energy here was even more prominent.

Within Phosphorescence Swamp, the concentration of darkness elemental particles was the highest followed by that of fire. The concentration of these two elements was ten times higher than the average of Twilight Zone.

“This is merely on the outside, if an element pool or secret plane was built, I believe the disparity would be more terrifying....” Leylin thought to himself.

“Yes, such a location with a combination of darkness and fire particles is

rare. Historically, when we first occupied this place, there were 5 Morning Star Magi who combined their forces to destroy a few powerful enemies, and brought along a country of commoners....” Kubler was brimming with pride as he explained to Leylin.

“My Lord, due to my current identity, there might be some trouble here!” he added.

He had been framed by others and was wanted by the Ouroboros Clan, hence before the accusations were lifted, he was afraid of being treated like a criminal.

“Not might, it’s already here!” Leylin pointed out. Soon a few profound dark shadows suddenly emerged from the nearby swamp.

ROOAAAR! Two high-energy serpent-shaped living creatures suddenly emerged, making a big splash. The silhouettes of two Magi could be seen on their heads.

“This is not even the headquarters of the Ouroboros Clan, yet patrolling the perimeter are rank 2 high-energy living creatures and rank 2 Magi! Looks like they have a very strong base!” Leylin felt a resonance of bloodline from the serpent-shaped living creatures ridden by the Magi. In fact, they seemed to be blood descendants of the Kemoyin Serpent!

“Kubler! How dare you step foot in this place? Didn’t you leave?” From where the 2 Warlocks were standing, a surprised voice was transmitted out and it didn’t sound flustered.

Under these circumstances, Leylin discreetly nodded his head. It would seem like Kubler was indeed innocent. The grassroots troops understood perfectly and even started to attack before they laid eyes on him.

“This is not my fault, I was framed by Johnny!” Kubler raised his voice, his face flushing red.

“We do not care about the details, just for the fact that you dare to step foot in Phosphorescence Swamp and brought an outsider!” Another Warlock immediately continued.

“I apologise! But I am not just any outsider!” Leylin smiled faintly, took a

step forward and garnered the Kemoyin's bloodline and the rank 3 spiritual force in his body, letting off a ferocious explosion.

Just like a hurricane, the energy willfully and violently started to sweep everything away. The awe-inspiring kind of familiarity in power left the two lower rank living creatures cowering and bowing with respect.

"A noble rank 3 Bloodline Warlock? Who are you? It is an honour to meet you!" The other 2 bloodline warlocks who possessed lineage of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent's bloodline immediately felt the suppression from Leylin. They knelt down to show their utmost respect.

"I am a wanderer from afar and unintentionally accepted a Warlock inheritance. I met Kubler along the way and wanted to take a look at the Ouroboros Clan. Why? Am I not welcome?" Leylin asked indifferently.

"Sure! Sure! It is an honour for us to receive you!" The bloodline resonance between two Warlocks could not be faked. Hence the two Warlocks were very sure Leylin was a warlock of a pure Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline! And this level was the highest in the entire Ouroboros Clan! Who would dare offend him?

"Very well! Show us the way!" Leylin nodded his head and gave the order.

"Yes! Yes! This way, please!" The two Warlocks made eye contact and immediately offered Leylin a position on the back of a huge snake. Kubler was offered one next, and he was secretly touched.

One of the Warlocks could be seen secretly sending a message, probably with the intention of informing others, but Leylin did not bother to pay attention to it.

The Rank 2 serpent moved with great speed along the swamp, emitting an aura of terror that made all other animals stay clear of their path.

"What species of snake is this?" Leylin stroked the dark green scales beneath his feet.

"This creature is an improved version we created using a specialized combination of bloodlines. Their abilities are very suitable for those of the Ouroboros Clan..." A rank 2 Warlock immediately explained to a curious

Leylin, hoping to please him.

“That explains why I have not seen such information before!” Leylin nodded his head, “What is your name?”

“Maron! My name is Maron, my Lord!” The Warlock named Maron immediately replied with a look of glee in his eyes.

“Alright Maron!” Leylin nodded his head, knowing what to do to garner reverence.

The two giant serpents glided along with great speed. In about 10 minutes or so, Leylin reached the depth of the Ouroboros Clan.

Here, a row of massive structures was combined together, forming a small scale Magus city, and at the front of the gate sat two enormous stone sculptures of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent.

With the delicate black scales coupled with the ferocious pupils, they looked like they could very well be alive.

At this moment, a small group of Warlocks was already waiting near the gate.

“Haha... Welcome home, my bloodline brothers!”

A young Warlock that looked like a goblin stood in front of the small group, his eyes that glowed with a purple radiance lighting up upon seeing Leylin. He stepped forward, stretched out his arms and hugged him.

“Thank you!” Leylin returned the hug unnaturally and asked, “May I know....”

“Oh ! Haha! Look at me! I am so excited by your arrival that I have forgotten to introduce myself!” The fellow had very fair and exquisite skin that seemed to be emitting some kind of peculiar charm, a common trait among Warlocks.

“My name is Robin, you might not know this, but as long as a Warlock has the Kemoyin’s bloodline in him, he shall be considered to be a part of our family! My brother!”

Leylin could sense the aura from the opposite party and it was similar to

his own Kemoyin's bloodline. In fact, based on his spiritual force, Leylin was sure the young Warlock had not only long attained the status of a rank 3 Warlock, but also ascended further, with his strength and spiritual force at a high level.

"Oh, I see! My name is Leylin!"

"Yeah! Leylin right? Follow me! A Lord wants to meet you!" Robin held onto the arm of Leylin with an expression of excitement, totally ignoring Kubler who was behind him.

"Lord? Might it be..." Leylin's pupils dilated.

"Haha! That's right! My teacher, A Rank 4 Warlock! Morning Star Magus! Duke Gilbert has been waiting eagerly to meet our new blood!" Robin replied cheerfully.

Upon hearing the name, all the Warlocks bowed their heads in unison in a show of respect.

Rank 4 Warlock! Theoretically, this was the highest level for a Warlock of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline! In fact, it was also a truly high level for the whole of the central continent. Even within the Ouroboros Clan, there were no more than three Warlocks at such a level!

Leylin took a deep breath: "It is truly an honour!"

"Come! Follow me!"

Robin quickly led the way, with the rest of the Warlocks following respectfully behind.

Leylin noticed how the Warlocks all showed their respect to Robin along the way. It seemed like Robin held not only a high rank in the clan, but also a great deal of authority...

# Chapter 397: Rank 4 Warlock

Following Robin, he passed by various bizarre buildings with strange styles. There were all types out there, and before Leylin had the time to identify them, he was led by Robin into another building.

After passing around a corner, there came across another Warlock in black gilded clothing.

There were also rings of mysterious black patterns on his face.

“Johnny!” Kubler, who had been following behind Leylin immediately clenched his fists, seemingly terrified as he hid in Leylin’s shadow.

“Greetings to Marquis Robin!” Johnny came before Robin, and then greeted him using the etiquette of nobility.

“It’s Count Johnny! Here, let me introduce to you Leylin here! He’s a rank 3 Warlock about to join our clan!” Robin smiled slightly.

“So it’s Lord Leylin!” Johnny bowed, “Though it’s the first time we’re meeting, I have a request. I wonder if you could agree to it.”

“If it’s about Kubler, I’m afraid I can’t agree.” Leylin immediately answered.

“That’s a real shame,” Johnny answered indifferently, not looking the least bit exasperated, causing Leylin to shiver inwardly.

“What if I say I’m the one asking?” At this moment, another voice interrupted.

“Marquis Wood!” Besides Leylin and Robin, the other Warlocks immediately bowed.

Leylin glanced at him. It was a blonde middle-aged man, brightness and resolution in his expression that also held an imposing aura. There was also the Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline on his body, and it even overshadowed Robin.

“Kubler is a criminal who stole a precious treasure from me. I hope you can hand him over to me.” Wood’s eyes were fixed on Leylin, a pressure



being emanated from him.

Kubler was ashen, and after seeing Johnny's look of satisfaction, he immediately understood that after seeing he had a new master, Johnny immediately asked someone else for help.

"So are you handing him over?" In that moment, numerous thoughts flitted through Leylin's mind.

On the surface, Wood was truly a Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock, as compared to Johnny with Black Horall Snake bloodline, his bloodline was more noble. In addition, he had entered the rank 3, and from the perspective of one looking at merely profits, it was better to give Kubler up.

Exchanging a rank 1 Mankestre Warlock who had no hopes of advancing for a favourable impression from a rank 3 Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock, there was little to consider in this trade.

Johnny, who understood this, immediately looked smug, while Kubler looked defeated.

"My apologies, but no." Leylin's voice sounded, allowing Kubler to recover from his despair.

"Master!" Kubler let out a long breath, looking touched.

"Hm?" Wood's gaze that was sharp like a sword pierced towards Leylin, "Have you thought this through clearly?"

"Of course! Very clearly!" Leylin did not hesitate and met his gaze.

There was the talk of three ways of thought in his previous world, but Leylin's principles had long since taken shape, and they were to prioritise benefits! The moment he had to make a choice, he would consider his own benefits and choose the best course of action.

Such a line of thought was not purely about tangible benefits; it also took into consideration reputation, familial and romantic love, and other such things. Of course, all this varied from person to person.

Some felt that love was priceless and decided to be biased towards it,

while others believed it was worth 50,000 or 100,000 units. They would then make the corresponding choice.

For instance, if time was spent on working or going out with family, Leylin believed that working for one day amounted to 100 units, but with the family, he would lose 300 yet gain 600 from the happiness in his heart. The total profit would be 200. When comparing things, it was indeed better to go out with the family.

Using this logic, if his work earned him 1000 and the value of going out with his family were 300, it was an obvious decision to continue working.

Now, handing Kubler over might give Wood a good impression of him and provide a good foundation for this period of time. However, in the long run, the gains do not compensate for the losses.

‘Kubler followed me and brought me to the Ouroboros Clan. In exchange, I will ensure his safety. All this complies with the principle of an equal exchange. If I abandon him now, not only will my reputation be damaged, I will also have abandoned my own values.

“In addition, I’m definitely being watched over by many lords. If I appear to be too cold-blooded, they will definitely be disappointed. This will cause an eventual loss in the future, which is even worse than offending Wood.’

Though Magi were generally cold and rational, the leaders always had to advocate for hope, hot-bloodedness and sacrifice. If the lower ranks of the organisation did not strive to better themselves, and they weren’t hot-blooded enough to sacrifice themselves, what benefits would they gain in the end?

The essence of any group was the unequal responsibilities of the higher and lower levels.

Honestly speaking, Wood was merely a rank 3 Warlock. The moment Leylin entered, he would have a similar status. At most, there would be a slight difference in their strength. Would Wood actually dare do anything?

If he withdrew right now, the onlookers would immediately be disappointed, and nobody would then rely on him.

After comparing these, Leylin finally made the choice that would benefit him the most.

“Good, very good! I hope you won’t regret this in the future!”

Two streams of white air were expunged from Wood’s nostrils as he glared at Leylin. With a fling of his robes, he exited from the side, with Johnny following closely behind.

“Don’t worry! The moment you enter our Ouroboros Clan, you’ll be given the position of a Marquis. Wood wouldn’t dare do anything to you out in the open.” Robin believed Leylin was worried about Wood taking revenge and immediately consoled him.

“So if I don’t join, does that mean he’ll take revenge very quickly?” Leylin rolled his eyes, but he could tell that he was being invited to their organisation. He immediately answered, “Of course! Where else can I go to if not to the Ouroboros Clan?”

“Haha...” Robin burst out in laughter and patted Leylin on the shoulder, “Exactly! In the entire central continent, the Ouroboros Clan is the best place for Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks to join. You made the right choice!”

“Alright, let’s not let the lord wait too long.” Leylin reminded him. If not for the fact that there were rank 4 Warlocks in Robin’s organisation, he would not have agreed so readily.

“Oh, right! Yes, come with me!” Remembering there was work at hand, Robin immediately led the way.

The two chatted as they walked, and after passing through a few obstructions, they finally arrived in front of a small villa.

“My mentor, Gilbert, is a very amiable person. There isn’t any etiquette required, so just relax.”

Robin smiled towards Leylin and then opened the door to the villa, bringing Leylin inside.

The furniture on this level was all ordinary but placed very cleverly,

giving a very warm atmosphere. Robin left the rest of the people outside and brought Leylin straight to a study room on the second level.

“Mentor, I’ve brought Leylin here!”

Robin spoke lightly to the wooden door, which then automatically opened with a creak.

“Greetings to Duke Gilbert!” The moment Leylin went in, he did not first take in the surroundings or the appearance of Duke Gilbert. Instead, he saluted him.

“Good child! Raise your head and let me look at you properly.” Upon hearing this, Leylin looked up, his eyes flitting across.

This place was filled with bookshelves. The smell of black truffles emanated, and behind the red desk was a bald old man wearing a nightgown. He was clean-shaven, with layers of fine wrinkles on his body.

“Is this the realm of a rank 4 Warlock, a Morning Star Magus?” Though Leylin’s senses were more powerful than the average rank 3 Warlock, he had not sensed this person in front of him. In his spiritual senses, there was nobody behind the desk, but what was in front of his eyes proved that he was truly there. The disparity of this left Leylin feeling giddy.

A glint of wisdom flashed in Gilbert’s eyes. He scanned Leylin for an instant and then concluded, “You’re very young! You’re not even a hundred and have even advanced to be a rank 3 Warlock. Though there was support from the Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline, your talent and efforts are commendable.”

“Hm... Are you willing to be my student?” Gilbert asked after staying silent for a moment.

“Of course. Greetings to Mentor!” Leylin immediately bowed.

Since he had already agreed to join their organisation, there was no disadvantage to having another person to rely on. In addition, this rank 4 Warlock was more than capable of guiding him.

“Haha... good! Very good! I was already planning to give up on disciples,

but I've been sent a genius..." Gilbert chuckled, the wrinkles on his face unfolding.

"Congratulations Leylin! From hereon, you're my junior!" Robin congratulated him.

"En! This is your senior, Robin. There are a few others who aren't here. I'll introduce you to them in the future." Gilbert was evidently elated.

"Also, your title and territory will be given to you soon. Robin will bring you to take care of all these matters. You're from another continent, yes? Robin! Bring him to my storeroom and show him Crystal 1 and let him have a better understanding of our Magi in the central continent.

Gilbert saw through a great many things with a single glance, not allowing Leylin to refute anything.

"Understood, mentor!" Robin and Leylin could only bow before leaving the room.

"That's... it?" Leylin was still in disbelief. Wasn't this too simple?

"To officially join us, there's obviously more to do. However, since you're mentor's student, things will be different!" Robin said all this matter-of-factly.

"In addition, you still have to take care of a few miscellaneous issues. Mentor means for you to take care of everything before you see him again. He will then consider what knowledge to pass on to you."

# Chapter 398: A Morning Star's Final Technique

“By the way, what’s all that about title and territory?” Leylin asked hurriedly.

“Oh, that? All official Warlocks who join our Ouroboros Clan will obtain a title and a set territory.” Robin began to go into the details and explain it to Leylin, since they were now on the same side.

Through Robin, Leylin then found out that the hierarchy within the Ouroboros Clan was implemented similarly to that of the feudal nobility.

There were five rankings, from the highest to lowest, as a Duke, then a Marquis, Count, Viscount, and then Baron. Rank 1 Warlocks were Barons, rank 2 were Viscounts, rank 3 were Earls. Then came the surprise-if Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks reached rank 3, they would immediately gain the title of Marquis! This made Leylin aware that discrimination came everywhere. It was lucky he was in the privileged class, rather than the one discriminated against. Rank 4 Warlocks would then be Dukes.

The position and treatment he would get were correlated to the title.

There a total of three Dukes in the Ouroboros Clan. They had formed an Elders Association, and were called the great elder, second and third elder, and they held the most authority in the Ouroboros Clan.

There were, even more, differences as well. If Warlocks who had Giant Kemoyin Serpent or Black Horrall Snake bloodlines would have their title evaluation and territory given very quickly. However, if it was a bloodline like Mankestre, things would be slightly more difficult. Take Krubler, for instance. Though he could be given the title of a baron, but until now, all the processes had not gone through. Territories and the like? There was no word about it.

But Leylin was different, for he was a pure Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline Warlock, as well as the student of the third elder, Duke Gilbert. He had a great background, and he was prioritised. Titles and territories

would be presented to him quickly, and also be given the best treatment.

Robin did not bring Leylin out right away, but instead went towards the basement. This was as per Duke Gilbert's instructions, where Robin brought Leylin to see something.

"Leylin, have you seen the spells of Morning Star Magi?"

While walking, Robin would occasionally speak to Leylin.

"The spells of Morning Star Magi? Of course not!" Leylin's emotions skyrocketed, "You mean we're going to see that?"

There were rumours that Morning Star Magi could shift mountains and fill seas with just a wave of their arms, displaying terrifying power able to destroy the heavens and wreck the earth. At this thought, Leylin's heart began to burn.

"I thought so. Mentor Gilbert believed that only after seeing Morning Star Magi attack would you be able to understand your path better." There was a hint of a smile on Robin's face.

"I just hope it won't scare you!"

"How's that possible?" Leylin laughed involuntarily. If this was in the past, that might have happened, but he had gained part of the bloodline memories from the Morning Star Scorpion Man. He had even witnessed an ancient legendary war, so there was nothing that could scare him.

"Hopefully!" There was a slight smile on Robin's lips. Like Leylin, he did not leave the villa and entered the underground area.

Clang! After opening a metal door, a large complicated maze appeared before Leylin's eyes.

"This is the Disorientating Maze, a spell pattern that us central continent Magi prefer to use. It is primarily used as sentry and defensive force."

Robin explained to Leylin, "As a student of our mentor, we have the power to enter the first and second level. As for the deeper levels, our mentor has yet to open it up to us."

Immediately after, he stood in front of Leylin and smiled at the entrance to the maze, “Open!”

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! A layer of rock fell, and a single giant pupil appeared on the wall of the maze.

“Remember, this is another student of my mentor’s – Leylin. He will have the same authority as I do.”

“Master has already told me.”

A spiritual force imprint extended from the giant eye. Leylin could tell that it was the core of the maze, similar to the spirit genie.

The giant eye stared straight at Leylin. In that moment, a slight force field covered Leylin, and he tensed.

Fortunately, this force field was not on the offensive and merely surrounded Leylin. After extracting part of his aura, he left.

Crash! The maze dissipated, revealing a pathway. There were different small doors at two sides, with markings on them.

“This is Mentor’s laboratory and storeroom. Everything in the villa is a guise. Follow me.” Robin headed into the path, while Leylin followed closely behind.

“Here!”

Robin guided Leylin for about five minutes, and then opened a door before entering.

The moment he entered, he saw an engraving on a door that said ‘Image Resource Room’.

In this storeroom, it was exceptionally dim. Crystals flickering with different colours were giving out magnificent rays of their own.

“Crystal Number 1! It’s this one!” Robin picked up a red crystal on a wooden shelf the size of a fist, and placed it on a pedestal with a depression on it, at the centre of the room.

“This is a projection crystal. We use it to store important footage, such



as some important experiments, or battles between high ranking power.”

Buzz Buzz! After the spell formation was activated, the light in the room dimmed, almost becoming pitch-black.

The red crystal on the pedestal suddenly brightened.

A dazzling light shone down!

Leylin found himself standing atop a little hill. Green plains extended as far as the eye could see.

He grabbed at a black beetle that was flying past him, and it went through his palm, appearing on the other side.

“3D holograms? It’s very similar to the simulations of the A.I. Chip!” Leylin sighed in awe. At the peak of science and magic, there were definitely similarities between them after all.

“This is a classic battle that happened in the central continent’s history. This is the attacker.” Robin appeared beside Leylin, pointing to the east.

The scene was pulled closer, and a human city appeared. At the side, many corps were lined up, creating an imposing aura.

What shocked Leylin the most were the members. All of them were official Magi! There was not one regular human or knight.

“This is an imitation of the ancient Magus corps, ‘Thorned Hammer’. The members were all official Magi, and the team leaders were rank 2 Magi. The captain and vice-captain were rank 3 Crystal Phase Magi, and the corps could even cooperate to display a large-scale fire elemental spell! The range was vast, and on average, its strength was above 470 degrees!”

Robin explained to Leylin.

Now, two Magi flew out from the Thorned Hammer corps. The auras on their bodies far exceeded those on Leylin and Robin. They were emanating the tremendous bloodthirst of veterans of war. This aura could even be seen on regular members of the corps.

Leylin knew that this valour and confidence in victory was built upon multiple conquests. Every time this corps levelled an enemy nest, stepping

on the bones of their enemies, they would gain more confidence, even taking in the resentment of the defeated and increasing the strength of their spells.

This was the way of war of ancient corps.

The two Magi of the Thorned Hammer corps flew out and roared at the city, obviously to urge the city to surrender.

Above the city wall, it was empty but for one lonely figure.

“This is the other party in this battle—Morning Star Magus, Flame Manipulator, Lord Kason!” There was a trace of reverence in Robin’s voice.

Leylin looked this Morning Star Magus over. The Magus called Kason looked like a middle-aged man, wearing luxurious gold robes with embedded with them metal at the sides. There was a fiery-red jade band on his forehead.

Facing this entire corps of ancient Magi, there was no sign of fear in Kason’s expression. Instead, he began to berate his opponent, probably telling them to withdraw lest they suffer the consequences.

After the negotiations fell through, the entire Thorned Hammer corps roared, powerful and complicated spell undulations connecting all of them and converging on the two rank 3 Crystal Phase Magi in mid-air. Even through the video, the frightening waves were enough for Leylin’s expression to change.

In the face of this ancient corps, all he could do was flee, and he might not even be able to escape successfully.

At this moment, Flame Manipulator Kason finally moved. Rings of spell rays brightened on his body.

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First was a red spell, the energy undulations indicating rank 1. Following it was a rank 2 spell...

A total of four rings of light brightened on his body, and at the last spell, it emanated tremendous waves that even surpassed a rank 3 spell.

“A rank 4 spell?” Leylin glanced towards Robin, who was beside him.

“Wait a while more. The show’s about to start!” Robin gazed steadily at Kason, envy and anticipation evident on his expression.

“Foolish Magi, today, you shall know how the dignity of ancient Morning Star Magi was established!”

Kason warned with righteous words.

Immediately after, the small energy undulations amplified on his body and seemed to change, to the point that even the rank 3 Crystal Phase Magi grew extremely fearful.

“Rank 1 innate spell—Burning Zone!” As soon as this spell was launched from Kason’s body, it covered the entire region.

“Rank 2 innate spell—Blazing Attachment!” Little sparks were created in the skies.

“Rank 3 innate spell—Lava Region!” Great amounts of flames scorched the surface of the ground, forming a lava-infused land.

“Rank 4 innate spell—Meteor Descent!” With Kason’s yell, meteors appeared in the sky, one after the other.

“Complement: Ancient Morning Star Magus Final Technique—Fire Rain Annihilation”

After the four innate spells were combined, the fusion generated a change that made Leylin’s blood run cold.

# Chapter 399: Final Technique And Meditation Technique

Rumble! Numerous meteors exploded in the horizon, forming a rain of fire.

The strength of each wisp of fire dropping down exceeded a thousand degrees!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

It was as if the world was being destroyed. The earth trembled and the skies wailed. Even the sky could not hold on, forming countless spatial cracks that were quickly destroyed as well.

The previous two rank 3 Crystal Phase Magi were unable to finish a sentence before they were broken down into fragments by the flaming meteors. Following that, explosion after explosion wreaked havoc on the land.

The vast area, with the city at the heart of it, turned into a fiery hell.

Many Thorned Hammer Magi could not resist at all under the onslaught of the fire rain. They could only watch on in despair as they were swallowed by the flames. As Blazing Rain Of Extinction covered too large an area, any methods of escape all turned into jokes.

After a wave of the flaming rain fell, the entire Thorned Hammer corps had been exterminated. Besides the city that Kason was in, which was unharmed, the entire area had turned into a living hell. The Earth's crust had collapsed, lava boiling, and it was as if they had arrived at an ocean of lava.

Pak! The video cut off, and Leylin maintained his expression of shock, unable to come back to himself for a long while.

"The area that Lord Kason cast a spell on later turned into a region of active volcanos. Every year, it will erupt a few times, and all living creatures living within a few hundred kilometers would perish as it turned

into an area of death.” Robin was still explaining to Leylin.

“When the power of magic is pushed to the extreme, will it create such a terrifying scene?” Leylin muttered to himself.

“Ever since that incident, all Morning Star Magi in the central continent signed an agreement that unless there were special circumstances, they could not use final techniques in the central continent, nor destroy the environment at such a large scale.”

Robin smiled wryly. The range of these Morning Star Final Techniques were too terrifying, and if not regulated, it was impossible to live on the central continent if there were more great battles. Sooner or later, they would be extinguished, similar to how the ancient era had died.

“Phew...” Leylin sighed.

The scene just now had truly astounded him.

Though he had fragments of the Scorpion Man’s memories, there were differences between Morning Star creatures and Magi. What he could feel was the terrifyingly durable body of the creature. As for the battle at the end, it was much too profound for him to understand.

Now, there was a Morning Star Magus that had proven to Leylin that once he advanced to the rank 4 realm, just simple spells could create a giant qualitative change.

“How could the power of a rank 4 spell have such a frightening effect? Even if it’s a combination spell, it doesn’t make sense!” Leylin mumbled to himself.

Robin shook his head, obviously thinking differently. “Haha, this is the combination final technique of a Morning Star Magus. The taboo of ancient times! How can it be compared with little combination spells? Doubling the individual strength of the spells is the apex of a combination spell’s achievement! The amplification of the final technique of a Morning Star Magus is more than ten times that!”

“That’s impossible. Regular spells can’t support this consumption! Unless...” Leylin’s eyes brightened, as if he had thought of something.

“Exactly, you’ve already thought of it! That’s it! Only by combining innate spells that consume little energy but have great effects can the Morning Star final technique be formed. The ancient high-grade meditation techniques are the culmination of many experiments by ancient Magi, designing innate spells that are the most suitable for combination. It is also a process that can be solidified in the sea of consciousness!” Robin immediately narrated the details.

“There have to be four levels in a high-grade meditation technique. This is the reason! Only Magi who form their innate spells by following high-grade meditation techniques are able to combine them when they are at rank 4, forming the Morning Star final technique. That’s why the fourth level in any high-grade meditation technique is the most precious part!”

“Then how about Magi who use Grine Water to solidify their innate spell model?” Leylin suddenly asked, and then realised the stupidity of his question.

“Grine Water, combined with an innate spell model? Is that the method to advance in your hometown? We have something like that in the central continent... Thank goodness you did not choose that!”

Robin’s expression seemed to say ‘you’re very lucky’.

“The combination of a Morning Star final technique is the culmination of precious experience gained by generations of experiments. The Magi who used random ways to solidify their innate spells would be extremely lucky if they were not consumed by it. To create a combination final technique? Dream on! I wouldn’t be surprised if they got themselves into an explosion!”

Leylin’s expression was grim. He naturally understood the difficulty in designing a final technique from scratch. Even he, with his A.I. Chip, did not have much confidence. Those Magi could only weep in despair.

At this point, a smile appeared on Robin’s lips, “Now that I think about it, there are a few Morning Star Magi like that in the central continent. As many innate spells have long since been solidified, there is little opportunity to alter them. Though there are those lucky enough to rise to

the rank 4 realm, they wouldn't have a Morning Star final technique. Due to the huge consumption of their innate spells, they could only be slightly stronger than rank 3 Magi, and are viewed as a disgrace to Morning Star Magi in the central continent."

"So based on what senior mentioned, the final technique from high-grade meditation techniques are set by the technique?" Leylin suddenly had a question, "Then at the fourth level of our Kemoyin's Pupil, what kind of final technique will there be?"

"Your conjecture is right! Each final technique from high-grade meditation techniques is fixed. Since innate spells are formed from high-grade meditation techniques, they cannot be changed. From the final technique, one can tell the high-grade meditation technique a Morning Star Magus trains in." Robin nodded, "As for the Morning Star final technique of us Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks, it is the Flawless Morphing Technique."

"Flawless Morphing Technique?" Leylin was puzzled.

"En! Actually, almost all Warlocks develop Morning Star final techniques that are rather similar after reaching rank 4. It is similar to an flawless morphing effect."

"Advancement for Warlocks comes from constantly purifying the bloodline and altering the body, drawing close to the source of the bloodline. That is why after reaching the rank 4 realm, we can even use the Morphing Technique and simulate the form of a real ancient creature, as well as display all its strength!"

Robin spoke emotionally.

"In other words, after reaching rank four, Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks can turn into an ancient Giant Kemoyin Serpent at will?"

Leylin recalled the terrifying durability and strength of the Scorpion Man who was at the Morning Star realm. If combined with the brain and spells of Warlocks...

"That truly is terrifying..."

Ancient bloodline creatures were originally very powerful, and even Morning Star Magi did not dare provoke Morning Star giant beasts. If combined with a Warlock's strengths, how formidable could they become? Just the thought of it caused Leylin's to be stirred up.

"I see. It's no wonder that the solidified spells of high-grade meditation techniques cannot be modified. Each level is fixed, as this is the optimum combination created by ancient Magi. With no internal friction and with the force of point mass that Morning Star Magi have condensed to the utmost, this will create a terrifying qualitative result." Leylin immediately recalled the crimson spiritual force core crystal in his sea of consciousness.

After reaching rank 3, the crystal had formed a complicated three-layered tessellated structure. The crystal of the third level had become even more intricate, the runes even more complicated and forming his innate spell Intimidating Gaze.

When the runes for Intimidating Gaze combined with the ones from before, the new rune had been a strange crimson. All that was lacking was something in the center, which could then help it fully display formidable strength.

"This is probably the prototype for my rank 4 Morning Star final technique!" Leylin sighed.

All of a sudden, he was very glad that he had not used the fourth level of Kemoyin's Pupil simulated with his A.I. Chip.

Though, in principle, the A.I. Chip's version was perfect, most of the high-grade meditation techniques in the subterranean world lacked a fourth level. The only one was Dragon King's Mystic Might, which was specifically only able to be used by the dragon race, and had failed to mention all this information. Without this knowledge, there was a real possibility of Leylin suffering a loss.

If this was the case, he would lose this precious opportunity and become like those poor Morning Star Magi who reached rank 4 but lacked a final technique. He too would be scorned by his peers.



However, since he knew the principle behind this combination, through simulation with the A.I. Chip, he would be able to obtain information regarding the real fourth layer.

At this thought, Leylin immediately commanded, “A.I. Chip, using my Warlock innate spell model as the foundation, simulate a rank 4 innate spell. Refer to the Flawless Morphing Technique as required.”

[Mission established. Beginning simulation. Estimated completion time: 158 years, 9 months.]

As per usual, the A.I. Chip gave him an astronomical figure.

Leylin rolled his eyes. When calculating anything more powerful than him, the A.I. Chip always needed a lot of time.

This also verified his previous notions. If he relied on himself and tried to create a reasonable final technique, it would be an impossible task.

“In this case, unless they have plans of destroying the core of their spiritual force and take a gamble to retrain from scratch, all the Magi who use Grime Water are doomed to be cannon fodder.”

Leylin suddenly sighed. The Magus World was filled with traps and dangers.

“Alright, let’s go out! The introduction to Morning Star Magi shall end here.” Suddenly, Robin turned around for a moment. “Also, all this information may not be that confidential, but it’s only circulated amongst the higher-ups in a few organisations.”

# Chapter 400: Female Warlocks

“Don’t worry, I won’t spread this!” Leylin promised immediately, knowing what Robin meant.

“Good! Come, then. I’ll show you your manor and some important places like the trading hall! Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks are our most valuable members. You will enjoy the best we have to offer...”

The Ouroboros Clan held quite a bit of fame in the central continent. There was no doubt that they controlled a huge region teeming with mortals and acolytes. Parts of this land would often be granted to the higher-ups within the clan.

Some of the Warlocks in the clan built giant castles in their territory. They preferred to stay there, and seldom visited the headquarters. Slowly, they would expand their families.

On the other hand, most Warlocks who held a high hope for further advancement were the exact opposite, choosing to stay behind at the headquarters, leaving the territory to someone else to manage.

Given that Leylin was a Marquis, his territory would undoubtedly be quite large. The production of magic crystals as well as other resources from it would far exceed the poor south coast and Twilight Zone.

Additionally, he would be given an isolated manor in the headquarters as his personal residence.

The trading hall was like a stock exchange. A screen hung in the air, displaying various fields of information as numbers blinked with different colours. Under the big screen were Warlocks of different ranks looking hurried as they whispered to the staff behind the counters.

Every organisation had a place like this. It was similar to a hall where missions were issued, and handled part of the exchange of goods. Leylin was very familiar with such places, but never before had he seen one this large. One message on the screen left Leylin embarrassed, “Rank 1 Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock with a decent bloodline. Selling the opportunity

for a night's irrigation of seeds. Price: 1000 contribution points. Additional requirement: The female's appearance must be approved by me."

"This..." Leylin didn't know what to say.

"Haha!" Robin was not surprised at all.

"After the passing of generation after generation, most Warlock families will have their bloodlines thin out. Exceptions to this rule do exist, but are very rare. Even among Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks, there are those whose bloodlines are weak enough to match Black Horrall Snake or even Huge Mankestre Snake Warlocks. Therefore, Warlock families generally search for those with pure bloodlines to improve their own fading ones. There are some weaker Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks who live on this income. Although it's difficult for a Warlock to sire a child, it'll happen eventually if they try often enough."

"That I know!" Leylin said contemptuously. He was quite unhappy about this kind of work, where they were basically pimping themselves out.

"By the way, you do have a very pure bloodline, Leylin. You're also quite strong yourself, so be careful. The female Warlocks will go crazy over you!" Robin said with a teasing smile.

"It doesn't matter. I won't do this no matter what!" Leylin said assuredly. This kind of act violated his bottom line, and he would not do something that went against his basic principles.

"Your wants have nothing to do with it. Some female Warlocks with high bloodline purity will capture ones like you and not let you go until they become pregnant. Given that the male suffers no substantial losses and revealing this would generally hurt their reputations, they choose to silently endure, thus making it hard for us to interfere..." Robin's following words dumbfounded Leylin.

Robin looked Leylin up and down, and nodded to him. "Don't worry. Based on your current strength, there are few female Warlocks in the clan that can actually capture you."

"Robin! What a coincidence!" Suddenly, a woman's voice rose up behind

them. Robin turned back and saw a female Warlock with long black hair creating a divide in the crowd as she approached them. While occasionally eyeing Leylin, there was an undisguised hint of excitement on her face which sent shivers down his spine.

“Who is this handsome fellow? We haven’t met before, have we?” The aura of this female Warlock was the same as Robin’s, their spiritual force have both reached the Hydro Phase. She was also a well-built beauty, with a charming appearance and fair skin.

“This is Marquis Leylin, a new member of the clan who is under Mentor Gilbert’s tutelage!” Robin said with a smile on his face but he felt uneasy.

He transmitted to Leylin, “Be careful! This is one of the female Warlocks I just told you about—Blood Serpent Miranda!”

“Hello, Marquis Miranda!” Leylin knew her status and gave her a salute.

“Marquis Leylin! So is this the first time you’ve come here? Why don’t you follow me? I can show you around, and we can even go to my manor later where I show you the enthusiasm of our female Warlocks!”

Miranda’s eyes shone with excitement as she surveyed Leylin and ran her tongue along her lips. This further increased her charm to the point that few males could resist her.

“My apologies! I’d prefer to be lead by Robin!” Leylin denied. He liked beautiful girls, but it was only if he was the dominant one. It would feel too humiliating to be used like a tool for mating.

“Don’t refuse me so fast! Five thousand contribution points! Five thousand contribution points for one night! Deal?”

Miranda offered a price without any hesitation, and the Warlocks around inhaled a deep breath. It seemed like five thousand contribution points was quite the number.

“That’s enough!” Leylin’s face turned solemn, his hand reaching for the hilt of his sword.

“So that’s how you want it. Then let me tame you in my own way!”

Miranda felt no fear for Leylin, and instead a foxy expression appeared on her face.

She'd seen through Leylin at first glance, and knew that he was a newly advanced rank 3 whose spiritual force had not reached the Vapour Phase. Meanwhile, hers was already in the Hydro Phase.

Rank 3 Warlocks were divided into those with Vapour Phase, Hydro Phase, and Crystal Phase spiritual force. There was a huge gap in strength between each phase. With Leylin being two phases below her, she was not worried even if he had some secret weapons.

"Right here?" Miranda's eyes narrowed into slits, a dangerous aura bursting forth. Dense scales appeared on her body in the shape of flowers which made her even more alluring.

"Miranda! Stop!" Another clear female voice arose, and a red snake flew over.

"You!" Miranda waved her hands. Countless black wisps appeared around her, bumping into the red snake. Robin ended up having to repress the following explosion, but even so many Warlocks were pushed down by the aftermath of the clash.

"Another one! Leylin, your luck today is just too poor!"

"Another one?" Leylin looked at the source of the sound.

The one who attacked with the red snake just now was also a female Warlock, her long black hair cascading to her waist like a waterfall. She possessed a voluptuous body that was in stark contrast to her saintly face.

"This is Marquis Freya! I've never heard about rumors of her capturing male warlocks, but her family's bloodline has been declining in recent years. They are looking for a suitable male to marry into their family, be careful!" Robin transmitted to Leylin who currently could only keep silent.

"Freya! If you want a man, there are plenty in my castle that I can gift you. This one is mine!" Apparently, Miranda had already considered Leylin her own prey.

“Miranda, you slut! I’m not here for romance. I’m here to ask him to join my family!” Freya retorted sharply.

“No way! I saw him first!”

“So what?” With the argument escalating, the danger around these two women grew and everyone around backed away.

Leylin stood between them, feeling amused and annoyed. Rather than asking for his own opinion, these two were fighting over him like he was a victory item. “Listen here! Are you even going to bother about my opinion?”

“You?” Miranda smiled faintly, “Weaklings have no right to an opinion. Even your Mentor wouldn’t say anything about this. I have an elder backing me as well.”

On the other side, Freya expressed her silent agreement.

“Fine! I will let you know who is the weakling!” Leylin drew his sword from its sheath. The Meteor Sword was a high grade magic artifact; it began emitting a scary aura.

Streams of black light shot at the two women, containing within them the horrifying toxins of a Kemoyin Serpent. Meanwhile, Intimidating Gaze, his rank 3 bloodline spell, shot forth.

Although similar waves shot forth from the two women, they retreated the moment they came in contact with Leylin’s domain.

“An Intimidating Gaze this powerful?” Robin looked at the weaker Warlocks who had fallen to the ground. “It seems like Leylin’s blood purity is much higher than I expected.”

With a flash of black light, two distinct sounds rung out. A red whip in Miranda’s hands cracked into two, and Freya retreated a few steps as a red ring in her hands was crushed into a powder.

# Chapter 401: Fourth Grade Meditation Technique

“I will only choose someone I like! Do not provoke me, or else...” Leylin coldly replied, sword drawn, as he immediately pulled Robin away.

At the bottom of his heart, he was actually a little fearful of these two crazy women.

“Pure Giant Kemoyin Serpent poison! Such a powerful Intimidating Gaze! His bloodline is exactly what I need!” Freya muttered to herself and watching Leylin’s back with a steady glint of light in her eyes.

“Haha! What a personality! I like it!” Miranda was even more excited than Freya.

“Hey. Hey! You saw his ability. Although he isn’t as strong as either of us, he will definitely escape if we try to get him ourselves. I suggest we join hands to deal with him. What do you think?” Miranda moved close to Freya and bit her ears. “When the time comes, I can let you be first! Of course, if you prefer a threesome, I have no objections...”

“Nonsense!” Freya rolled her eyes and walked straight out.

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“Phew.....” Leylin let out a long sigh of relief after leaving the place.

“Haha! You will get used to such incidents! You are considered lucky, joining only after you have attained the 3rd rank. These 2 lady Warlocks are the most powerful. If they can’t get a hold of you, the rest won’t have a chance!”

“Thinking back about my past... Sigh...” Robin sighed as if recalling some repressed memories.

Leylin maintained his silence, he was sensible enough not to provoke Robin at the moment.

“This is it, this manor belongs to you!”

After passing through a series of buildings, Robin led Leylin to the front of a big garden courtyard.

At the entrance sat two enormous ash-gray stone serpents. Faint energy undulations were emitting from them. They were evidently not just ornamental.

Kubler was standing at the front of the gate, dressed like a butler. Upon seeing Leylin, his eyes lit up and he immediately stepped up and bowed respectfully. "My Lord!"

Robin handed Leylin a pink crystal. "My men have sent the decoration details to Kubler. This is the master key and identification crystal!"

"I assume you will have many matters to handle since you have just arrived. Just remember to be at the same meeting place tomorrow afternoon. Sir Gilbert will see you then..." He stepped out after giving his last instructions.

"Show me around the manor! Also, your matter is resolved now!" Leylin was deeply moved as he looked around at the surrounding structures. He would be spending a long time here if nothing happens out of the blue.

"As you wish, my Lord!" Kubler thankfully replied. Although a simple matter like his could be resolved with a word from his Lord, it was indeed rare for the master to care so much about a servant.

Leylin was now not only a Marquis of the Ouroboros Clan, but also a student of Duke Gilbert. His future was truly bright and immeasurable.

Kubler was naturally filled with enthusiasm as he intended to be a good servant to Leylin. "In this manor, other than your personal master bedroom, there is also a study room, a laboratory and an arena for negative energy. There's a bloodline purifying pool, a quiet field of sculptures... In addition, there are more than enough specially prepared facilities meant for use by Magi who are 3rd rank and below...."

Kubler clearly had been briefed before. During the introduction, he spoke with much familiarity.

"A common facility for other Magi? Looks like it is an exclusive one for



the vassals!” Leylin nodded his head, “Go ahead, pick a set for yourself!”

“Thank you, my Lord!” Kubler bow earnestly, his face filled with joy.

The perks that came with being the retainer of a marquis were definitely outstanding. In fact, they were better than what he would normally get if he’d become a Baron.

“This manor is too big, and it is a little quiet. Look into whether we should recruit some acolytes or perhaps buy a few slaves....”

“Leylin casually gave the order and Kubler listened intently.

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In the study room.

Gilbert unrolled the document in his hand and analysed it closely.

“Hmm, according to what Leylin has revealed, his bloodline is that of Norco Curadu Sfar!?”

“Yes, sir!” Robin replied respectfully.

“This Norco Curadu Sfar is registered in our records. It belonged to a marquis of the Kemoyin bloodline who went missing during an exploration. Looks like it had been disseminated to the south coast, and he also left behind a descendant...”

“The south coast! I travelled there when I was younger, it was a barren place...” Gilbert sighed.

To a Magus of the central continent, the south coast and Twilight Zone were poor backwater regions. The energy in their atmosphere was extremely lacking and their resources were limited, which was the reason they’d left.

“As for the Norco Curadu Sfar Warlock, he is considered my senior! For Leylin to acquire such an inheritance, and the corresponding accuracy of events in the timeline, it is clear what will come next!”

“Yes, our men from the south coast have sent over some information!” Robin nodded his head.

“It is a pity that he only acquired part of the inheritance and didn’t lay his hands on the fourth grade of the Kemoyin’s pupil!” Gilbert sighed, knowing very well and viewing the status of Leylin from the cinema room

If he had the full inheritance of a Morning Star Magus, perhaps it might have triggered his interest. However Leylin had obviously inherited only the external portion, hence he lost all passion.

“I agree with you!” Robin echoed.

For Magi of the south coast and Twilight Zone, even if they were to rise in rank to a Morning Star Magus, they would still be lacking in comparison to their peers from the central continent.

There were many advanced and sophisticated experiments that could only be implemented on the central continent. Moreover, a single Magus’ lone research would never be on par with the accumulated research of a huge group.

“Since there are no problems, let’s admit him! The Clan has not had any new blood for a long time!” Gilbert let out another sigh.

Warlocks and Magi were created differently. Not only did they need innate skill with the soul, they needed to meet the required concentration of bloodline. Warlock bloodlines tend to dilute over the generations, hence the first and second generation’s bloodline were the purest and they held the most accomplishments. Those who came after would find it difficult to surpass their success.

Even if bloodline mutations occurred, such cases were rare and random. The probability of success was also pathetic.

Many of the famous Warlock clans of the ancient period did not perish due to external enemies, but instead due to their own bloodlines gradually withering away until they faded from the world of Magi.

This was a problem of the current Ouroboros Clan as well.

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The next day, Leylin arrived at Duke Gilbert’s villa earlier than reporting

time.

The two lady Warlocks of yesterday were either stunned or had other plans in mind, as they did not approach Leylin which caused him to heave a sigh of relief.

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‘Amongst animals, it’s very often the females that possess formidable physiques and great power! Serpents, too, are as such! This might have caused the Yin element to become stronger than the Yang element within the Clan. In fact, it might be the root cause for the female Warlocks’ bloodlines to be thicker than those of the males.’ Leylin walked on with a thought circulating non-stop in his mind.

According to what Robin had revealed yesterday, within the Ouroboros Clan, even if the ranks were the same, a female Warlock’s ability was distinctly higher than a male’s. This seemed to verify his conclusion.

In addition, even the legendary Snake Dowager was female!

Leylin shook his head, trying to get rid of such mixed thoughts as he approached the main gate of the villa.

“Mentor! This is Leylin” he spoke into a purple morning glory hanging by the door frame.

Crack! The door of the villa automatically opened once Leylin’s voice was heard. As he stepped in, he saw that the decorations were similar to the day before, resembling a commoner’s grand mansion.

The A.I. Chip made a quick scan and discovered nothing out of the ordinary.

However, the more normal it seemed, the more vigilant Leylin became. The decoration of a Rank 3 Warlock already made it beyond his ability to perceive energy.

If Gilbert were to launch a spell in such a seemingly safe place, how frightening would it be?

As Leylin stepped into the study room on the second floor, he once again

came face to face with the bald glossy head of the Rank 4 Warlock, Gilbert.

“Mentor!” Leylin bowed immediately, showing great respect and etiquette.

“Mmm! Very good! Get up!” Gilbert was reading a book that was made of bone. From time to time, green sparks and howls erupted from its surface, but they very soon vanished into thin air before they could come into contact with Gilbert.

“You saw the images yesterday, how do you feel about it?” Gilbert closed the book and it made a crisp sound.

“Very strong! Very terrifying!” Leylin truthfully replied.

“That was a true rank 4 Morning Star Magus, one that qualifies to join the frightening final battle for power! He was also a true elite of the central continent!”

Gilbert sighed and continued, “In reality, to differentiate between the strong and the weak organisations, you just need to look at the number of Morning Star Magi they possess! I have very high expectations from you...”

Gilbert then handed a crimson red crystal ball to Leylin, “This the fourth grade of Kemoyin’s Pupil. Since you have already achieved rank 3 as a Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock, you are entitled to it. And since you are a student of mine, I can give it to you directly! As for the requirement of rank 3 Warlocks to attain Vapour Phase spiritual force and things as such, you will still need to make the necessary contributions.

After he received the crystal ball, the A.I. Chip immediately recorded the fourth grade of the Kemoyin’s Pupil meditation technique and started to deduce a comparison with the current version, optimizing many abilities.

“Thank you, Mentor! If I attain the status of a Morning Star Magus in the future, I will certainly protect the Clan!”

# Chapter 402: World Of Gods

Being imparted the fourth level of Kemoyin's pupil meant he had genuinely entered the core ranks of the circle.

Although such meditation techniques needed a matching bloodline, and was useless to an outsider, it was still considered to be very high in value.

Seeing how he was admitted to the clan with sincerity, Leylin was rather shaken, and he too made an oath.

With his current strength, any words that he spoke of would hold its own weight and have a tremendous effective.

Gilbert looked at Leylin deeply, " Very well! I hope you will engrave in your memory the words you have spoken today!"

"From herein, I shall strive to impart to you everything I know. As for how much you can learn, it will all depend on your diligence and luck..." he added.

"Thank you, Mentor!" Leylin gave a deep respectful bow. He knew that, as a Morning Star Magus and an elder of the clan, Duke Gilbert was very busy everyday. It was most definitely not easy to take time out every day to teach him.

This also meant that Gilbert was optimistic about Leylin's future. Besides, regardless of the inconveniences, it was not going to be a long journey!

Because it was as such, this opportunity was even more precious!

Thereafter, Leylin would be at Gilbert's manor, receiving his teachings on foundation subjects. Although Leylin had already learnt most of it, the content from the southern coast and Twilight Zone differed from that of the central continent and Gilbert aimed to acknowledge and reverse these discrepancies.

Even though it was just basic foundational knowledge, with Gilbert's way of narration Leylin gained even more insight from the content.

In addition, Gilbert had placed his personal library in a separate concealed room, allowing Leylin to browse the books freely. Content that he needed to memorize were those relating to history and magic

“Introduction to dimension theory!”

“Space communication knowledge!”

“Research on the boundary of the stars!”

Leylin as usual, approached the concealed room and picked out three thick books that he had marked. After flipping to a specific page, he started to read.

With the illumination of the unceasing flame in the concealed room, Leylin was focused and devout. These were qualities that all researchers should have.

After an hour had passed, Gilbert approached Leylin. He saw the contents of the book in his hand and was all smiles.

“Well? I see you are interested in interdimensional travel?”

“Yes, Mentor!” Leylin nodded his head and admitted it. Magi from ancient times were formidable because they had plundered an enormous amount of the world’s accumulated knowledge and their consistent research to upgrade themselves. Leylin wanted to be like them.

“Interdimensional travel may be dangerous but it is also very enticing. Once you succeed, the benefits of the world will be solely reaped by you!”

Gilbert let out a sigh and pulled out a chair, “Alright! Today I will tell you about the research the central continent has conducted on interdimensional travel!”

“The central continent has already begun research in this field?” Leylin’s heart skipped a beat. He sat upright and was all ears.

Gilbert gave it some thought and decided on where to begin. “First of all, you need to understand the concept of worlds and dimensions!”

“The multiverse is wide and borderless. Even the ancient Magi at their peak they were unable to explore to the extreme ends of it. Surrounding

the Magi were the existences of multiple other great worlds as well. And so, a plane is but a small tiny world. If the world of the Magi is the sun for instance, a plane is a small star! However, no matter how small the plane is, their surface area will still exceed what you have imagined it to be....”

“And among the different worlds and dimensions, all kinds of bizarre living beings exist within them. In fact, there are existences that surpass that of the Magi in history. Some were the ones who initiated the start of a brilliant civilization. While other were the amalgamation of consciousnesses and concepts. No living organisms exist there, only a terrifying mix of chaotic beings with consciousness....”

“The ancient Magi won by means of conquering these worlds and researching their powers. They robbed the necessary resources and created their own splendid civilization....”

“And so, the basis of interdimensional travel is a cosmic gate! One theory states that the cosmos is the highest state of the multiverse. It is also the core of all dimensions, time and space! Through the cosmos, the world of Magi could connect to any other world at will!”

“I see! So it simply means, that the so-called Star Realm is actually a central hub for various dimensions and the world! “ Leylin remarked after some thoughts.

“Yes, you can look at it that way! However the mystery of the Star Realm can never be fully comprehended, so you need to show your utmost respect!” Gilbert smiled and gave Leylin a stern warning.

“Yes! I understand now, Mentor” Leylin nodded his head in compliance.

“By opening the cosmic gate, you will be exposed to countless dangers. There were Magi who stumbled into unknown worlds carelessly and died to attacks from various dangerous creatures. And others who went and came back to the Magus world with unusual and terrifying curses...”

“Of course, on the whole, Magi dominated the various worlds, well, except for that world.....”

“Are they the formidable enemy that we fought with, during the battle

that ended our golden period?” Leylin vaguely remembered the details from the antique book he had read back in Twilight Zone.

“Right!” Gilbert replied with a tone of seriousness.

“Magi from the ancient past conquered one dimension after another, causing many living creatures to bow and surrender and to be used as slaves. However, the huge victories and glory soon clouded their egos, and they became greedy for more insane strategies of attacks, ignoring all signs of dangers, until they met that world....”

“What kind of world is that?” Leylin couldn’t help asking, knowing very well the formidable power it possessed yet not knowing the seldom-mentioned details.

“It is a world that consists of multiple planes that can no longer evolve any further. Clusters of smaller dimensions are suspended at its edges. And surrounding the entire world is yet another strong layer of crystal walls!”

As a rank 4 Magus of the central continent. Gilbert naturally knew the details of ancient secrets very well.

“There are many strong Magi in that world, some at rank 7, rank 8.... Of course, they are not called Magi there, instead they address themselves as –Gods!”

“Gods?”

“Yes, and so that world is known as the ‘World of Gods’ ! Although the opposing side is extremely strong and powerful, the Magi at that time were also at the peak of their own prosperity. Resources in the World of Gods were plentiful and this made the ancient Magi jealous. They saw great value in the Gods’ lands and sought to attain them. Hence, those Rank 7 and Rank 8 Magi who wielded horrifying powers started a war with them.....”

“What happened next, you should know very well! “ Gilbert turned to look at Leylin.

“Yes, I do! Neither side won! Many of the ancient Magi died one after



another to the point that it ended our golden period. The door to the cosmos, on the other hand, had no choice but to be sealed too. All this led the collapse of the Magus world! “

“Mmm! The way I see it, our Magus world and the opposing World of Gods are each at one end of a funnel and the cosmos is the link between us. As for the planes and other worlds, they are sprinkled between us along the way!” Gilbert explained his personal opinion.

“As the strength of both sides were similar, the opposing Gods did not have an easy time. There were rumours that their most powerful, the ‘Supreme God,’ suffered an irreversible injury that caused him to sink into an eternal sleep. As for the other fallen Gods, the numbers were astounding, hence it was termed the ‘Sunset of the Gods’...”

“So..... after finding out about it, the new generations of Magi recently reopened cosmic gates and started conducting interdimensional travel!” Leylin guessed.

This explains why the central continent is much more prosperous than all the rest.

“In the beginning, it was the lone decision of a single Morning Star Magus to do so, but when it was revealed that there were no signs of invasion from the World of Gods and no adverse consequences, the other Morning Star Magi followed suit...”

Gilbert smiled bitterly.

In the central continent, if you did not improve, the others would naturally improve and leave you in the dust. Since using cosmic gates would cause no harm and yet reap great rewards, then how could the rest of the Magi endure this temptation?

“After some cautious travel, we finally got word of the World of Gods. The external layer of their crystal wall system had been stabilized, reinforced and hardened, resisting all external intruders and it had already reached a new, stronger level of sealing...”

“Upon hearing this news, all the Magi in the central continent

unanimously let out sighs of relief, and decided to carry out even more interdimensional travel, slowly regaining the glory of our ancient past, so much so that a few Rank 6 Magi, those we now call Kings, started to appear....” Gilbert said conclusively.

Leylin nodded his head. The current Leylin, with his newfound knowledge of the central continent and battle of the ancient past, finally understood the total picture. At the same time, he looked forward to experiencing interdimensional travel.

“The world where I used to live in, is it a part of the endless multiverse?”

At the bottom of his heart, Leylin was suddenly filled with indifferent expectations.

The current Leylin had already combined innate spells with science and technology, embarking on his own personal journey. Even if other Magi were to achieve the much needed accumulated knowledge of science and technologies, they might not be able to match up to his rate of advancement.

Moreover, the A.I. Chip had fused with his soul when he was shuttled through space and time. This was not something any Magus could achieve, and the probability of success was simply too low. Even if other Magi were to try and attempt it, their soul would likely be destroyed at the end.

“But, as your Mentor, I would like to remind you this. You are too weak to conduct research on this currently!”

Gilbert pressed on the interdimensional travel research that Leylin held in his hand.

“Only when you have reached the status of a Morning Star Magus will you be able to venture out into the cosmos!”

# Chapter 403: The Astral Gate

“Morning Star Magus?” Leylin looked doubtful as he glanced at his Mentor.

“Yes. Only the massive spiritual force of Morning Star Magi can withstand the consumption as you step over. In addition, many dangers in various worlds are unable to be dealt with by regular Magi. At the very least, you need to be at the Morning Star realm.” Gilbert looked stern.

“With your current spiritual force, with the help of the spell formations and the cosmic gate, you’ll at most be able to approach a few Magus Worlds and receive a few sections of incomplete information even if you drain all your spiritual force. You may not even be able to obtain all of the information.”

Gilbert shook his head.

“If you really must do this, you could aid me in my experiment regarding projection of coordinates.”

After that, through Gilbert’s explanations, Leylin found out some fundamental information on how to use the cosmic gate.

This experiment of crossing over to different worlds consumed a lot of energy, and there were rules when it came to transporting objects. In general, receiving information through spiritual force consumed the least energy, but the moment any substance was to be transported, the consumption would increase several times. If a Magus were to go over, the energy required was tremendous, to the point that it might even cause Morning Star Magi to exhaust themselves!

In reality, in both ancient and recent times, there were so many Morning Star Magi who had consumed large amounts of resources and energy only to find a desolate world, ending up with nothing despite their efforts.

The cosmic gate had always been a place where fortune and danger coexisted.

The Magi in the central continent seldom travelled over. They preferred

to send out a few spiritual force coordinates, as well as use things like teleportation spell formations.

This was similar to setting down fish bait, and then waiting for the other side to accept it.

Though the chances were so small that they were below one in ten thousand, there was a real possibility of intelligent beings receiving the spiritual force tokens that were floating in spatial cracks.

Next was to bewitch these beings and then gather information regarding these other dimensions and determine their coordinates. If this information was determined valuable enough, Morning Star Magi would then open the true cosmic gate and then travel there in great numbers, seizing control of the dimension!

“Why does it sound like we’re doing the same thing as a cult, as if some satanic summoning ritual?” Leylin was bewildered.

“It is something like that! Those devils or whatever they come from a different dimension near us. They like to gather spirits through this method. If not for them concealing themselves so well, we would have long since used the coordinates and tried to kill them!”

A killing intent rose in Gilbert’s eyes.

“Well then, Mentor. I would like to enter your experiment with the cosmic gate!” Leylin immediately requested.

“Alright. While I am experimenting, you can be my assistant, observing and studying at the side.” Gilbert watched Leylin’s resolute gaze and nodded.

.....

After leaving Gilbert’s villa, Leylin was in a very good mood. Not only had he gathered many ancient secrets, he was now qualified to participate in the space experiments.

“In the future, I want to make my own cosmic gate!” Leylin decided.

At the very least, he would need to go to that Purgatory World at least

once. He would gain a solution for the shackles of his Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline there.

Of course, this was the hope of the entire Ouroboros Clan. Leylin's mentor, Gilbert, and the two other Morning Star Warlocks were crazily searching for the coordinates of the Purgatory World.

It was a pity that the multiple worlds and coordinates were like the numerous stars in the sky. With their method of trial and error, it was impossible to know how long it would take from them to find Purgatory World.

However, Leylin had plans of his own. He would not mention them yet.

"Leylin!"

Around a corner, Leylin heard a voice and halted his footsteps, seeing a blonde middle-aged Magus walking over. However, there was no longer the calm and dignified look he had had. Instead, he was flustered, and even the energy fluctuations around him were unstable, as if he had gained injuries.

"What is it?" Leylin was in no mood for this sheltered Warlock who had once threatened him before, Woody.

"Don't think you can do whatever you want just because you have someone backing you, you gigolo!" Woody's expression was terrible, looking as if he wanted to gobble Leylin up.

"Gigolo?" Leylin's heart jumped, and he had a bad feeling about this.

"Woody! Aren't you starting yet?"

A female voice that made Leylin's hair stand. He then saw that Warlock Freya from before, pulling at a pet that seemed to be a black sheepdog.

Upon closer inspection, Leylin realised there were complicated black patterns on its face, its eyes flashing with intelligence. However, all that was inside them was now despair, frenzy and an unspeakable dread.

"Morphing technique! This is—Johnny!" Magi naturally did not recognise people by their appearances. The familiar spiritual waves immediately

allowed Leylin to tell the true identity of this sheepdog.

“This is—Crazy!” Seeing the dog leash around the sheepdog’s neck, Leylin could confirm Johnny even had thoughts of suicide.

“Wooo!” After seeing Woody, the sheepdog began to whimper even more, as if hoping its original owner would save it.

Woody paled in anger, but did not do much.

He then gritted his teeth, bowing slightly to Leylin, “Marquis Leylin, please forgive me for my previous offences. Please do whatever you please with Johnny.”

Having said this, Woody immediately turned to leave, disappearing after turning a corner.

“How is it? Do you like my gift? To change him into this form, it used up a precious morphing scroll I got from my Mentor!” Freya pulled the black sheepdog till it reached his side, anticipating his reaction.

“I...” Leylin could only force a smile.

He had heard from Robin that compared to the wanton Miranda, Freya kept her chastity and did not do anything to charm male Warlocks into becoming their toys. However, in order to improve the bloodline in her family, she would go around looking for suitable candidates.

At this moment, she seemed to have chosen him! The earnest look on her face seemed to be giving Leylin a headache.

Though she was a student of the Second Elder and was thus doted on, for her to become hostile to another Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock and even punish members in the same circle as she was in, she would definitely be under immense pressure.

Of course, as a Warlock, she had inherited emotional instability and perhaps would not think too much of her actions.

Through the A.I. Chip, Leylin noticed the unstable aura on Freya’s body. It was apparent that pressuring Woody was not such a simple task, and both sides would suffer losses. The reason Woody had automatically

conceded was because his bloodline instability was not flaring up. He knew how to weigh his benefits.

“I-Whatever! Do whatever you want with Johnny!”

Looking at the whimpering sheepdog on the ground, Leylin really sympathized with it.

“Also, here are two things for you!”

Leylin passed her a high-grade healing potion, as well as a high-grade potion of tranquility.

He was not one to accept favours from others. A healing potion was a small matter, but what was more important was the high-grade potion of tranquility. This was the strengthened version of the potion of tranquility, and Leylin had even added parts of the Icy Jade Scorpion’s bloodline. Though the effects were reduced, it was still very effective for Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks.

He really hoped this potion could slightly inhibit her crazy tendencies and stop her from bothering him.

Watching Leylin seemingly fleeing and disappearing along the road, Freya caressed the two potions in her hands and smiled, “It’s great as long as you have a good impression of me! You’ll be mine.”

.....

If Leylin knew what Freya was thinking, he would probably regret his actions. Now, however, he had found Robin.

“Hm? You want to take a look at your territory?” Robin looked at Leylin in front of him.

“Yes! Mentor Gilbert has finished his teachings, and all that’s left are preparations for the cosmic gate. There’s nothing left for me to do, so I want to look at the territory.”

Leylin spoke. After his current trip, Gilbert was done with teaching him. He was a rank 4 Warlock and had numerous tasks to carry out. On top of that, he had to focus on his research and could not continue coaching

Leylin.

Before conducting the cosmic gate experiments, a lot of time was needed to prepare the materials, adjust the frequencies and the like.

Leylin wanted to make use of this time and first leave the headquarters. A part of it was because he wanted to see his territory, but another reason was because he was really a little scared and wanted to hide outside.

“Oh, it was Freya!”

Robin thought for a moment and suddenly began to laugh. He seemed to have some knowledge regarding what had just transpired.

“She’s actually not half bad! She hasn’t had a partner in the past, and her mentor is also a Morning Star Warlock. You should just marry her!” Robin even teased as he suggested.

“If I really want to marry someone, I can take her into consideration, but you know...”

Leylin’s lips quirked in a wry smile. Though Freya was doing all she could to get into his good books, her final goal was to make him a breeding machine. Even if they did become companions, she would want him to marry into her family. How could he stand this?

In the deepest part of his heart, Leylin believed himself to be a male chauvinist, and he could not stand for this.

“That’s true. Besides, you’re still young!” Robin thought for a moment and then nodded, as if having expected this.

“Young? I’m almost a hundred!” Leylin was speechless.

“Haha, I’m almost five hundred, and I’ve had 24 wives! I’ve married into several families.” Robin’s expression showed his experience in this area.

“When you’re at my age, you’ll think little of this sort of thing.”



# Chapter 404: Territory

The wind blew, bringing about with it a refreshing feeling.

Leylin rode on a horse, looking at the scenery on both sides. Great numbers of farms joined to form a large field which many farmers were working on.

At the two sides of the roads, purification towers could be seen everywhere.

These were specifically to remove the unwittingly emanated radiation pollution from the bodies of Magi. This allowed regular humans and Magi to exist in harmony.

Robin did accede to Leylin's request in the end, even sending another Warlock to bring Leylin to his own territory.

"Marquis Leylin, confirmation of your title as nobility and your proof for your territory has been handed down. From hereon, your title shall be recognised throughout the central continent. The plains to the east of the Black Lustre Mountains are all yours. All the regular people living here are automatically your subjects." The white-haired rank 2 Warlock said.

"Give me the map." Leylin got off the horse, and Kubler immediately unfolded a slightly yellowish rolled-up map.

With the map, the outline of the territory was even clearer. Not only was the area large, including a few fertile fields, there was even a coastline and a few good ports.

A Marquis of the central continent naturally had more gold than one in the south coast. The range of his territory was even comparable to a large kingdom of the south coast.

Of course, for Leylin who had been the Guardian of Twilight Zone and ruler of fifty million people, he was not moved the slightest.

Meanwhile, Kubler and the rank 2 Warlock's expressions were full of envy.

If the produce from the vast area in this territory was turned into resources for Magi, it would be a huge source of revenue for regular rank 3 Warlocks.

“Kubler, look for a few skilled administrators and build a governing structure. Oh, and also, for my seal of nobility, design it like my secret imprint.” Leylin instructed casually.

Kubler lowered his head respectfully, expressing his understanding.

Seeing this, the white-haired Warlock glanced at Kubler with a hint of envy in his eyes.

From his perspective, Leylin was a Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock and was the student of a Morning Star Magus. He had boundless potential, and Kubler was his first vassal and was trusted. It was natural that his status would rise as time passed.

At Robin’s side, even if he tried to climb through the ranks for his whole life, he could only enter the elite circle.

With this comparison on both sides, he was even more envious and jealous.

“Master, as a Marquis, you will need a castle to be the core of your power,” Kubler warned timely.

“En! Buy a few slaves, and with food and money as their pay, recruit a few people to help with construction. It should be done here.” Leylin pointed at a place on the map.

This was a field close to the coastline, one that was within walking distance of a port.

“Understood, kind master!” Kubler praised.

In reality, after the Ouroboros Clan had conferred all this to Leylin, he had now gained authority over the life and death of all beings in his land. He was even allowed to make his own army and kingdom.

In the central continent, commoners could be forced to bring their own food when conscripted, being forced into labour. They themselves would

have to take care of logistics after wars.

Leave alone food, Leylin was even giving out a pay. This made him benevolent beyond compare.

“Name the castle ‘Onyx Castle.’ Gather a few scholars and architects. After the design is done, bring it to me.” Leylin was not in the least concerned about these small matters, giving Kubler free reign.

What he really paid attention to was at the bottom, “Beside Onyx Castle, I am planning to create a Magus Tower.”

“Magus Tower!” The two beside him immediately gasped. This would be insanely expensive.

“Yes, and it should be made with the highest of standards!” In Leylin’s eyes, Onyx Castle was a place where regular people would place their focus. This Magus Tower would be his true residence.

“Why not construct it at the headquarters? Not only will you be supported with resources, it can even help guard the clan,” Kubler proposed.

“No!” Leylin shook his head. Though constructing it at the headquarters would net him technological support as well as resources, he would have to incorporate it into the joint defense system.

Leylin had far too many secrets. How could he stand to reveal them to anyone else?

In addition, a Magus Tower was a prerequisite to experiments on cosmic gates. Hence, Leylin made up his mind and decided to construct it alone in his territory.

“In that case, the blueprint and expenses...” Just the thought of it made Kubler feel faint.

“I’ll complete the design myself. As for the expenses, don’t worry about it.” Leylin smiled slightly.

He had milked the entirety of Twilight Zone for all its worth. Though it was far from the wealth that the central continent had, when all of it was

concentrated on one person, it was still rather terrifying.

His magic crystals had filled an entire spatial ring, and he also had all types of precious materials. This was enough to cover the cost of constructing a Magus Tower, and this would be no ordinary tower, but one constructed based on the highest standards!

How could a regular Magus Tower contain Leylin's ambitions?

In addition, high-grade Magus Towers would be able to boost a Magus' own strength, and were a place where many experiments would be conducted. Hence, many high-ranked Magi would plan to make their own Magus Towers.

However, there were few who could afford to make one themselves without feeling the burden it would put on them. Others would need to live and accumulate resources for hundreds of years before they could even dream of regular Magus Towers. As for top-grade towers? They could only dream about those.

"I'll need many male slaves and stonemasons for the construction of the castle and tower. Do you have any means of getting them?" Leylin glanced at the old Warlock.

"Of course." The old man bowed, "Actually, there are a few specific channels my master has access to. They provide half-beasts, gnomes, dwarves, and adult slaves."

"En! Then I'll leave that to you. I'll need at least ten thousand people. The method of payment shall be with magic crystals."

The moment Leylin's words were heard, a hint of elation could be seen in the old Warlock's eyes.

The central continent used gold and silver as their currency. Magic crystals were higher-grade currency that would have a higher exchange rate in the black market. By doing this, he would definitely be able to make some profit secretly.

Of course, Leylin no longer cared about such trivial profits. If this could motivate the old man into working even harder, then so be it.

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No matter what they had once been called, Leylin had decided to rename these lands the Onyx Castle Plains. This land was now the heart of his developing territory.

Under observation by overseers touting whips and clubs, groups of adult slaves transported large pieces of granite across the lands.

The granite had been divided into equal sizes from a nearby stone quarry and was then transported here, being piled up to form a large castle.

Leylin's Onyx Castle had two layers of city walls as defence. The outer layer was slightly lower than the inner wall, and there were many sentry towers, watchtowers and the like.

Outside the Onyx Castle, there was also a channel forming a very wide moat.

The building was mostly constructed by piling up granite. Near the end, he would invite Magi proficient at manipulating earth-elemental energy particles to reinforce the structure and fill the parts between the granite, forming a large body. After that, he would get a few renowned sculpting masters to do more work.

After the construction was done, it would definitely not lose out to the grandeur of common nobility.

To complete the Onyx Castle, many slaves and the people that Leylin had recruited would put all their effort into working day in and out.

The meals that Leylin provided were not bad, with black bread and fish soup. For slaves and poor peasants, all these were hard to come by. Hence, they worked even harder.

"Master, ten thousand male slaves have been transported over. A part of them are at the stone quarry, while the rest are here." Kubler followed behind Leylin, seeming like a very calculating housekeeper.

As Leylin was paying with magic crystals and could be said to be rich and overbearing, not caring about the source, he was the best client for

slave traffickers. The old man from before had also worked doubly hard, and soon enough, ten thousand slaves were bought.

This was not a small number, and thus helped Leylin gain a deeper understanding of the power Robin had.

“We need to use these slaves efficiently. We need to divide them into classes. Those who are diligent and proactive can get a small piece of land after construction is completed. They can become my farmers or soldiers. As for the lazy ones and the rebels, they can be a slave till they die, or we can just kill them.”

Leylin spoke indifferently. He had gone through a lot and had much experience in administration. Everything he said had Kubler nodding along.

“Tell me the progress of the construction.”

“Master, with this rate, your castle can be completed in spring next year. The entire cost comes up to around 1.5 million gold coins.”

Kubler lowered his head and gave it a thought, and then announced a number that could cause a few normal kings to faint.

“Alright, that’s not bad.” These were trivial matters. Leylin let it pass through his ears and did not think more into it. The construction of the Onyx Castle was not the most important thing. What was more terrifying was the blueprint in his hands.

Kubler was fearful and apprehensive as he looked at the blueprint in Leylin’s hands.

This was the structure of the Magus Tower that Leylin had designed himself.

The entire Magus Tower would be constructed with blurite metal, which was a stable alloy created by Magi. There would be a total of three layers underground, with laboratories, summoning and binding rooms, and a huge negative energy reactive pool at the bottom-most layer.

On the ground, the first floor would be the living room. The second

would be the master bedroom and library. The third would be the Magus garden and ecological laboratory. The fourth would be the storage room, and the highest would have a positive energy reactive pool that would be the counterpart to the underground negative energy reactive pool.

Almost all energy particles had positive and negative properties. This sort of energy pool would seize countless energy particles and be a costly structure that could gather energy.

# Chapter 405: Internal Affairs

In Twilight Zone, Siegfried had been extremely proud of just the earth-elemental energy particle pool that he had saved up for over hundreds of years.

However, Leylin had basically constructed energy particle pools of various elements, and even made two pools for each element.

This terrifying consumption was enough for Kubler to want to faint.

This was not all. Kubler knew what his master was planning. Not taking into consideration the tower itself and the spell formations for each level, it was the intellectual core that Leylin was planning to make, one using a Domore Crystal and a fourth-grade magic scroll that could give the crystal life.

A fourth-grade magic scroll was not something that could be bought with magic crystals. If not for Leylin's status as Gilbert's student, he might not have even found a way to obtain it.

With a tower genie, all the defenses of the tower would coordinate with each other. This intellectual being that would only recognise one master would be a great helper for a Magus.

After all these resources and materials were brought out, Kubler believed that this Magus Tower would not be unpresentable even for a Morning Star Magus to live in.

Its defensive abilities would be able to hold on for a long time against the joint attacks of multiple rank 3 Magi.

"The construction of the Magus Tower is a large project. With the people we have now, we can only make some preparations. After the Onyx Castle is completed next year, I shall live here and watch over the building of the Magus Tower."

In Leylin's plans, the Magus Tower was something long term that would take more than a decade to complete.

The blood, sweat and resources put into it could not be calculated, but



after all was said and done, he would have a solid foundation in the region.

The amplifying effect that Magus Towers could provide for Magi was considerably frightful, especially for a high-grade building like this. Leylin reckoned that as long as he was at the Gaseous Spiritual Force stage and within the scope of the tower, he would not need to be afraid of any rank 3 Magus, even if they were at the Crystallised Spiritual Force stage.

Of course, if the offender was a rank 4 Magus, even one of the disgraces that did not possess a final technique, could destroy him.

The terror of Morning Star Magi was something he had really understood through experience.

If those true Morning Star Magi used a final technique, half of his territory would be wiped out, and his Magus Tower would be useless. Unfortunately, he would be done for immediately.

“Kubler, have you found the people I asked you to look for?” Leylin glanced towards Kubler.

He had gotten Kubler to look for talents at administration. Also, he needed many more vassals that would help him build up his power. In addition, when construction of the Magus Tower began, he could let them come and take over, and thus save him some strength.

As long as he personally took the last step of giving the tower genie life, he would be able to have complete control of the tower, and there would be no other issues.

“Master, my apologies.” Upon hearing Leylin’s words, Kubler’s heart sank and he quickly knelt.

“What’s wrong?”

“There are many talents, and even a few came in answer to the recruitment. I have taken them all in. As for vassals, all my friends have the Mankestre Snake bloodline and may not be able to meet your needs.”

Kubler looked ashamed.

His clan of friends was obviously of the same rank as him. If he were to bring them to Leylin, it was just seeking death. He would obviously not do so. Higher-ranked Warlocks would naturally want to serve Leylin, but he lacked the connections and could not get into contact with them.

“En! That’s true.” Leylin stroked his chin, having guessed the reason. He considered looking for Robin, where he would surely be able to recruit a few Warlocks.

He could not even consider Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks. However, among the rank 2 and even rank 3 Warlocks, there were surely some who would think this was a dream come true, even going as far as hugging onto his leg, crying and yelling in hopes of getting the position.

“Let’s look at the talents you recruited who can take care of our internal affairs.”

“Understood, master.” Seeing that Leylin did not punish him, Kubler relaxed and brought Leylin to another makeshift camp.

Here, a few regular humans whose auras were so very weak, waited in trepidation to meet with Leylin.

Leylin even felt that if he did not intentionally moderate himself, just the radiation from his body would kill all these people, and it would not be a peaceful death.

Of course, out of all these regular humans, there were one or two acolytes. However, in Leylin’s eyes, they were just slightly-larger ants and were not much different.

“Greetings to the Marquis of Onyx Castle!” A few of them called, and then bowed respectfully to Leylin.

He scanned them and realised most of them were elderly, with one of them being a resolute-looking middle-aged man.

“Announce your name and capabilities.” Kubler saw Leylin’s expression and shouted.

“I am Saltcliffe, proficient in internal affairs.” This was an old man.

“My name is Royce, and I’m adept at training troops. I was once the commander in a dukedom.” This was the middle-aged man.

“My name is Alesandor, and I’m proficient at internal affairs and law.” This old man was brimming with the waves of an acolyte, and Leylin shot him a second glance.

“Alesandor, have you taken the blue berry essence before?” Leylin’s nose wrinkled and he suddenly asked.

This blue berry essence was a special secretion of plants, and had the effect of lengthening the lives of acolytes who were below official Magi. However, their strength would be fixed, and they would never be able to improve.

“Yes, my lord. I am now only a hundred and fifty, and I have a hundred or so more years to work under you.”

Alesandor was truly a magician who knew the way they thought.

What Leylin needed was long-term support. Regular old geezers would be so old they could not move in ten or so years. What use were they?

“Very good. You and Royce, from just now have been recruited.” As for the old people who were experienced but on the verge of death, they could only take their leave regretfully.

After they left, Royce and Alesandro bowed once more, “Master!”

This was the etiquette used when vassals greeted their masters.

“From hereon, you are all my subordinates. Royce is in charge of security and the army, while Alesandro will take care of internal affairs. As long as you work hard, I will bestow upon you titles and your own land, and also take in your descendants to work for me.”

As nobility, Leylin naturally knew what they wanted, and want to use it to motivate them to work diligently.

As expected, after hearing his promise, Royce and Alesandro all knelt in gratitude, kissing the ground under Leylin’s feet. “I shall offer my loyalty and respect, even if the world were to end.”

“En! You can go. Kubler will give you more details.” Leylin waved his arms.

He was in no mood to deal with this, and could only pass on his authority to someone else to make decisions.

If this was in the middle ages in the previous world, doing something like this would mean certain death. He would be made a figurehead by his subordinates, or even killed, but it was different here.

Leylin himself held absolute power and did not have to worry about what his subordinates thought.

Under the deterrence of Magi, those two would not dare to have any strange thoughts or plans.

“It’s about time I return. Not only do I need to gain experience from Mentor Gilbert, it’s best to obtain a spell formation to vapourise my spiritual force.”

Leylin looked at his stats.

[Leylin Farlier. Rank 3 Warlock, Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent. Strength: 23.6, Agility: 20.1, Vitality: 35.7, Spiritual force: 215.3, Magic power: 215 (Magic power is in synchronisation with spiritual force).]

After entering rank 3, the effects of the Giant Serpent’s Breath Potion had weakened.

Though the environment in the central continent was much better than in Twilight Zone, after using such great amounts of resources, his spiritual force was now stuck, still around the level where he had just entered rank 3.

However, Leylin was confident because the clan was a group formed entirely out of Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks. There were many formulas and products used to raise a Warlock’s spiritual force.

In addition, with Gilbert’s help, he would soon reach his current goal.

The Vapour Phase spell formation would thus become essential.

Buzz Buzz! Rays of light were emanated from the suspended imprint on

Leylin's body, forming a scarlet rune.

"Mentor Gilbert's ready now? Alright, I'll get back as soon as possible!" Leylin spoke to the secret imprint and then called Kubler over, telling him to oversee the project while he made his way back.

Phosphorescence Swamp.

The black swamp held within an aura of death, occasionally generating green flames.

Leylin walked atop the swamp, feeling his body jubilant and excited, and could not help but nod. "As expected of the final choice made by the clan amongst many others. This environment with the particles around is very suitable for the advancement of those with Kemoyin blood."

The headquarters of the clan were similar to before. Many Warlocks resided, lived and researched in this small Magus city.

Leylin went straight to find Robin and found out that Miranda and Freya had received a mission recently and had left. Knowing they were no longer in headquarters, he could not help but sigh in relief.wood

"Haha!" Seeing Leylin like this, Robin as a senior could not hold back his laughter.

After the teasing, the two doves into work.

"The cosmic gate experiment is very dangerous. The creatures from other dimensions could be terrifying existences with strength surpassing Morning Star Magi. In the White Terror incident 214 years ago, the great pioneer, Morning Star Magus Borrell made contact with another world recklessly and met with a fearsome consciousness formed from terror. Not only did he fall, all his descendants all died as well. Even if they were not on this continent, they met the same fate. I hope you can reconsider."

# Chapter 406: Interdimensions Experiment

“Duke Gilbert has already told me in detail about the dangers related to the cosmic gate!” Leylin had a smile on his face, but his expression was as resolute as ever.

“But if we don’t communicate with other worlds and obtain their unique knowledge and resources, how can we improve? In the pursuit of knowledge, I’m willing to do anything!” Magi desired truth more than any other being did.

Having seen Leylin’s expressions, Robin let out a long sigh, “In that case, prepare the designated protective gear and memorise the escape spell...”

Gilbert’s basement laboratory, the core of the region.

Scribbles of detailed and complex runes and graphics dotted the four walls. Leylin need only slightly take a glance to discover that there were quite a few high-level runes he himself had yet to see.

“High-level air isolation rune! And this flawed rune pattern! It seems like I have seen this previously in the ancient records of Twilight Zone...” Leylin let out a gasp of surprise, and at the same time ordered the A.I. Chip to record all of the runes down.

At that point in time, a layer of black film appeared atop him. Like a protective suit, it enveloped his entire body, not leaving the smallest part uncovered.

Moreover, after having entered the area, he had experienced at least three sterilisation-like procedures.

This biochemical clothing could effectively isolate any pollution that would be passed on from other worlds through the cosmic gate. Hence, it was an essential piece of equipment for experiments on it.

“Just based on the meticulous preparation, one would be able to tell the complex and terrifying nature of cosmic gate experiments...” Leylin sighed once again. His eyes could not help but once again gaze at the center of the laboratory.

At the center, a large area of starlight was giving off bright rays. The interior seemed to contain something, but given Leylin was unable to see clearly given his current eyesight.

“That is the physical state of a cosmic gate. Just opening one would exhaust my resources greatly, maybe even making me bankrupt...”

Leylin silently contemplated in his heart. The energy consumption of a cosmic gate was just too terrifying. After giving it some thought, he realised that even he, with his vast funds, could not endure such a thing. It was no wonder that some Morning Star Magi would become bankrupt after studying cosmic gates.

“Quick! Prepare the experiment!”

Robin had a layer of protective film around his body as well, and was going about his preparations at a table in the corner.

In reality, they were still some distance away from the real gate to the Star Realm. Duke Gilbert was at the center of it all, where a circle of magic runes was radiating a golden glow.

The students, including an old man, whose spiritual force had reached the Crystal Phase, could only wait outside this circle, unable to advance further.

“The running time of a cosmic gate is very precious. Currently, it is at its lowest limit and can only allow the passage of spiritual force coordinate markers! All of you, come try one by one!” Duke Gilbert’s voice echoed.

“Leylin, it’s the first time you’re taking part in experiments like these! You can just observe what I do first!” Robin said from beside him.

“Yes!” Leylin’s eyes radiated a sparkling blue glow, and he stared at Robin’s movements attentively.

Duke Gilbert took out a piece of golden crystal, and threw it towards the centremost blue flame.

Boom! The golden crystal collided with the blue flames, and instantly a violent reaction occurred. A large amount of golden light was radiated,

which was immediately absorbed by the blue flames.

Blue rays of energy extended towards the loops of the spells before finally arriving before the few rank 3 Warlocks and forming a mercuric mirror that caved in slightly, one that had at its center a black ripple.

“This feeling! It’s quite similar to that of the ancient teleportation spell formation, but it possesses a greater degree of disorder and violence...” Leylin compared the two in his mind.

A bright silver ray of spiritual force emerged from Robin’s head, and rapidly formed a flower bud in the air. Runes were formed on the surface which quickly went into the mirror.

“This spacetime positioning experiment is extremely simple. With the repeated casting of coordinates into cosmic gates, we might stumble upon a different world, or it might be picked up by an intelligent being. Generally speaking the probability is extremely low, and there may not even be a single case of success within ten thousand tries!”

“Then isn’t this just trying our luck?” Leylin rolled his eyes in his heart, and was somewhat speechless. However seeing Robin’s pale face, he knew that things were not as easy as what he had said.

“In the past, it was impossible for me to use my spiritual force to sense movements in the Twilight Zone through teleportation spell formations but now I have to use my spiritual force to explore the world! The difficulty level is incomparable! Even though I have already reached rank 3, and have the support and help of other Magi, I’m afraid the difficulty levels have not decreased much...”

Boom! Suddenly, an explosion sounded from Robin and he immediately took a few steps back, face pale.

“We have failed! My spiritual force coordinate marker met with spatial dysfunction, and has been completely extinguished!”

What they were doing now was sending the coordinate marker made from spiritual force to the cosmos between the various worlds to float in between, and they could only hope for good luck for the spiritual force to



land in another world.

But the gaps between the worlds were fraught with dangers. The most fundamental was that of spatial interference, and there could even be a few strange beings that specifically stay within this space, who would not only destroy the spiritual force markers but even follow the markers back upstream, retaliating by launching an attack on the Magi who had sent out the markers!

As a result, Duke Gilbert would have to be watching on the side.

The destruction of the spiritual force marker was a common occurrence. Robin failed twice after, which caused his face to become as pale as a corpse.

‘With the amount of spiritual force that he exhausted in this experiment, Robin will have to rest up for a few days and spend time meditating to recover completely!’ Leylin thought to himself.

Like Robin, many other students in the laboratory had failed many times, and not one of them had successfully found an alternate world.

But there were still many differences between them. A female Warlock who possess a Vapour Phase spiritual force managed five attempts before she had to retreat to a corner to recover. Meanwhile, Robin was at his seventh attempts, while the white-haired old man, the strongest of the bunch, had made more than ten attempts.

“The disparity within rank 3 Warlocks is simply too huge!” Leylin let out a sigh in his heart after having seen this scenario.

“Phew! I can’t do this anymore! It’s your turn!” After having failed once again, Robin’s face was so pale that the blood vessels below were visible. He immediately retreated, and Leylin took over his position.

“You must have understood what was happening from your observations before this, right? It’s very easy, just simple usage of your spiritual force!” Robin retreated to the side, and swallowed a purple capsule which made him look better instantly.

“Alright! Let me do it!” Leylin eagerly walked forward, and large amounts

of bright silver spiritual force were condensed into silvery-white seed-shaped substance.

Constructing a coordinate marker from spiritual force only required a simple usage of spiritual force, and any ordinary rank 1 Magus could do this easily.

Under Leylin's control, the silvery-white seed slowly floated beyond him, and touched the indentation in the mirror.

Bloop! As if falling through a layer of water, the silvery-white seed instantly penetrated the mirror.

However, instantly, Leylin's face registered a change. He immediately felt his connection to the marker weakening. It took a large amount of spiritual force to maintain the connection.

Rays of silvery-white spiritual force repeatedly disseminated from his sea of consciousness, and he managed to maintain a faint connection to the marker.

'No wonder only those at rank 3 or above can participate in this experiment! Just one attempt could drain the life out of most rank 2 Magi!' Leylin sighed in his mind. Suddenly, he could feel the spiritual force seed he'd scattered coming under the control of a frantic tsunami, only able to float and sink with the waves. He was unable to pick a path to advance.

'If it's like this, everything depends on luck!' Leylin smiled grimly; if he could not even control his spiritual force, of what use would anything be? The only option was to pray that he was lucky.

"Hmmm? Not good!" At this instant, two large air tides collided in the silver space, wedging his marker in between them.

Leylin tried to move the marker away, but it was to no avail. He could only watch as the two air tides collided, giving rise to a huge storm and extinguishing his seed.

"Ugh!" Leylin held his head. The instant he had lost his spiritual force seed, his head felt as if it had been sliced apart by a knife. The spiritual force in his sea of consciousness was also depleted by a third.

‘Does this mean that I can only condense these coordinate marking seeds and try my luck for three times at most in a single session?’ Leylin was rendered speechless. With the experiment being completely dependent on pure luck, and no way to increase the success rate, his seniors had a huge advantage when compared to him.

It was no wonder that Duke Gilbert had solicited the help of so many students. The greater the number of attempts made, the greater the hope to succeed. However, the chances were still low and completely dependent on luck.

Leylin subconsciously reached for his waist pouch, before quickly withdrawing his hands.

The Coin of Destiny could only make predictions about matters beneath the Morning Star realm. Once the matter involved the crossover of various worlds, no matter how slight the contact, the coin would be completely destroyed without being able to make a single prediction.

“You failed? That’s normal! Try again!” Robin encouraged him.

Leylin rolled his eyes at Robin, and once again condensed a spiritual force marker, sending it through the lens.

# Chapter 407: A Plan

‘Huh? Things are going much more smoothly this time!’ Leylin was amazed for a moment, and then fell back into silence.

In the middle of that thought, his spiritual force symbol had entered turbulent space again. An eastern wind soon picked it up, sending it forth into the distance.

What awaited it in the distance was a terrifying fire whose aura was slowly but surely increasing.

Through the response from the symbol, Leylin vaguely saw an incomparably enormous world. Surrounding this world was a membrane of sorts.

“Really? Is Lady Luck on my side?” Although Leylin had his doubts, he continued to dash forwards with his spiritual force.

“Who is it? This is the Blazing Flame King’s territory, get lost!”

A loud rumble was heard, and Leylin felt a powerful aura that caused his symbol to crumble apart.

Thump thump! Leylin stumbled a few steps backwards, blood oozing out from both his nostrils.

“What happened?” Robin immediately stepped towards Leylin and supported him.

“I seem to have discovered a world, but was blocked at the edge and attacked by a self-proclaimed king!”

“Oh! That is the Blazing Flame World! It is under the control and protection of the Monarch of Blazing Flames, Breaking Dawn Magus Aragorn!” Robin’s expression showed both understanding and indignance.

“They were already under his subjugation!” Leylin remarked with his eyes opened wide.

“Yes! A few of the famous Breaking Dawn Magi here have already attacked and conquered some worlds with horrifying accomplishments.

We even suspect that it is the spoils of these wars that have allowed them to enter the Breaking Dawn realm...”

“Afterwards, the Breaking Dawn Magi and their subordinates will protect the conquered world, stopping us from spying on them. On top of that, the guardians and other Radiant Moon Magi use their spiritual force to invade unconquered ones, at the same time destroying our spiritual force symbols!” Robin’s smile was forced and bitter.

“Therefore, avoiding probes by those formidable powers and camouflaging our spiritual forces until the time is right are topics that are very valuable for research!”

“Ah! “ At this moment, the rank 3 old man looked as if he had provoked something, stumbled backwards and looking upwards, shouted :”Be careful, it is heading this way!”

Ji Ji! An unpleasant sound transmitted out from the mirror in front of him.

A huge tentacle stretched out from within the mirror. It appeared to be some species of octopus, but without suction pads on the pure black tentacles, it looked extremely illusionary.

“Intimidating Gaze! Toxic Bile!”

Despite facing possible death, the rank 3 Warlock showed no fear. He extended his domain and under his manipulation, Toxic Bile manifested itself and became a trident, piercing through half the body of the black octopus-like creature.

Peng! The mirror shattered into pieces as the octopus succeeded in squeezing its way through. It’s skin was filled with eyeballs all over, making it a horrifying and gross sight.

Phush phush! The highly toxic black poison fork had pierced straight into the body of the octopus, yet no injuries were inflicted.

“Innate skill of virtual transformation! This is most common attribute among the living creatures in space!”

Leylin momentarily remembered what he had recorded.

Soon after, a huge ball of pitch-black smoke was puffed out from the mouth of the octopus and started to attack in the form of infrasonic waves. Leylin immediately retreated to a distance.

The old man yanked the crystal crucifix that he was wearing and held it up in front of himself.

Thud! Beneath the octopus' black tentacles, the crystal crucifix proved to have no effects and it was penetrated through easily.

The octopus came face to face with the old man and pounced on him. Countless big and ferocious teeth started appearing beneath.

"A pretty good creature!" However, the octopus did not come into contact with the old man's face. It was grabbed firmly by yet another palm.

Snap! Snap! Multiple sharp teeth were gnawing on the hand, producing a spine-tingling sound, yet there seemed to be no effect at all.

"A space creature! One that has not been seen before! This experiment is indeed valuable!"

Gilbert was full of smiles as he manipulated a layer of blue flame in his hand to cover the entire octopus.

After the ignited flame shrunk considerably, what remained in Gilbert's hand was a blue crystal ball with a black octopus swimming within it. It looked like a pocket-size ornament.

"And these too!" Gilbert took a deep breath.

A huge hurricane was generated, and Gilbert sucked up the smoke that the octopus had puffed out into his stomach.

In a flash, the smoke that had caused them so much trouble vanished into the thin air.

"Truly a Morning Star Magus!" Leylin exclaimed with a tense gaze.

"Great! It's all thanks to Lucian for this successful experiment. I will

remember your contributions. As for the rest of you, everyone will get ten thousand contribution points!”

Gilbert then declared the conclusion of the experiment. Looking at his expression, Leylin was sure Gilbert couldn't wait to lay his hands on the newly captured strange creature for experiments.

“The astral plane might be dangerous, but the gains are rich too!” Leylin felt gloomy from the bottom of his heart.

While walking out of the laboratory, Robin smiled and turned to Leylin to make introductions: “This is Lucian, and this is Kesha, they are both my fellow students!”

Lucian was in fact the old geezer who was in the Crystal Phase. As for Kesha, she too was a rank 3 and Leylin gave both of them a respectful greeting.

Lucian and Kesha extended a warm welcome to their new junior before leaving. Both of their spiritual forces had been exhausted considerably and they needed to rest and restore their strength. especially Lucian; he was almost seriously hurt in the process hence he was in a dull mood.

Leylin understood Lucian's feelings, but he was left speechless after he had to adopt nine more purification processes after the appearance of the strange creature.

At the trading hall of the clan, bright twinkling lights were being emitted from the huge screen. Some fixed assignments and resource exchanges appeared on it from time to time.

Leylin intentionally looked for the poster selling the life seed. Little did he expect to see there were many messages left under it. That it was a popular item for sale left Leylin speechless.

He only looked at the messages for a short while before turning elsewhere.

After numerous promotions to a higher position, the processing capabilities of his brain had strengthened immensely. He was now comparable to a regular computer. With just a few glances, he could

assimilate the information that he needed from the huge screen easily.

“Rank 3 Vapour Phase spell formation, a must-have item for supplementing the vitality and strength of a Rank 3 Magus. Sale price: One hundred thousand contribution points!”

This was exactly what Leylin needed now.

Cultivation of a Rank 3 Magi was to further compress and concentrate the already small spiritual force seed.

Firstly, the bright silver spiritual force would be turned into vapour, after which it would enter the liquid phase and finally crystallisation.

At the final stage, all of the spiritual force would be condensed to a single point, the point mass. This was the raw material required for advancing to become a Morning Star Magus!

Leylin was currently stuck at the beginning stage of rank 3 and had not even entered Vapour Phase.

“With the help of this spell, together with medication and the right meditation techniques, it should only be a matter of time before I enter the Vapour Phase!” Leylin reckoned.

There was a door for every stage within the 3rd Rank. And once a Magus reached the Hydro Phase, they would be allowed to experience entry into the astral gate independently with the assistance of the Magi tower.

Of course this wasn't a door built specially for the astral plane. It was built for eventual interplanar exploration in the future.

“Mentor Gilbert might be willing to trade the astral gate blueprint with me for a favourable price! However, it will be very difficult to acquire the astral stone...”

According to his Mentor, the so called astral stone was a necessary material when building a astral gate. The origins of the astral stones were unknown, and the Morning Star Magi kept them within their own circle. Thus, it was seldom seen outside.

Experiments on interplanar travel depleted the energy within these



astral stones, and they would then have to be replaced. Thus, Morning Star Magi didn't have enough of them on hand for their own use, leave alone selling them outside.

Given their sky-high price, even if Gilbert were willing to sell some to him, Leylin wasn't sure he had the financial capabilities to buy them.

Leylin skimmed over the screen at a lightning-quick pace, looking out for anything associated with experiments on the astral plane. Unfortunately, high-grade research like that would not normally be put on sale. Even the rare piece was immediately gobbled up for a very high price!

Leylin stroked his chin in contemplation. 'Looking at the current circumstances, interplanar travel was a hot topic in the central continent. Although the weaker Magi did have some knowledge of it, most of it was still a big secret!

'It isn't realistic to expect to buy a astral stone, and the Vapour Phase spell formation is expensive as well. It's a better idea to slowly accumulate contribution points as I grow my spiritual force!'

Leylin thought about the one hundred thousand contribution point reward that Gilbert had handed out today, and exclaimed that such extravagance was indeed worthy of a Morning Star Magus. A few more visits to his experiments and Leylin would be able to afford the Vapour Phase spell formation.

It was a pity that most Magi believed in the principle of equal exchange. Leylin's income today was a payment for the help he rendered, and there was a bonus due to there being gains from this experiment. Gilbert was not one to just randomly reward his students some points.

'I need to accumulate contribution points, and get a hold of some spiritual force potions that work for rank 3 Warlocks!' Leylin set these two short term goals.

"It would be the wisest, most compatible and safest way through potions!"

Leylin looked at the screen. There were many highly paid requests for

Potion Masters to concoct various potions. There were also contracts available for long-term patronage.

# Chapter 408: Precipitating 3 years

Potions Grandmasters were rare in the south coast, and at that time, Leylin was only a rank 1 Magus. Thus, he needed to avoid doing things that would leak his secret and lead to trouble.

But the central continent posed no such problems. Even the Ouroboros Clan alone housed a few reputable Grandmasters, not to mention the entire continent.

Furthermore, Leylin had already become a rank 3 Warlock, and his strength now was leagues ahead of what it was before. With Gilbert as his back-up, he had no cause for fear. Thus, it wasn't much of a problem to reveal a bit of his prowess in the field.

It was still important to keep it a secret on the whole. Leylin's Potioneering ability was honed over many years by personal tests and A.I. Chip simulations. In addition to the Chip's assistance during the act itself, he'd reached a level of skill that bordered that of the most respected Potions Grandmasters, a mysterious and unfathomable realm.

But it was unnecessary to show his complete prowess. On top of that, through Potioneering, he could get hold of the majority of the recipes from the central continent for free. Moreover, most were exclusive, and would contribute greatly to Leylin's database.

Leylin hoped from the bottom of his heart that, after acquiring all the information the central continent had with regards to Potioneering, he will have a breakthrough in his skill!

.....

3 years later.

Leylin was in his manor in the Ouroboros Clan headquarters. Because of the many people and slaves in the region, the manor was not as empty as it once was. Once it had started functioning properly, clean-cut slaves and coquettish maids were walking about everywhere.

There were even some acolytes mixed into this sea of people.

Leylin had gathered all the gifted people in his territory and brought them here. He normally left his Warlock vassals to guide them, and only came out to teach himself when he was in a good mood.

This arrangement of Leylin wasn't well received by the acolytes but they stayed on for the opportunity to work under him. Some of the acolytes and Magi even specially moved to his territory.

Inside the specialized living area, Leylin was conversing with Robin.

"Honestly speaking, Leylin, your Potioneering ability has greatly surprised me!" Robin was playing with the test tube in his hand. The purple liquid inside rippled and reflected a myriad of colours.

Leylin had granted himself both wealth and fame through the selling of potions and Potioneering for his clan members over the last three years.

The number of high-ranking Magi and Magi of affiliated clans seeking for Leylin's Potioneering had been on a steady increase.

And Leylin wouldn't reject their offers most of the time, though his success rate was a little lower than the Potion Grandmasters of the Ouroboros Clan, Leylin's fee was much lower when compared to theirs. Besides, many Potions Grandmasters had already filled their schedules with requests and were unable to take on any more requests.

Precisely because of this, Leylin was able to come across the recipes for a large number of rare potions, which added to his Chip's database as well as his own skill.

"I just have a slight interest in Potioneering. After all, I started my time as a Magus by becoming a Potions Master's acolyte!" Leylin laughed weakly, his eyes and expression tinged with nostalgia.

"That itself is extraordinary! And I have to mention that it's more than impressive for you to keep up with your meditation technique while making vast improvements in your Potioneering skills!" Robin looked closely at Leylin, "Your spiritual force is almost ready to move on to the Vapour Phase, isn't it?"

"Indeed! I'm about to buy a Vapour Phase spell formation and plan to try

and break through soon!” Leylin nodded with confidence. He had nothing to hide.

He’d earned a lot of contribution points through Potioneering. With that and his own resources, Leylin had indiscriminately bought spiritual force potions for his own use from the Ouroboros Clan. With the fourth layer of Kemoyin’s pupil as a guide, Leylin’s path had been clear of any obstacles. With a distinct aim, his spiritual force had improved significantly in this period.

The resources of the central continent could not be compared to those of Twilight Zone and the south coast. In addition to the energy-rich environment, it was much easier for Magi to break through and better themselves here than elsewhere.

“Mm! A Vapour Phase spell formation costs roughly 100,000 contribution points. With the addition of the necessary materials for it, the total will come up to about 150,000! Do you have enough? If not, I can lend you some for now!” Robin said in goodwill.

“Thank you so much!” Leylin laughed.

Although Potioneering was a very profitable business, Leylin had only been in it for a very short time. He’d even spent a huge number of contribution points to purchase spiritual force potions. Thus, he was not so well-off.

The Ouroboros Clan allowed one to exchange magic crystals for contribution points, but there were some considerations that led to Leylin not considering that path. One of them was a fixed limit on the number of crystals a Magus could trade for.

“Oh and here is the information I plan to handover to the clan! Help me do an appraisal!” Leylin chuckled as he handed a folder to Robin.

After skimming through, Robin lifted his brows and looked back at Leylin, straightening his back in astonishment. “You... You actually want to bestow your high-grade potion of tranquility to the clan?”

The high-grade potion of tranquility was an improved version of the one

Leylin acquired from the great Magus Serholm, which helped to suppress the emotional instability of Warlocks. Of course, what he offered the guild was the rudimentary version that was not based primarily on the Icy Scorpion's Breath. But it still proved relatively impressive in repressing the emotions of high-rank Warlocks

The emotional instability of high-rank Warlocks was quite obvious. Although there were some methods and potions to control them circulated inside the Ouroboros Clan, the Magi could never have enough.

As long as the root of this problem was not dealt with, such medicine would always be in high demand. In the past three years, Leylin had refined and manufactured vast quantities of high-grade potions of tranquility, turning them into one of his biggest sources of income. That he was willing to sell the formula left Robin extremely surprised.

"Of course!" Leylin laughed as he shook his head. He did not have the time to concoct and sell potions of tranquility for money. Furthermore, this was an advanced potion! Normal Potions Masters would not be able to achieve a high success rate at concocting it. It would still be easy for him to return to the business to earn contribution points if he wished.

"Just this alone is worth around 25,000 contribution points. Looking at you now, it doesn't seem like you lack points!" Robin laughed bitterly.

"I wish! Honestly, I was thinking of borrowing some from you, senior! I still have a shortage of them!" Even as he said this, Leylin slyly lifted the corners of his mouth, making Robin feel a little closer to him.

At times, the bond between two people can be improved through the act of mutual support.

"Oh! You won't be able to support your Magus Tower's construction much longer, will you?" Robin's expression changed into one of understanding, and Leylin just chuckled bitterly.

The construction of Leylin's tower was more or less done over the past three years and now it was mostly down to the detailing and decoration of each floor.

And Leylin's expectations were exceptionally high. The materials selected were practically the most premium ones and the resources exhausted were comparable to a chain of mountains.

To be honest, Leylin's wealth was enough to sustain the following additions to his tower but he didn't want to be completely transparent. So the facade of a poverty-stricken individual was absolutely necessary.

"Ah... Leylin, I told you so! Why did you not set your standards lower back then during the planning process, or build it here at the headquarters directly? It wouldn't have resulted in this situation then!" Robin consoled.

"No!" Leylin shook his head with a resolute tone.

"The Magus Tower is a reflection of the rank of its Magus. If I were to build one, I will do it with the best of my abilities! Moreover, I have to think about the future. The Tower being in my territory will act as a deterrent to the surrounding forces."

"Makes sense. But it is still unwise to use up all your resources for it! I almost prostituted myself when I was building my mine, even with my family and the clan's resource...." Robin pummeled his chest, fear lingering in his voice.

Leylin could only roll his eyes at the near-promiscuous flashback as Robin moved on to the main concern, "Anyway, how much were you thinking of borrowing?"

"I'd like to ask, how much are you able to lend, senior?" Leylin asked as a smile tugged at the corners of his mouth...

In a short while, Leylin arrived at the trading hall of the Ouroboros Clan with a large number of contribution points in hand.

After spending the past 3 years here, Leylin was already familiar with the place and headed straight to his destination upon arrival.

'A.I Chip, Report my current status!' Leylin silently said in his head.

[Leylin Farlier, Rank 3 Warlock. Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent  
Strength: 23.6, Agility: 20.1, Vitality: 39.1, Spiritual Force: 240.5, Magic

Power: 240 (Magic Power synchronized with spiritual force)]

The A.I Chip faithfully processed and sent the information.

As a Magus, spiritual force and magic power were the most important numbers. Vitality was the foundation upon which spiritual force was built and sustained, and had to be strong enough; otherwise, the Magus' body would collapse.

When his strength and agility reached their maximum, Leylin temporarily took his focus away from them and raided for potions and alchemist spell formation in the clan that can boost his Vitality resulting in his terrifying increase to nearly 40.

Looking at these numbers, Leylin felt that his own body terribly surpassed many high-energy beings. Not only was his rate of recovery alarmingly fast, he was able to take on any Magi below rank 2 unarmed!

His bulky physique made cultivating his spiritual force a piece of cake, and he was already prepared to break through the bottleneck that was the Vapour Phase.

“A.I Chip! Simulate my current shape and compute the conditions needed for me to move on to the Vapour Phase!”



# Chapter 409: The Completion of the Onyx Castle

Leylin immediately commanded the A.I. Chip again.

[Task established! Initiating simulation, preparing main stats...] The A.I. Chip rapidly operated, and projected a 3D hologram in front of Leylin, which faintly resembled himself.

Apart from gathering and analysing large amounts of data, it could also run breakthrough simulations and obtain concrete probabilities and numbers. This was what made Leylin different from other Magi, who could only make deductions based on rough estimates of probabilities and slipshod experiments, or even through luck! And this was one of the reasons for Leylin's successful breakthroughs every time.

[Beep! Simulation completed! Conditions for breakthrough: sufficient spiritual force, the bloodline essence of the Corrosive Lizard, three portions of Purple Leaf Snake scaled-fruit, and a complete Vapour Phase spell formation! Success rate: 86.9%!]

The A.I chip presented this to Leylin.

"A close to 90% chance of success is enough!" Leylin clenched his fist tightly.

As they did not have the precise calculations of the A.I Chip, other Magi could only gather some materials that would help in the breakthrough. One would already thank the heavens if they had more than a 50% chance of success, let alone such an accurate forecast.

Leylin felt that after the A.I. Chip had fused with his soul, it had improved with his own progress, and its strengths had been amplified largely. Its predictive ability now greatly surpassed even the best A.I. Chips of his previous world.

In other words, his current A.I. Chip, even if placed in his previous world, would be too sophisticated to be copied.

"The Purple Leaf Snake Scaled-fruit and the bloodline essence of the Corrosive lizard are the most commonly used supplementary materials when Warlocks attempt to make their breakthroughs, and can be found in the trading hall. Even though they are pricy, I can still afford it!"

Having saved up money as a Potions Grandmaster for three years, and with the huge loan from Robin, Leylin could be said to have ample funds.

'After this, I'll have to return to my territory to make the breakthrough, as well as to take charge of the construction of the Magus Tower!' Leylin thought to himself.

A Magus Tower was being constructed next to Onyx Castle. This tower could be said to be his actual foothold in the central continent, and even as he was Potioneering for the majority of the past three years, he had not once loosened his watch on the construction of the Magus Tower.

Furthermore, the basic structure was already complete. The remaining portions, such as the installation of the elemental pools, adjustment of the spell formations and the like would have to be done by himself. The other Warlocks could only assist, after all, Leylin would not give anyone access to the secrets of the core of his tower.

'The ability of a rank 3 Vapour Phase allows the activation of rank 4 spell scrolls. Then, we can even purchase a Scroll of Life from Mentor, that can be used to construct the entire intellectual core of the Magus Tower. Hopefully Mentor's price won't be too hefty...' Leylin thought casually, while looking for the data from the screens to carry out his transactions.

Even though he seemed preoccupied, under the tremendous assistance of the A.I chip, all the resources chosen were top-notch, and even the Vapour Phase spell formation was successfully obtained.

However, during the transaction, he had also obtained some news that made him frown.

"Miranda and Freya returned after completing their task? But they were seriously injured? Why is that so?" Leylin asked. These two were rank 3 Hydro Phase Warlocks. With the addition of their bloodline, their strengths were a few levels higher. That they would be seriously wounded

had piqued his curiosity.

"Sorry! This is a secret! Even I am unable to get any news!" The peddler who had transacted with Leylin was a skinny Magus with a huge grin on his face. He did not dare offend Leylin; after all, Leylin was a big customer, and he had previously earned a huge sum from a previous transaction involving potions of tranquility.

The Magus came closer and lowered his voice, "However, reports say that a mysterious person attacked them when they were exploring some ruins! This left the second elder furious, and he swore to find the culprit..."

"So it's like that!" Leylin nodded, and quickly completed the transaction.

He had to return to his territory as soon as possible to make the breakthrough. He'd merely asked out of curiosity; no matter how chaotic it was here, it would not affect him.

.....

Onyx Castle.

Construction had been completed in the last three years. The entire structure was built out of sturdy granite, and was reinforced by earth-elemental spells that closed up the gaps between the underlying rocks. From the outside, the entirety of Onyx Castle looked grand and expansive, exuding a feeling of deterrence. This was the core of Leylin's territory.

With the amount of reinforcement it had gotten, Onyx Castle could last a few thousand years at the least. After seeing it, Alesandor remarked that he could hold the fort against fifty thousand elites with just a few thousand man, but of course this only applied to regular humans.

The castle was carpeted in cashmere. Silver cups and golden lampstands were everywhere. The place was filled with a flowing light, and its luxury was something few royal palaces could rival.

If a commoner were to use the castle, it might have stirred up criticism and attacks from other jealous leaders. But since the lord of the castle was a strong Magus, there would be no problem.

The strength Leylin possessed was enough to let anyone with negative intentions despair. The people would only compliment the nobility of its lord, and not for a moment have any designs on it.

"Looks like Royce and Alesandor have taken care of this place fairly well!" Leylin slowly walked into the castle.

He looked at the castle's surrounding farmland. A lot of it was already being cultivated, and large windmills were turning slowly as farmers cleared the earth of weeds.

These were slaves he had previously purchased, with a portion of them being leaders.

In the process of the construction of the castle, a portion of the outstanding slaves and citizens had received rewards in the form of land. Since then, they had settled down and built a relatively prosperous area.

Soldiers and tall knights patrolled the place from time to time.

Royce and Alesandor who were appointed and nominated to oversee politics and military matters respectively had exhausted their time and effort into building a foundation over here due to the temptation of status and territory. At least in Leylin's eyes, the Onyx Castle looked more or less like a Marquis' palace.

"Welcome home, my Lord!" Once they neared the main gate, Kubler quickly hurried out. He was wearing a butler uniform and looked very energetic, with Royce and Alesandor following behind him.

"Mmm! Well done!" Leylin nodded his head slightly, and acknowledged Kubler's work. He was not one to leave the power in the hands of only two people, and hence he'd left Kubler here as well.

Even though he could be sure that Royce and Alesandor would not dare to betray him, corruption was inevitable. However, with Kubler around, Royce and Alesandor would not dare to cross the line.

"Master! The latest survey has been completed. Within your territory, there are a total of 13,572 soldiers. The total population is...."

Before Kubler could finish his sentence, Leylin waved his hand and interrupted him. "Write a report about that stuff and hand it over to me later. For now, follow me. I want to look at the progress on the Magus Tower!"

Leylin had invested in the Magus Tower more than ten thousand times what he had invested into Onyx Castle! He would naturally devote minimal attention to it, instead electing to let the A.I. Chip scan progress reports every now and then.

"As you wish, Master!" Kubler followed Leylin in his rightful position. Meanwhile, Royce and Alesandor exchanged glances and could only smile grimly.

A small distance from Onyx Castle, atop a mountain, was a huge piece of construction land with various workers running about.

Because they were building a Magus Tower, they could no longer use ordinary human slaves. Ordinary humans were useless when it came to certain special construction materials, not to mention the possible contamination caused by long-term contact with such materials. Even with a purification tower, ordinary human slaves would perish within a short period of time!

"Hurry! Quicken your pace! Or else there won't be any alloy rods for dinner tonight!" A youthful Warlock with an iron whip in his hands was shouting in a strange language.

Warlock acolytes, and even some formal Warlocks, were doubling up as foremen and architects in the construction site, rushing a few strange slaves to speed up their work.

These slaves were large in stature, with hard skin the colour of stone.

These slaves were from the Stone tribe. Leylin had previously deciphered a book written in the Turin language from the pocket dimension of the Ancient Spirit Slaying Sect. In it there was content left behind by the craftsmen of the Stone tribe.

The Stone tribe was a type of human race. Because of their naturally

large stature in addition to their stony exteriors that were as powerful as defensive spells, they could be said to have tough bodies. They were the species ancient Magi favoured to be construction slaves. Much of the construction in the Ancient Spirit Slaying Sect was done by them.

The members of the Stone tribe spoke in the Turin language, mentioned by the young Warlock, which was a difficult one to learn. Still, for Magi, it was no big deal.

The Stone tribe existed in Twilight Zone and the south coast, but Leylin had not expected them to be present here as well, let alone being sold as high-class slaves!

For the construction of the tower, Leylin could only grit his teeth and buy a large batch of these slaves. It cost him no small amount!

Leylin's arrival naturally attracted the attention of some Magi. Not long after, an extremely good-looking and youthful Magus came before Leylin and bowed respectfully, "Master!"

What was shocking was that his voice sounded extremely aged, which was not consistent with his appearance.

"Rise, Parker! What's the progress on the construction of the tower?"

# Chapter 410: Attempt At Vaporisation

In his three years in the Ouroboros Clan, it was not as if Leylin had done nothing but brew potions.

Through the support of Robin and a few other seniors, he'd gathered a few henchmen and organisations under him.

In the Ouroboros Clan, it was a fixed tradition for lower-ranked bloodline Warlocks to support higher-ranked bloodline experts.

Leylin was a pure-blooded Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock, and even had a Morning Star mentor. He could be said to have boundless potential, and it was obvious that some Warlocks would want to side with him.

Of course, as he was still not as strong yet and had not done anything to gain himself a reputation, no powerful people would side him. This Parker in front of him was Leylin's biggest gain!

Parker had been introduced to him by Robin. He was a Black Horall Snake Warlock, and his limit was rank 3. Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks would obviously not become someone else's subordinate and become a vassal.

Besides, Parker had only just entered rank 3 and had not even reached the Vapour Phase. Due to his age and the injuries and poison accumulated in his body due to his adventurous lifestyle, he had lost all hopes of advancing.

He had joined Leylin's side to make preparations for his family.

Despite all that, Parker was a rank 3 Warlock, and was Leylin's strongest vassal. Thus, Leylin naturally treated him well, and even took in his grandson as a disciple to strengthen their bond.

"The main structure of the Magus Tower has been completed. It's exactly the same as is in your blueprint, but the energy circuit and spell formations need to be done by yourself, my Lord. I wouldn't dare make that decision myself."

Parker had experienced much in his life and knew what could be done,

and what could not. Just these few sentences pleased Leylin a lot.

Leylin couldn't help but turn towards the construction site.

A tall black spire had already taken shape, possessing a vast power within, as if making its presence known to the whole world.

Parker continued with his report. "Also, we have already stocked up on many of the materials to create the elemental reactive pool and garden. There's also something regarding the Faens Family..."

"The Faens Family?" Leylin's brows furrowed. That was Freya's family. It was said that there were signs of their bloodline declining, and it had been a long time since any descendant had awakened their Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline. For this reason, Freya was now going around looking for pure-blooded Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks, and had thus considered Leylin.

"What do they want?" Leylin asked, suddenly alert.

Of course, he was even stronger than before and was not afraid of her. However, this was still troublesome.

"The Faens Family sent people to contact us, hoping to sell a large amount of materials for the construction of the Magus Tower at a low price. I've seen them, and they are all top-grade materials and of great quality... They have even expressed their intentions in helping construct the tower, my Lord! In times of need, they also offered to send over manpower..."

Parker made sure to note Leylin's reaction as he made the report. Rumours were already circulating about the previous incident, and he himself wondered whether his master had chosen her.

Leylin twitched upon hearing the news. He glared at Parker, which resulted in him lowering his head deferentially.

"We can purchase everything at full price, we don't need their discount. As for any assistance they provide, reject it all," Leylin commanded. Though he knew the other party was expressing goodwill, just thinking of their goal caused Leylin's expression to warp. He had to resist rolling his



eyes.

“Understood, master.” Parker acquiesced, though he felt a tinge of pity.

The Faens Family was prestigious amongst the Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks. They went back a thousand years, and had an unfathomable background. If he had their sponsorship, the construction of the Magus Tower would go much smoother.

However, Leylin would definitely not agree to it.

If not, the Faens Family would definitely throw out more bait and lure him into a trap.

Though he could be ruthless, taking all the bait but not caring about them, that would be too shameless of him. Leylin believed that unless he was in dire straits, he would not do such a thing.

After all, all the resources he had plundered from Twilight Zone were more than enough for him to use for himself as well as to construct the Magus Tower. Since his needs were all taken care of, Leylin would not even consider this. It was much too shameless.

It was now night.

In the large Onyx Castle, candles and oil lamps were used everywhere to illuminate the area. There were even illumination spells such as Eternal Light in several areas, filling the interior of the castle with light. From afar, the castle was like a large, dazzling column of fire, overflowing with radiance and heat.

All his subordinates and vassals were gathered in the ballroom. After enjoying a sumptuous meal together, Leylin returned to his bedroom alone.

This was the most secure area in Onyx Castle. Not only were there many regular elite human troops patrolling, if one went further in, some specific detection spell formations and guard Warlocks would appear.

He closed his eyes inside his bedroom, and the general situation in the castle entered his vision. He could not help but nod. “Looks like Parker

and the rest are doing quite well.”

The defence of Onyx Castle was not bad. Though it was far from perfect, it was impossible for rank 2 Magi to sneak in.

‘To truly make Onyx Castle a strategic stronghold against Magi, it might take over a hundred years to strengthen the defensive spell formations bit by bit. The radiation unwittingly given off by high-ranked Magi residing here has to affect the whole castle and strengthen it...’ Leylin rubbed his chin as he pondered.

The higher ranked a Magus was, the easier it was for them to affect their surroundings. Leylin believed that just by emitting the terrifying might of their bodies in the castle, Breaking Dawn Magi could affect the quality of the castle itself. The powerful members of the Magus World could even give the castle a life of its own, having it give birth to many strange creatures.

These were the best foundations in creating defensive spell formations. As long as one subdued the castle’s spirit and enslaved all the strange creatures, the defence of the castle would reach its peak.

With his own radiation, he could achieve a similar effect. However, the time taken would be more than a century.

If numerous Magi were to reside here, this time could be shortened.

Hence, the older a Magus’ castle, the more profound the strength of the defence. There would also be many strange occurrences that even the Magus family occupying the castle would not be able to explain.

But now? There was still a long way to go on his own.

Leylin calmed his thoughts and conveniently pressed some button on his bed. With a mechanical sound, the large bed in front of him opened up and revealed a passageway that led downwards.

Leylin walked in expressionlessly. After he entered, the machine closed itself and no trace of it could be seen from the outside.

The path was long, and by the time Leylin had walked to the end, he had

reached deep underground. It was at least several thousand meters below the surface.

At the end of this path, there was a standard underground laboratory. The surrounding stone walls were full of runes that prevented energy from dissipating and isolated all auras.

“Though this is still very crude, it’s good enough.” Leylin waved his hand as he entered the laboratory, and a defensive screen of light closed off the pathway. This screen was still flickering with a glaring light, and it was obvious that it concealed an extremely powerful defensive spell formation.

This was a temporary laboratory Leylin had constructed. Before the Magus Tower was done, some secret experiments could be done here.

Leylin patted the spatial pouch on his waist, and silver rays lit up. Three items appeared on the ground.

One was a giant green crystal that contained a spell formation. Within the transparent crystal were a few runes that were constantly shifting like a fog.

Another was an irregular black vessel in the shape of a shell. It held within a it green blood that emitted a nauseating smell.

The last was a set three purple fruits that looked like apples, although they had a fine layer of snake-like scales on top.

“A vapourisation spell formation, blood essence of the Corrosive Lizard, and Purple Leaf Snake-scaled Fruit.” Leylin extended his slender fingers, looking through these items once more.

The A.I. Chip cooperated with a scan, and then relayed the news that there was no mistake.

“Let’s begin!” Leylin muttered, sitting cross-legged at the heart of the vapourisation spell formation. With a flick of his hand, two pieces of pure magic crystal essence entered the groove in the spell formation.

The vapourisation spell formation trembled, and the runes within began to undulate violently.

[Host body beginning attempt to break through the bottleneck of the Vapour Phase. Beginning real time monitoring] The A.I. Chip's robotic voice followed soon after.

“Next is the blood of the Corrosive Lizard.” Two streaks of black shot out of Leylin's eyes, disappearing into the black shell.

Plop Plop! The green blood began to bubble, mist rising and forming a large green lizard in the air. On its skin were numerous signs of corrosion, and its white bones and internal organs could somewhat be seen.

Hiss hiss! The green lizard's front claw scratched at the earth, as if it was eager to give something a try.

As if provoked by the Corrosive Lizard, Leylin felt the Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline in his body begin to stir.

# Chapter 411: Banquet

Leylin's pupils turned amber in an instant.

As if it had been provoked, the Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline in his body operated frantically, emitting mysterious energy. This energy was nutritious to him, and thus his body immediately absorbed it.

Under the effect of these mysterious substances, Leylin's spiritual force began to increase; slowly, but surely!

"This is the power of the Kemoyin bloodline! Warlocks definitely have a huge advantage in this regard!" he exclaimed.

The Giant Kemoyin Serpent was a terrifying ancient species, adults of which possessed Morning Star strength. In other words, until a Kemoyin bloodline Warlock attained rank 4, the Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline in his body would release a large amount of power to help in his advancements.

All bloodline Warlocks would receive this aid, but not all bloodlines were created the same. For instance, a Black Horrall Snake bloodline would exhaust its aptitude when helping the Warlock rise to rank 3, and could not help with the advancement to the Vapour Phase or further breakthroughs. It would even become an obstacle to the Warlock's progress.

"It is likely that the improvements of Warlocks, and my previous personal breakthroughs were largely attributed to this mysterious energy. Of course, the bloodline shackles thereafter is also largely due to this cause!" Leylin ordered the A.I Chip to record the nature and content of this particular energy so as to allow for future study.

At the same time, under the influence of the boiling Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline, a terrifying phantom in the shape of a black snake had appeared behind Leylin, exuding a powerful and cold majesty.

Thankfully, Leylin had gone underground and even set up a spell formation specifically to isolate his aura. Otherwise, he would definitely

have alarmed the nearby Magi and Warlocks.

Hiss The enormous lifelike Giant Kemoyin Serpent phantom flicked its tongue, and rushed towards the Corrosive Lizard.

Compared to the enormous snake, the Corrosive Lizard was alike to a pitifully small rat. Even its roars had been suppressed into whimpers.

Rumble! The giant snake phantom opened its big mouth and swallowed the Corrosive Lizard whole.

“Hmmm?”

Just at the instant when the giant snake shadow had swallowed the Corrosive Lizard, Leylin felt the bloodline strength in his body surge, as if it had become more concentrated. A large amount of strength began overflowing from his body.

The A.I. Chip showed that his spiritual force had begun to skyrocket.

255... 267... 289... It only stabilised at a value of 299.

The abrupt surge of spiritual force caused Leylin's vision to blur even as his brain ground to a momentary halt.

“Compress!” A spell entered the Vapour Phase spell formation. Very soon, a resplendent glow erupted from the spell formation and enveloped his body.

The originally violent bright silver spiritual force in his sea of consciousness shrunk under the pressure.

The large amounts of spiritual force particles, under repeated compression, gave off a greater bright silver glow, and in the end slowly gathered together to form... a fog!

That was spiritual force in Vapour Phase, the result of a successful compression of his bright silver spiritual force! Leylin was overjoyed at the sight.

Originally, the bright silver spiritual force was only an indistinct glow. But now, it had become corporeal!

After the first trace of spiritual force had taken shape, the rest of the spiritual force followed suit, and the conversion became much easier.

Leylin shut both his eyes tightly. The energy around him shrunk, but it now held increased longevity and was more terrifying than before.

Kacha! Kacha! Light glowed from numerous cracks that appeared on the spell foundation surrounding him, until eventually it crumbled into dust.

It was at this instant that Leylin opened both his eyes. All the spiritual force in his sea of consciousness had been converted into a thick fog!

[Ding! Host has entered the Vapour Phase! Spiritual force has experienced changes, re-tabulating results!]

The A.I chip intoned, and not long after a set of data was projected before Leylin's eyes.

[Leylin Farlier. Rank 3 Warlock (Vapour Phase). Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent, Strength: 23.6, Agility: 20.1, Vitality: 39.1, Spiritual force: 251.3, Magic Power: 251 (Magic power in synchronisation with spiritual force)]

Even though his spiritual force had reduced from before, it actually gave Leylin a sense of relief.

The surge previously was just a surface phenomenon. Not only was the additional strength hollow, it was not consolidated. The quality of that type of spiritual force was very low. If not for having been compressed into a vapour, it would have actually impeded further progress.

And now, even though the total amount had decreased, the quality had increased quite a bit!

"Vapour Phase!" Leylin lightly waved his hand, and a foggy spiritual force immediately appeared at his fingers.

This was the first time that his spiritual force had taken a physical form. The bright silver previously was just an indistinct glow, but this haze now was tangible!

Just that alone showed how tremendous the changes to his spiritual

force had been.

“This is but the beginning! Rank 3 Magi at the Crystal Phase can actually directly condense their spiritual force into crystals that would not dissipate easily. Even after long-term storage, these crystals could be used to replenish their spiritual force, or even sold to others...”

According to a few deductions of the A.I Chip and Leylin’s own conclusions, this was his future path.

[Warning! Warning! More than 12.6% of the Host’s cells are injured! Immediate treatment suggested!] The emotionless voice of the A.I. Chip sounded out and Leylin stumbled, almost falling to the ground.

“This must be the after-effects of the surge and sudden concentration of spiritual force. I’m afraid that, apart from my cells, even my sea of consciousness might have been affected slightly!” Leylin smiled wryly, and thereafter waved his hand once again.

The three sets of Purple Leaf Snake-scaled Fruit that he had bought appeared in his hands.

“Thankfully Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks have a lot of experience, they even knew of some suitable medicine. The A.I. Chip ran some simulations as well...” Leylin swiftly swallowed a fruit.

The exterior of the fruit had fine scales that felt like hard ice to his gums and teeth.

When it entered the stomach, the icy sensation of the fruit immediately disappeared, instead being replaced by a flow of warm heat that swiftly spread throughout his body. Leylin’s cells were like humans that had almost died of thirst in a desert, rapaciously sucking up this warmth.

[The agent’s cells have absorbed an unknown strength, and are currently in recovery! Current damage: 9.6%]

The damage reported by the A.I Chip was decreasing, and eventually stopped at around 2%.

Minor damage to the body was the most cumbersome to heal. Even with



the best medication, Leylin could only heal himself down to 2% damage, after which it wasn't easy anymore. After breaking through, Vapour Phase Warlocks would have to treat the damage over a long period by using the radiation they emitted during constant practice.

Of course, that was a minor price to pay for the breakthrough.

.....

The Onyx Castle was holding a banquet to celebrate Leylin's breakthrough.

It was, of course, a gathering of Warlocks. The only ones invited had been Robin, a few other seniors, and other members of the Ouroboros Clan that Leylin had connections with.

This was another tradition of the central continent. Leylin originally should have held the banquet upon the completion of Onyx Castle, but he had decided to delay until the Magus Tower had been built completely.

Now, however, Leylin's breakthrough called for a celebration, so he decided that he might as well hold a banquet to take care of both obligations.

In the wide hall, large chandeliers hung up high from the ceiling, radiating a bright glow that was a mixture of spells and man-made flames.

The numerous Warlocks were all gathered in a hall. Since Leylin's status was not too low, there were many Warlocks who attended the event.

Furthermore, because of the added value of their bloodline, all the Warlocks had were good looking, and even the old men looked handsome.

Many female Warlocks wore gowns with plunging necklines, revealing their snow-white back and cleavage, whereas the male Warlocks wore black swallow-tailed coats. From time to time, they would talk over a drink or invite the females for a dance.

At the corner of the large hall, a band was performing with all their energy, and next in line were poets and dancers.

"Haha... Leylin, I knew you would succeed! Even though advancing to

Vapour Phase is an obstacle for ordinary rank 3 Magi, Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks like us will never face such a problem!” Robin laughed dramatically.

Given how high this junior’s innate talent was, he was becoming increasingly important to the short Warlock.

Even at the banquet, the differences in ranks between the various Warlocks was very obvious. The few rank 3 Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock Marquises, including Leylin, had gathered in a circle and none of the other Warlocks would dare to interrupt them. A few rank 1 or rank 2 Warlocks with pure bloodlines had the fortune to listen at the side, but even they had no right to speak.

With regards to the other circles, Leylin needed only to make a toast and say a few words, but the guests in this circle required his personal accompaniment.

Not only were there seniors like Robin, Lucian and Kesha around, there were a few merchants whom they had good ties with along with their children. They were essentially his Mentor, Duke Gilbert’s, influence, and hence good connections would have to be made.

Speaking of which, Leylin was more familiar with them, and had held a few transactions with them, and even coordinated on some experiments.

“This is the younger generation of my family. Come and see Uncle Leylin!” Kesha called forth two of her nephews and nieces. Those two youths though looked a bit reserved and flushed, but still respectfully bowed and said, “Uncle Leylin!”

“Mmm! Hello, you two!” Leylin said, his face stiff. He was not even a hundred years old. These two Warlocks with pure bloodlines, who were their family’s hopes, were probably older than him!

“Senior Kesha’s 2 nephews and nieces have a very rich bloodline within them, looks like they have a bright future ahead of them!” Leylin complimented, which had caused Kesha to beam with delight.

# Chapter 412: Lamia Hair

Much to his chagrin, Leylin had discovered that even though the Ouroboros Clan had a long heritage and was a large, powerful organisation, there were many traditions and complex regulations that were very tedious.

Especially in terms of hierarchy; nobody knew whether it was inherited from the Giant Kemoyin Serpents, but their hierarchy was very rigid.

Previously, even if they were all Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks, Kesha who had reached the Vapour Phase would pay no attention to someone like Leylin. Yet, the moment he made the breakthrough himself, here she was, her attitude having flipped completely. This had dumbfounded Leylin.

Lucian was the same. He who was at the Crystal Phase was the strongest here, and sat quietly in a corner, drinking smugly. Unfortunately, everyone had already accepted such behaviour as a norm.

Even if he rolled his eyes internally, Leylin understood that he could only do things according to the rules.

"Senior Lucian has always been like this. He has suffered a lot previously, and just can't bring himself out of it!" Robin transmitted after noticing Leylin's gaze.

"Actually, he's extremely delighted at your breakthrough. Normally, he wouldn't even deign to take a glance at a banquet invitation!"

Perhaps because he was Gilbert's butler, Robin's communication and observation skills were outstanding. Just a glimpse at Leylin in his peripheral vision and he'd realised things, explaining Lucian's attitude.

"Don't worry, I understand!" Leylin smiled wryly. Even if Lucian decided not to show him respect, he could do nothing about it.

Even with all his trump cards, Leylin could at most deal with a Hydro Phase rank 3 Magus. With that kind of difference in strength, it was useless to talk about it. Had Lucian not considered his Mentor Gilbert and

the fact that it was Leylin's first invitation, he might not even have come.

"Oh, right! Let me introduce you to my apprentice, Snoopy!" A reserved youth walked up at Leylin's introduction, a dimpled smile on his pockmarked face.

"He... Hello distinguished masters!" Snoopy greeted all the Magi, stumbling on his words.

A few rank 3 Warlocks merely nodded aloofly and did not pay much attention, and even Kesha's 2 younger generations looked down on him.

They could see Snoopy's Black Horrall Snake bloodline at one glance. Even though a rank 3 Warlock bloodline was considered a big deal even in the central continent, those with higher bloodlines thought nothing of it.

Immediately, they linked this sight to Leylin's top subordinate, Parker and guessed the motives behind Leylin's acceptance of this apprentice. They would naturally not pay any more attention, but on account of Leylin, they had nodded their heads in recognition.

Fortunately, Leylin had only brought Snoopy out for exposure, and quickly dismissed him after he had bowed to everyone.

Snoopy's response was quick, and his withdrawal was even faster. With a tinge of embarrassment on his face, it appeared to Leylin as if he was fleeing.

"This is the hierarchy of Warlocks!"

Leylin sighed internally. In comparison, though Kesha's 2 younger generations were slightly lower in strength, because their bloodline was distinguished and there was the possibility of making a breakthrough to rank 4, they would immediately receive more attention. Even the rank 3 Elders would consider this normal.

For Warlocks, even though bloodline could not determine your lowest achievements, it could dictate your greatest.

Take for example the two Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks Kesha had brought along. They needed only to put a bit more effort and spend more

time, and it would be child's play to reach the Vapour and even Hydro Phase. However, the advancement to the Crystal Phase depended on one's innate talent. As for the breakthrough to the Morning Star realm, innate talent alone was not enough. There was a huge amount of luck to be factored into it!

After all, they were not first generation Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks. Their bloodline was not as pure, and could not allow for the adults to easily advance to rank 4.

In actual fact, in the entire Ouroboros Clan, there were already no more absolutely pureblood Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks. Their bloodlines had faded with the passage of time. For the three elders to break through to the Morning Star realm required not only a large amount of resources and effort, but also a stroke of luck.

Leylin did not know how pure his bloodline was, but the A.I Chip and the recognition by the few seniors and Mentors seemed to suggest that it was not too bad.

In fact, he had immense confidence in the bloodline purification skills of the A.I Chip.

During the period of time he was in the Ouroboros Clan, he had discovered that even in the central continent, there were no microscopes here that could form images at the genetic and atomic levels.

Their research at most halted at the cells. Their best microscopes could at most see the structure of a cell.

Previously, the A.I Chip had directly extracted the part of the genes that belonged to the Giant Kemoyin Serpent from the bloodline essence of the Black Horrall Snake, and reconstructed them.

Leylin even suspected that the bloodline within his body could compare to that of a first generation Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock!

Mind you, that was a bloodline that allowed a Warlock to progress to the Morning Star realm automatically as he aged.

Leylin's own improvement had been too rapid. He was only a hundred

years old, an infant among Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks. Thus, he did not have a deep enough understanding of the frightening potential of his bloodline.

Still, it took way too long for Giant Kemoyin Serpents to mature. If he was to advance at the same rate as his bloodline would let him, he would only be a rank 1 Warlock as of now. With the passing of time, he would feel his spiritual force growing slightly even if he did nothing but sleep all day. After finishing semi-conversion and complete conversion, his strength would soar. At about 500 years of age, he would become a rank 3 Warlock. As for a Morning Star Warlock? That would take him until he was 900 if he only depended on his bloodline.

In other words, Leylin's current improvement was rapid to the point that his bloodline could not keep up with him.

'Even if I have almost 900 years of life according to the A.I. Chip, the risks with waiting that long are way too high!' he thought as he stroked his chin. On top of that, Leylin can't be sure that the purity of his bloodline was enough for a breakthrough to the Morning Star stage by the time he reaches 900.

As such, he would continue to work hard!

At the very least, his bloodline shackle would not retard his progress before he hit rank 4, and he would be able to advance to that realm without any obstacles.

"Penny for your thoughts?" His introspection had obviously drawn Robin's attention.

"Oh... It's..." Leylin summarised his ruminations on his bloodline growth, obviously concealing his conjecture on its purity and instead diverting the conversation to how he could develop his bloodline.

"...So, you wish to find out whether there are any medicines or materials the Ouroboros Clan uses to speed up bloodline growth?" Robin looked at Leylin, and did not know whether to laugh or cry.

"Many Warlocks depend on the strength of their bloodlines when using

their meditation techniques to slowly improve in ranks. A case like yours, where the host's strength surpasses that of the bloodline's growth is extremely unlikely..."

"Unlikely, but not impossible!" Leylin was determined. The central continent had many groundbreaking talents, and the Ouroboros Clan was where Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks congregated. There must be a way!

Still, any solutions that existed were sure to be extremely precious and hidden. Leylin had never seen such a thing in the trading hall.

"Indeed. Like you, Leylin, our organisation has had a few Warlocks in the past whose strengths far surpassed their age!"

Kesha interrupted, "And they used a top-notch precious material to increase the growth of their bloodline to remarkable results!"

"What material?" Leylin's eyes glowed.

"Lamia Hair!" Kesha did not intend to leave Leylin in suspense, and gave him a specific term.

"A.I Chip!" Leylin recited internally: "Query the database for Lamia Hair!"

Collecting data and books was habitual for him. Naturally, he hadn't slacked off on it in his time in the Ouroboros Clan.

The Ouroboros Clan was a major power of the central continent. Its library had a rich collection of data, and since Leylin was a Marquis, he had little restriction on what he could read, and had thus expanded his database significantly. What was remaining was naturally not too big a problem.

Although he could not claim that he knew everything about the central continent, the knowledge he had accumulated in this period would not lose out to that of a scholar who was a few hundred years old.

[Lamia Hair: It is an ancient precious material. Legend has it that a strand of hair from the ancient Lamia has a extremely horrifying ability.

Rank: 3, Rarity: 4, Description: The Lamia was an extremely tyrannical being in ancient times. Other than strange spells, they were experts at controlling lower serpents to attack, and normally lorded over snakes! Legend has it that they were direct descendants of the Snake Dowager, and were comparable to Radiant Moon Magi in adulthood!]

Leylin saw the description given by the A.I Chip and could not help but smile wryly.

A description in terms of rank and rarity was standard on the central continent. Rank 3 indicated that the material was only effective for rank 3 Magi, while the rank 4 rarity meant only Morning Star Magi could get their hands on one.

Needless to say, the assessment on how it could compare to a Radiant Moon Magus in adulthood shocked Leylin completely.

A Radiant Moon Magus was at rank 5! They exceeded Morning Star Magi by one full rank, and there were few Magi on the central continent who possessed such strength.

How would Leylin, who could not afford to offend even a single Morning Star Magus, dare to think of a plan involving Radiant Moon Magi?

Of course, the strength of the beings themselves was one matter, the resources were yet another.

"For senior Kesha to mention it, could it be that Mentor has strands of Lamia Hair?" Leylin's eyes lit up. The ancient Lamia had been extinct for a long period of time. But some remains could have been discovered by Magi, and it would be extremely normal to obtain these resources as a result.



# Chapter 413: The Forgotten Land

"It looks like you're extremely familiar with this material, Leylin. At the very least, you should've read up on something similar before!"

Kesha first nodded her head, before smiling wryly, "Lamia Hair can nourish the Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline within our bodies. I won't go into detail, but it's useful enough to have others fight you for it. Nobody who has some will want to sell it! Moreover, it will be used up the moment someone discovers it. The reason I know of it is that Mentor Gilbert had obtained such a material when he was younger..."

This was an eye-opener for Leylin. Given how much the Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline had deteriorated by now, the current generation's bloodline could not be considered extremely pure. At the bottleneck before the Morning Star realm, the current bloodline in the Ouroboros Clan could only provide a tiny bit of help.

On the other hand, once nourished, this bloodline would have been strengthened greatly. Not only could it allow weaker Warlocks to advance rapidly in rank, it would lay a solid foundation for their future breakthroughs.

Perhaps this was the primary reason for Duke Gilbert's successful advancement to the Morning Star realm.

Leylin could only sigh, helpless. This type of top-notch material was not easy to acquire, and one required both sufficient strength and fortune to get their hands on it.

At that very instant, Leylin noticed that Robin's expression had warped. Leylin put it into memory before beaming and changing the topic.

Leylin's study in Onyx Castle.

The banquet had already ended, and an attendant had currently led Robin here, opened the door and entered before retreating with a bow.

Leylin was sitting on a couch, the glass in his hands filled with dark red wine that was rippling under the light.

"The wine produced in this year is actually my personal collection! Does Senior Robin want a glass too?" Leylin swirled the wine in the glass.

"Of course!" Robin sat down on another couch and picked one up for himself.

After pouring a small amount, he swirled the wine as well, his face expressing his enjoyment. "Grape wine brewed during the harvest year! It's a rare sight these days!"

"Parker and the rest sent it over to me. Apparently, it was a tribute from some royals in the vicinity!" Leylin laughed. He was not interested in anything that was purely for enjoyment, and moved on to the main topic after some pleasantries.

"When the matter of the Lamia Hair came up today, Senior, you seemed to have some thoughts about it?"

"Mmm!" Robin squinted his eyes and deeply inhaled in the fragrance of the red wine.

"Since senior was willing to come over, the information must be something that can be shared. Please state your conditions!"

"Good, that's the Leylin I know!" Robin praised before taking a sip. He continued, "There is no price or the like, but I need you to keep what you hear today a secret. This information cannot be leaked!"

"No problem, I swear upon the honor of my royal bloodline!" Leylin's face was solemn as he made an oath.

When two parties were at a certain level of strength, even casual agreements would be binding, let alone an oath like this. It made Robin smile.

"I do have some clues about the Lamia Hair!" Before Leylin could inquire further, he continued, "I received information that in the Eastern region of the Forgotten Land, a pocket dimension was found!"

"The Forgotten Land!" Leylin stroked his chin. The A.I Chip swiftly scoured the database for information related to the Forgotten Land.

The damage output of a Morning Star Magus was immense. Their final techniques held power akin to nuclear bombs, and had the ability to wipe out countries. Thus, the central continent had signed a peace agreement that forbid the wanton usage of final techniques, restricting Morning Star Magi from using their full strength.

Still, even with such a contract, some disputes escalated to the point that battle was inevitable. Clashes between Morning Star Magi still occurred, and devastated the land every single time.

In Twilight Zone, two Morning Star Magi had inadvertently destroyed the passages linking it to the rest of the Magus world, isolating the place for thousands of years.

Even in the much vaster central continent, with Morning Star, Radiant Moon and even Breaking Dawn Magi watching over, such battles would still cause a large amount of damage to the area.

Moreover, some regions would be damaged to the extent that there was no return. All sentient species would go extinct, and elemental particles would start leaking whenever someone visited the area, causing the strength of a visiting Magus to drop greatly.

Gradually, some of the affected areas became lands of death. Only strange species and convicts who could not mix with the rest would bear the hardships of the environment and settle down there.

The Forgotten Land was one such place.

Legend has it that in such vile conditions all the beings would strive to promote their strength, and evolve in a horrifying direction. Over time, they would form an extremely strange race, and the place would be fraught with dangers.

“What pocket dimension?” Leylin asked, getting a bad premonition.

Pocket dimensions were naturally not rare in the central continent, and the Ouroboros Clan itself had the powers to construct one themselves. Although the major powers of the central continent were focused on interdimensional travel, rank 2 and 3 Magi still built pocket dimensions.

But the resources in the Forgotten Land were extremely poor normally. That a pocket dimension, a type of region known for being rich in resources, had appeared there would lead to a lot of competition and bloodshed.

"The pocket dimension must have been damaged during the clash between Morning Star Magi. Due to its regenerative abilities, a small portion of it was preserved and was unearthed recently!"

Robin placed the wineglass down, his face solemn yet tinged with greed.

"Even though the subordinate who had discovered the mysterious region was under a very powerful curse, and died painfully immediately after handing me the intelligence, at least I obtained some information! If you would look at this!"

Robin took out a black leaf. Once it appeared, Leylin felt the bloodline within his body throbbing. He suppressed the peculiar reactions of his body and took it.

Even though it was an ordinary leaf with green veins, there was an aura lingering on its surface that caused his pupils to dilate.

Even though the aura was very feeble, it could not in the very least conceal the strong essence behind it, and even caused Leylin to be fearful.

"The aura of the Lamia! Legend has it that the Lamia could control giant serpents through spells, no wonder I feel uneasy!" Leylin sighed a long breath of relief: "Did this leaf come from the pocket dimension?"

The ancient Lamia was a terrifying being at the Radiant Moon realm. Even though there were half-human half-snake species in the Magus world now, the ancient Lamia was an entirely different species!

And only the threatening aura of the Lamia could make Leylin feel terrified.

"Yes!" Robin nodded.

"According to my intelligence, there is a huge pocket dimension there filled with resources. It belonged to a Warlock organisation of ancient

times. As you know, as long as it's a Warlock organisation, due to the bloodline limitations of Warlocks, they are the most passionate about collecting bloodlines to mix and modulate in their experiments. As a result, you will be able to find many materials Warlocks urgently need!"

"I get it now. You wish to explore, but you don't have sufficient manpower?" Leylin had understood Robin's plans.

Even though there was a certain level of danger, he was still prepared to journey there. The temptation of the hair of the Lamia, alongside many other bloodline resources, was sufficient to have him brave the danger.

"Yes! Apart from you, I have also invited Kesha along!" Robin nodded his head.

Even though they were all rank 3 Warlocks, the Kemoyin bloodline and the Black Horrall Snake bloodline had a very big difference.

Under him, there was a younger generation of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline who had just advanced to rank 3, and the rest of his subordinates could at most act as assistants, and were not very useful.

"Looks like there are more risks!" Leylin leaned back.

As to why Robin did not invite Lucian who was at the Crystal Phase, or even directly reported it to Gilbert, Leylin did not need to think much to understand the reasons why.

Robin himself was at the Hydro Phase, and with Kesha and Leylin at the Vapour Phase he could suppress them easily. If they were to call Lucian, how would they distribute the potential yield?

And if he were to inform their Mentor, there might not be many resources left for him.

Of course, Robin had made the decision after examining their strength. He had felt that if the three of them were to join forces, they would be able to obtain the resources in the mysterious region. Even if they were to meet obstacles they could not overcome or were not able to succeed eventually, there was still time to invite Lucian or Gilbert then.

"I have no questions! When do we set off?" Leylin asked.

"There's no rush. I have to make preparations on my end as well. I need about 2 more months. After 3 months, let us gather at the headquarters and set off together!"

Robin said the specific timing, and at the same time placed a document on the table. "This is the intelligence regarding the Forgotten Land and the pocket dimension. You should have a look at it, and prepare yourself accordingly!"

"Got it! See you 3 months later at the headquarters!" Leylin nodded, and got up to send Robin out of the study room. After which, he sat down and did not utter a word.

The A.I Chip was swiftly scanning the documents Robin had left behind, and was carrying out comparisons and making deductions.

"There are no problems with the data, looks like Robin is sincere!"

Leylin stroked his chin. The data related to the Forbidden Land which Robin had provided was generally similar in content to the data the A.I Chip had collected, and was even more comprehensive and detailed.

"Quicksand! What a weird name for an organisation. Is that a Warlock organisation?"

Quicksand was the organisation that created the pocket dimension. Legend had it that it was a Warlock-based organisation, but it was unlike that of the Ouroboros Clan which only accepted Warlocks of the same bloodline. Instead, it was heterogeneous, and would accept Warlocks of any bloodline. As a result, the condition of the members was extremely complicated, and there were even some members with bloodlines that were only heard of in folklore!

And this pocket dimension seemed to have been constructed by the Quicksand Organisation, as a place meant for experimentation on the modulation and combination of bloodlines.

Of course, no matter how formidable Quicksand once was, it had disappeared in the ancient final war, and was now an abandoned

mysterious region.

But Leylin delved deeper into his thoughts.

# Chapter 414: Noah

“Perhaps the Lamia Hair within the pocket dimension was not obtained by capturing an ancient Lamia. There might have been someone who advanced their own Lamia bloodline to the extreme and has even gone through atavism, thus leaving this item behind.”

When a Warlock’s bloodline was concentrated to its limit, it would transform into its original form. Once this process was over, a Warlock would discard their original appearance as a human, and completely turn into a creature alike to his bloodline origin.

By that time, the Warlock would no longer be human. Even those with the same bloodlines would not be able to tell that it was a Warlock who had gone through such a process.

In other words, if Leylin did so, he would truly turn into a Giant Kemoyin Serpent.

“Hm... Forget it.”

Leylin imagined himself as a giant serpent, only able to swallow raw food everyday and looking for female serpents whenever he had to sate his desires, and it made his whole body shiver.

‘The Morning Star morphing technique is enough. I have no desire to really become a giant serpent,’ he decided.

He pursued strength and dominance, as well as his own freedom. If the option was that he obtained unequalled strength and yet suffered for eternity, it was fine if he was not unrivalled.

In addition, the closer he was to the source of his bloodline, the greater the suppression of his mind by higher members of his race.

In the ancient war of the Icy World, the Snake Dowager was the only thought in mind. Many Giant Kemoyin Serpents who risked their lives and battled with beings from other worlds were more than aware of this. Leylin did not want to be controlled by someone after all his efforts and become cannon fodder.



Of course, all this was far into the future. Right now, all he was focused on was using the Lamia Hair to nourish his bloodline, allowing it to mature faster and bring him to the Morning Star realm.

In the central continent, rank 3 Warlocks were respected, but only Morning Star Magi held any actual clout.

Only after reaching the Morning Star realm could he perform experiments on astral gates alone, attempting to travelling between various places and worlds. This was the only method for Leylin to solve the issue of his bloodline and could not be substituted.

After thinking about it for a while, a silver light flashed in his hands, and a dull gold coin appeared.

‘If I go to the pocket dimension, will I be able to get all that I want and leave safe and sound?’ With this thought in mind, Leylin tossed the Coin of Destiny in his hand.

Pak!

The coin landed steadily on the back of his hand, revealing the image of a luckbird. At the same time, slight cracks appeared on it.

Noticing this situation, Leylin kept the coin away, and a flash of excitement could be seen on his face before he turned serious.

‘It’ll work out, but the power of a Morning Star will hinder me?’ The Coin of Destiny was a unique magic item that Leylin had sacrificed blood and tears to make. It had the terrifying ability to predict the future, but could not be used when powers at the Morning Star realm and above.

Every time a prediction involved a being with Morning Star strength, the coin would crack further and further until it would eventually be destroyed.

Leylin had a feeling that after losing this Coin of Destiny, he would not be able to create another for a long time.

‘What does this prophecy mean? Is there a Morning Star creature slumbering in the pocket dimension, or will there be Morning Star Magus

outside who'll interfere' Leylin rubbed his eyebrows, the many possibilities flying through his mind and giving him a headache.

The Coin of Destiny was a non-living thing and its prophecies were vague enough to baffle him on occasion.

In addition, destiny could not be grasped so easily. Even the coin could make some wrong predictions, especially in a place like the central continent where almost every area was overseen by Morning Star Magi. They would affect destiny even more.

Morning Star strength was already able to slightly affect the force of the river of destiny.

The strong grasped their destiny. This was an eternal truth.

Hence, the prediction of this coin could only act as a reference and might not be accurate. Blue light flashed in Leylin's eyes, and all sorts of possibilities streaked through his mind...

About two months had passed in the blink of an eye.

Leylin was now in front of the black Magus Tower, with various runes and strange metal plates on the ground.

"Enchant!" Foggy spiritual force congealed to form a solid rune pen that carved out refined, complicated patterns on the metal plates. All the patterns combined to form a dazzling spell rune and imprint.

After the last stroke was completed, the many metal plates were shrouded with dim light.

"Your enchantment techniques have probably reached the level of a master and are not far from those of a grandmaster, my Lord. My respects towards you!" Parker glanced at the enchanted metal plates, of which almost all had been done successfully, his expression revealing his admiration.

The young man in front of him had reached the Vapour Phase before he turned a hundred, leaving him biting the dust. His knowledge in potioneering had even reached the level of a grandmaster. It seemed like

his enchantment knowledge was also not to be underestimated, at the level of a master!

‘Looks like my master’s future will be hard to predict!’ Parker suddenly had this thought. ‘This is good too. I’ve made the right choice!’

Leylin cared little for Parker’s thoughts. He glanced at the enchanted metal plates that he had worked on, looking satisfied.

In actuality, with the support from the A.I. Chip, what he was least afraid of was complicated things like this. His skills in enchantment and alchemy had long since reached the level of a grandmaster.

He had even intentionally failed a few so that he would not be seen as terrifying.

He would be considered a genius if he could be one or two steps ahead of everyone. However, being ten or more steps ahead would cause panic, and he would be seen as a freak. Leylin obviously did not want that to happen.

“Parker, spread these isolation plates within the positive and negative energy elemental pools based on the blueprint from before. Is that understood?”

Leylin took a white towel from a deferential Snoopy and wiped his hands as he spoke to Parker.

The Magus Tower was now completed with the efforts of the Stone Tribe men. The next order of business was to carve defensive runes and activate spell formations.

The Warlocks that sided with Leylin were like him, spending all their time adding these runes on all sorts of materials. After inspection, they were stored until the building’s construction was completed.

“Understood, master.” Parker respectfully bowed 90 degrees, leaving Leylin flabbergasted. This new vassal of his seemed to be even more respectful than before.

However, this was to be expected. The might of a leader was built from

strength and obedience.

“Also, I’m planning to leave. When I’m not around, you’re in charge of everything regarding the construction of the Magus Tower. A few supportive facilities have been built. However, the activation of the spell formations will wait until I’m back, I’ll do that myself,” Leylin commanded.

These miscellaneous matters could be passed on. As long as he was the one checking everything and activating the spell formations, there was no problem.

The last step, which was to give life to the structure, was enough for Leylin to make the whole Magus Tower perfect and even have a spirit of its own. If there were any issues, all would be known to him.

“Understood. Master, are you going on a long journey?”

The Magus Tower was only half-done, and it was the lifeblood of a Magus. Usually, nothing could move them from the tower, which was why Leylin’s actions were very strange.

“Yes! I’m going to the headquarters, but it is not certain how long it will take.” Leylin glanced up the sky, into the distance.

He had a reason why he had to go there. The temptation of the Lamia Hair was too much for him. In addition, besides the last few steps, the construction of the Magus Tower now was all about the details. There was no need to stay here and supervise.

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A few days later, outside Phosphorescence Swamp.

“Haha, Leylin, you’re finally here. We’ve been waiting for you!” Upon seeing Leylin’s figure, Robin immediately moved over and gave him an enthusiastic hug.

“My apologies. I had some work to do so I’m a little late.” Leylin had an apologetic look on his face as he greeted Kesha.

Besides Robin and Kesha, there were nine other Warlocks whose auras

made it evident that they had reached rank 3. Leylin couldn't help but sigh in admiration at these Warlock families who had accumulated their bloodline and strength for a long time. Just a casual request would call forth many powerful Warlocks.

"This is Noah. You've seen him at the banquet before." Robin laughed as he pulled Leylin aside.

"Uncle Leylin!" This young man named Noah had wine-red eyes that were very memorable.

This young man was Robin's nephew, and he had a very concentrated bloodline. He had already reached rank 3 and Robin thought highly of him. Leylin had also seen him once before at the banquet.

As for the rest of the rank 3 Warlocks, Robin merely skimmed over them.

Headed by Leylin and the other three Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks, the eight other Black Horrall Snake Warlocks were also at rank 3 but had a lower status.

Out of these eight rank 3 Warlocks, Robin had brought over five, and with his nephew added in he held the most authority in this small group. Kesha had brought three Black Horrall Snake Warlocks from her own family over. Those rank 1 descendants from before had not appeared at all, and it was probably because she knew this expedition would be dangerous, and it was pointless to bring them along.

Leylin was alone and looked quite pitiful.

Out of all his subordinates, only Parker was somewhat acceptable. However, he was useless in this expedition, and might even have hindered them. Leylin thought it'd be better if he just stayed and looked after domestic affairs.

"Alright. Since everyone is here, let's go! The Forgotten Zine is very far from here, and it will take a month by airship." Robin waved his arm in high spirits.

# Chapter 415: The Descendants' Issue

Leylin and company's departure did not rouse much commotion in the Ouroboros Clan.

Warlocks did not spend all their time on research. Adventuring and the exploration of pocket dimensions were also deemed normal for them. Due to their longevity, even were they to disappear for a few years, their absence would be inconspicuous.

The twelve rank 3 Warlocks moderated the horrifying radiation and energy undulations on their bodies and went under the guise of a regular troop of adventurers from the central continent. Discreetly, they all boarded an airship at a city not far from Phosphorescence Swamp.

Standing on board the deck, Leylin fell silent as he looked at the illustrious symbol of the Fallor Family splashed across the body of the airship, "They are indeed the rulers of the skies. They single-handedly dominate and monopolize the entirety of aerial transport in the central continent!" From the bottom of his heart, Leylin sighed without any inhibitions.

"What are you looking at?"

A whiff of perfume and seconds later, Kesha walked over, half leaning on the railings and revealing her sensual beautiful body.

Due to the enhanced bloodline of Warlocks, her skin was more delicate and exquisite. Coupled with her slim, shaped eyes and slightly curled cherry lips, she eluded a kind of demonic charm that caused some travellers to have rumblings in their throat and flames burning in their stomach.

Leylin's eyes naturally swept across Kesha's body unrestrainedly, paying particular attention to the vital parts.

"Hehe!" Kesha laughed tenderly and without a qualm arched her back and pushed her bosom forward, "The journey is getting rather boring, would you like to go back to my room for some fun?"

Leylin rolled his eyes, lust and illicit sexual relations among the nobles were common. It was even more normal for those who grasped great power and possessed a long life.

Of course, there were some exceptions among the Warlocks. To attain an even more outstanding and pure bloodline, female Warlocks would go all out and embrace craziness. In fact, they had the advantage for seduction.

Leylin smiled and replied, "Pardon me! Not today, you will be the first to know when I decide to sell my seed, though!"

"Alright then! Such a pity!" Kesha licked a finger, revealing no hint of her humiliation.

"But still! I really do like you, junior!" She placed her finger on Leylin's chest and with a smile, twirled it in circles.

However, that was the furthest Kesha went and she attempted nothing else. In the end, she appropriately settled for casual conversation with Leylin.

"Do you know Freya and Miranda?" Kesha asked out of the blue.

"We have met a few times!" Leylin replied with some uneasiness as he drew out the air from his breath. As far as those two nutjobs were concerned, especially the more powerful one out of the two, he really had a hard time dealing with them.

"Then are you aware?" Kesha smiled mysteriously, with an added crafty look of a little girl.

"They have been spreading the word that you belong to them and you are their prey. Any other female Warlocks who have any intentions of looking your way, will have to go up against them!"

"I..." Leylin rolled his eyes in anger, almost cursing in his rage.

"These two maniacs!" he finally exclaimed with extreme resentment.

"Actually, Why don't you seriously consider it? Miranda has to-die-for skills and holds the title of the Succubus, as for Freya...."

Kesha moved forward, almost leaning on Leylin and whispered into his ears : "Freya has never been with a man, so she might be a virgin after all!"

The scent from her hair was pleasantly sweet as it permeated the air. Coupled with Kesha's words, Leylin was left with a dry mouth.

"Why?" A victorious smile surfaced on Kesha's face, "What about now? Do you want me to cease your desire? My skills might be better than Miranda's!" As she spoke, she stuck out her pink tongue and gently licked on Leylin's earlobes.

Suddenly, Kesha felt Leylin's body turned cold, just like a block of ice. "So I see, you knew the both of them?"

She lifted her head in astonishment and saw an emotionless Leylin standing there, both his eyes sparkling and clear, without a trace of sentiment.

"Yes! I know them, and I am just relaying somewhat of a message for Freya, that's all!" Seeing Leylin's reaction, Kesha knowingly stepped back, not daring to tease him further.

"Please tell them I will consider it carefully!" Leylin replied nonchalantly.

"Got it! " Kesha looked intently at Leylin: "Your current state! It's as if you're not influenced by the emotional and passionate moods that arise from your bloodline! I finally understand why Freya could not get her mind off you! Such an outstanding bloodline. It is what we Kemoyin Warlocks need...."

Watching Kesha's back as she was walking away, Leylin stroked his chin and a bitter smile curled the edges of his lips.

Even for Kemoyin Warlocks, deterioration of one's bloodline cannot be avoided. Looking at the three Black Horrall Snake Warlocks from Kesha's Clan, it was obvious their bloodline could not avoid the inevitable degeneration either.

Thinking back on her recent temptation, at least half of it were real. If Leylin had agreed to Kesha's seduction and had multiple sexual escapades with her, she might have even helped herself to obtain his bloodline Even



if it weren't for the bloodline, according to the emotional state of minds of female Warlocks, as long as the mood and feel were right, they will go ahead and copulate with other Magi.

In the Magus world, other than female Warlocks, the same applied to the female Magi. Those girls who were pure were a rare species.

But Leylin really had no interest at all. He was in the middle of a risky journey and had no mood for it. Even if he needed the company of a lady, his choice would not be Kesha, Freya or Miranda.

These ambitious female Warlocks would do anything for the continuation of their bloodlines. As female Warlocks, they must have done their research on the nourishing of the bloodline with some specializing in techniques and spells to do it. They were well aware of the ways to attain the seed of a male, something which did not surprise Leylin at all.

He was not completely confident in the A.I. Chip's ability to calm him down, as well as his control over his own body against the methods they deployed to acquire his bloodline.

If anything unthinkable were to happen, resulting in a pile of descendants that were raised and taught by other clans, it would be mind-boggling and Leylin dreaded the idea.

Besides, there was another hesitation in his heart

His bloodline was purified by means of the A.I. Chip and the purity level was exceptionally high, almost equalling the original bloodline. With his own ability and with the help of the A.I. Chip, he was able to conceal his true strength and capabilities from others, but a newborn baby could not.

If his peculiar bloodline were to be discovered, given the greed of those Morning Star Magi, he might have been captured to become a reproductive machine for the next generation.

God knows, they might even be able to extract and strip him of his bloodline!

Therefore, until he was absolutely sure that it was safe, he would not

allow the outflow of his bloodline, not to mention having descendants.

“But, nevertheless, if I am promoted to the rank of a Morning Star Magus and I want to start a clan of my own in the central continent, I am afraid those female Warlocks are my only choice!” Leylin stroked his chin.

Being a pure Kemoyin bloodline Warlock, in order to have strong and powerful descendants in the future, it was naturally more suitable if he chose a female Kemoyin Warlock.

As for female commoners and ordinary Warlocks, children he had with them would have their bloodline diluted to half of his, something which was unacceptable.

The quality of a Warlock’s bloodline was known to be the best in the first generation. The more concentrated it was, the better they would be.

These minute details flashed across his mind once before he tossed them aside.

“This is not the right time for me to think about such matters!”

Leylin squinted his eyes, enjoying the natural and pure sunlight from the deck. A look of satisfaction gleamed in his eyes and his thoughts wandered to a faraway place.

.....

As far as Warlocks were concerned, long and slow journeys were not torturous. At worst, they might have to stay in their room every day and meditate to pass time. And since the Fallor Family had provided such excellent services in the first class cabin, Leylin was satisfied, especially with the meals provided.

Given how poor Twilight Zone’s environment was, the food and drink of the central continent were worlds apart.

And no matter how long a journey was, it had to come to an end.

The huge airship started descending, casting a huge circular shadow on the ground. The shadow kept spreading until at last, a loud thump was heard.

“This is Sin City station. All passengers who are alighting, please maintain order!”

After the airship had stabilized, a group of workers and slaves opened the warehouse latch and started unloading the goods. A few flights of stairs were unfolded and secured to the ground. The passengers who were going to alight got ready and started forming a queue.

“We are finally here, the border of the Forgotten Land, Sin City! Even the name is unpretentious with no need to cover up!”

After multiple flights on airships and a month of travel, Leylin had finally reached his destination as he mingled among the other tourists.

He fixated his eyes on the orange sun in the distance, and the dilapidated grey and brown walls under it, as he sighed.

The A.I. Chip issued a warning.

[Beep! The energy particle concentration here is about 10-20% lower than the outside world. Please take note!]

The spells of Warlocks and Magi were cast through their own energy which galvanised the surrounding energy particles. Low concentrations of the energy particles would cause a weakening of their power, leading to greater consumption of their spiritual and magical energies. If they were to face such a situation all of a sudden, many Magi would probably be thrown into a flurry.

“The elemental leakage had affected even the Forgotten Land!” Leylin sighed, “The power of Morning Star Magi is too devastating!”

Although the energy particles concentration level was lower than that in the outside world by 20%, it posed no problem to Leylin.

The concentration level of energy particles of his homeland, the south coast, and the Twilight Zone, were less than half of the central continent. Spellcasting with such low available energy was natural for him.

# Chapter 416: Nefas

Leylin remembered the relevant information.

Immediately, he looked at his surroundings. Sure enough, the tourists who had departed the car had solemn expressions, an aura on their bodies that clearly indicated that they were not to be messed with. Some of them had even covered up their faces.

Those were the slaves and coolies who had been transporting objects underground. They would size up the batch of tourists from time to time, and their docile gazes concealed a malicious bloodthirst. It was as if they were waiting for the tourists to reveal a slight opening, for them to rip them apart and devour them like wolves.

‘A chaotic region where strength rules all! A place that reeks of sin! Nefas is the city of sins indeed.’ Leylin thought of the information mentioned by his A.I Chip previously, and along with Robin and the rest, subtly mixed in with the crowd.

Nefas City had no city guard to speak of, and there was obviously no entrance fee. As a result, there was a lot of human traffic, but none of it was particularly good. Of course, anyone who was forced to come here did not exactly have a stellar character.

“Rascal, what are you looking at?” An extremely muscular man who was close to two metres tall gazed at a youngster with an unfriendly expression.

“Oh! Sorry! Sorry!” The youngster had eyes that were triangular in shape. His mouth opened and he started to smile apologetically, at the same time nodding his head and bowing.

Just as he had bowed down in his apology, a cold glint emerged in the youngster’s eyes. He violently whipped out a black dagger and stabbed the strong man in the stomach.

“You!” The strong man’s face registered rage as he was caught off-guard. Still, a thin layer of defense formed on his body.

That strong man was actually a Grand Knight that could incite life force! A defence made of life force was very useful at mitigating the damage from clubs and the like. Even for sharp blows, it greatly reduced the strength.

Whoosh! The strong man's eyes shone ominously as he decided on how to torture the youngster to death. But instantly, the ominous glint in his eyes, disappeared, replaced instead by terror.

The defense he was so proud of, a Grand Knight's defense, was cut apart like paper by the black dagger.

The black dagger repeatedly, as if following a trajectory, stabbed the strong man's stomach before violently pushing it in.

"You..." The strong man's foamed at his mouth and he collapsed. He struggled in pain on the ground, and one could faintly see the ruptured organs and intestines through the wound.

With that type of injury, unless a Magus were to help, the man would completely not have a chance of survival.

The youngster kept his dagger, and swiftly squeezed out of the crowd before disappearing around a corner.

"What a pity. The strong man was at the very least a knight! If they were to fight properly, even 10 dwarves would not have been able to win against him!"

"What pity? That dwarf's weapon was something that, at the very least, was leaked out of the Magus world. With something like that against him, even a Grand Knight would suffer if he was not careful!"

The pedestrians on both sides did not panic at all, and were instead rejoicing at the misfortune of the strong man who had collapsed in the middle. There were even a few people who exchanged glances before moving toward the direction in which the dwarf had escaped.

After a long time, a batch of patrolling soldiers arrived, serving well their roles as cleaners and corpse-collectors.

‘The object the dwarf was holding on to was a dagger with a weak spell attached to it. Even though it had not reached the rank of a low-ranked magic equipment, that alone is not too bad...’ Leylin saw the scene unfolding before him and shook his head internally.

He had seen such a situation occur about four to five times ever since he entered Nefas City. There was simply nobody watching over this place.

The pathways of the city were paved with knife shavings and hammer splints. There were even bloodstains that could not be washed off, having long since turned a brownish-black.

In general, this was an extremely chaotic criminal town. Robbery, murder, rape and lewd behavior could be seen everywhere. Shady businesses were being conducted in the corners, and there was a faint aura being emitted that caused even Leylin to be uncomfortable.

Thankfully, Leylin and the rest were under disguise as mercenaries, and had a strong aura. They were also equipped with weapons, and looked like they were not to be trifled with, which had removed many inconveniences.

However, even so, there were still a few people who did not know better and lusted after the beauty of Kesha and a few other female Warlocks. They would often unscrupulously block the path ahead, and make certain requests of Leylin and the rest.

Of course, they had all become corpses, carrying their regrets to their deathbeds.

“Robin, the aura from the shadows is making me extremely uncomfortable.” Leylin leaned in to say as he sped up.

“Very keen perception!” Robin wore a black cloak that only revealed his eyes. “That’s right, these depraved fellows are performing summoning rituals and offering sacrifices!”

“Huh?” Leylin’s pupils enlarged; he would not think of that answer in a million years.

Similar to their interdimensional exploration through the astral gate, powerful individuals would occasionally unload some of their keepsakes

or spiritual force particles in the Nefas City through other planes from time to time. They would even tempt intellectual beings in order to obtain higher strength!

In summary, it was a constant cycle of travelling through respective passageways of designated places and the Nefas City while collecting depraved souls and stuff like that.

The most famous were the plane that held demons. Legend has it that there were many such locations, both on the south coast and in the central continent.

Robin smiled and began to explain, "You know, the more degenerate and sinful places are, the more attractive they are to demons. The sacrifice of spirit and flesh in these environments brings them, even more, delight, leading to their duplicates, or even original bodies, descending.

"Nefas City's Governor is the mighty demon hunter. Lord Kenyon, the Morning Star Magus!" Whenever a demon's duplicate descends, he immediately captures it, and either conducts his own research on it or sells it. Apparently, they sell like hotcakes!"

Leylin was somewhat speechless after hearing all of that.

Lord Kenyon acted like the biggest bait of the entirety of Nefas City, and attracted many different demons to take the hook.

Whenever these demons were offered tributes, and sent duplicates or even descended themselves, Kenyon would immediately seize them. To think about it, these demons must have a lot of grievances.

"Well... Is this mighty hunter not afraid of the descent of demons of a higher power?" Leylin voiced out his worries.

A city like that with demon worshippers in every corner was literally an active volcano! Was that Morning Star Magus not afraid that by using himself as a bait he would attract troubles?

"Don't worry. This hunter has a very thorough knowledge of demons, and many formidable demons are not his adversaries! Moreover..."

Robin shot a glance at a corner not far away, “The plane of the demons is nothing! Plenty of Magi have been eyeing it. If not for the crafty behaviours of the demons, in that they would rather abandon their duplicates than to leave any tracks, we would have chased after them long ago, and completely taken over their plane!”

“Furthermore, they are struggling whilst at death’s door. According to our predictions, that hunter is the Magus closest to finding the plane of those demons! He might even have already found it!”

This rendered Leylin speechless. Robin demonstrated to him the confidence every Magus of the central continent had. That ambition and aspiration were cultivated after having overcome countless planes.

Such a state could only be seen in the ancient times, but the Big War had ended the golden period of ancient Magi. Now, with interdimensional travel being resumed, the central continent had recovered part of the glory of the ancients!

‘Perhaps, only this mental state that’s full of ambition and enterprise can push the Magus world to greater heights!’ Leylin sighed internally, and his spirit grew even more indomitable.

This was the best period! All the resources, knowledge, and meditation techniques were available to him, and there were numerous planes and strange realms outside that were waiting to be explored and conquered!

‘I need to advance to the Morning Star realm quickly!’ In Leylin’s heart, the thirst was becoming stronger. He hoped to be able to leave a legacy, or even take the lead in the rejuvenation of the Magus world!

Even though he had done similar work in Twilight Zone, that was at a small scale. Where was the broad stage for the work to be done?

”The Forgotten Land is just after Nefas City! The elemental leakage effect is very intense there, and I’m afraid there’s only less than 1 percent of the elemental concentration of the central continent remaining. We can only depend on potions and the essence of magic crystals to replenish our spiritual force and power. Everyone, please take note. If you need to, please swiftly refill your spiritual force here...” Robin pointed out softly.



“Also, don’t go too far in Nefas City, and don’t deliberately cause trouble! After all, there’s still a Morning Star Magus here. This particular demon hunter is famous even amongst Morning Star Magi...”

Leylin, along with the other Warlocks, nodded in agreement.

The Ouroboros Clan was considered a large-scale force in the central continent, but did not dominate the entire continent. They did not rank all that highly, either.

Before they had set off, Robin had explained some taboos to Leylin.

First, the few rank 6 Emperors were a force not to be reckoned with, and for those at the Radiant Moon realm, they had to avoid getting into trouble with them as much as possible.

The remaining forces fundamentally were of the same rank as the Ouroboros Clan, and hence there was nothing to be afraid of. As long as their reasons were justified, they could take actions if they wished to! Warlocks surpassed Magi of the same rank.

Even though all the Warlocks had declared that their spiritual forces were plentiful and their magical powers were full, Robin still decided to reside in Nefas City for a night before entering the actual Forgotten Land.

As a result, Leylin and the rest found a clean hotel to reside in after which the Warlocks either meditated, shopped or bought some necessities.

# Chapter 417: Potion Combination

A boundless barren wasteland.

Gales howled, sending the dust hurtling through the air to cover the sky, forming a thick haze.

In this land, twelve Warlocks were hurrying along on a special giant lizard.

“This is the Forgotten Land after all. Look at how sparse the elemental particles are here!” Leylin glanced at the statistics that the A.I. Chip gave him and shook his head. Even compared to the south coast and Twilight Zone this place was too poor. Not only was the land barren, even the elemental particles were scarce. It was no wonder that Magi and other races only chose to live here if they’d run out of options.

Leylin believed that were it not for his ancestral map, even Kubler would have been forced to hang around this place.

“Regular fugitives can just flee to the Nefas, it is the city of sins after all. From the perspectives of other Magi in the central continent, going to Nefas City is akin to banishment. Only those that are truly evil who could no longer stay in their own cities and are being hunted down would choose to come here. We need to be careful.” This was not the first time Robin had warned them about this. It was evident how great the danger here was in his mind.

Swish! Two dense corrosive balls that were yellow in colour flew out and burst midair causing countless droplets to fall.

The moment these droplets made contact with the similarly yellow sand, they began to emit smoke, forming a pit whose descent could be seen with the naked eye.

Chi chi! A few black figures in the sand shrieked, fleeing far away.

Leylin saw that although these creatures had a head and humanoid limbs, they were only as large as a seven or eight-year-old child. In addition, their heads were shaped like those of mice, with two giant white

teeth jutting out that looked sharp. Their bodies were covered with fur, and they all had thin black tails behind them.

‘Mouse People! They’re a type of lycanthrope, the product of experiments left behind by ancient Magi!’ Leylin quickly recalled information about these Mouse People.

The ancient era was the most glorious period for the Magus World. Not only did the ancient Magi take over many different worlds and places, they even took away creatures from different worlds to be their slaves and even guinea pigs. This was why there were so many races in the Magus World.

“Noah, what are you doing?” Robin suddenly shouted at his nephew who had launched the attack.

“Uncle, I merely...” Noah lowered his head, ashamed.

“You can’t just attack anything as you please! You’re too weak, and you’re giving the opponents a chance to get you! The Mouse People are a very united race, and the blood from their injuries will attract even more of them. We need to leave this place as soon as possible!” Robin was infuriated, but after remembering that Noah had only just come out for some experience, he could not help but soften his words.

“I’m sorry!” Noah found it hard to speak. Though he was no longer young and had long since obtained the strength of a rank 3, he might not even be as experienced as rank 2 Magi when it came to confronting enemies.

Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks were precious resources in the Ouroboros Clan. They were sheltered, which was why Noah had no real life experience even if he had theoretical knowledge.

Under Robin’s command, the lizard under them increased its speed.

However, it was too late. The situation proved that Robin was not wrong in his lecturing. In less than a day, they were surrounded by a large group of Mouse People.

“Damn it, why are there so many?” Noah’s face flushed as he glanced at the Mouse People who amounted to more than two thousand. They

formed a huge wave and surrounded them, the stink so bad that he was on the verge of vomiting.

“Mouse People reproduce like rabbits, and they require very little in order to survive. Other races may find it difficult to survive in the Forgotten Land, but this is not an issue for them. They make use of the rotten plants and maggots underground to live, and if they are truly desperate, they can even gnaw at sand and rocks!” Leylin explained to Noah.

“Damn these inferior beings. If we were outside-!” Noah clenched his teeth. Though they had spiritual force potions for replenishment, they still needed to be frugal.

“It can’t be helped. Regular Mouse People are very resistant to radiation and can be compared to rank 3 acolytes. Elite adult Mouse People even have the strength of official Magi. The leader of this group here is very sly, and I suspect it isn’t even here!”

Robin closed his eyes, a white eyeball appearing on his forehead. It was evident he was using detection magic to search for the tracks of the leader of the Mouse People.

In this situation, in order to keep depletion at the lowest, the best idea was to kill the other party’s leader. However, the Mouse People seemed to be aware of this as well.

“Darl, you guys, prepare to attack!”

Robin opened his eyes and exclaimed to a few of the Warlocks behind him. The five Black Horrall Snake Warlocks went forward, a great energy wave flickering from their bodies, causing an uproar amongst the group of mice people.

Robin and the others were the main force and could not afford to waste energy here. They could only have their followers take care of it.

“Prepare to provide assistance!” Kesha instructed the three Warlocks from her family behind her.

Leylin took around. He was alone and did not have any servants. “Never

mind. Their spiritual force and magic power are also precious and can't be wasted here. Let me do it."

"Leylin, you-? ... Alright. Only you are the most suitable in this situation." Realising Leylin's identity as a Potion Master, Robin nodded.

"Get away, or you'll pay the price!"

Riding the lizard, Leylin went up front, the terrifying undulations of a Vapour Phase rank 3 Magus emanating from him.

The disturbance amongst the mice became even louder, but nobody left.

Leylin couldn't help but admire them. The use of his aura to suppress them might be easy for creatures with lower intelligence, but the moment it was used on creatures with an intelligence similar to humans, it was useless. This was especially so, if they had a leader commanding them.

Of course, if Leylin used his rank 3 innate talent, Intimidating Gaze, there was no problem. After all, that was not just using his aura to suppress others, but a suppression that was similar to that of a domain.

However, Leylin thought it would be too extravagant to use a rank 3 innate spell against this group at the boundaries of the Forgotten Land.

As he watched the Mouse People pouncing at him, a silver light flashed in his hand as a few test tubes glimmering in multiple colours appeared.

"Defiant Ring of Fire!" A fiery-red test tube was tossed out with a swish and exploded in the air to form a giant ring of fire encircling Leylin and the others.

"Wind Blast!" Immediately after, another two light green test tubes flew out, and great gales broke out, blowing the flames in all directions.

"And lastly, oil roasting potion!" With another toss, a purplish-black potion exploded in the air, and something like crude oil in gaseous form was dispersed.

Rumble! The fire from before made contact with this oil and grew even more powerful, tongues of flame sweeping in all directions.

"Rank 3 Potion-combination Spell—Divine Prairie Flames!"

Great flames rushed along the ground, and as if pushed by a powerful invisible force, began to surround the Mouse People.

Many fire serpents engulfed the area and swallowed many of the Mouse People, the cracking sounds of meat being roasted filled the air.

Chi chi! Chi chi! They were burnt to ashes, and this horrifying scene motivated the Mouse People at the sides to flee. However, this was merely a small number.

At the end, many Mouse People were charred and became conjoined to the ground forming a single entity. A disgusting stink that was ten times worse than before was produced.

“He actually used a few rank 1 and 2 potions and simulated the effects of a rank 3 spell! He really is a Potions Grandmaster!”

Robin praised from the bottom of his heart, “Also, this battle style does not consume spiritual force nor magic power. It is the most appropriate to use in the Forgotten Land!”

“It’s only the results of an ordinary experiment.” Leylin smiled very modestly.

In actuality, those were his true thoughts. The amplification of effect from such a combination only reached around 70%, and was far from what could be produced from the Morning Star final technique that used a few spells and produced an effect that had a huge change in quality.

However, Leylin had gained a very large interest in this method of combination and had been doing research on it. This Potion combination technique was a result of one of his successful experiments.

“Everything is great, but this is a little too disgusting!”

Kesha used a gold-laced handkerchief and covered her nose, her expression revealing a look of revulsion.

The other rank 3 Warlocks were not in good shape either, especially Noah, who was deathly pale and seemed unable to hold back his urge to vomit.

After surveying this region, they realised that besides the earth under their feet, everything else had become charred. That unique stink of the Mouse People had become even denser after the burning.

“Alright. Get used to this kind of thing, because you’re going to be experiencing more of it in the future!” Robin patted Noah’s shoulders, gaze unable to conceal his admiration towards Leylin.

Over here, only he and Leylin could chat without a change of expression.

To take care of everyone, Robin quickly led and continued the journey.

With the previous experience, everyone was even more cautious this time. Even Noah exercised restraint and followed along at the back of the group, gathering experience.

After that, Leylin found that this Forgotten Land truly was a large dump. They met all sorts of strange creatures that were all the products of failed experiments who had escaped. Some of these species were very rare in the central continent.

No matter what they were, they all had a common point—they were either plagued with flaws, were corrosive, or had powerful poisons.

There was one way to sum this up. They were hard to make use of and were of no value to Magi!

# Chapter 418: The Kobolds

Maybe that was why the Forgotten Land was not overtaken by the Magi. Otherwise, the barriers between dimensions would not deter against the greed of Magi!

There were, of course, a handful of rare species who voluntarily entered the Forgotten Land to escape the grip of the Magi, however rare the cases might be.

The Magi here were so few in number that Leylin only caught a glimpse of one in all this time. And it wasn't without the aid of his A.I. Chip that he could make out some of his features.

The said Magus was a mature male with peculiar scales embedded in his face – probably the result of a mutation.

With the unexpected negligence of Robin, however, he fled at the speed of light upon noticing Leylin's group.

The concentration of energy particles continued to drop drastically as time passed and the group headed further into the Forgotten Land. Often, there was no soul in sight.

Those they did come across were mostly some rare species or exiled Magi who couldn't survive in the central continent.

More often than not, these meetings ended up in a battle.

While they showed mercy to many creatures, keeping in mind to conserve their energy, some of these creatures actually initiated the attacks.

The most threatening one was a profuse chase by a rank 3 Cthulhu beast which bore the physique of a hill.

It took Kesha, Robin, Leylin, and the surrounding Warlocks before the Cthulhu was wholly taken down, and the death of it actually garnered them a heap of rare materials. But unfortunately, a Black Horrall Snake Warlock was sacrificed in this face-off, removing a member from Leylin's group.



Flap flap! Kesha's pet, a pristine white bird, flew to a stop on her shoulder. Leylin often wondered why Kesha chose to keep a creature that only possessed an investigative nature instead of fighting abilities as her contracted partner.

"Guys, a tribe of Kobolds lies ahead of us. It is a sizeable one with a manpower of more than a thousand, I'm afraid we'll have to make a detour!" Kesha announced as she opened her eyes.

"Kobold?" Upon hearing that, Leylin did a thorough research on this species through the A.I. Chip.

[Kobold: Ovipara, said to be a subspecies of giant dragons. They will reach a height of 3 feet (around 1 metre) upon maturity and their outer appearance is characterised by a scaly skin which can range from a dark reddish-brown to a faded black. There are two taupe horns on the crowns of their heads and their fiery red eyes possess infrared vision. Furthermore, they can obtain spells through their bloodline and become an expert—similar to that of a Bloodline Warlock!]

"Giant dragons?!" The frightful creature that was mentioned in his high-grade meditation technique—Dragon King's Mystic Might came to his mind in that instance. The image of the Kobold on his A.I. Chip was, however, not close to his imagination of the creature.

Nonetheless, the giant dragons of the ancient era were famous because of the majority Ehya subspecies which was said to be able to mate with any species. Thus, these Kobolds were only to be expected.

But the thing that caught Leylin's attention was actually their bloodline!

Rank 3 creatures still existed in small numbers on the central continent despite their rarity. Moreover, Leylin had already reached the status of a rank 3 Warlock, it was about time he explored things in that field.

Unlike Leylin, other Warlocks did not own an A.I. Chip, nor could they extract ancient bloodlines from the blood of rank 3 creatures. As long as there was an adequate source, Leylin could extract as much of the ancient bloodlines as he wished.

“The bloodline of ancient giant dragons?” Leylin touched his chin, uncertain. “We can’t be sure if there are any rank 3 Kobold Warlocks... but it’s definitely possible in a large tribe with a population of over a thousand.

Kesha spoke after that, “I’ve found several rank 2 Kobold Warlocks within them and there are no signs of division in the tribe as of now. They are definitely under the control of a stronger Warlock, there must be a rank 3 in there.....”

“A rank 3 Kobold Warlock backed up by numerous Kobold warriors and low-grade bloodlines. That is enough of a threat to us, we have to take a detour!” Robin did not hesitate in his decision. It was an aftereffect of the death of his subordinate, the Black Horrall Snake Warlock, earlier. Afterall, he had spent a painstaking amount of time and effort in nurturing him.

Leylin was about to make a comment but said nothing upon seeing everyone’s approval towards Robin’s decision.

It was clearly impractical for Robin to go against a huge Kobold tribe. Besides, the Kobolds were known for having diluted bloodlines and were already very distantly related to giant dragons. So it was almost impossible to extract giant dragons’ bloodlines from them, even for Morning Star Magi. Wouldn’t Leylin be digging his own grave if he persisted in moving ahead?

To put things into perspective, Robin and the rest were all Bloodline Warlocks. They could start suspecting Leylin’s intentions in collecting bloodlines.

‘Well, I guess we can only make a mark and return in the future!’ And Leylin stealthily marked out the place on the map of his A.I. Chip.

.....

Leylin and his group made it to their destination in spite of the many mishaps on the way.

A saffron bonfire danced from below as an alluring aroma of roasted

meat filled the air. The meat was dripping golden and glistening grease every now and then.

A small stretch of white tents encircled the bonfire.

“How are things going? Are the sentry and camouflaging spells up?” Kesha walked out of her tent, a cloud of steam still surrounded visibly. She had only clothed herself in a loose bathrobe and was still drying her hair.

She had obviously just come out of the bath. Nobody knew where she got the water for it, but it was a simple thing for a high-ranking Warlock like her, even if a waste of resources.

“It’s all done, we’re undetectable.” Robin furrowed his brows and replied, “And I remember reminding you not to use any spells here!”

“Don’t worry! The water was from my spatial item!” Kesha was noticeably annoyed and even threw a coquettish glance at Noah who turned beet red.

Robin pulled a long face at that, saying, “Kesha, you’re old enough to be Noah’s granny! On top of that, our families have numerous blood relations, he might as well call you Aunt!”

“Rest assured, I have no interest in kids! On the contrary, I actually prefer mature and charming male Warlocks. Am I right, Leylin?” She shot Leylin a look.

“I’m gonna go double-check!” Leylin quickly excused himself from the circle to check on the spell formations before he got involved in the irrelevant argument.

From his vantage point, he was able to see the white haze that engulfed the whole campsite, making the bonfire and tents only faintly discernible.

Leylin was aware that it would be beyond unlikely to notice any anomalies in the campsite if viewed from outside. The campsite would look like nothing more than barren land.

The whole camouflage was seamless under the setup of Robin’s and Kesha’s men, it would be challenging even for the A.I. Chip to locate areas

that could be improved on.

Leylin strolled around aimlessly and shook his head at the indistinct quarrels.

Many families of Kemoyin Warlocks intermarried to preserve the purity of their lineage and for other benefits. Strictly speaking, every family in the Ouroboros Clan was related to every other, and they all could even be traced down to the same ancestors. Hence, it'd be a rotten mess if one were to try and piece the puzzle together.

Leylin was sick of hearing about the indecent acts of the aristocrats, and of the fact that they would always be superior regardless.

He figured that he might as well use this extra time to study the spell models and relevant information in his A.I. Chip.

Leylin's eyes lost focus as he devoted the entirety of his attention to the A.I. Chip...

Robin and Kesha had made up by the time Leylin returned to the bonfire in the evening. They, too, knew it wasn't a time to discuss such things.

Robin gathered all the warlocks next to the bonfire and spoke of the final safety precautions.

"This pocket dimension was discovered by a Barbarian Bear tribe from the Forgotten Land and the information was proliferated in the Forgotten Land instead of being kept secret. Following that, 2 factions, that were led by human magician fugitives and the local barbarians respectively, also marked out this sacred place, opposing the Barbarian Bears.

"They are the three main factions that we'll be facing this time. Aside from a trickle of other intellectual species, we can overlook the rest..." He explained in detail.

"The entrance to the pocket dimension is at the mid-section of an underground river, guarded by these forces! We must break in swiftly, then fight our way through using either a boundary-breaking spell or by force..."

A solemn look was painted across the faces of Leylin and the rest.

Given the pitiful concentration of energy particles in the Forgotten Land, it would be hard to find useful resources.

Thus, this secret place was of utmost importance to the Forgotten Land and its livelihood, especially towards those factions! These factions would not sit back if Leylin and the rest were to take advantage of this land!

Though the group was practically undeterred as they were backed by the Ouroboros Clan, it must also be understood that the Clan would not launch an attack just for them. It just wasn't worth it!

To add on, there was no end to the amount of evil and wicked Magi and dangerous creatures in the Forgotten Land that couldn't care less about it.

Leylin and the rest had to defend themselves throughout the duration of their escape from the Forgotten Land, or else it'd be a truly undignified sacrifice if they were to lose their lives.

The boundary-breaking spell was a type of escaping spell that was fast and convenient, customised for entering and exiting pocket dimensions. Though the result varied for different types of lands, and might have no effect on occasion, it was still a useful spell.

Though, if one was superior in ability he'd be able to travel through the pocket dimension with ease. Obviously, this did not work with Leylin and company. Why else would they painstakingly plot all this?

# Chapter 419: An Unexpected Situation

“What happens after we enter the pocket dimension? Are we going to be working together or alone?” Leylin asked unhurriedly from the side, taking a bite of the roast meat.

Kesha was gazing at Robin attentively. The reason she was here was due to the temptation of the precious materials in the pocket dimension. It was natural not to choose to work together.

“You can do as you wish!” Robin answered without hesitation.

“I have a general topographic map here, but it lacks a lot of information. Take a look!” Robin had evidently made preparations earlier and produced two maps, giving one each to Kesha and Leylin.

“Of course, after we get everything, I hope we can discuss or perhaps exchange a few things. If anyone here plans to sell their precious materials, the other two shall have the preemptive right to purchase them!” Robin was very thoughtful, and since Kesha and Leylin had no issues with that, they both nodded.

.....

A snaking river flowed out from underground, the sound of surging water echoing throughout the cavity in this underground world, making it feel even more oppressive.

In another area, not only were there powerful defensive spell formation set-ups and runes that glimmered, there were even Magi and beings of other races patrolling the area.

Though these people looked pitiful wearing clothes filled with creases and patches, their auras were very powerful and wild.

Leylin and his group all entered Shadow Stealth state and snuck in.

Not far away from them, black bear humanoids—upright creatures with animal skins around their waists as well as other accessories—were standing guard.

“Barbarian Bears!” This was the first time Leylin had seen such a creature.

Unlike the half-beastmen who had escaped from the laboratories, Barbarian Bears were truly from another world. They were extremely intelligent, and their bodies were very resilient.

An adult Barbarian Bears was comparable to a rank 1 Branded Swordsman or Bio Booster, as well as other sub-branches of ancient Magi. After awakening, the power of their totems, elder Barbarian Bears, and Barbarian Bear Shamans could gain the ability to obtain magic with offerings, and turn into frightening magicians.

Just this tribe alone could take on the role as the kings in the Forgotten Land.

In front of Leylin, there were no less than a hundred elite Barbarian Bear warriors, as well as numerous elders and Barbarian Bear Shamans.

And their opponents were not limited to Barbarian Bears.

A few short green creatures strolled past the Barbarian Bears patrol group, holding multi-colour staffs with different ores and gems embedded into them. These staffs emitted detection magic, which caused Leylin to back up.

These green creatures were very similar to gnomes, though their larger heads were like watermelons, large and round. Their skin was a wretched green.

These were the Green-skinned barbarian Magi. Favouring the ability to cast spells, they had abandoned the advantage of strength. Their spiritual force and magic power were terrifying. Every single one of them was akin to a human rank 2 Magus, and some even emanated the strength of rank 3.

“What do we do?” Kesha’s voice travelled into Leylin’s ear.

“Don’t act recklessly. Look!” Leylin pointed in another direction.

At the side of the river, brown vines crawled all over a brown rock. It

looked very normal, but this immediately attracted Robin and Kesha's attention.

"It's an alarm spell pattern that targets hidden fluctuations in the air. It's concealed very well. If not for Leylin's warning, we'd all have been deceived!"

Robin gritted his teeth, "Let's withdraw first."

They exchanged glances and left the underground, while the other Black Horral Warlocks followed closely behind.

Boom! Once they got to another safe area, Robin's expression darkened, and cracks appeared under his feet from his stomps.

"Those wretched traitors to humanity! They must have set up those alarm spell patterns. If not, it'd be impossible for the Barbarian Bears and Green-skinned Barbarians to come up with this technique even if they had ten thousand more years to do so!"

Robin walked in circles, evidently very annoyed. Within the Forgotten Land, besides the Barbarian Bears and Green-skinned Barbarians, there were organisations formed entirely out of fugitive human Magi. There had always been three main forces here.

In order to protect this common asset of theirs that was the pocket dimension, they had obviously teamed up.

"Didn't we discuss this matter some time ago? Though this is the worst situation, we have made the required preparations. Relax, your emotional state does not seem too good."

Kesha watched Robin, whose eyes were turning red, and quickly warned, "Damn it. Leylin, Robin's probably going to have another episode!"

"Hm?" Upon hearing this, Leylin was stunned and turned to look at Robin's bewitching handsome face. It was now distorted, and bloodlust was beginning to converge.

This was obviously an effect of the emotional instability caused by his bloodline, resulting in Robin losing his senses.



“Wake up! Robin, you might need it!” A high-grade potion of tranquility appeared in Leylin’s hands as he stared at Robin.

Besides Noah and Kesha, the few other Black Horrall Snake Warlocks had retreated a distance.

It was not out of fear of being hurt by accident, but because of the bloodline, Robin’s outburst might even affect their own bloodline and cause them to descend into a state of confusion.

“No, I’ve had enough of that potion!” Robin’s eyes were gradually turning red, dense spiritual particles almost solidifying in front of him.

“Has your uncle been having these episodes lately?” Leylin asked Noah while watching Robin.

“No! It hasn’t been that long since the last episode. With the potion and suppression from the spell formations, it shouldn’t be happening again so soon...” Noah looked helpless.

“What should we do? If he really goes crazy, he’ll definitely kill us!” Kesha stood beside Leylin, now evidently on the same side.

“What else can be done? Hold him down and force him to calm down!”

Leylin’s eyes turned amber, and a pair of vertical pupils produced a terrifying chill.

After a few advancements, Leylin’s bloodline was even more concentrated, and the aura of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent had also risen.

This feeling was most evident to Robin. He took several steps back, his expression alternating between mania and rationality.

“Robin, we’re helping you!” At this moment, Kesha went forward, a powerful aura emanating from her body.

The two of them worked together and evidently gave Robin a terrifying amount of pressure.

At this moment, while he was breathing heavily, the rational expression stayed on his face longer.

“You’re right.” Robin’s voice became coarse and thick, completely different from the gentility it held before.

He produced a high-grade potion of tranquility from his spatial equipment and gulped it down.

A bracelet formed using white crystals was glimmering with tiny white rays, producing a chill that spread in all directions.

“Hah...” Robin let out a long breath, his expression becoming gentle.

He took a look around, eyes clear and wise, “Many thanks, everyone. I’m better now!”

“That’s great!” Noah cheered, while Kesha and Leylin looked like a weight had been lifted off their shoulders.

If Robin really were to act up now, they would have to give up on the plan despite their unwillingness not to.

“Robin, what’s going on? Why did it suddenly happen?” Kesha expressed her disapproval towards Robin.

“My apologies! The outburst of emotion was too sudden, and I could not control it at all...” Robin laughed wryly.

The defect of emotional instability caused by the bloodline had always been an issue for Warlocks. Even with all types of suppression potions and spell formations, they could only ease the issue, not cure it.

This was why Leylin’s potions of tranquility were in such high demand.

‘With Robin’s strength and thoughts, he shouldn’t be stirred up so easily and invoke the emotions from his bloodline. Looks like there’s something he must have from the pocket dimension, which caused him to be so irritated and be made susceptible to those emotions...’ Leylin rationalized.

Compared to other high-ranked Warlocks, he had used the breath of the Icy Jade Scorpion Emperor to treat his bloodline in Twilight Zone. That was why he had experienced no episodes till now.

Based on the A.I. Chip’s simulations and Leylin’s own calculations, he did not have to worry about this until he reached the Morning Star realm.

Other Warlocks would not be so fortunate.

Even a rank 3 Hydro Phase Warlock like Robin would often be affected by these emotions.

As for Kesha? Leylin's eyes swept past her, and he found at least three types of spell patterns that acted as alarms and bloodline-suppressors.

"Alright, now we think about what happens at the end of the plan," Leylin spoke, gathering Robin and Kesha's attention.

"Though we are now a distance away from the pocket dimension and have also especially set up a concealing spell formation, an outburst of aura like what just happened could be sensed by our opponents.

"We need to decide on what to do as soon as possible."

Upon hearing this, Robin looked sorry and embarrassed. This whole situation was caused by him.

Rank 3 Warlocks, merely by using their auras, could generate giant energy undulations, and it was unknown whether their setup was enough to conceal that.

"It can't be helped. We should enter stealthily, and if it doesn't work, we barge in!" Robin gritted his head and made his choice.

"Now that they might have discovered the undulations and are coming here, we should just head straight to the entrance of the pocket dimension. As I am the reason for the delay, I will place myself at the back of the group and enter after all of you have done so."

Robin bowed slightly.

At the rear, he would require much strength to face the crazed counter-attacks from other powers. Even Robin would find this difficult to bear, which made his sincerity clear.

Hence, Leylin and Kesha immediately agreed to Robin's suggestion.

# Chapter 420: Being Discovered

Leylin and Kesha were both unemotional, knowing that it was not the time for any disputes. Their opportunity was fleeting, and could not be wasted.

Approximately ten seconds later, everyone entered Shadow Stealth and left.

A huge formidable energy undulation suddenly broke through the spell and created a violent explosion, just like a prominent bonfire in the darkness of the night.

Of course, this was intentionally set up by Leylin and company.

And with the continuous transmission of the energy undulations, some brilliant rays shone in their direction...

“We’re here! This is the furthest we can go, any further and we might alert the alarms that were set up, even in Shadow Stealth. The spell has too many defects that can be probed.

Robin led everyone into a hiding spot and then stopped his steps.

Leylin looked over and from where he stood, he was able to see to the bottom of the flowing river, In the middle of which was a huge whirlpool. The continuously whirling water sparkled on occasion, and some green Barbarian Bears and human Magi started to emerge from it.

“The entrance to this pocket dimension is unexpectedly just a whirlpool....” Leylin nodded his head. The undulations that were being emitted by the whirlpool did not seem to be fake.

He was deciding on a path of approach.

Leylin took a closer look at the surroundings of the whirlpool. The A.I. Chip was working at full power, forming a 3D map of the area in his mind. The enemy’s defense was naturally strong, with some large structures and a sentry system in place for defense. There were even some rank 3 Magi standing guard.

Leylin shifted his line of sight to the center and shot a glance at a Barbarian Bear. It had a thick neck with a weird looking flag on its back. There was another big headed, very old looking Green-skinned Barbarian. Lastly, there was an unassuming human Mage robed in grey.

“These three...” Leylin’s pupils dilated, “They’re at least at Hydro Phase. As for the Barbarian Bear, it might already be at the Crystal Phase!”

Leylin and company were nearly equal in power to these Magi, and only held a slight edge in power. Once the patrols were counted in, numbering ten times their own, it would be very difficult to defeat them.

“I will make use of the secret gem to cover up our tracks. Wait for my signal and move together. My men and I will take care of the back!” Robin took out a black ring and spoke in a heavy tone.

Leylin and Kesha both nodded their heads, and walked in a straight line towards the whirlpool in the dark river.

There were some scattered buildings around where they were that looked brand new. It also had a rugged feel to it, most likely made by the Barbarian Bears. Leylin and company were amongst the shadowy construction area and moved progressively towards the centre with the help of the shadows of some patrolmen.

“If they come ten metres closer to us, we will attack!” Robin’s voice sounded out, the tone oppressive.

Rank 3 Magi were very sharp and alert. As soon as they came close, the party would certainly be discovered.

In the midst of the crack in the shadows, the outside world seemed like it was covered with a layer of fog, almost like a starch paste. It was very vague and fuzzy.

However, Leylin could clearly sense them advancing.

One metre... two metres... three metres...

Another seven meters to go and Leylin and the rest of the Warlocks would have the confidence to breach their defence and wipe them out

completely before heading for the pocket dimension.

Woo woo... At this very moment, something unexpected suddenly happened. The decorative flag on the back of the Barbarian Bear started to flap and shudder.

A strange skull symbol on the scarlet red patch of the flag started to open its mouth, revealing a mouthful of sharp teeth as it wailed loudly.

“Intruder!” The Barbarian Bear stood up and hissed. The sound engulfing the entire area.

“Damn, we’ve been exposed! Charge!” A singular ray of brilliance shone through the hollowness and Robin appeared to take the lead.

“Innate poison!” Immediately, he opened up his poison domain.

In a split second, an invisible and terrifying ripple originated from Robin and started to spread. The surrounding patrolmen immediately started to collapse one after the other, with some dying on the spot and their bodies decomposing thereafter.

“Toxic Bile! You are a Warlock from the Ouroboros Clan!” The average-looking Magus wearing the grey robe clenched his teeth, as if he had some deep-seated hatred with the Ouroboros Clan.

“Activate the rank 5 poison defense spell formation!” He ferociously raised his hands and clapped.

A burst of intense brilliance erupted and a huge spell was cast, rays of green falling on every Magus present.

Like a protective armor, the spread of the green rays enveloped the Magi. Although the armor was trembling continuously, it resisted the attack of the Toxic Bile. As for the rest of the Magi around Robin, they were completely doomed for, even with the assistance of the spell formation.

“All of these sinners deserve death! Do not show mercy!” Kesha and Leylin entered the scene with her yell as she launched her own attack of poison. The rest of the Magi soon followed suit.

In the blink of an eye, the Kemoyin Serpent poison built up, repeatedly overlapping and growing. The formidable power increased to such an extent that even Leylin raised his eyebrows in awe.

Zi Zi! The green rays of brilliance were corroding the armor. The other Magi and tribes who were standing behind could not hide their stunned faces.

“Kill!” The huge Barbarian Bear said coldly after a loud roar. The muscles on its body bulged, and the velvet fur stood on end as its physique immediately widened.

As for the big-headed Green-skinned Barbarian, it quickly took out multiple bottles of different sizes, as if ready to cast spells.

“Leave him to me. You deal with the rest!” Robin looked over at the grey-robed Magus with fervour.

“I remember now, he is a Magus from Lone Zither, the sole survivor of the massacre.”

At the mention of this name, the grey robed Magus’ face turned blood red, “Today, I shall avenge the death of my teachers and classmates!”

Vroom! A ball of black flame ignited from his body just like a human shaped column and dashed towards Robin.

“Seeing how things have developed till now, I can only go all out!”

Without any other choices, Leylin shrugged his shoulders and, with lightning speed, tossed out multiple test tubes and bottles containing potions.

“Potion combination spell—Divine Prairie Flame! “

A large number of fire snakes swirled and engulfed everyone who was desperately trying to defend against the Kemoyin Poison. Huge billows of smoke rose in the air along with their pitiful cries as a violent and deafening explosion erupted from the blaze.

‘It costs ten times as much to cast a spell here as it does outside. We need to preserve some strength to defend ourselves in case enemy troops

catch up with us, so...' Leylin drew out the black Meteor Sword from his waist.

The grooves on its blade buzzed continuously, as if thirsting for blood.

"Cross Slash!" Leylin grasped his fallen sword and delivered a single forward hack!

A black cross-shaped ray from the edge of the blade streaked across and dismembered a majority of the Magi into pieces. The Kemoyin poison from the blade immediately caused their flesh to decompose.

"We are not here to kill people. We only have to get into the pocket dimension!"

Leylin looked at the surroundings and saw the human grey robed Magus blocked by Robin, while Kesha had picked to go up against the huge Barbarian Bear. He found it puzzling as to why she liked such big challenges.

Noah, on the other hand, led the Black Horrall Snake Magi and continued with the attack.

The entire field was a sea of confusion and chaos. An urgent bugle horn sounded and Leylin could feel the rays of light that chased them making their way back rapidly.

"Foreign human, do you also long for the Forgotten Land's pocket dimension?"

With a brain that was twice the size of a regular human and a body covered with endless wrinkles, the Green-skinned Barbarian was done with its poison concoction and positioned itself in front of Leylin, revealing its few teeth that were stained yellow.

"I didn't expect you to be a Potions Master as well!" Leylin looked intently at the grey coloured alms bowl the Green-skinned Barbarian was holding. In it was a bubbling dense green liquid.

"Get out of my way!" The fallen sword in Leylin's hand created endless blade rays.



A huge ray of brilliance swiped across the ground and left a long deep gush.

“You shall make a fine addition to my, Modris’, collection!”

The Green-skinned Barbarian laughed. With it’s exceptionally nimble hands and the constant undulations on its body increasing steadily, it seemed as if it was more powerful than Leylin!

Swish! Swish! The clever Green-skinned Barbarian split his body into three parts, and in turn each part grew as a whole. It headed straight for Leylin at full speed.

“Just this?” Leylin smiled callously as swiped his sword repeatedly and pierced through two of the phantom images.

The Green-skinned Barbarian’s smile showed a confidence in victory as it swiftly started chanting.

Beside one of the phantom images, the greenish liquid in the grey alms bowl exploded and manifested itself into a gooey monstrous hand.

The innumerable suction pads on the hand started trembling, seeming like it was attached to a tremendously huge body that was attempting to break free from the alms bowl.

Green billows of fog filled the air as if a cage and attempted to trap Leylin within.

But suddenly, the Green-skinned Barbarian’s eyes shot open.

Leylin showed no signs of panic or fear amidst the fog, and on the contrary, took out a potion of his own from his belt. A layer of pink smoke slowly dispersed, enveloping the alms bowl.

The pink smoke neutralized the green gas in moments, and soon droplets of liquid started to form that sprinkled onto the ground.

“How... How can it be...” The Green-skinned Barbarian’s jaw fell wide open.

“Are you surprised your summon mixture has zero effect? Do you think I can’t recognise it?” Leylin looked at the Green-skinned Barbarian, his

smile showing his satisfaction.

“With just a potion of clean-jem neutralizing potion, the problem can be solved. You should be embarrassed to use such mediocre potions against me!”

# Chapter 421: Sudden Entry

Battles between Potions Masters depended most on their accumulated knowledge and recipes.

For instance, had Leylin not recognised the type of potion that the Green-skinned Barbarian was using, it might have been a hindrance to him.

The winner was determined by who managed to see through the other party's setup.

When it came to all this information, how could the Green-skinned Barbarian match up to Leylin, who possessed the A.I. Chip?

"You-" The opposite Green-skinned Barbarian's fingers began to shake, evidently in fear.

"What? Are you planning to use the Star-traced amulet and activate the Icy Frost Potion above your waist, or are you going to use the Corrosive Poison Arrow Potion at your back?"

Leylin measured up this Green-skinned Barbarian, obviously ridiculing it.

"Oh! No, I think you're doing this as a cover for you to activate your Wind Spirit's Fury under your feet!"

All sorts of expressions crossed the opposite Green-skinned Barbarian's face, and it was truly difficult for it to have so many expressions and movements on his creased face. At the end, all this turned into terror.

"Ah! You're the devil! The devil!"

The Green-skinned Potion Master yelled, and actually abandoned his race and companions, fleeing from the battle area first.

It evidently had a very high status here. After seeing it flee, the other Green-skinned Barbarians were startled, and with some of them shouting at the top of their voices, they rapidly left the area.

"Good job!" Robin, who was not far away, revealed a smile. He was the

strongest of the three of them, and the opposite grey-robed Magus could only fend for himself.

Kesha, who was on the other side, was not so lucky.

When she had chosen her opponent, she had had no A.I. Chip and depended on her judgment. She had actually chosen the Barbarian Bear Shaman, which was likely at the Crystal Phase.

This Barbarian Bear Shaman not only had unimaginable strength but also a tough body. Even Kesha's Eye of Petrification could only hold it for a second and had no other effect.

Rank 1 or two spells that struck it would char the fur, but there would be no substantial harm. As for rank 3 spells? Not only were such models difficult to get a hold of, to use them in the Forgotten Land required that one pay a huge price.

Not everyone was a Potions Grandmaster like Leylin, who could use potions to simulate the effects of a rank 3 spell.

Wooh wooh! At this moment, the skeleton flag on Barbarian Bear Shaman's back suddenly exploded, sounding like a bugle horn.

"Awoo awoo!" The surrounding Barbarian Bears who heard these sounds immediately roared frantically, eyes turning blood-red and their offensive abilities increasing by a large amount. Noah and the other Warlocks were immediately at a disadvantage.

"They're entering a frenzied state! Even regular Barbarian Bears are affected! How about that one?"

Leylin immediately shifted his attention to the Barbarian Bear Shaman.

Along with the sounds of the horn, the Barbarian Bear abruptly roared towards the skies, slapping its chest.

Thick veins that were like old tree roots occupied its hands, chest, and back.

Ka-cha! The skull of this Barbarian Bear cracked open, revealing a muscle similar to a brain that was beginning to glow with warmth.

“Awoo!” Under its crazed roar, this Barbarian Bear Shaman’s body began to expand. Its body that was about two floors high became taller, turning into a gigantic humanoid bear-shaped monster.

Energy undulations typically produced by Crystal Phase Magi burst out from the body of this giant Barbarian Bear.

“Crystal—Crystal Phase!” Kesha looked pained.

The Barbarian Bear monster obviously did not care about that. With its paw that could cover the heavens, it swiped at her!

Under this terrifying might, the air seemed to solidify and began to attack Kesha.

With a boom, Kesha’s figure was sent flying, slamming into numerous buildings.

“Explosive Fireball!”

Countless giant fireballs exploded on the Barbarian Bear’s head, but the groove with what seemed to be a brain was not the least bit damaged. All these attacks successfully incited the fury of the Barbarian Bear monster, and attracted its attention elsewhere.

“Kesha, how is it? Are you dead yet?”

“Who asks questions like that?” Bricks exploded, and Kesha’s figure appeared.

However, she was not in a very good condition. Her clothes were tattered beyond repair, revealing dense snake scales. Kesha was now in her snake form, and not only did her Kemoyin’s Scales cover her entire body, even her pupils had elongated and turned vertical.

Even with the most powerful defensive form of Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks, there was a huge wound on her arm and it was slightly twisted. Even her bones had issues.

“I used a diversion technique and shifted most of the attack to my left hand.” Kesha revealed her mangled left arm and smiled wryly as she explained, “I didn’t expect that Barbarian Bear to be so fierce! It’s very

dangerous today!”

To be defeated by a creature that used brute force and its physique, it was a huge blow to her.

Leylin smiled wryly and quickly pulled Kesha aside, dodging a large black foot.

Boom! The building from before was smashed, leaving behind a gigantic footprint.

“What we need to consider right now is how to get away from them. Besides, the support troops and Magi who we attracted before are coming this way. The traps we set up can’t hold them for too long, so we need a plan!”

Leylin quickly told Kesha, his words reaching Robin who was a distance away.

“Awoo!”

At this moment, the giant Barbarian Bear monster was already destroying everything, whether it was its ally, the Green-skinned Barbarian, fallen Magi, Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan or even Barbarian Bear warriors, all were attacked without distinction.

“Ah!”

A Black Horrall Snake Warlock was grasped in the palm of the gigantic Barbarian Bear monster, and produced miserable shrieks of fear.

“You monster. Die!” His facial muscles twisted as he yelled, terrifying rays converging in his hands and turned into a large axe, striking down at it.

Ka-cha!

The axe, which had the terrifying might of a rank 3 spell made contact with the monster’s chest, and actually produced sparks.

Boom! Boom! The Barbarian Bear monster took two steps back, shook its head, and continued roaring.

With a swing of its arm, it threw the rank 3 Black Horrall Snake Warlock into its mouth and began to chew.

Gachi! Gachi!

Flesh, blood, organs and bones slid out from its mouth.

The might of those jaws, as well as its physique and sharp teeth turned the Barbarian Bear monster's mouth into a grinder, turning the Warlock into minced meat.

"Oh no! Alfredo!"

Noah screamed. It looked like yet another Warlock from his family had died, while Robin's expression turned as gloomy as dark waters. When he saw a few rays about to catch up to them, his eyes revealed a steely determination.

"Quick, get into the pocket dimension. I'll bring up the rear," he opened up his hand, "Illusory Terror!"

Formless thin lines like a large web trapped all the human grey-robed Magi within. There were even all sorts of strange laughter being produced in the air.

After that, he stood in front of the giant Barbarian Bear monster and helped Noah and the others stall for time.

"The seal spell formation is completed." At this moment, a Warlock who had been by the dark river called out.

A scarlet rune launched from his finger and entered the whirlpool of the underground dark river.

Pila! A giant blue web immediately appeared on the surface of the river.

"Open!" Leylin's eyes flickered with blue rays, his Meteor Sword streaking across with a strange arc and slashing at the web!

Black light flashed, and the blue web immediately broke apart, revealing the black entrance to the pocket dimension in the whirlpool behind it.

"Quick, quick, quick! Hurry up!" Many Warlocks immediately jumped

into the whirlpool, and immediately disappeared with silver spatial rays.

“Senior Robin, let’s go!”

Leylin slashed at the area with the Meteor Sword and terrifying Kemoyin toxins appeared once more, before he unhesitatingly jumped into the whirlpool.

“Awoo!” The giant Barbarian Bear monster’s eyes glinted with intelligence, and it charged towards Robin in a frenzy.

“What a pity! This is something I only just got my hands on!”

Robin took a look at the monster and tossed a black ball at it.

Pak!

Countless vines appeared in mid-air, with green shoots and leaves that formed a large green web that trapped it within.

“Ball of Binding! This is a one-time use magic object passed down from ancient times. Even Crystal Phase Magi will be held back for at least a minute!” Robin sighed, and then jumped into the whirlpool.

Silver-white rays flashed, and he disappeared.

At this moment, a few splendid rays charged to the camp and the lights vanished, revealing the forms of a few people who looked terrible.

“Douglas, stop, you idiot!” A Barbarian Bear with golden fur immediately went forward and roared using a unique method.

This roaring was at a specific frequency that prevented the monster from moving.

“Looks like someone broke into the pocket dimension! I smell the disgusting scent of Warlock blood...”

The Green-skinned Barbarian leader’s nose twitched and he concluded confidently.

“The Ouroboros Clan? Even they have to abide by our rules in the Forgotten Land!” Together with these two Magi was a human Magus with a strange brand on his face that seemed like some kind of symbol.



# Chapter 422: The Sun's Child

“So what now? Do we continue our chase?”

Upon hearing the howl of the Barbarian Bear, the huge monster had already returned to its original state and was currently lying on the floor, depressed.

“Or we could simply destroy this entrance!” the golden-furred Barbarian Bear proposed.

“Are you mad? It would be a waste to destroy such a good pocket dimension. Nobody will agree to it!” The Green-skinned Barbarian shook his head and continued: “Besides, those Magi can completely escape from other small cracks. This is such a silly plan!”

The Barbarian Bear groaned coldly, revealing a big flag on his back.

“Alright! Alright, currently we are allies and we need to discuss as to how we will handle our enemies!” said the human Magus as he was stuck in between the Green-skinned Barbarian and the Barbarian Bear.

“What else can we do? If we have no intentions of letting our enemies mindlessly plunder from our pocket dimension, then we must send people in! But you’ve seen their strength, we’d be sending them to their deaths!” The Green-skinned Barbarian’s eyes flashed with a tinge of helplessness.

“Then we’ll have to deploy Hydro and Crystal Phase Magi! In the worst case scenario, we just abandon our bases. First, we must gather our men here!” the human chief replied.

“Since you said so...” The Green-skinned Barbarian and Barbarian Bear chiefs looked at each other. “Then it’s settled! We will immediately send out the signal!”

.....

“Is this the pocket dimension that was established by Quicksand in ancient times?” Leylin said whilst standing on a huge plain that, every now and then, emitted wisps of fog.

Leylin looked at the statistics gathered by the A.I Chip and nodded his head. “From this mapping of energy particles, the concentration here is almost the same as that of the outside world. There isn’t any impact to spells anymore!”

During the battle at the underground river, Leylin and the other Magi could not use their entire strength because of the lack of energy particles. But it was different here.

Of course, there were always two sides to a coin. With this concentration, even the Crystal Phase Magi of the other side would have their strengths restored as well, and become free of restraints.

Robin’s silhouette slowly emerged as silver rays of light flashed. He looked at his surroundings and his expression lit up, “Wonderful! These are the Purple Plains, which are not very far from the Magi buildings in the center!”

“Where do you intend to go? If we have different targets to plunder, we need to separate here!” He asked Leylin and Kesha for their opinions.

“Of course! I want to go to the core of the Magi buildings!” Leylin said with a know-it-all look on his face. The Lamia Hair was likely to be kept in the core of the pocket dimension, why would he go to other places?

“Me too!” Kesha followed. Each pocket dimension had its own set of rules, and the resources were most plentiful at its core. Furthermore, the ruins of Magi are there, so there definitely would be storerooms and laboratories inside, making it the most sought after place.

“That’s good then! We shall go to the ruins of the central continent together, then split and start our mission when we arrive!” Robin nodded his head: “In any case, the ruins there are expansive and we can’t say for sure we won’t run into...”

There could still be remaining Magi and other creatures from the previous three forces that dwelled in the pocket dimension, and not to mention the possibility of armies chasing after them. They ought to move as a group to achieve better security to prevent any mishaps.

To make full use of time, Robin immediately announced the start of the mission.

Although they had lost two men in their lineup, the remaining ten shot out blazing rays of light from their pupils, which transformed into ten black streaks that pierced through the horizon.

Bang! A Green-skinned Barbarian Magus was thrown to the ground with no light in his eyes. His forehead had a massive and terrifying hole in it, and one could faintly see a portion of his brain. But it was already thoroughly destroyed and looked like a lump of starch paste.

This Green-skinned Barbarian Magus originally had rank 2 Strength. But because his brain was damaged and he did not deploy a clone seed beforehand, he was actually doomed to die.

As his body twitched, the flames of his life were slowly extinguished.

Kesha, who was beside him, took out a gold-trimmed handkerchief and cleaned her hands of the brain remnants.

“I’ve already extracted fragments of his memory. He is a sage of the Green-skinned Barbarians. This time, he came to gather potion materials and resources. According to his memory, we did not deviate far from our original path and we are almost at the core of the pocket dimension—the Quicksand ruins!” she told a bunch of Magi near her.

Their faces flashed with delight upon those words.

They had taken about two days to get to their current location. All this time, they had not only encountered scattered members of the three forces, there were also Hydro Phase Magi on their tails with orders to kill.

That troop, under the lead of a Crystal Phase Magus, had unhesitantly chased after their group.

Luckily, being Warlocks whose strength exceeded their levels, Leylin’s group had been able to fight them and flee whenever they met, but this had still caused a deviation from their original plans.

“Go there as quickly as possible, find what we need and immediately get

out! Our traps will not be able to hold them off for long!”

Robin’s expression sank. The small squads at the back could only grit their teeth and carry on with the mission with no time to rest, not to mention any time to find resources.

Even if a trap was put in place again, with the add-on of Leylin’s spectacular skills, and the difficulty in successfully confining multiple Rank 3 Magi, the effects would not last very long.

Even their whereabouts would be known to their enemies.

After entering the pocket dimension, their ultimate goal was to reach the Quicksand ruins in the central continent. Leylin and company had never tried to conceal this fact – or rather, they couldn’t.

The fiery, blazing sun shone in the sky scorching everything.

Although this was merely a projection of the sun of another realm, the terrible heatwaves were still rising constantly, clambering up the surrounding temperature.

Leylin had draped himself with a white cloak and was standing in a large desert. There was only yellow sand as far as the eye could see. Not even a cactus could be seen, not to mention other plants and animals. It was a scene of death.

“Although this is a desert, the atmosphere and environment here are out of the norm!”

Leylin grabbed a handful of sand and its boiling heat spread to the center of his palm, “This kind of temperature is easily beyond a 100 degrees. Leave alone animals or plants, even a group of acolytes or rank 1 Magi cannot stand this terrible place for too long...”

He opened his palm, letting the boiling sand slip through his fingers. “Furthermore, this terrain is giving off a peculiar vibe. It seems to be from an ancient life form!”

“Did you notice it too?” Robin walked up to Leylin as he asked.

“Mm! Apparently, there are traces of some kind of ancient life form that

lived here once, and they have a characteristic of blazing heat.” He said with a firm nod of his head.

Large-scale environmental changes like these, made subconsciously by the ancient life forms, were scarily similar to those by Breaking Dawn Magi.

“I’ve heard a rumor. Among the ancient Quicksand Organization, there was once the son of a famous Bloodline Warlock who safely returned to his ancestors and really became the ancient Sun’s Child.

Robin looked at the vast desert and could not bear to sigh with sorrow: “We can’t say for sure but if that Sun’s Child was here before and cast his power...”

“The Ancient Sun’s Child!” Leylin’s faced changed slightly as he scanned through the database of the A.I Chip.

This was not just a simple bloodline creature. Its flames could burn in a vacuum, twisting the concepts of time. Even in some small worlds, the sun seen is not the actual fixed burning star, but in fact a grown Sun’s Child!

In the event of a Sun Child leaving the small world, it would bring great disaster to that place.

“Relax, even if the Sun’s Child surpassed Breaking Dawn Magi and entered the unpredictable rank 7, he would have probably died long ago during the ancient war.”

Robin seemed to have confidence and Leylin nodded his head in agreement.

Although ancient Magi were incomparably strong, their enemies, too, knew the rules of survival. And could even wipe out certain Magi via these rules.

Once somebody falls during the war, there was no possibility for them to survive. Even if they cloned their bodies as a backup, it was no use because it would decay the second the main body dies.

Even if the Sun’s Child surpassed the strength of the Morning Star

Magus, it would be dreadful if he was made to enlist and die during battle.

‘Everything takes its own course. Even one as strong as the sun cannot escape the fate of death!’ Leylin sighed.

‘So it is uncertain if rank 9 Magi will be able to reach immortality?’ This was his highest pursuit and his greatest ambition, a path to eternal life!

Even if he attained the position of a rank 9 Magus in the highest realm, if he realized that he was unable to be immortal, he would still carry on with his journey, without the slightest hesitation, looking for all hope and opportunities!

Leylin’s pupils burned with desire, but he quickly concealed it.

“We’ve arrived!” Shouted Robin who was at the front.

“Hm? Let’s take a look!” Robin and Leylin looked at each other and walked to the front.

After kicking a small sand dune over, they spotted a huge, black, ancient castle, peacefully standing on its own amidst the yellow desert. The rising heat waves caused the castle to look like an oasis, a scene from a dream. But they could only see a small portion of it, and were able to roughly gauge the size of the ancient castle.

“We’re here! There are traces of Magi here—Quicksand Castle!” Robin laughed out loud.

And surrounding the ancient castle, there were a few people working on temporary construction; a few Barbarian Bears, Green-skinned Barbarians and human Magi forming a harmonious group. At certain times, there were Magi setting off alone, changing into flowy rays of light and entering the ancient castle.

# Chapter 423: Defeat

A small white bird landed, and Kesha opened her shut eyes. “From the energy fluctuations at that end, they have, at most, a Hydro Phase Magus overseeing them. What do we do?”

“Even though they have received some information related to us, it isn’t too risky to just barge in. We still have to obtain some sort of guide or map of the area to explore it, though.....”

Robin let out a deep sigh, “My subordinates only acquired a part of the information about the outermost region. They have no clue as to the internal structure of Quicksand Castle...”

“Even if it’s a trap, the opponent’s teams have been trapped in the sculptured spell formation. Even if there was a trap set up, they would not have much manpower!” Leylin stoked his chin as he stated this assumption.

“In that case, we have nothing to be afraid of!” Robin’s laughed sardonically.

Having been chased after by their opponents for such a long time, almost to the extent of being chased out of the pocket dimension, he held a lot of pent up anger, a sentiment more or less shared by every other Warlock present.

Pu!

A scaly hand suddenly extended outwards from emptiness and grabbed the chest of a Barbarian Bear Warrior, gouging out a still-throbbing bright-red heart.

Drops of fresh blood that had yet to lose their warmth dripped down unceasingly, causing the surrounding Magi to be scared stiff.

“Ah! A beautiful, short, death!” A Black Horrall Snake Warlock robed in black squeezed out of a crack in the shadows, his face revealing a mesmerised expression.

Magi could, more or less, be considered mentally ill, and Warlocks were

no exception.

Previously, they had been restricted from acting by the royal bloodlines, but now there was no such thing. Once the orders for an attack were given, the alliance went into complete chaos as six Black Horrall Snake Warlocks, together with Noah, massacred every Magus in sight, regardless of rank. Even acolytes were not spared.

That tragedy had caused some Magi to flee.

Boom! The central building exploded. Three magi with gloomy expressions floated in mid-air, their bodies emanating the terrifying energy of Hydro Phase Magi.

“Launch the spells!” the one at the center shouted. A ring of fluorescent light flickered and large runes formed a steel cage, firmly securing the entire campsite within.

“I knew you had some tricks up your sleeves. But where are your Hydro Phase and Crystal Phase Magi? Have they all died?”

Just when the three Hydro Phase Magi were about to go forth to stop them, a spark exploded out of the darkness. Robin, along with Leylin and Kesha, stepped out to block them with a sneer.

There were no Morning Star Magi in the Forgotten Land. Even the major powers of the region like the Barbarian Bears had few Crystal Phase Magi.

To deploy a small team to hunt after Leylin’s team was the most they could do without their tribe leaders. Even for that, they had to give up on many strategic locations.

Were this team to be trapped, this alliance in the pocket dimension would have their overall strength greatly reduced.

After all, this group of Magi was only exploring the place. Nobody had expected them to invade.

“A mere one at the Hydro Phase and two at the Vapour Phase. I, Dominic, will ensure that none of you leave this place today!” The human Magus, who wore black robes with a cross-shaped floral pattern on his



face, charged forward as Hydro Phase spiritual force surged forth like a tsunami.

"Oh really? But in the eyes of us royal Warlocks, you are like a lamb to be slaughtered!" Robin's eyes showed a tinge of arrogance and a horrifyingly intimidating strength erupted fiercely from his body.

The same happened with Leylin and Kesha.

"Rank 3 innate spell—Intimidating Gaze!"

This was the formidable spell that high-level rank 3 Warlocks could master. Moreover, even the strength of this spell in the hands of rank 3 Black Horrall Snake Warlocks could not compare to when Leylin and party used it, even if they had trained in the same spell.

This deterrence strength was entirely attributed to the bloodline. The more concentrated the bloodline, the stronger its ancient roots, the more powerful the effect of intimidation would be.

"Rank 3 spell formation! The Domain of Unity!"

The bodies of the three began to glow, the light merging to form a strange triangular diagram.

Under the effects of the spell, the dreadful force fields the three of them emitted actually started to indistinctly complement each other and increase in intensity, forming a force similar to that of the domain of a true Morning Star Magus!

Waves of hissing howls arose, those of ancient predatory Giant Kemoyin Serpents. Space vibrated endlessly and a more than thousand metre tall phantom of a giant serpent appeared. The serpent opened its amber eyes and stared straight at the 3 Magi ahead of it, making them break out in cold sweat.

'A real domain should possess three basic attributes: weaken the enemy, strengthen the self, and bend fundamental laws!' Leylin had a deep understanding regarding his own domain, all thanks to the large amounts of information hidden in the library of the Ouroboros Clan.

‘The terror of an individual Giant Kemoyin Serpent can at most weaken its enemies. When we cooperate, the terrifying force fields we generate complement and amplify each other!’”

In an instant, he saw the actions of the opposing Magi slow down. The acolytes fainted while rank 1 Magi could barely move. Rank 2 and 3 Magi could move and even cast spells, but their strength had been greatly reduced.

On the contrary, the Black Horrall Snake Warlocks had an abrupt increase in their aura, to the extent that they could compare to the Vapour Phase now. Under Noah’s lead, the low-ranked Magi unscrupulously massacred the camp.

‘After combination, our powers now both weaken the enemy and strengthen our allies. What a pity that we cannot bend laws, else it would have been a terrifying true domain!’ Leylin could feel the terrifying force field adding to his powers.

An indescribable aura entered his body, exciting his bloodline to a boil and pushing his power to that of the Hydro Phase.

Kesha’s situation was similar to his, but what shocked everyone the most was Robin’s transformation. As the core of this combination, he had received the greatest amplification of power. His aura increased nonstop and began to terrify even Leylin. Only Lucian had managed to inspire such emotion in him previously.

Supplemented by the innate gift of three Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks, Robin had already neared the threshold of the Crystal Phase. With the addition of his bloodline’s strength, he had completely stepped into the Crystal Phase in power!

”This terrifying force field! You are all Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks!” The human Magus, Dominic, squinted his eyes, his body trembling.

The reports had only mentioned that a group of rank 3 Warlocks had invaded the pocket dimension. Because Leylin and the other three had only used their innate poison spells when they entered and not this

terrifying force field, the Magi had underestimated them.

Even if they were rank 3 Warlocks, the Black Horrall Snake bloodline and the Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline were in completely different leagues. Their strengths were poles apart.

Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks were very rare, and typically never strayed out of the Ouroboros Clan headquarters where they were well-protected. The human Magus had not expected the presence of so many Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks in this infiltrating party.

He could feel a portion of the spiritual force in his sea of consciousness being locked. His inability to use it caused his expression to change to one of bitterness.

A little over ten minutes later, the massacre on the ground had come to an end. Limbs and flesh were strewn about everywhere. Noah and the nine remaining Black Horrall Snake Warlocks had not suffered any injuries, but their clothes had been dyed dark red.

The battle in the sky, too, had reached its climax.

"Ophidian Gnaw!"

Robin had grown even more terrifying, having activated his Kemoyin scales defence. The intricate black scales that covered him were smooth yet elegant, and there were even faint patterns on the surface, forming a complete rune the colour of blood.

He howled, and numerous streams of black air congealed into a large black phantom snake that swallowed a huge Barbarian Bear.

A cringeworthy sound of gnawing was emitted. Several seconds later, there was no longer a hint there of the existence of a Barbarian Bear Shaman.

"Shadow cage!" Leylin, Meteor Sword in hand, combed the area. From time to time, he would cast a few spells which caused the Green-skinned Barbarian Magus opposite him to retreat slowly.

Boom! At that time, a hidden trap burst out from behind the Green-

skinned Barbarian Magus, morphing into a cage of shadows that trapped the Barbarian within.

"Die!" Leylin rushed forward, his quick steps containing the elegance of a dancer. His sword slashed across the neck of the Green-skinned Barbarian. Green blood spurted out as a head flew across the sky.

"AAAAH!" The human Magus let out a startling cry and distanced himself from Kesha, morphing into a ray of light that streaked into the distance.

The cage from before had immediately made an opening for him as he neared.

"You need my permission to leave!" Just as the Magus was going to rush out of the cage, a black palm blocked his path. Robin made his way there with a smile.

Leylin and Kesha tailed behind him and blocked his retreat. Upon seeing that scenario, the Magus smiled wryly and put up both his hands in an act of surrender.

"What now?" The surrendered Magus immediately fell to the ground and fainted. Robin looked anxiously at Kesha.

"Even though the opponent was very cooperative, but it is extremely troublesome to scour through a rank 3 Magus' memories!" Kesha opened both her eyes, her face revealing an exhausted expression.

# Chapter 424: Quicksand Castle

“I have already check the maps and the symbols thoroughly. The copies he gave were real. It is exactly the same as in his memory....”

“That’s good!” Leylin glanced at Dominic who was lying dead on the ground whose sea of consciousness was still sealed.

“What do we do with him?”

“Throw the body out. He only co-operated because of the promise to spare his life.” Robin spoke indifferently, as if talking about garbage.

Every word and action of a rank 3 Magus carried with it a terrifying energy. Hence, the pacts they made, even if mere verbal agreements, would be like binding.

Of course, to Robin and Leylin, Dominic was no threat, therefore whether he was killed or spared made little difference to the bigger picture.

“Alright then!” Kesha summoned a yellow sand puppet which lifted Dominic from the ground and ran off to a distance.

“Hmm! Now, let’s take a look at the arrangements in the Quicksand Castle!”

After occupying the original camp, Leylin and company chose one of the rooms and assembled together. They spread out a map on a big round table.

This was what the coward Dominic had handed over. It had been retrieved from memory and tested for authenticity, so it was credible.

The structure of the huge castle was laid bare on this yellow parchment, surrounded by plain white barring a few outer areas that were marked with clearer symbols.

Amongst those were many areas marked as rank 3 danger zones.

This clearly showed that only rank 3 Magi with their capabilities could explore this place. Average rank 1 or rank 2 Magi would only be courting

their own deaths if they attempted to advance there.

Leylin and the other Magi looked on with intense attention, memorising the map completely.

“Based on the accumulated information from ancient times, not only are there plenty of illusions and traps here, the routes and defenses constantly change with the passage of time, rendering any work of mapping the traps useless. Currently, there are three routes that are safe for travel!”

Robin pointed on the map and explained, “They are the main door, the first window sill, and the rooftop which contained the flaw of the defensive spell formation, which one will you choose?”

After reaching this point, the team was basically going to split.

Leylin, just like the rest of them, had his own agenda in mind and hoped not to travel with the rest. This way, he would be able to protect his secrets.

“I intend to start from the rooftop which had the weakest entry point!” Kesha took the lead and decided, “The three Warlocks from my clan shall follow me!”

“I will take the main door then! Although the rooftop might contained good natural resources, the main door is much safer!” Robin chuckled.

Noah and the rest of the three Warlocks said nothing. It seemed like they followed Robin willingly.

“So I’ll...” Leylin parted his lips and was about to reply.

“Leylin, why don’t you join me?” Kesha invited, “I know you are looking for Lamia Hair. If we find it, you’ll get priority!”

Lamia Hair was very precious, so for Kesha to make such a comment showed the great extent of her goodwill for him.

“Join you?” Leylin lowered his head in thoughts. Of course there were benefits, especially in the face of enemy troops and when facing multiple traps. In turn, though, it would create many troubles for him.

He still had some strategies up his sleeves that he had not divulged as

yet because the time was not right.

“Sorry,” He smiled apologetically

“It’s nothing,” Kesha smiled, as if she didn’t care too.

“Alright! Let’s move out after we have decided on our routes. I do not wish to be chased out again!” Robin exclaimed and immediately left the room with Noah and the other three.

In this excursion, both Leylin and Kesha had not suffered much loss. However, Robin had lost two of his rank 3 subordinates, something which left him in regret. He felt a sense of urgency to search for more resources to make up for his losses.

Kesha and Leylin nodded their heads in agreement and quickly left the place.

The entire camp was left in a deathly silence. Remaining behind was the blood that had seeped into the ground and the wreckage, remnants of the violence that had taken place.

Shoo!

A few hours after Leylin and company had entered the depths of the ancient castle, a few rays of dazzling brilliance shone over from the horizon.

They faded out to reveal the figures of the Magi of the various tribes. In the arms of one of the women was the unconscious Dominic.

“This whole camp is completely abandoned, Coulomb and Akamu are most likely dead...” Seeing the ruins on the camp, many of the high ranking Magi had to constrain their rage.

“Coulomb is fine, he prepared a clone seed long ago. The regeneration itself will take place in our clan!” An old Green-skinned Barbarian announced, “If not for the fact that this cloning process causes huge exhaustion of his spiritual force, it would have been difficult to defeat him!”

“Not true!” Another Barbarian Bear Shaman who had a dull expression

remarked.

Within this camp, out of the three Hydro Phase Magi, one was in a coma and the other still had a clone seed. Only the Hydro Phase Barbarian Bear Shaman was truly dead.

The Barbarian Bear clan specialised in physical strength. As for the spells and such, they drew support and strength from the totem, so naturally they did not have many methods of keeping their lives safe. They were also rather rigid in thoughts, unwilling to bend over and surrender like the humans.

“I can feel the power of the Crystal Phase. Based on Akamu’s ability, only with such strength could they have wiped them out in such short order!” The Barbarian Bear Shaman roared loudly.

“What do we do now?” The female Magus’ eyes met the Green-skinned Barbarian.

“Give chase! I can smell them, they have intentionally split up!” The Barbarian Bear Shaman’s eyes grew bloodshot, looking horrifying. “Those who dare to murder those of my clan will pay dearly! I will act personally, and place their heads at our altar to suffer eternal damnation!”

It looked exceptionally furious indeed.

The female Magus shuddered in cold sweat. She had heard about such curses. It was said that the enemy’s head would be chopped off and placed on the altar and the power of the totem would inflict eternal torture.

Some rumours stated that the soul of the Magus would also be imprisoned inside the skull to suffer the eternal cruelty!

This was the Barbarian Bears’ most wicked punishment, and it looked like this time it was going to be put to use.

‘For these different tribes to survive in this Forgotten Land, they have to stay united, hence their troop cohesiveness is very high!’ The female Magus sighed. Comparatively, for the human alliance, which was made up mainly by the disloyal and traitorous, their alliance was very strong and solid but sadly there was no unity. Thus, their combined strength was less



than those of the Barbarian Bears and Green-skinned Barbarians.

“Let’s split up three ways and move forward!” The Green-skinned Barbarian nodded his head in agreement.

These three powerful individuals had met and formed an alliance for the pocket dimension. Although there was some semblance of unity amongst them, the bond was rather weak. Not too long ago, even they had been at loggerheads for sole ownership of the plane.

Thus, to act independently was a wise choice.

“The Magus whose is pestered by the spirit of Akamu chose the main door. I can feel it! I’m going after him.” The Barbarian Bear Shaman hastened his steps and immediately moved forward.

“I will choose the rooftop!” The old Green-skinned Barbarian added. With a hunched back that looked like it might break anytime, he held out crutches made of solid gold and precious gems and flew upwards.

“You...”

The female Magus shook her head. She stomped her feet and headed towards the windowsill.

At this moment, Leylin was unaware that the enemy troops had caught up with them and were just outside the vicinity. He was looking around the room curiously.

It looked like a bedroom. The floor area was very small with only a bed, a table, a chair and a bookshelf, with nothing else present. The wooden planks inside the house had turned a brownish yellow. Cobwebs and piles of dust covered the corners.

On the whole, it seemed like a regular abandoned bedroom.

Leylin walked to the bookshelf and started reading the titles on the spines of the books.《57 Ways To Brew Apple Wine》,《Ways To Capture Molten Bugs》,《The World – A General Discussion》...

There were many odd genres of books stacked neatly together, something that amazed Leylin. He held himself back and refused to touch

any of them.

Such ancient Magus castles had already absorbed unquantifiable radiation from the previous residents over the years. There might have been a terrifyingly powerful Magus as well, or the Sun's Child. The castle had probably undergone terrifying changes.

Leave alone the structure and essence, at this point it might even have manifested some bizarre phenomena. Some of those phenomena could not be explained even by the original owner, hence they could prove to be even more deadly.

Ancient Magi had been known to make good use of these as defense networks and build a large numbers of traps. Exploring Magi had previously had touched these items in the house and were drawn into a deep mysterious space, completely lost to the world.

Even well known Magi who had great status, too, met the same fate of death.

Many Magi were fearful of the terrifying outcome, therefore they would not act blindly without thinking.

"According to Dominic's report, I have to wait for another three minutes before the door can be opened!"

Leylin stood outside the bedroom door. His eyes stared coldly at the brass handle and his expressionless face looked serious.

On the wall, a clock was slowing ticking away.

Tick..Tock...Tick...Tock! The needles were moving very slowly. It seemed like the world had moved for five seconds and the clock only one.

With so many odd and unexplainable environmental influences, many Magi made the mistake of telling the wrong time. If it weren't for Leylin's A.I. Chip, he might have fallen into the same trap.

"It is time!"

Leylin watched attentively at the A.I. Chip's stopwatch. The moment the needle reached zero, he grabbed the handle immediately and opened the

door.

Boom!

Distant echoes could be heard in the corridor. Leylin looked to the ground and saw that the bright red carpet lined on the floor was spotless without traces of dust. Beautiful chandeliers hung from the ceiling, emitting a yellow radiance.

Leylin turned his head around, the original room was nowhere to be seen, not even a single trace of it remaining. What was left was just a blank empty wall.

“This must be the illusionary corridor, and this also means that I have entered into the second level of the castle! “

# Chapter 425: Ecological Garden

Leylin looked into the information the A.I. Chip had previously recorded.

The three powers had been hanging around for a long time, and they had definitely obtained a few useful items.

Based on Dominic's information, Quicksand Castle was far larger than it looked on the outside. It was practically a gigantic maze.

The numerous rooms outside were the first layer of defense.

If they did not leave on time, they would travel through countless rooms and later be trapped inside till their death.

The mark of the second layer would first be this illusory corridor.

With the dim yellow lighting, Leylin looked through the decorations in the corridor.

The two walls were mostly white, with some strange patterns of flowers and plants, but there were no portraits of humans. The red carpet on the ground extended until the end of the corridor, with not a speck of dust in sight.

"This drawing technique?" Leylin touched his chin. "It has the style of the ancient era. Looks like it is one of Quicksand's experimentation areas."

The strength of the current Magi could not compare to that of ancient times. Leylin even suspected that Magi at the Morning Star Realm or higher had even participated in the construction of this place.

As a mere rank 3 Warlock, , a slight misstep could take away his life!

Leylin glanced at the oil paintings in the corridor vigilantly, he started advancing in a strange pace.

The flower patterns on the two sides began to move in tune to his step. They began to grow, germinate, blossom and then wilt, creating a cycle.

"Rumours have it that the illusory corridor can only be entered with a unique walking frequency. It possesses a strange force that can send a

person to any place he would like to go to.”

Leylin remembered this passage, as well as the account at the end, “If there are errors in one’s footwork, the illusory corridor will turn into a life-threatening trap, trapping both their body and soul.”

This specific footstep was discovered through the huge sacrifice from the Magi on the outside, which now made things convenient for Leylin’s group.

“What exactly do I want?”

Leylin strolled along the corridor and constantly asked himself. A unique feature of the corridor was that if one did not have a clear desire, there would be no end.

After a specific period of time, the same mechanism would activate.

“Immortality, strength and all that would be too vague and exceed the abilities of the illusory corridor. I can only mention a place it can communicate with.”

Leylin muttered to himself, “It’s not safe to directly say the location of the Lamia Hair. If such a material doesn’t exist, the illusory corridor will instantly regard me as an intruder!”

This was a test for all who entered. The true owner definitely knew what was at the end of the corridor.

The teleportation of the corridor would only work within the castle. The moment Leylin mentioned an area that did not match what was inside, not only would there be no teleportation, but defensive spell formations would be activated instead.

However, he was unwilling to give up on the Lamia Hair.

‘I would like... to go to a place that will help my bloodline mature!’ A moment later, Leylin made up his mind and constantly repeated this line in his thoughts.

In that instant, the corridor seemed to shrink and the flowery patterns on the walls sped up. In a few seconds, they completed a cycle of growth.

A bit of light appeared at the end of the corridor, constantly expanding.

“Let’s go!” Leylin gritted his teeth and calmly headed ahead.

Swoosh! The feeling of weightlessness during the teleportation left him feeling dizzy.

Shaking his head vigorously, he took stock of his surroundings.

“Where is this...?”

He was in a large laboratory. He could see plants outside through the glass, as well as many glass vessels and experimental apparatus that were all neatly arranged inside.

“A lab, huh. My luck is pretty good. There’s definitely going to be something here to help mature my bloodline faster!”

Leylin let out a long breath, and immediately recalled the rumours regarding Quicksand. Given that their ranks consisted of Warlocks of various bloodlines, they had a vested interest in the field. It would not be difficult to find something that could help his bloodline mature.

Leylin arrived at a metal counter, and pulled out the first drawer. It was messy, mostly made of thick parchments recording data from experiments. It was all in the Byron language.

Leylin opened the other drawers, and the contents were about the same. There was mostly data from experiments, the counter practically filled by these documents.

“There is so much data, but it’s a pity there’s no information on the receptors and core data. There’s no way to tell the procedure of the experiment at all...”

Leylin found this regretful but quickly saved all the information to the database.

Even if it was mostly unrelated data, it was still very valuable. Who knows, some of these parchments could even hold the data essential to repeating the experiment!

In addition, with all its recent advances and improvement in its abilities,

it took little time to record everything.

Everything was organized neatly. It seemed like the Warlocks then had left in an orderly fashion, not leaving much behind.

After recording the information, Leylin turned his attention to the ecological garden outside the giant glass wall.

Large leaves that were like palm-leaf fans covered the sky. Barely any sunlight shone down on the thick roots of the plants.

It looked like a primordial forest.

However, Leylin who had experience from Twilight Zone immediately realised the difference in this sunlight. This was not sunlight from the natural world, but an artificial recreation of heat and light. Though there was a similar effect, it lacked the harmony of nature.

“This place has probably been abandoned for thousands of years. To be able to let this ecological garden achieve a balance like this, it truly is a perfect system achieved with astonishing skill,” Leylin sighed and touched the glass.

[Custom-made reinforced glass. Degree of hardness: 3!] The A.I. Chip concluded.

A level 3 hardness meant that regular rank 3 Warlocks would be unable to break this glass. Leylin’s eyes brightened at this information.

“Looks like this place was used to hold many powerful creatures.” A giant fireball appeared in Leylin’s hands, the terrifying heat burning even the air around it into nothingness and searing through the void.

“Explosive Fireball!”

Enormous flames smashed against the glass wall, the dazzle of the heat and light incomparably piercing. Even Leylin himself had to close his eyes temporarily.

When he opened his eyes again, there was an indent in a part of the glass, but not much more. It still stood strong.

‘As expected of a material with a hardness of level 3!’ Leylin sighed, as

he could immediately tell how much power this reinforced glass could withstand.

Based on the power of his attack, it needed to be used at least ten times before he could completely shatter this glass wall.

‘What for?’ he thought as he stroked his chin. While gathering information, he had also discovered an activating spell which should have been the key to entering the garden. The attack from before was purely to test how strong this laboratory was.

‘Looks like there were at most rank 3 creatures here, so it’s not too dangerous!’ Leylin was now assured. If not, the defence would not be so uncomplicated. Even if there were still spell formations that had yet to be activated, the creatures would still be around rank 3.

He quickly arrived at an instrument that was like a disk. After checking it briefly, he found a groove and placed crystallised magic crystals inside, replacing the previous powder.

After that, Leylin placed both hands atop the disk, rays travelling from his palms and connecting with the disk. “Activate!”

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! The entire glass wall began to shake, great amounts of dust and silt sliding off.

Rumble! As it had not been activated for a long time, the mechanism seemed to be aged and produced a loud sound as a glass door opened.

A crack appeared within the glass, expanding in two directions, bringing with it an unusually refreshing breeze.

In that instant, Leylin felt every cell in his body dancing in joy, and his Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline beginning to stir.

“I didn’t notice this before, but it seems like every plant in this ecological garden is an ancient species. Also, they’re quite a few times larger than the species we have now, containing traits of the ancient era...”

Leylin walked out of the laboratory and looked backwards. The laboratory from before was like a giant white egg, set atop a thick stone



base. Everything around it looked like a primordial forest.

‘With such obvious traits of the ancient era, and given how lively my bloodline has become, this place is a perfect copy of that period,’ he determined.

Though such an environment may have been the norm at the time. This is very valuable information...’ Leylin revealed an expression of excitement, and immediately commanded, ‘A.I. Chip, record the parameters of the environment!’

[Mission established, beginning scanning. Recording parameters of the atmosphere...]

The A.I. Chip loyally intoned, following through on Leylin’s command meticulously.

After giving the order, Leylin walked along a giant plant root, Meteor Sword in hand.

At the end of the root was a berry vine, and atop a leaf the size of a millstone, he found bite marks.

‘An animal eating,’ Leylin looked at the mark on the leaf, ‘It should be omnivorous, these marks are of teeth used to tear flesh!’ The plan was repairing itself rapidly, erasing all traces of the bites.

‘They grow so quickly, which explains how this cycle was constructed here...’ Leylin touched his chin and came to the ground. At the root of the plant was a stinking thick, green goop.

# Chapter 426: Blood Vulture

Leylin guessed that this animal was the bottom of the ecosystem's food chain. That was the only way for this cycle to have been sustained through the ages.

After all, this was just an ecological garden, not a pocket dimension full of resources. As big as it was, it could not support the entire ecosystem on its own. The organisms here had apparently established their own ecosystem in the absence of the researchers.

Groan! A deep howl sounded out and Leylin instantly hid himself, watching the new creature draw near.

This creature looked somewhat similar to the Snake-Necked Dragons, but what gave him the chills was its enormous black shell, barbed with spikes. It made the thing look indestructible.

Its head stood out in a stark contrast; as opposed to its humongous body, it was tiny with two small bumps at the back of it. It also had a long nose which produce the howling previously.

Booms rang out with every step, creating a weak resonant vibration with the ground. This massive creature had to weigh more than three tonnes.

It came to a stop in front of Leylin's hiding spot, threatening yet tiny eyes scanning around as it stretched its neck every now and then to nibble on the leaves of the giant plant.

Its bite marks were the same as on the leaves Leylin had seen previously.

'A.I. Chip! Search the database for the image of this creature!' Leylin ordered stealthily.

[Beep! Mission received, starting to scan image, checking database...]

Leylin's order was carried out faithfully by the A.I. Chip and the answer seemed closer than ever.

[No matches found in database, starting search for similar creatures...]  
[After comparison to similar creatures in the database, this creature is

suspected to be a Snake-Necked Turtle. The two are 87.9% similar!]

A detailed information on Snake-Necked Turtles was then provided by the A.I. Chip as a follow-up.

[Snake-Necked Turtle: Creature of the ancient era. Extinct as of the present. Omnivorous and even-tempered, its shell possesses an astonishing defensive ability making it the core ingredient of many defensive weapons. Can reach a strength similar to that of a rank 2 Magus upon maturation.]

Leylin studied the image—an illustration in an antique book the A.I. Chip once recorded—of the Snake-Necked Turtle in concentration "Right! The only differences between them are the colour of their shells, the number of spikes on the shell, and their heads. It must be a mutation of some sort..."

Leylin couldn't say he was surprised. An environment like this would be hard for ancient era creatures to survive in if they didn't actively evolve. A little mutation was nothing. This may even have been instigated by members of Quicksand.

Either way, it'd be truly abnormal if these creatures were to retain all of their ancient characteristics.

"If that's the case, Snake-Necked Turtle you shall be!" Leylin decided. It wasn't like normal Snake-Necked Turtles were alive anymore to contest it.

Leylin still stayed, undetected by the Snake-Necked Turtle as it finished its meal and announced its departure with lengthy howls.

Failing to resist the temptation, Leylin tailed the Snake-Necked Turtle.

"Shadow Stealth!" Leylin's manipulation rendered this spell, which was supposed to be rank 1, stronger than many rank 2 spells. This was especially true when used with Vapour Phase spiritual force.

Leylin climbed onto the back of the Snake-Necked Turtle as he fell into the shadows.

The solid shell gave Leylin a sense of stability and security, and he

observed his surroundings. The area was covered in a thick canopy and massive trees with hanging vines resembling the Chinese Fringetree. Droplets of water exuded an enchanting radiance as they rolled over the leaves and down the vines.

The atmosphere was further amplified by the blooming of bright-coloured flowers, larger than humans, and the fragrance they gave off. They were truly roses with thorns.

Leylin sniffed, "Hallucinogenic pollen, paired with this neuro-inducting energy. A level 3 acolyte, or even an official Magus would be tricked..."

To Leylin, this place felt like a virgin tropical rainforest from his previous life where different species prospered. It painted an ambience of primitivity.

Instead of spotting Leylin, the Snake-Necked Turtle became his form of transportation, advancing continuously.

Its steady steps caused no discomfort to Leylin as he rested on its back. Approximately half an hour later, the Snake-Necked Turtle brought Leylin to a lake.

Beside the lake was a piece of vacant land. The water came from a river, white as jade, that filled the lake with fresh water bit by bit.

Moou! A crowd of Snake-Necked Turtles started gathering around. Many of them swam around without care in the lake, diving in every now and then before raising their heads above the water suddenly, resulting in huge splashes everywhere. Some also shot columns of water from their nostrils that resembled fountains.

The Snake-Necked Turtle that Leylin rode was similarly excited and went straight for the lake.

'There should be about 75 of them here!' Leylin's eyes lit up.

Snake-Necked Turtles weren't well-known after the ancient era; not only were they lacking in strength, their bloodlines were weak too. They were of no use to Leylin.

However, there was something that stood out about them: they bred like rabbits!

The breeding period of a regular Snake-Necked Turtle was very long. They laid almost a hundred eggs every other month, and the survival rate of their clutches were high as well. Barring predators, at least half the eggs would hatch successfully. As long as there was sufficient food, they would mature in the next few years and continue the cycle.

‘This is how nature balances itself. The strong cannot multiply as fast, and even when they do it’s hard to provide for them. On the other hand, the weak have an insane rate of reproduction and activity...’ Leylin remembered the mice of his previous life. There was only one word to describe their adaptability and rate of reproduction: perverse. They had a very high possibility of surviving even nuclear winter.

‘As for the mutated Snake-Necked Turtles here, their inner bodies seem to work even faster. It probably takes them under a year to mature from the ovum.’ Leylin touched his chin in thought. Evidently, the reproductive capabilities of these mutated Snake-Necked Turtles were intensified to prevent the extinction of their species. Of course, it came as an acquired evolution.

It can be seen, then, from these selective evolutions that the Snake-Necked Turtles definitely did not possess any form of superiority and were actually at the bottom of the food chain, waiting to be preyed on.

Hoot! Just as Leylin was preparing to bring back samples of Snake-Necked Turtle blood for further study, he heard a high-spirited, piercing screech.

It caused an uproar in the community of Snake-Necked Turtles and all of them starting speeding towards the lake. Those that were already in the lake dived deep in and never surfaced.

The screech got increasingly louder and Leylin could see a streak of crimson on the horizon due to the several-fold increased senses of his body.

The creature was a type of giant hawk-like being. Glossed with the

colour of blood, its feathers were smooth yet solid, its head accessorised by stalks of golden feathers giving the illusion of a crown.

[Blood Vulture detected! Creature of the ancient era. They attack with sound waves and can manipulate the blood of their target. They possess a strong interest in bloodline-related treasures and are communal creatures. Evaluation: Extremely dangerous!]

The A.I. Chip pushed into his sight.

“Blood Vulture!?” Leylin’s expression quickly grew from shock to joy.

‘They have extraordinary sensory ability towards idiosyncratic bloodlines on top of their superb vision. A strand of hair on the ground could be detected easily even from an altitude of 10,000 feet. Mostly kept as pets by ancient warlocks to seek bloodline treasures!’

‘But...’ Leylin hesitated as he read the danger evaluation of it.

Just the strength of this particular Blood Vulture was enough to caution Leylin. It could equate to a human rank 3.

Moreover, the A.I. Chip stated that they were communal creatures, there were definitely more rank 3 members back in its nest or even a King Blood Vulture! The king would, no doubt, be a rank 3 Crystal Phase being, and may even have reached the Morning Star realm!

Hoot! The Blood Vulture sounded out occasionally as it sailed in the air causing fear within the community of Snake-Necked Turtles, something which seemed to encourage the vulture even more.

Bang! A single Snake-Necked Turtle, with a wounded leg, stood out as it trailed behind the mass of them, and fell to the ground under the stampede.

Deciding that it was time to stop the fun, the Blood Vulture flapped its wings and plunged straight to the ground.

The strong winds that followed its action already had Leylin stunned. The remarkable size of the vulture, much bigger than the Snake-Necked Turtle, slowly came into view as it drew closer to the ground.

The contrast between their forms was not obvious when the Blood Vulture flew in the sky, but compared when closer by, the huge Snake-Necked Turtles were like mice to the Blood Vulture.

Hoot! The Blood Vulture stretched its huge claw and punched a hole in the head of the Snake-Necked Turtle. The thing fell, blood splattering everywhere...

# Chapter 427: Entering the Nest

Shriek!

Upon seeing the blood fluids, the Blood Vulture's eyes shot out rays of excitement as it started to shriek hysterically. A blood-coloured glow shone from his body.

Concurrently, large amounts of fresh blood spewed out of the Snake-Necked Turtle's neck like water from a fountain. It coagulated in mid-air and eventually formed lumps of blood clot which were swallowed by the Blood Vulture.

Rip!

Soon after, the Blood Vulture stretched out its long sharp black claws, and easily lifted the shell of the Snake-Necked Turtle. Using its claws, it separated the fresh flesh into segments of meat and started devouring the meat. His motions were smooth, as he nonchalantly ate a Snake-Necked Turtle in front of its counterparts.

The majestic beast presented a perfect combination of grace and bloodshed.

"Moooooooo..." As they watched their companion being brutally murdered, the rest of the Snake-Necked Turtles mourned but did not dare to take a step outside the lake.

Leylin quietly watched this scene and maintained a neutral expression.

That was but a common occurrence in the natural world. Before the advancement to a stage where one could survive purely based on the injection of energy, such predatory acts were not considered to be good or bad. The survival instincts were merely the rules of life, meant to be followed and respected.

"Its ability to control bloodline!" On the contrary, Leylin was actually very interested in this specific ability of the Blood Vultures.

Furthermore, differing from the Snake-Necked Turtle, a mature Blood Vulture was at least at the standard of a Rank 3, the minimum criteria to



achieve the Pure Ancient Blood! Leylin was extremely interested in the origins of these bloodline creatures.

‘It’s just... Should I go?’ Leylin stroked his chin.

The King Blood Vulture could be of Morning Star rank, and under its detection, Leylin’s stealth spell would not be of any effect. However, should the King Blood Vulture still be of rank 3 status, even if it was at the apex of the Crystal Phase, Leylin would still be confident in his ability to conceal himself.

‘The number of choices we humans have is very troublesome!’ Leylin thought. He sighed feeling like he was at a crossroads in life, with a dense fog shrouding his destiny.

In fact, this was a choice people would have come across many times in life in which their final choices can result in different outcomes, both good and bad.

‘Do I go, or not?’ Leylin debated with himself.

Trrring! Leylin tossed a dull golden coin and it landed on the back of his hand with the Luckbird staring back at him.

Even after a long while, the coin was not badly damaged, causing Leylin to heave a sigh of relief.

“Since the Coin of Destiny did not crack, this means that the Blood Vultures don’t have a rank 4 in their midst. I can take my chances!” Leylin’s eyes burned with passion.

The Coin of Destiny was Leylin’s biggest accomplishment in Twilight Zone. It would, however, bring about huge misfortunes if it were to be utilised to predict the abilities of Morning Star Magi. But despite this flaw, it still benefitted Leylin without a doubt.

Since not a single crack appeared on the coin when he made the prediction, this suggested that there were no Morning Star beings blocking his path. That was good enough for him. Even if he used everything he had, he could not bridge the gap between himself and a Morning Star power.

As long as the opponent was not at the Morning Star realm, Leylin was willing to take the risk.

Choo! At this point in time, the Blood Vulture on the ground had already finished its meal. Leylin was stunned, as he looked at the Blood Vulture fly into the sky with the remains of the Snake-Necked Turtle in its mouth as if it wanted to bring the remains back into its nest.

“This is my chance!” Leylin’s eyes flashed brightly, as he initiated his Shadow Stealth. He concealed his figure in the crevices and stealthily entered the carcass of the Snake-Necked Turtle.

The wind howled unceasingly. The Blood Vulture took off at a high velocity, the friction created by the turbulence had caused sparks to be created with the corpse of the Snake-Necked Turtle.

Fortunately, the collision of airflow ceased after it reached a certain height.

The Blood Vulture travelled at a high velocity, causing Leylin’s view of the landscape below to be that of a blur. About 10 minutes later, they arrived at their destination.

Leylin could barely hide the shocked expression on his face as he saw the huge shadows not far from him.

Ahead of him was a huge mountain, solitary and upright. There was not a hint of vegetation, instead, it gave off a dark glow that made it seem as if it was some kind of metal structure.

Scattered all around were huge caves, of which Blood Vultures could be seen squawking in.

They were synchronized in their cacophony. Not only were their penetrating screeches ten times as strong as those of the individuals, they caused Leylin’s Kemoyin bloodline to have a weird reaction, as if it was about to leave his body. Fortunately, this was just a momentary hallucination. Under the suppression of his Vapour Phase spiritual force, it disappeared without a trace.

“The Blood Vulture’s ability to control bloodlines is truly terrifying!”

Leylin muttered.

“Furthermore, this Ecological Garden is far too vast and wide!” Leylin developed doubts towards his previous judgment. “Don’t tell me that this place is not simply an Ecological Garden or a Magus’ garden, but a pocket dimension... A pocket dimension within another!”

Rumour had it that, among the various pocket dimensions that the ancient Magi left behind as a legacy, some even contained additional pockets of their own.

This sort of layering was extremely difficult, as it was impossible to shift a dimension into another. Even though Leylin possessed quite a few spatial items, he was unable to place his storage ring into his storage pouch.

But it was very obvious that the ancient Magi had methods to successfully break through this restriction, thus building this pocket dimension within a pocket dimension!

This kind of pocket dimensions were known as cores. It required the huge affluence and power of the ancient Magi to be able to build such a core. And in this core were stored all kinds of resources, many of which would make Morning Star Magi turn green with envy.

“Since the Sun’s Child was within the Quicksand Organisation, then their powers would be considered top-notch even in the ancient times. Such organisations would hence possess the ability to construct these!”

Leylin guessed as such as he looked up at the entirety of Quicksand Castle, which was, in fact, an extraordinary pocket dimension!

Choo! At this moment, the Blood Vulture with Leylin let out a harmonious hoot and descended into one of the huge caves.

Bam! The carcass of the Snake-Necked Turtle was thrown to the ground, following which, the Blood Vulture started squawking. A few small pink Blood Vultures ran out from the cave, gnawing at the flesh.

It was obvious these small Blood Vultures were only children. Not only were their bodies shades of pink, they were completely bald, having yet to

grow feathers. They were similar in strength to level 3 acolytes.

“After these Blood Vultures grow into adulthood, they are able to reach the level of a rank 3 Magus. Furthermore, they are able to control bloodlines. Since they were capable of flight too, their eggs, if sold, would definitely be able to obtain a high price!

Leylin looked at the baby Blood Vultures, which were as small as chicks, and thought that it was a pity.

Since they were born, these Blood Vultures would only succumb to the first creature they saw after they exited their shells, and could never be tamed by anyone else.

Taking advantage of the Blood Vultures eating the carcass, Leylin secretly exited the carcass of the Snake-Necked Turtle, and went to a corner of the cave.

“Shadow Technique!” Leylin used a complicated magic rune on himself. The darkness immediately shrouded him and Leylin vanished into the shadows.

The Blood Vultures were driving Leylin up the wall and at the same time, Leylin felt a terrifying life force fluctuating from the centremost cave.

That was definitely the King Blood Vulture, a peak rank 3 Crystal Phase creature!

Under the detection of so many high-ranked creatures, his Shadow Stealth could not hold out for long, hence Leylin had used yet added another spell.

The Shadow Technique was not exactly a spell but a special technique. When Leylin was in Twilight Zone, he had collected many rank 3 spell models. Even though the majority of them were flawed, there were still a few which were in good condition.

So with these models as a starting point, he developed his own special technique that was compatible with Shadow Stealth! Amongst everything, many of the ancient records of the Dark Elves gave him a lot of insights in his development of the special technique.

[Shadow Technique: Can be used on its own to hide the user's physical body, or can be used in combination with the rank 1 spell Shadow Stealth, increasing its strength, in which case the final strength will be similar to that of a rank 3 spell!]

It was very difficult to develop a rank 3 spell independently, but Leylin found Shadow Stealth an easy spell to cast. It was rare to come by such a combination of compatibility with both bloodline and aptitude. Hence, Leylin customized this Shadow Technique to amplify Shadow Stealth's ability, elevating it to rank 3 status.

The combination of the Shadow Stealth and Shadow Technique immediately produced a frightening end-result.

Leylin could clearly feel his own shadow being engulfed by a layer of dense darkness. He had been kept on edge before as he felt that he would be discovered anytime, but now, those feelings of trepidation had completely disappeared.

"So... Blood Vultures do like metallic surroundings. This is something the books never mentioned!"

Leylin ignored the exchange of the family of Blood Vultures, and without consent, looked around the nest of the Blood Vulture.

The cave was huge and gloomy, dimly lit, and had the foul smell of a certain creature. Of course, this didn't matter much to Leylin.

Following the path to the bottom of the cave, Leylin saw a huge bird's nest made with chunks of gold. Beside it were multiple smaller nests weaved with other unknown golden stalks and roots, radiating a faint light.

"This is...." Leylin walked closer and immediately widened his eyes as he was attracted to the objects inside the golden nest.

"Bloodline Crystals, Dragonroot fruits, and dried up bones of bloodline creatures!"

He was immediately able to recognize a few items.

# Chapter 428: The Last Supper

Leylin recognised a few items in the golden nest.

First was a crimson gemstone. This was a bloodline crystal, a very precious material for Warlocks. It could even slightly increase the purity of a bloodline.

Though this was practically useless for Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks like Leylin, whose bloodline had been purified to the limit, it was definitely something that could cause most other Warlocks to go all out. As long as news about bloodline crystals was spread, the two female Warlocks, Freya and Miranda, would definitely pounce over like lunatics, willing to pay any price in order to obtain it!

The Dragon Root Fruit was also a very special plant, with a very durable outer layer that even surpassed the strength of Magus alloys. It could be preserved for over a hundred years, and Magi that ate it could increase the durability of their bodies. Rumours had it that there was a chance of inheriting a trace of a bloodline from within the fruit.

This would mean the beginning of a Warlock family!

Of course, for Leylin and all the others who already had a bloodline, they could no longer change it. However, if traded outside, it would go for a sky-high price. Such a resource could not be measured by price, and could be exchanged between Morning Star Magi.

The other few things included some skeletons that were each the size of a human femur, and the remains of a powerful creature above rank 3. Even after so many years, there was no erosion, and he could still sense some remaining suppression from a bloodline.

These remains were actually what were most useful to Leylin. The blood of most bloodline creatures came from the bones, and these specific remains came from powerful rank 3 creatures. With them on hand, he could refine an ancient bloodline out of it.

Besides these few items, there were also other bloodline items within the

little golden Blood Vulture nests. Even Leylin, who was very learned and had gathered a terrifying amount of knowledge, could not identify everything.

There was no question that these were all bloodline items, and every single one was enough to make any Warlock go crazy!

“I see...” Leylin glanced at the pile of bloodline items, a look of understanding flashing in his eyes.

It was obvious that the growth of a Blood Vulture was inseparable from these items. Though they could be used directly, long-term contact with them increased its rate of maturation. It could also increase its strength and awaken its mysterious bloodline ability!

This was also why the Blood Vulture was so enthusiastic about gathering bloodline items.

Glancing at all these, Leylin had to expend a lot of effort to suppress the desire within his body.

“Though these are good, they aren’t as important as the Lamia Hair. Also...”

Leylin glanced towards the Blood Vulture outside the cave.

He was currently in stealth, and with the added bonus from darkness techniques, he had not been discovered by the bird.

Though Shadow Stealth was great, there was one flaw. If Leylin wanted to take these items away, he would need to dispel his Shadow Stealth.

In that case, he would definitely be discovered the Blood Vulture, and the whole group might be attracted here. On top of that, with a terrifying King Blood Vulture, Leylin would need more than nine lives to survive!

This would definitely raise the guard of many other Blood Vultures, which would not be beneficial to Leylin’s future plans.

‘A regular Blood Vulture nest has so many great items inside. Within the King Blood Vulture’s nest, there should be even better things!’ A fire began to blaze in Leylin’s eyes.

‘The place with the highest probability of having the Lamia Hair should be the King Blood Vulture’s nest!’ Leylin immediately recalled the giant cave he had merely shot a glance at earlier, with very profound, horrifying energy waves hidden within.

‘Looks like I’ll be stuck here for a period of time. I’ll have to find out the behavioural patterns of the Blood Vultures...’

.....

“Uncle, are you sure this is the place?” Noah glanced at Robin who was beside him. They were now in front of a large door, intricate and complicated patterns on the frame.

The three remaining Black Horrall Snake Warlocks were like little followers as they gathered closely behind them.

“If we activate anything wrongly, we’ll lose our way even more thoroughly and be stuck here till we die!”

“Don’t worry. Based on the information I received, it can’t be wrong. Besides, that item is too important to us!” Robin looked grim, yet there was a fiery look in his eyes.

“I need some time to confirm this. Have all the issues at the back been taken care of?” Robin did not even turn back as he asked.

“I’ve already set up five spells of abduction, as well as created a body substitute!” A sinister expression appeared on Noah’s face.

“The moment they catch up to us, they will definitely be teleported to various areas within the maze and then be trapped in the Boundless Room till death. Barbarian Bears are such stupid creatures.” He spoke confidently.

Boom! At this moment, a giant howl travelled from a short distance away, accompanied with the breaking of a spell formation and a roar, “Little worms, I’ve found you!”

Ka-cha! A pink crystal necklace was split open while Noah looked on in disbelief.



“Never underestimate your opponents!” Robin’s eyes were still fixed on the giant door, but his voice was transmitted over, “They’ve only broken through our first defensive spell formation. We still have some time.”

“Take care of the spell formations and try your best to buy me more time!” Robin commanded, and the other three Black Horrall Snake Warlocks bowed, before leaving immediately.

Rumbling sounds were heard constantly, and a large bear monster could vaguely be seen roaring in the spell formation, causing beads of cold sweat to roll down Noah’s face.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! Crystals shattered one after another, every time being followed by the voices of the subordinates.

“Second defensive spell formation destroyed!”

“The main body of the defensive formation is damaged. We can hold for less than a minute—AAHHH” The short conversation ended, followed by the abrupt blood-curdling shrieks, signifying the end of these Warlocks.

Noah clenched his fists. All of them were from his family, but they had all fallen in this exploration.

Now, only he and his uncle were left.

“I’ll go and stall for more time.” Noah exclaimed.

“No need for that.” Robin interrupted his words and, raising his finger, tapped on the door a few times. Using some strange rule, he drew a circle.

A hum rang out as, in an instant, multiple water ripples appeared on the surface of the giant door. The tide surged, and then rushed into a brass keyhole.

Like a castle of blocks collapsing, the door rapidly broke apart into countless fragments, the two sides springing open and revealing a mystical luster within.

“Wretched maggots, I’ll tear you apart!”

Boom! With a loud sound, the last spell formation hindering the Barbarian Bear Shaman shattered, revealing a giant Barbarian Bear with

firm muscles all over. After seeing Robin, its eyes immediately turned red.

“Don’t mind it. Let’s enter.” Robin pulled Noah through the door.

“If you want revenge, then come in!” The sound of Robin’s taunts travelled over.

“Ahhh!”

Its eyes completely red, the Barbarian Bear Shaman chased them in.

Magnificent rays flashed, and the scene suddenly changed.

By the time Noah came back to his senses, he was already sitting at a dining table. On the large white tablecloth was not even a speck of dust, while the silver lampstand had candles burning above it.

“Hm?” After which, Noah found that he was unable to get up. Even the spiritual force and magic power that he had been so proud of as a rank 3 Magus could not be used at all.

He looked towards his uncle, fear and terror apparent in his expression.

At the other end of the table, the Barbarian Bear Magus was sitting in a daze. Though the muscles that were bulging displayed the fury of its owner, it could not move an inch.

“This is ‘The Last Supper, which is the most impartial and bloody duel. Between us, only one side can live, while the loser shall lose everything and turn into the meal of the victor. In addition, the victor will even be awarded with the judge’s horn.”

Robin said matter-of-factly, seemingly very familiar with all that was happening.

The moment his words sounded, black figures suddenly appeared in seats that had initially been empty. There were no energy undulations from their bodies, their eyes completely red.

For some reason, the moment he saw them, Noah felt cold sweat running down his back.

He counted carefully. There were thirteen seats at this long table, but

there was one empty.

“Now, for the first dish. The Bloody Mary Desert...”

An indescribable voice resounded in Noah’s mind, sending a shiver down his spine.

.....

“What the hell is this!”

At another area in Quicksand Castle, Kesha was quickly fleeing along a corridor, a Green-skinned Barbarian with a strange appearance escaping shoulder to shoulder with her.

These two were originally hunter and the hunted, but for some reason, they had formed an alliance, and were both looking pale in panic.

“All offensive spells of the four great elements are useless against it. Try special attacks! I’ll cover you!” The Green-skinned Barbarian looked to be in pain as he flung a gemstone necklace behind him.

Bang! Terrifyingly chilly air exploded, covering the ground with a layer of frost as numerous runic chains appeared.

Crack! Crack!! What followed was the sound of ice shattering, and footsteps drawing closer.

A black figure materialised from the icy mist. It was a monster that looked like a middle-aged man wearing a trenchcoat. He donned a hood, and it was hard to tell what he looked like. The fingers on his two palms had disappeared, and in place of them were many scissors that were glinting with light.

The numerous runic chains did not stand a chance against the man’s scissors, and were easily snipped at and broken.

“Eye of Petrification!” Many crimson runes appeared on Kesha’s body as she bit her finger and drew a strange rune on her forehead.

Following that, her eyes turned into a pair of amber vertical pupils.

With the amplification from the blood rune, her innate spell had

reached a frightful degree of power. A circle of petrification began to spread with Kesha at its center.

# Chapter 429: Spirit Body

In the face of the Eye of Petrification, the man in the trenchcoat suddenly froze and an ash grey coat of stone formed across the surface of his body.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! His entire being turned into a giant statue and particles of dust fell endlessly from him.

“Icy Blades!” Under the manipulation of the Green-skinned Barbarian, numerous blades formed a tornado, enclosing the statue within as eerie noises rang constantly.

Moments later, the blades dispersed and the statue that once stood there had vanished, leaving behind a bed of fragmented rocks.

“It’s finally over...” The Green-skinned Barbarian heaved a sigh of relief.

“No, not yet!” Kesha laughed bitterly instead.

Soon after, to his terror, the Green-skinned Barbarian saw the fragmented rocks explode, exposing pieces of flesh within.

Many of them grew tentacles and started amalgamating to reform the man in the black trenchcoat from before. Even a single tear could not be seen on his clothes.

“Goddammit!” The Green-skinned Barbarian cursed, “Where in the world did you infuriate this darned thing? Not only is it immune to spells, even physical attacks are useless!”

“I have no idea!” Kesha’s face spelled despair.

After entering Quicksand Castle, she had only charged through a few levels before the man in the black trenchcoat set his sights on her. With her subordinates being lost one by one, the current situation seemed to bode ill.

Under the immense threat of death, the last Green-skinned Barbarian in pursuit was compelled to join forces with Kesha to defeat this creature together. But by the looks of it, they were at their wits’ end.

.....

Chirp chirp! A piercing sound sliced through the air. Violent whirls of wind were brought about as the earth was engulfed in darkness and shadows.

With a wing-spread wide enough to envelop the land in darkness, a Blood Vulture descended in the heart of an enormous mountain range that bore the appearance of a honeycomb, landing in the highest and largest cave.

Somewhere in the mountains, Leylin's eyes sparkled with a blue glint.

"Left at 4.47pm, and returned again after an interval of 23 minutes and 45 seconds!"

He was currently recording the King Blood Vulture's travel statistics with great detail. Over the past few days of observation, he had managed to reap some returns.

This King Blood Vulture had at least the strength of the Crystal Phase. The bulky physique of the creature and the terrifying spiritual force on it was sufficient to completely destroy Leylin's plans of seizing anything.

Besides, the King Blood Vulture had no need to leave its nest to hunt. It received sacrifices from the entire pack of Blood Vultures. Every day, numerous Blood Vultures would return with food and deliver them into the cave.

Hence, it rarely left the cave throughout the day, unlike the average Blood Vulture Leylin had seen earlier, which usually spent half its day flying around outside.

However, every afternoon, at this particular time of the day, the King Blood Vulture would leave the cave for a period of time, likely to patrol its territory.

This was the very chance that Leylin had been waiting for.

"The Blood Vulture is indeed a creature from the ancient era gifted with the bizarre ability to sense any bloodline treasures...." Leylin exclaimed.

Apart from the King Blood Vulture's cave which he had not dared to pry into, he had explored the lairs of the other average Blood Vultures and discovered many bloodline treasures which would be useful to Warlocks.

The accumulated value of these items were enough to make even Duke Gilbert lose his mind.

"Everything will hinge on tomorrow!"

Leylin watched the cave at the highest point with caution, and slipped into the darkness.

.....

The next day, in the afternoon.

Following a cry, the gigantic King Blood Vulture stepped out of its cave once again, casting a shadow upon the earth. Terrifying vibrations swept the area, intimidating the other formidable creatures that watched over the region.

"The time is now!" Leylin's glance froze.

"Shadow Stealth!" "Darkness technique!" In a split second, his physical being vanished and was concealed within the shadows, surrounded by thick fog.

With the help of the concealing effects of the spell, Leylin fumbled his way to the cave right into the central cave.

'The King Blood Vulture's lair is guarded by two Blood Vultures that are already at the Hydro Phase! Whenever the King Blood Vulture is out on patrol, they are responsible for guarding his lair'

Leylin crawled onto the protruding top of a black rock and watched the two huge blood-red silhouettes in the cave closely. He furrowed his brows.

"According to my current abilities, I might barely be able to handle a single Blood Vulture at the Hydro Phase, but it would definitely cause a ruckus! There's a high possibility that the entire pack might surround and annihilate me, or that the King Blood Vulture might even return unexpectedly!"

Leylin took a glance at the silhouettes of the two guards, gritted his teeth, and passed through to the other side while hidden.

Two Blood Vultures at the Hydro Phase would be too much for him to handle with his current abilities, but the detection abilities of the powerful creatures might not be as acute as that of a human Magus. This was his chance.

Having already wasted too much time here, Leylin did not dare to continue waiting.

Even if it was risky, he wanted to give it a try!

In the shadows, everything outside was overcast. It was as if the world had been soaked in thick glue and every step he took, Leylin had to expend a great amount of energy and magic power, while at the same time taking note of how the two Blood Vulture guards reacted, making it a terribly tiring job for him.

Just when Leylin carefully arrived at the entrance, and was about to walk past one of the Blood Vulture guards...

“Chirp chirp!” The guard seemed to have discovered something and became alert, glancing around its surroundings with vigilance.

‘Even for a powerful creature, once it has passed rank 3, no matter how dumb it was originally, it would evolve to have the intelligence of a human!’ Leylin exclaimed.

He immediately commanded in his head: “A.I. chip! Begin the plan B!”

[Beep! Command received. Starting plan B.] The chip responded faithfully.

At the halfway mark of the mountain, a miniature model of a spell formation suddenly exploded, revealing a shadow servant within.

The shadow servant zoomed into a cave that was guarded by an adolescent Blood Vulture and grabbed a few pieces of bloodline crystals before escaping swiftly.

“Chirp chirp!!!” The Blood Vultures were left enraged, and numerous



blood red figures flew out too, circling in the sky.

Before the shadow servant could run out of the perimeter of the huge mountain, it was torn to pieces by the explosive might of the Blood Vultures.

Although the two Blood Vulture guards did not take action, their attention was obviously taken away by the scene there. Seizing the chance, Leylin immediately took out a black crown.

This crown was very small and exquisite, and the design was not too flamboyant, as though it was specially made for females.

“Dark Elven Crown!”

This was Leylin’s war trophy. After completely defeating the dark elves, they who submitted to him offered the crown along with their powerful meditation techniques.

This crown was also the first magic equipment that Leylin had obtained, and was at a higher rank than his Meteor Sword.

The Dark Elven Crown was a sacred legendary weapon, which possessed the strong ability to mask auras. The then-queen of the Dark Elves, Anya, used it to enter the core of central Twilight Zone in a single motion. If not for Leylin’s secret interference, she might have emerged victorious over the humans and unified the entirety of Twilight Zone.

As a piece of magic equipment, the Dark Elven Crown had no doubt a hidden function, but as it had been used once recently, it took decades for it to be available for use again.

After getting hold of this magic equipm, Leylin had been constantly analyzing it using the A.I. chip, and had learnt many useful techniques and spells.

What made him especially interested was that the A.I. chip could forcefully stimulate a portion of the functions of the Dark Elven Crown when charged with a certain amount of magic crystals!

Although it only possessed a portion of its full powers, the Dark Elven

Crown was still a piece of magic equipment! Its effect was limited only to Leylin himself. The scary thing was that it could even escape the perception of a Morning Star Magus.

This went without saying for the two Blood Vulture guards.

With the shadow servant outside holding their attention, along with the protection of the Crown of the Dark Elves, Leylin successfully infiltrated the lair of the King Blood Vulture.

Although the lighting in the cave was poor, it did not pose a problem to Leylin.

The floor was covered in dark red blood stains and the remains of other creatures which had varying degrees of decomposition; likely the food that the King Blood Vulture had consumed recently.

The entire cave felt eerie to Leylin, as though he was being watched closely by something.

Leylin reached out his hand and felt the wall which was black and studded with metal grains.

When his hand came into contact with the black wall, countless tentacles extended from above, but were quickly burnt his black flames.

“By the looks of it, this pack of Blood Vultures has been living here for a long time; even the mountains have been affected by the radiation and have come to life!” Leylin exclaimed.

Such materials that had been given life were very precious. Not only could they be added to self-defense spells, they could also confer the ability to heal oneself. Architecture that was built mainly with these materials usually could last for more than a thousand years without collapsing.

If such materials could be added to Leylin’s Magus tower, its degree of stability would definitely go up a notch.

“What a pity that plans to exploit this area would certainly be too unrealistic!”

Leylin continued walking, deeper and deeper, until he reached the end of the cave, where laid a gigantic Blood Vulture nest.

Gold animal fur and the metal itself were laid out to form a sturdy mat, upon which there was a depression from years of use. Yet, there wasn't a single thing on the mat.

"Hmm?" Leylin was shocked, but followed with a bitter laugh.

"The bloodline items are only effective for the young of the Blood Vultures. It looks like the King Blood Vulture hasn't laid any eggs, so naturally there would be no need to collect these items..."

'I have to evacuate as soon as possible, and ransack all the other Blood Vulture lairs before that!' Leylin was determined.

He made a prompt decision on the spot; if there weren't any new discoveries, he would choose to leave immediately, and hardly did a sloppy job.

"Who would have thought that I would meet a comrade here!"

An exclamation sounded from a distance, causing Leylin to freeze in his steps.

He turned and firmly stared at a corner.

There, an illusory figure slowly came into view.

"A soul?! No! An even more powerful being!"

Leylin watched the figure that had suddenly appeared, as though he was about to face an enemy.

# Chapter 430: Activation

The illusion that surfaced was that of an astonishingly beautiful young woman. Her hair was like a sea of emerald green with light curls, flying in the wind like it had a life of its own.

She possessed a pair of mesmerising eyes, coupled with a delicate yet puzzling charm to her face. To Leylin's surprise, she gave him a baffling sense of familiarity.

Especially after the complete materialisation of the illusion, Leylin's blood vessels generated a sense of fear, as if he had met a natural enemy. Yet, he felt an amiability within her that tempted him to throw himself into the arms of the woman regardless of everything.

"Lamia?" There were agony and bitterness in Leylin's tone. From how called out to him just now, he managed to guess some things.

The similarity in temperament and looks between her and the Snake Dowager was especially striking.

The Lamia shared the same bloodline as the Snake Dowager. In fact, it had an even more direct line of descent compared to the Giant Kemoyin Serpent. Thus, on the whole, they could be considered siblings with blood relations.

"My brother! Tell me, why are you here, what are you looking for?" The green haired Lamia asked, her voice strangely charming, compelling him to answer.

[Warning! Warning! Instability detected in host bloodline, possibility of an emotional outburst!] The A.I. Chip sounded the reminder, snapping Leylin out from the confusion he was in.

This made him unwilling to look at the opposite party, particularly at the Lamia's eyes.

"Rumor has it that the ancient Lamia has the ability to manipulate any kind of snakes she desires. It seems like this is true indeed..."

It was merely a remnant soul, yet it almost got to Leylin. If the Lamia

were to be at the Morning Star Realm, Leylin was afraid he might have to bow down to her.

“Your bloodline, it seems to be extremely pure, and you have a special power enveloping your whole body...” The virtual image of the Lamia bit her finger.

“Who are you, really?” Leylin spoke in a deep tone.

“I was a human once, I had a few names, but I have forgotten them all.....” The virtual image smiled, as if she was narrating a story unrelated to her.

“Are you the soul of the ancient Lamia Warlock?” Leylin made a guess.

According to his intelligence, the ancient Quicksand Organisation once had a Lamia Warlock. And apparently, after her atavism, she became a true Lamia possessing terrifying power that even average Radiant Moon Magi could not match.

“No! She had perished completely. I am just a phantom image formed by the scattered fragments of memories that have evolved together after a very long period of time...” A sense of loneliness could be felt from the green haired woman’s face.

“Even so, for your soul to take such shape, I am sure there is a source of radiation nearby!” Leylin’s eyes lit up and he reached out and grabbed at the fur cushion.

Huge black claws appeared, splitting the fur and metal within and revealing what was underneath the surface.

It was a layer of white fur. Brush that aside and immediately a rich and heavy scent of undulating bloodline spreaded out.

“You can even resist the radiation undulation and the aura of the bloodline!” Leylin kept the white feathers in a flash and thereafter eyed the hollow area intensely.

It was the broken section of a bone, it must have been a part of some bloodline creature.

Although it might have been a long time ago, the horrifying threat and undulations emitting from the bone made Leylin have an impulse to kneel down.

“You are truly the adult form of a rank 5 bloodline creature; even though it is a broken section of a bone, it could still radiate even after your death. Moreover you can induce such a thing!” Leylin looked at the green haired Lamia in amazement.

For Blood Vultures, the remains of a rank 5 bloodline creature was a precious item to that was dearly cherished. No wonder the Blood Vulture had safeguarded it under so many layers, even going so far as to mask its energy with the feather.

“What do you intend to do here, my brother?” she asked again.

Leylin muttered under his breath and finally replied, “I want to acquire something that will speed up the maturation of my bloodline, for instance Lamia Hair or some such thing.”

“Compared to Lamia Hair, this can help you more!” The Snake Woman smiled and the broken bone was flung out and landed on Leylin’s hand.

“You.... Why are you helping me?”

Feeling the ecstatic joy boiling in his bloodline, Leylin knew the broken Lamia bone in his hands were the real deal. He could already feel the transcendence.

However he did not immediately accept it and instead asked some questions.

“I have been in existence for far too long.... It might be a few hundred years or even thousands. I can never leave the designated finger bone’s radiation area.....”

The Lamia shot a glance at Leylin, “Do you know how it feels?”

Leylin fell silent. Such pain, it did indeed have the ability to drive a Magus crazy to the verge of seeking death.

“If you take the finger bone, there will be a shortage of such a radiation

environment and I will gradually fade away.....” The young woman’s silhouette became more and more illusionary with a smile of relief on her face.

“Wait. How can I resolve the shackles on the Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock bloodline?

Watching the young woman’s illusionary image gradually fading out until the wall behind her could be seen, Leylin quickly blurted out the question.

“This problem, can only be solved by the Grand Matriarch.....”

Accompanying the fading image, the Snake Woman’s grew softer and softer until she dissipated into thin air.

“Grand Matriarch? Snake Dowager?” Leylin stroked the finger bone he was holding in his hands, his face a sea of infinite obscurity.

“Regardless of that, I better make a move fast!”

With lightning speed, Leylin kept the finger bone well, swept his eyes over the surroundings and launched the Dark Elven Crown.

Thick, black darkness enveloped Leylin completely, and coupled with his magic power he was able to pass through the gate which was guarded by the two Blood Vultures unharmed.

After he reached the foot of the mountain, Leylin looked back at the huge black form of the mountain and its innumerable caves. He looked hesitant.

This was practically a Warlock’s treasure trove, but without a strength at the Morning Star realm, there was no way the entirety of the Blood Vulture could be subdued.

“I have, at most, five more minutes before the King Blood Vulture is back from his patrol. When he realises that the finger bone is gone, I am sure he will definitely launch an investigation into the matter...”

Leylin stroked his chin. He had been hiding up here for so long, the backup plans had to be more than these. But now, the biggest harvest was

already in his hand. Whether to continue or not, he had not yet made up his mind.

Since ancient times, it was a common occurrence for an individual to place himself in danger for personal benefits. Leylin did not want to become one of them.

“Forget it! Let’s go!”

With some regret, Leylin turned his head and left the place.

.....

“Huh?! You are finally out.”

Not too far away, a temporary underground cave opened up. A female Magus in pursuit ran in with a crystal ball in her hand. On the surface of the crystal ball, a blood-red layer appeared, getting brighter and brighter.

“If you had kept hiding in the nest of the Blood Vultures, I might not have been able to find you. But what about now?”

The female Magus flashed a smile.

She was in pursuit of Leylin all the way and had even used a spell to use a trace of Leylin’s energy to build a tracking item. But after reaching this place, she realised Leylin had hidden in the nest of the Blood Vultures!

The King Blood Vulture there was at the peak of the Crystal Phase! Other than that, there was a big group of rank 3 followers. If she chased in after Leylin and a commotion was created, it would definitely alert the many Blood Vultures to join in for the kill.

Therefore, this female Magus chose to hibernate and wait. To her, Leylin would come for collection of resources, it was just a matter of time. As long as she waited with patience, regardless of success or failure, he would leave and an opportunity would present itself.

“All thanks to you, I was able to discover this treasure place. In return, I shall grant you a quick death...” The female Magus shook her robes and immediately disappeared underground.

[Beep! Warning! Warning! High energy force field undulations detected.]



Distance 15 kilometers away. Approaching quickly!]

The A.I. Chip gave out this sudden warning, shocking Leylin.

This was the advantage of having the A.I. Chip. Not only did Leylin possess the Magus' special abilities of consciousness scanning, he also had the A.I. Chip for exploration, probing and throwing necessary warnings.

Moreover, the range of probing by the A.I. Chip was much wider compared to Leylin's own ability.

"Begin imaging!" Leylin gave the order immediately. Soon after, a red-hued motion picture was sent in front of him.

It was an image of a living creature. There were only heat and radiation readings, without any signs of the gender, however the bright colours were a giveaway. It was a rank 3 Magus, one that had attained the Crystal Phase.

"Ah, the pursuers are finally here!" Leylin had expected this would happen.

Hoot! At this moment, from a distance, a high-pitched sound pierced forth, turning Leylin's face pale white.

"The King Blood Vulture is back! If I turn back now, all that awaits me is death!" As it is, at this point in time, Leylin curled his lips into a smile and commanded his A.I. Chip, "A.I. Chip! Prepare to activate all programs!"

[Command received! Activated!] The A.I. Chip alerted without any emotion.

Hoot! Immediately after the King Blood Vulture had entered its cave in the mountain, a violent cry rang out.

Two Hydro Phase Blood Vultures were pinned to the ground by its claw. Feathers and blood were smeared all over the ground. The King Blood Vulture snarled, creating a whole world of uproar in the Blood Vultures' mountain.

But that was not all.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Following Leylin's order, in a secret corner of the Blood Vultures' mountain, hidden spells were activated in series.

One after another, shadow servants manifested themselves at lightning speed, so much so that they appeared right next to the Blood Vultures' nests. They grasped at many of the bloodline treasures, with some even clasping onto huge Blood Vulture eggs, fleeing the grounds.

Basically, except for the area around the King Blood Vulture's cave, the rest of the mountain in its entirety was under attack. There were at least fifty such spells placed!

Corresponding with the loud snarl of the King Blood Vulture, multiple shadows of darkness bore through to the center of it all and immediately the whole of the Blood Vultures' mountain became a huge field of upheaval.

# Chapter 431: The Hunt

Chu! The King Blood Vulture used its wings and fanned the two Blood Condors in its path away, flying into the sky.

A crimson beam of light struck down, and a shadow servant who could not dodge in time was shattered, scattering multiple bloodline treasures everywhere.

With the commanding high-pitched squawk, the flock of Blood Vultures now had a leader and their formation immediately changed. Many of them flew high into the sky and, like a web, began to circle the shadow servants, occasionally dropping down in attack.

Though this method was effective at killing many shadow servants, the remaining servants' movements in looting them were much too quick. After paying the price of a large number of casualties, a portion of them still broke out.

Chu! The King Blood Vulture roared, bringing with it multiple Blood Vultures as it gave chase.

"Found you!" Leylin met with the person who were chasing after him.

It was a ginger female Magus. Her body was curvy, a golden headband rested on her forehead, and her pair of long and narrow eyes were fixed on Leylin.

"My name is Leylin. May I know yours?" In the face of her gaze that was ready to shoot flames, Leylin smiled slightly and performed a noble's bow, his movements so precise there was nothing to criticise.

"Tanasha!" This female Magus had not expected Leylin to feel so relaxed. Though her chest was bouncing in her anger, she still had a lot of self-restraint as she announced her name.

"Are you prepared to admit to your sins?" Tanasha glanced at the handsome young man in front of her. Captives could be ransomed in the central continent. In addition, he had not caused too many casualties to her organisation, and was also a human backed by the Ouroboros Clan.

Hence, it was not too surprising that he was still calm in this situation.

“Oh, no, you’ve misunderstood,” Leylin’s smile was dazzling, “I just want to ask you this. Do you... like Blood Vultures?”

“What do you mean?” Tanasha’s mind could not process this fast enough. But looking at the numerous crimson figures appearing on the horizon, she suddenly had a bad premonition.

Leylin acted before she could do anything, “Eye of Petrification!”

His eyes turned amber and the pupils became vertical slits, shooting out mysterious, unmeasurable rays of petrification.

Though it was only a rank 1 innate spell, with the addition of his Vapour Phase spiritual force and the strength of his bloodline, its power could not be underestimated.

At the same time, Leylin quickly chanted some incantations, and numerous shadows emerged from all directions, forming a giant cage that trapped her inside temporarily.

Tanasha’s reaction was extremely quick. “Storm!” Almost at the same instant the rays of petrification appeared, her eyes turned silver-white, releasing dazzling light that blocked them.

Meanwhile, a giant storm appeared from behind her, forming a tremendous tornado that stirred up and created chaos in the interior of the cage.

However, Leylin’s sudden attack made her falter. “Lance of Corrosion!”

A dark green lance, tip white, appeared in Leylin’s hand. It shot towards Tanasha, accompanied by a burst of air.

“How confident are you that a mere Vapour Phase Magus dares provoke a Crystal Phase Magus?” Tanasha was expressionless, but her fury was evident.

Snap! Tanasha extended her delicate, pale arms and a translucent layer appeared on top of her smooth skin.

Leylin had used all his might when he shot this Lance of Corrosion

forth, and yet, she'd caught it just like that.

Boom! She viciously crushed the Lance into powder, while Leylin paled as he took several steps back.

However, his smile now was as if he had gotten away with something.

"Hm?" Tanasha's brows furrowed. Only then did she notice that after the Lance of Corrosion had been destroyed, a white feather had appeared.

Pu! The white feather had exploded into powder and lightly stuck to Tanasha's body.

"This aura? And with a powerful lock-on spell formation..." Tanasha's brows furrowed and she immediately sneered, "I just need two minutes to--"

However, her expression completely changed.

Leylin, who was opposite her, waved his arms towards her and activated the Dark Elven Crown, and immediately turned invisible.

Sou! Sou! Sou!

Numerous black figures appeared. The shadow servants from before quickly pounced towards her, only to be killed by her while heading in her direction.

However, with this opportunity, they threw some bloodline crystals, bones and the like at her legs. There was an especially large egg that had been knocked so hard that it broke, revealing the egg yolk and whites within.

Chu chu! Numerous Blood Condors hurried over under the lead of the king, and upon seeing Tanasha, their eyes instantly turned red.

This was especially so for the the King Blood Vulture. It smelt its feather on Tanasha's body. It was a feather used specifically to protect the Lamia fingerbone and was extremely precious. The smell was extremely unique, and there was no way it could recognise it wrongly!

It now looked like the person who had infiltrated its mountain and looted the area as they wished, was also the thief who had stolen its

treasure!

The King Blood Vulture was furious, crimson lightning materialising around it.

“I-I- I!” Tanasha was momentarily stunned. No matter how stupid she might be, she knew what Leylin had planned.

“Wait, O King!” Tanasha was now sending spiritual force waves to the mind of the King Blood Vulture, her final attempt at saving herself.

However, would the enraged King Blood Vulture listen to her explanations? Though it had the intelligence of an adult, it was now in an angered state. Usually, in its territory, it would have what it wanted. Why would it listen to the explanations of a human?

Numerous bolts of crimson lightning struck down, drowning her...

Meanwhile, Leylin had made use of the Dark Elven Crown, and was sneakingly heading back.

Boom! Soil upended at an area, revealing numerous bloodline items within. Red gems and white bones were scattered, giving off a dazzling luster.

“There’s even a Blood Vulture egg here! It looks like a pretty good harvest.”

Holding a giant egg in his hands, Leylin looked elated. This was a few times larger than an ostrich egg, and it even had blood-red patterns on the surface, powerful life energy radiating from within. Leylin could even feel a throbbing from the shell.

Blood Vulture chicks could not be tamed, but one still in its egg could.

Not only did it have the ability to find bloodline treasures, it was also very popular for its ability to reach rank 3 after it had matured.

Of course, Leylin had no plans of selling it off. Rather, he wanted to subdue it.

The central continent was vast and boundless. There were many places that even Magi were yet to explore, and the Blood Vulture’s ability to fly

was very useful in this area. In the future, he could gain a steady flow of bloodline treasures, which was the best advantage!

“The harvest is quite good!” Leylin quickly kept everything properly.

He had long since ordered the shadow servants to place whatever they had stolen on the road here. Whatever had been flung at Tanasha’s feet was just a small portion. The real treasures had long since been moved away and were all with Leylin.

After checking all his gains, Leylin looked back towards the Blood Vultures’ mountain, sinking into deep thought.

‘The King Blood Vulture has brought all its main forces to annihilate Tanasha. She is a Crystal Phase Magus after all, and it is possible for her to hold them off for some time. Should I go back and rummage through the Blood Vultures’ nests?’

Leylin immediately shook his head, throwing these enticing thoughts out of his mind.

“Forget it. What I now have is more than enough. I shouldn’t take such a risk at the end like this.”

“Besides, my real target is that rank 3 Crystal Phase Magus, not the rest of those bloodline treasures.”

Leylin’s eyes flashed ruthlessly...

“Damn it! Damn it! Damn it! I want to slaughter that wretched Magus and turn his flesh and blood into powder and feed it to a Carnivorous Flower!”

Tanasha was in a tropical rain forest, sprinting hard.

However, she was evidently not in a very good condition. Not only were her clothes in tatters making her seem like a beggar, her entire right arm had disappeared. Her face was pale, with green veins visible on top.

This flock of Blood Vultures was truly relentless. In order to break away from them, Tanasha had to employ a few secret methods that would stimulate the potential in her body in succession. She had even discarded

a clone that she had nurtured for a long period of time before she could successfully draw the King Blood Vulture away.

Tanasha was definitely fuming at the mouth, wishing she could eat Leylin alive.

“Tsk tsk, Ms Tanasha, you don’t seem to be in good health. Do you need treatment?” In the quiet rainforest, a voice suddenly sounded, causing Tanasha’s body to stiffen.

She then looked at the young man she would never be able to forget, blocking her path.

“How-how did you get here? I already destroyed all auras and smells that would identify me!” Tanasha gaped, disbelieving.

“You don’t need to know. Right now, you can only answer a question of mine.”

Leylin produced an ink-black cross blade and pointed it at her. “Submit to me, or die.”

He had naturally used the A.I. Chip to scan the surroundings and hunt her down. Though Tanasha had concealed her aura very well, and destroyed all the localizing marks that Leylin had shot out, nothing could be hidden in the face of the A.I. Chip.

Not considering anything else, just the signs of a human passing through on the road would not be able to escape the A.I. Chip’s nanoscopic scanning, no matter how hard Tanasha tried to cover her tracks.

It was only after Leylin confirmed that she was heavily injured that he chased up to her.

Tanasha was at the Crystal Phase, and was multiple levels higher than Leylin. In the past, it would have been a joke if a Vapour Phase Magus had announced his wish to kill a Crystal Phase Magus.

However, a hint of fear had already appeared on Tanasha’s pale face. She had no choice but to admit that Leylin had the strength and ability to



kill the current her.

# Chapter 432: Subjugation

Rank 3 Magi were categorised into several stages. Leylin, at the Vapour Phase, could compress his spiritual force into a physical, observable fog.

On the other hand, Magi at the Crystal Phase could solidify their spiritual force, even preserving it to sell.

Spiritual force at the Crystal Phase had an unimaginable advantage against Vapour Phase spiritual force.

In other words, even if Leylin, Robin and Kesha had teamed up against Lucian, they wouldn't be his match.

However, Tanasha's spiritual force was exhausted long ago, including her Crystal Phase spiritual force crystals.

He wouldn't be Leylin if he let such a good chance slip out of his hand.

Not only were Crystal Phase Magi powerful, they were considered nobles in the central continent due to their status as the reserve forces of Morning Star Magi.

Under usual circumstances, it was out of the question for Leylin to defeat Magi of this rank. Perhaps only Duke Gilbert, his mentor, would be able to.

But with Tanasha as she was, it would be easy.

"You..." Tanasha's pale complexion flushed in anger, her fingers trembling, "How dare a lowly Vapour Phase Magus talk to me like that?"

"Looks like I'll have to help you snap back to reality!" Leylin sighed in disappointment upon seeing her demeanour. His figure transformed into a ray of light and flashed in front of her.

Thump! He planted a fist on Tanasha's cheek.

Buzz! A barrier of light was created around Tanasha as a brilliant ruby ring shone. It was, however, too feeble to deter Leylin as he easily broke through.

In the blink of an eye, Tanasha was sent flying, a large red patch on her

cheek.

The Meteor Sword has already reached her neck before she could react.

“Now choose... Surrender, or die!” There was a change in Leylin’s tone. Now he demanded with utter disdain, every word pricking with a bone-chilling vibe. He had decided to kill were she to choose it.

He certainly did not wish to leave behind a Crystal Phase opponent.

Tanasha wisely chose to be silent in front of the cold-hearted Leylin.

This feeling of impending death was familiar to her. She felt as if she had returned to times of frailty and weakness, as old memories surfaced and she momentarily became distraught.

“What is with this woman’s mental state?!” Leylin shook his head, Tanasha’s reaction was nothing out of the ordinary since he was aware of the common psychological instability of Magi. There was also her injuries to consider. Moreover, all who entered the Forgotten Land would certainly have a dark past of own.

“I’m only giving you three minutes! Be quick!” Leylin tightened his grip on the sword and brought it closer to Tanasha’s neck.

Other Crystal Phase Magi would probably have a sense of dignity and pride, but things were different in the Forgotten Land. Those human Magi who entered here were mostly those who had reached an impasse, willing to forgo everything for a means of sustenance. It was easy for the mto capitulate.

Leylin’s cold voice caught Tanasha’s attention. The angry flush on her face had already dissipated by then, leaving behind a canvas of ivory.

“I... surrender!” She replied so softly Leylin could barely hear a thing.

As if on cue, Tanasha fell limp to the ground, her backbone losing support the moment she agreed. Her tears were uncontrollable.

The Meteor Sword remained on her neck in spite of everything.

“Make an oath! Also, relinquish your spirit source!” His voice was cold as ice.

“I... Tanasha...” Hesitance crossed Tanasha’s eyes as she fought an internal battle. However, she ended up choosing to surrender.

A sparkling strand of spirit source was released from her forehead and landed on Leylin’s palm.

That was a Magus’ lifeline. Were it not voluntary, it would be completely impossible to offer it to another person. Rules were even stricter in the central continent, to prevent the dominance of one over another. Of course, this didn’t stop people with influence and power from committing it but similarly, it had to be done in secret or they would be boycotted by all Magi.

This was no issue at all for Leylin since he didn’t plan for Tanasha to be seen by others.

“Master...” Tanasha called out in a deep voice and got up to her feet. She resembled a broken puppet, someone that had lost her soul.

“Being forced into the Forgotten Land, you must have your own dark past. But rest assured, I am not going to compel you to do things that are disgraceful to Magi. Instead, I can give you hope. A hope for revenge.”

There was a bewitching tone to Leylin’s offer and Tanasha’s eyes lit up a little as the word ‘revenge’ rang in her ears and a hint of anger rushed through her.

“That’s right! Revenge!” Leylin made eye contact with Tanasha and lowered his voice. “I promise, when I’m strong enough to take revenge for you and not worry about the possible repercussions and retaliation, I will aid you in accomplishing your dream. That is, if you work for me wholeheartedly till then.

“I’m not trying to patronise you. You see, I’ve reached the Vapour Phase at less than a hundred years of age. Moreover, there will be no problems with advancing to the Morning Star realm because of my Kemoyin bloodline!”

Deep down, Leylin was aware that with his method, Tanasha would only be willing to become a puppet to him. To milk her for everything she was

worth, Leylin needed to ignite her battle spirit by fuelling her with hope.

And instead of empty promises, he promoted his skills to Tanasha, proving his capability to help her in her revenge.

“One hundred years old! Vapour Phase!” Tanasha gazed at Leylin with a heightened intensity.

A hundred years of age was definitely old for humans. But for Magi, especially those who were at rank 3 and above, it wouldn't even be considered as puberty.

For Leylin who have both the talent and bloodline of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent, his status in the Ouroboros Clan could not be overlooked. All this pointed to one thing: There was a substantial chance for him to become a Morning Star Magus.

Even someone with the capability to escape a rank 3 Crystal Phase Magus would crumble like paper in the face of a rank 4 Morning Star Magus.

“I am at your beck and call, Master! I, Tanasha, will be your most loyal servant as long as my revenge is assured!” Tanasha knelt on a knee and gritted her teeth, a little more willing this time.

Although it was a mere promise without a covenant, what more could a captive like her bargain for?

”Haha...” Leylin cackled.

The addition of Tanasha was definitely a reinforcement to Leylin, given her strength which was more than his.

Plus, she would be hidden from the public since this assistance would be carried out in secret.

That was Leylin's plan all along, to gather as much of an underground force as he could in case anything unexpected occurred.

“Take these potions quickly and recover!” Leylin showed generosity to the newly-recruited Tanasha and presented her with three tubes of differing colours.

“High-grade healing potion! High-grade spiritual force recovery potion! Sacred regeneration potion!” Tanasha’s face was painted with surprise as she recognised these three potions. Apart from their heavenly price, these potions were heavily utilised by large-scale organisations as their war reserves and could not even be bought with money.

This was especially true for the sacred regeneration potion which could stimulate the regrowth of limbs that were as good as the original with absolutely no side-effects. It was unfamiliar, even to a rank 3 Magus like Tanasha.

“Thank you, Master!” Tanasha bowed and sighed in relief,

“Don’t mention it, it’s just something I made!” Leylin added to his credibility.

Sure enough, Tanasha’s eyes widened at his sentence. She was beyond impressed, advancing to Vapour Phase before the age of a hundred was amazing enough, she did not at all expect that Leylin would be a Potions Grandmaster as well. This was genius at its best and would be considered rare even in the central continent. As long as there were no mishaps along the way, success was pretty much guaranteed.

Hints of hope filled Tanasha’s eyes as she watched Leylin...

Simultaneously, in a clandestine area, Noah was staring at his dish, face drained of colour.

There was an indistinct bloody liver-like substance lying on the white china, emitting a chalky fog.

“Eugh...” Noah slapped a palm over his mouth, resisting the urge to gag.

In his vision, the Barbarian Bear Shaman’s stomach was cut open, and a large amount of yellow grease flowed out from it. There were also visible traces of the skeleton inside.

“Uncle, I can’t do this any longer!” Noah cried through the spaces of his fingers.

Robin didn’t look good either, his body was missing huge chunks of flesh

and he was covered in terrifying wounds.

“It was rumoured that this place is dominated by the sin of gluttony, we will be attacked if we stop partaking! We have to keep going, success will be ours if they fail first.”

Robin persisted to his best abilities whereas Noah’s hand trembled as he picked his cutlery. Ultimately, he put them down again. All the food here was created from the sin of gluttony and due to it, all spells would be rendered useless; only their own tenacity could help them withstand the ‘feast’. Ring ring ring! The melodious bell rang from afar, but to the trio it seemed like it came from the depths of hell...

# Chapter 433: Rescue

Noah made several attempts to reach for the knife and fork but he gave up halfway, letting out an expression of intense suffering.

He collapsed on the dining table with a bang, his teeth clenched tightly.

Similarly, Robin had a pained look on his face as he endured the nausea and swallowed a bloody piece of meat.

Within 30 seconds, the ringing of the bells came to an end, lasting only for a short duration.

Ka-cha! Out of nowhere, it seemed as if a huge invisible mouth took a bite. At this moment, Noah let out a deep cry.

A large portion of his flesh was missing on the right side of his head, his ear having completely disappeared. From the side, his ghastly white teeth could be seen. It was a horrifying sight.

Suddenly, a streak of light flashed across. A bloodied ear, still twitching unconsciously, appeared before a dark figure.

“Ew.....”

After a few rounds, Robin and Noah had paled, now resembling corpses. However, the Barbarian Bear Shaman on the other end had finally reached its limit and collapsed onto the table.

Buzz! As if a signal was given, the Barbarian Bear Shaman was immediately moved to the 13th chair, which was unoccupied. When this was done, numerous dark figures pounced on it.

“Ah.....” The Barbarian Bear Shaman shrieked continuously. Soon after, fur and skin started disappearing piece by piece, followed by flesh, veins and even bones.

Hoo... The Crystal Phase Barbarian Bear Shaman no longer had any power to fight back and vanished within the dark figures.

Even up till the very last moment of its life, the Barbarian Bear Shaman was still very much conscious, as could be seen from the expression in its



eyes.

After they engulfed the Barbarian Bear Shaman, the many dark figures dispersed and vanished into thin air one after another. At the same time, Noah could feel the strong imprisonment fading..

“It’s finally over...” he sighed, plopping to the ground shortly after. He began to vomit, almost to the point of spewing out bile.

“I swear. I won’t be able to eat anything for at least three months...” Despite his bitter expression, Noah’s bodily wounds were in fact healing quickly.

However, Robin’s fervent eyes were fixed on a particular part of the void. From Noah’s perspective, a presence had already arrived somewhere.

“What reward do you wish for?” An inexplicable voice rang within the hearts of the two men.

“I want...” Robin answered. His voice was deep, but even more so, it carried his unrestrainable excitement.....

At this point in time, Leylin walked out of the ecological garden with Tanasha and they returned to the illusory corridor.

“Master... According to our research, we will be able to get out after passing 3 more spatial points.” Tanasha’s condition seemed to have improved greatly, and even her missing arm was able to grow out again with the help of the potions.

“Yes,” Leylin nodded.

“After we get out, stay in the Forgotten Land for the time being. Wait for an opportunity to sneak out and join me! Do you have any restrictions in your organisation?”

“No! I am one of the leaders in the Alliance of the Exiled, I didn’t agree to any sort of soul-binding contract!” Tanasha responded quickly. It wasn’t surprising given her Crystal Phase strength.

“That’s good...” Leylin nodded. He was about to say something else but all of a sudden, his expression changed and he gave Tanasha a look.

Tanasha acknowledged with a nod before disappearing into a wave of water.

Based on the readings on the A.I. Chip, Magus energy waves were detected ahead. Since Tanasha was a backup plan arranged by Leylin, she could not show herself easily in front of outsiders.

Leylin smiled at Tanasha, who was now concealed behind the water, and walked past a corner.

Then, he saw a warlock dressed in a black robe, slumped on the ground. A puddle of black blood was growing beside him. Leylin knew this warlock well – he was one of Kesha's men, named Arcus.

“Wake up, Arcus!” Leylin flipped Arcus over and immediately noticed the criss-crossed wounds on his chest as dark blood gushed out continuously.

“Curse power!” Leylin's expression hardened as he felt an enormous power from the long, narrow cuts.

As a Magus, Leylin was knowledgeable in curses, especially those in the Book of Giant Serpent, left behind by Great Magus Serholm. They inspired him greatly and even led him to develop many new ones of his own. This knowledge helped him to a great extent when he was at the south coast.

However, the deeper his knowledge, the more he understood about the strangeness and difficulty in coping with such power.

In particular, the curses from ancient times were those that Leylin was unwilling to make contact with even now.

It seemed like Quicksand Castle also contained a terrifying curse power, and this power had already found its way to Kesha and her group.

To the unconscious Arcus, whose face was faintly branded with a spell made of dark fumes, Leylin looked at him and said, “Today is your lucky day!” He then smiled and pulled out a tube filled with a green solution from his leather pouch.

Leylin applied the thick, green fluid onto Arcus' wounds drop by drop.

Sizzle! The green fluid immediately went through a strange transformation as it condensed into many tiny green worms, which remained on Arcus' skin. It was a rather disgusting sight.

After that, the numerous green worms aimed at the dark fumes and pounced on them. They engulfed the dark curse power as if they were having a meal.

As time went by, the dark fumes on Arcus' face slowly faded away and he opened his eyes.

"M...Master Leylin! Thank you for saving me!" Arcus had realised the situation he was in. He struggled to bow but was stopped by Leylin.

"Did something happen to sister Kesha and the others?" Leylin's voice was calm and full of wisdom.

"Yes, yes! After we entered Quicksand Castle, we were attacked!" Arcus answered with his pale, dry lips, sounding a little frightened.

"It's a terrifying monster in human form! Not only are spells and physical attacks ineffective, the wounds inflicted by its scissors cannot heal! It also possesses a frightening ability to enter the void and heal itself!"

"Sir! Please save my master!" Arcus pleaded sincerely.

"Don't worry! We are an organisation of bloodline brothers and Kesha is also my sister. I will not leave her in the lurch!"

"Rather than that, you....."

"I'm fine! I can leave by myself!" Arcus knew for sure that his presence was a burden thus he made a sensible decision.

"Alright! We are already near the exit, all you have to do is avoid the Magi outside, then leave this pocket dimension!"

Leylin nodded and watched Arcus as he limped out of the place.

"Master, are you going to save them?" A wave swept past the empty space and Tanasha, who had been concealed all these time, appeared again.

“Yes!” Leylin nodded.

Kesha had been good to him and they were relatively close. He had to save her.

Of course, more importantly, through his analysis of Arcus, Leylin had already prepared himself for said curse . At the very least, he could ensure his own safety.

If it was like that, there was no reason to refuse to rescue them while he was here.

“You don’t have to involve yourself with this matter anymore, you may leave first!” Leylin ordered Tanasha.

After that, he immediately handed a large black box to her.

“You have to guard the contents of this box carefully. Do not open it, return it to me when we meet again later!”

“Yes, Master!” Tanasha bowed. After receiving the box from Leylin, a bright light flashed and the item disappeared.

Although rare, spatial artifacts could be found even on the south coast and Twilight Zone, leave alone the central continent.

Tanasha had long since entered the Crystal Phase. A storage artifact was no big deal.

As he watched Tanasha’s silhouette moving away, Leylin turned in the opposite direction and disappeared into the corridor.

.....

“Huff.....”

Kesha hid behind a large shelf, and her tall chest moved up and down unsteadily as she breathed.

“How is it? Has the trap succeeded?”

She asked a Green-skinned Barbarian beside her. Both Kesha and the Green-skinned Barbarian had long, narrow wounds on their bodies. A pool of dark gas circled above those wounds.

These two Magi were almost entirely drained of their energies and they were at their worst condition.

“The Fogbound Labyrinth can only trap it for 3 minutes!” The Green-skinned Barbarian said bitterly.

“Damn it! That amount of time isn’t even enough for us to recover, not to mention getting past the illusory corridor!” Kesha looked despair.

Being pursued by the man in black, especially after sustaining such injuries, the illusory corridor had refused to transport a cursed person like her several times. They were practically trapped in there while still alive.

By now, both Magi were already at their limits. They had no more strength to fight back.

“I’d never expected that I would die here, and with a green-skinned dwarf beside me!” Kesha let out a faint sigh.

“What did you say, woman?” Angered after being called a dwarf, the Green-skinned Barbarian jumped up and pointed his staff at Kesha’s nose. “If you guys hadn’t intruded and killed many of our clan members, we wouldn’t have chased after you and we wouldn’t have run into that thing!”

“You...” Kesha wanted to refute further but her expression suddenly changed. She and the Green-skinned Barbarian dodged in opposite directions.

Ka-cha! A brilliant, silver-white light streaked across and the large shelf was split into two. It exposed the silhouette of a man in a black trenchcoat who held a pair of scissors emitting a sharp radiance.

“Oh no! It broke through earlier than expected!” The Green-skinned Barbarian turned pale, looking even greener than usual, and it began to shiver.

“Fuck! I knew it, you green-skinned dwarves can’t be trusted!” Out of her despair, Kesha burst out swearing.

The man in black made an ambiguous howl. The sounds of the scissors echoed as his footsteps slowly drew near.

With her sea of consciousness now dried up, a bitter smile emerged on Kesha's face. However, the man in black was evidently not one to show mercy even towards a female as he raised his hand and pierced at Kesha's eyes with the scissors.

"Explosive Fireball!" A massive explosion sounded.

Numerous dark figures gathered to form a cage and bound the man in black.

# Chapter 434: Escape

Kesha felt giddy, her head was spinning, but she soon fell into a strong embrace.

“Ley...Leylin!” She was taken aback and called out his name.

“Sister, it looks like you’re in a difficult situation!” Leylin rubbed his nose and gently laid Kesha down. He then tossed a potion at her.

“This is a purifying potion, it can eliminate the curse energy from your body! Use it as soon as possible!”

“Thank you!” Kesha’s face glowed with a lovely smile. Having just escaped from death, she was especially touched.

“Wait up! That... Can you also give me one...?” The huge Green-skinned Barbarian Magus rolled over like a ball, and he was eager to please.

“Huh?” Leylin looked at Kesha.

“Give it to him! After all, we fought alongside each other!” Kesha nodded her head.

At this moment, countless black shadows exploded forth with a bang. Trenchcoat stood in the center, completely unharmed. He made eye contact with Leylin and started roaring.

“This kind of feeling, it isn’t a common hybrid curse. It’s a gene curse!” Leylin’s face grew absolutely serious.

The so-called gene curse was a high-grade curse. It had the ability to materialise itself which was extremely difficult to cure.

Leylin himself had mastered a few curses. However, even he was not too sure about these gene curses.

“I’ll take care of him. You two, use the potions and leave as quickly as possible!” he said in a deep voice.

As with any curse, there were limitations on the scope of the effect. As for Trenchcoat’s gene curse, it most likely prevented him from leaving the confines of Quicksand Castle. In fact, he might not even make it through

the illusory corridor in the outer layer.

Kesha and the Green-skinned Barbarian nodded their heads in agreement and opened the test tubes.

“Right, for such a high-grade curse to make an appearance is fortunate. I have long wanted to study them!” Leylin’s eyes lit up like a spark of fire. He threw out a large number of potions.

Boom A flash of jade-green flames ignited and blazed fiercely.

“dkjsklgmnsklm.....”

Trenchcoat seemed to have some apprehensions with regards to these flames and muttered some senseless words.

“A.I. Chip! “Leylin ordered, “Compare with every language in the database!” However, the A.I.Chip had not recorded Trenchcoat’s words and so was unable to find an answer.

“Let’s go!” Kesha and the Green-skinned Barbarian yelled. Both had the black cursed energies from their body expelled successfully by the purifying potions.

As he watched Leylin and his two companions leaving, Trenchcoat standing opposite bellowed loudly and charged at them.

Crackle! A copious amount of jade green flames were blazing on his body ferociously. Big patches of black clothing were flaking off onto the ground, revealing the badly scarred skin beneath.

A long hideous wound extended all the way down from his right shoulder blade. It looked like a huge black centipede, a sinister and horrifying sight.

What made Leylin frown was the fact that the profound and brutal power of the curse seemed more pronounced and vigorous on Trenchcoat’s body.

“Run, now!” Leylin waved the Meteor Sword in his hand, bringing forth horrifying poisons and the sharp radiant sword shadows, causing the surrounding structures to collapse one by one.



“Use this!” The Green-skinned Barbarian held out a glittering crystal ball that was radiating beautiful, brilliant rays.

“This is an escape crystal ball. It consists of at least 5 escape charms, enough to get us out of here!” The Green-skinned Barbarian Magus met Leylin’s eyes and explained it to him, seemingly trying to win his favour.

“Good job!” The blue light in his eyes sparkled and the A.I. Chip affirmed the authenticity of the crystal ball and its favourable functions.

He immediately stimulated the crystal ball and the three of them vanished in a blinding flash.

A black shadow whizzed past and Trenchcoat’s pair of scissors slashed across empty space as it produced senseless, incoherent roars.

Inside the illusory corridor, the surrounding walls were filled with images of many plants and flowers. Many of the plants were in a continuous loop of life – from germination, to growth, then blossoming and finally withering.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Loud thuds of heavy objects falling were heard. Leylin and the rest were in the middle of the corridor.

“Alright! I can no longer feel the power of the curse at this location. You are all safe!” He shut his eyes and exclaimed.

Hearing his words, Kesha and the Green-skinned Barbarian broke into smiles of relief and joy.

“So, it is now time to discuss how we should ‘handle’ this!” Leylin pointed his finger at the Green-skinned Barbarian, revealing a sinister and calculative grin.

“Oh! No! You can’t do this to me. I saved your companion’s life! And we even fought alongside in battle!” The Green-skinned Barbarian raised both his arms, pleading innocently.

It didn’t adopt any form of resistance as its spiritual force had been drained a few days ago when it was in pursuit. It even needed Leylin to stimulate the escape crystal ball as it wasn’t able to do it on its own.

“But the fact is, you came here to capture us, no?” Leylin saw through his clumsy trickery. Thus, he held up the cross blade and aimed for the Green-skinned Barbarian’s brains.

“Seeing how things have turned out, you have paid the price accordingly. I will spare your life this time!” At that moment, Leylin revealed his true intentions.

Having heard what he said, Kesha, who was initially displeased, suddenly snapped out of her emotional state.

“But.... I do not possess any other good stuff!” The Green-skinned Barbarian Magus pleaded pitifully, but secretly slipped an odd bracelet out of his right hand.

Leylin refused to believe that. Being a Crystal Phase Magus, how could it not have a few aces up its sleeve?

Looking at the current situation, although both parties were seriously injured, they could have mustered up their remaining strength for another fight. Yet, Leylin only wanted compensation and did not want to test the opposite party’s threshold which would have inevitably caused them both to suffer.

“Hand over the compensation! Or do you want to start a fight here?” Leylin’s tone was harsh and intense.

“Sister Kesha! When the compensation is presented, I’ll share 50 percent with you!” Once these words were spoken, Kesha immediately inched closer to Leylin’s side, showing her support.

For this exploration, Kesha had ended up losing her life savings and there was no way she could ever step foot into Quicksand Castle again. She had also lost three capable assistants, who were all feared dead, so now she thirsted for compensation for her losses.

Seeing how Kesha reacted, the Green-skinned Barbarian let out a bitter smile, “All of you human Magi are shrewd and greedy, worse than the devil!”

It resigned itself to its fate, crouched down, and handed a black pouch to

Leylin.

“Go ahead and take a look! My treasures are all in there!”

Leylin reached out to received the pouch that seemed to be made from animal fur. Upon further probing, many useful items of brilliant lights and vibrant colours could be seen.

Crystal Phase Magi in the Forgotten Land were not as wealthy as Crystal Phase Magi elsewhere, but it was enough to please the two Vapour Phase Magi.

There were so many precious materials inside that Kesha was dazzled by its extraordinary splendor as she let out a thrilling cry.

Leylin chose some of the most precious ones, including a few copies of notes and thereafter handed the pouch to Kesha.

Kesha showered her delicate charm on Leylin in appreciation, then started choosing gems from the pouch without restraint. When she finally passed the pouch to the Green-skinned Barbarian, it was obvious the pouch was shrivelled and light, with lots of missing items. The Green-skinned Barbarian was heartbroken.

“Alright! Since the ransom has been paid, we shall take our leave!”

Leylin bowed slightly, his lips curled in a slight smile as he walked quickly along the corridor with Kesha. They disappeared at the end, leaving the Green-skinned Barbarian speechless and bitter.

A few days later, at the desert surrounding the Quicksand Castle, in a dim and gloomy underground area.

A wave of bright red brilliant rays flashed past, and the silhouettes of the uncle-nephew pair – Robin and Noah – appeared out of thin air.

“You are both finally here, Leylin and I have been waiting for a long time!”

Kesha stood up, a tone of dissatisfaction in her voice. Soon after, she gazed attentively at Robin: “You..... what happened?”

Using her aura detection abilities, it seemed that Robin had changed

greatly, yet she couldn't tell exactly what changed.

"Huh?" Leylin scrutinized Robin's face intently.

There was no change in his outer appearance, with an unusually bewitching handsome outlook, but in the space between his eyebrows, there was an additional black symbol imprinted. Multiple blood vessel lookalikes covered his entire forehead.

What amazed Leylin more was that the Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline on Robin's body seemed to be strengthening continuously, with the tendency to purify gradually.

If it weren't for the extremely pure and concise bloodline in Leylin's own body, together with the probing of the A.I. Chip, he wouldn't have noticed such changes.

"It's nothing. On the contrary, I have never felt better!" Robin chuckled, rational as ever as he whipped out a huge foreleg and started gnawing on it.

There were scales covering the whole animal foreleg and purple-black blood was still dripping from the severed site. It was clearly a high-energy creature from the vicinity.

Robin wolfed down his food with gusto and finished it up with just a few mouthfuls, meat and bones.

He felt like he could be wrong, but after eating the meat, Robin's bloodline seemed to have strengthened slightly again.

"Eww..." Noah's face turned ash-white after witnessing Robin feasting on his food. He turned away, not daring to take another look.

"And what happened to you?" Leylin had a premonition. He was sure Robin had acquired some rare resources from Quicksand Castle.

Of course, he had his own fortuitous encounter and the benefits were not small. Luck wouldn't shine on only one person, and Leylin understood this theory.

"No...Nothing, it was just a traumatic experience. I might fast for a

period, I do not even want to see anybody eating anything....”

Noah waved his hand weakly. The horrible memories from the previous dinner left a deep horrifying impression on him.

“Noah has experienced too little, let him be! We need to leave the Quicksand pocket dimension immediately! Any objections?”

()

Robin was evidently clear-headed and wise, not mentioning anything about his experiences in the castle. Leylin and Kesha, as well, were too tactful to ask.

# Chapter 435: Demon Hunter

“No matter the profits or losses, it is time to leave.”

Leylin nodded, approving of Robin's suggestion.

He had gained quite a lot this time, and had long since had the inclination to leave. More importantly, his pursuer, Tanasha, had surrendered into his service. The Green-skinned Barbarian Magus was also heavily injured, and only after being extorted precious materials from was he released. As for the road that Robin had taken, it was evident that it had been disastrous.

These were Crystal Phase Magi! The three powers outside would probably be stamping their feet in anxiety.

By the time they reacted to the situation, Leylin and the others would probably be met with the joint attack from the three powers.

On Leylin's end, the Black Horrall Snake Warlocks that Robin and Roya had brought were all dead, and those following Kesha were probably in a similar situation. Arcus, who Leylin had rescued, had not met with them here. This would only have happened if he had other plans, or he had met with some unexpected situation, causing his strength to be greatly diminished.

If they did not choose to escape now, were they going to wait to be killed?

“Alright, I agree as well.” Kesha sounded helpless. Out of everyone here, she had gained the least, and it was not even enough to make up for the loss of the three Warlocks from her family. When she returned, this would be a huge blow to them.

Anxiety was apparent in Kesha's eyes.

“As for the way out, it's definitely impossible to go through the entrance of the pocket dimension. We should use our original plan and look for the weaker areas of the pocket dimension, and use escape runes to tear through the space and exit!” Robin exclaimed.

The entrance of the secret realm had probably been placed under heavy military guard long ago by the three organisations. Leylin and Kesha would not suggest leaving that way, and they all nodded in agreement.

.....

Under the scorching rays of the sun, the moisture in the ground evaporated, cracks appearing within.

Somewhere, many cracks converged and caused a terrifying explosion. A hole opened up in the void, and a few pitiful figures dashed out of a tunnel.

“Based on these energy particles, it looks like we’ve successfully escaped and reached the Forgotten Land!” Leylin commented after sensing the energy particles that were so sparse that they could be overlooked around him as well as the desolate surroundings.

“That’s right! This must be the Tuck Barren Lands close to the Forgotten Land, which is very close to the city of sins, Nefas!”

Robin checked the surroundings, and he looked elated, “Leylin, I didn’t expect your abilities at calculating the areas where space is weak to be so impressive!”

“Yes! Not only did you use the shortest time possible and find the place where space was weak, you also evaded space storms and chose a place that is closest to Nefas City!”

It was no simple task to find the weakest spatial node in a pocket dimension. For Magi, this would require a very precise and meticulous probing ability, and the requirements when it came to calculation were even more terrifying.

“Hehe... What are you saying, that’s only a coincidence!” Leylin rubbed his nose.

All these may seem difficult to a regular Magus, but for the A.I. Chip, it was just a walk in the park. He had even especially chosen a spatial node closest to Nefas City, all so he could leave that place as soon as possible.

He had reaped marvelous gains this time, and he had a bad feeling about this. It was this feeling that prompted him to leave without hesitation, even so going so far as to expose some of his abilities.

“It’s best that we leave as soon as possible. Something feels off.” Leylin furrowed his brows. The resources in the Quicksand pocket dimension were far too plentiful, and just the highly valued pocket dimension, Quicksand Castle, was enough to arouse the interest and greed of Morning Star Magi. A Morning Star Magus was not something any of them could handle.

“I have a bad feeling about this too.” Robin looked grim as he agreed as well.

Hearing this, Noah and Kesha could feel the seriousness of the situation. The premonitions or feelings that Magi had, especially that of high-ranked Magi like Leylin and Robin, were usually accurate. It did nothing to reassure them, causing them to tremble in fear.

“Have the organisations in the Forgotten Land contacted the external world? Or is there any supporter of theirs?” Leylin asked Robin as the group of Magi hurried along lightning-quick.

“Contact? They’re a bunch of vicious criminals, or those who can no longer stay in the central continent. How could there be any communication between them?” Robin scoffed at the idea.

“They can’t even leave the Forgotten Land, and can at most conceal their identities in Nefas City.”

At this point, his expression changed and he immediately halted his footsteps. “You mean...”

Leylin’s expression was grim as he nodded.

“What’s going on?” Noah was baffled, while Kesha seemed to have some thoughts on this, “The organisations within the Forgotten Land and Nefas City have contact with each other? Or...”

She did not dare speak further, but the heavy atmosphere lingered in their hearts.



“But what can we do if we don’t go to Nefas City? The airship station there is the most convenient way to communicate with the external world.” Kesha bit her lips.

“Let’s take the long route.” Leylin let out a long breath.

“This will take more effort. I’ve seen the map, and we’ll pass through a few dangerous areas with rank 3 Magi. However, as long as we’re careful, there’s a large possibility of us passing through, though it might take a bit more time...”

Robin nodded, agreeing with Leylin. Though it was very troublesome to divert their route all based on a conjecture, Kesha and Noah exchanged a few glances and did not object.

The Magus World was filled with danger, and any carelessness could lead to the misfortune of death.

Those who could become high-ranked Magi were very confident in their premonitions, and would prefer to avoid any trouble even if it would cause them to expend more effort.

The moment this group was about to turn around, there was an unexpected situation.

Ka-cha! A huge hole opened up in the sky, and countless black streaks of lightning appeared with a thunderous sound..

An incredibly mighty pressure suddenly descended, causing Leylin and the others to stand in a daze.

Suddenly, Leylin felt this whole region being isolated from the surroundings, and the air suddenly becoming heavier, to the point that he could not even move a finger.

“This is... the domain of a Morning Star Magus! I’ve felt it before at my mentor’s. I can’t be wrong!”

Robin turned back, face so pale it was like a corpse’s.

“Found you!” A hoarse voice was transmitted from the black hole in the sky, cold, unfeeling and condescending. It was as if Leylin and his group

were a bunch of insignificant little ants.

Numerous black streaks of lightning twined around each other to form a black, giant palm, grabbing at Leylin and the rest.

“Ah-!” Leylin wanted to retaliate, only to find that not only was it difficult to use the spiritual force in his body, even the sparse elemental particles in the external world had disappeared, as if they had become insulators of elemental particles.

[Host body affected by unknown force field. Spiritual force suppressed by 80%. Stats in all areas decreasing.]

The A.I. Chip’s voice sounded, being distorted as if it was being interfered with.

In terms of Leylin’s own stats, there was a large decrease in all of his abilities, and he had been suppressed to about as strong as a rank 1 Magus.

“The suppression from a Morning Star domain, and its influence, has turned us into elemental insulators!”

A wry smile appeared at the corner of Leylin’s lips, “The terror of Morning Star Magi is something I can only hope to achieve!”

Honestly speaking, he was still in a good condition. Kesha and Noah had already collapsed, leaving Robin and him somewhat able to stay standing. However, in front of the giant black-lightning palm, they were helpless.

“Hmph! Cyril, it’s not up to you to give my students a lesson!” Just as even Leylin gave up all hope, a voice suddenly rang from beside him, a familiar sound immediately perking him up.

“Mentor Gilbert!” Robin and Kesha exclaimed, delighted.

Following that, Gilbert appeared by Robin in loose white robes, his two eyes turning into dangerous vertical pupils.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! Ash gray stone skin extended on the black lightning hand, and it eventually collapsed in mid-air, turning into a pile of powder as it sprayed downwards.

Po! Like a soap bubble that had been pierced through, Leylin felt his body become lighter, the region he was in returning to the world. That feeling of being shrouded in a tight membrane disappeared.

The numbers on the A.I. Chip were returning to normal, as was his contact with the elemental particles.

[Beep! Detected reactions from two unknown force fields, resulting in a neutralizing effect.]

The A.I. Chip prompted, and a look of comprehension flashed in Leylin's eyes. 'This is mentor's Morning Star domain, cancelling out the other party's force field!'

He had also gained a deeper understanding of how formidable Morning Star Magi were.

Without reaching the Morning Star realm, just a Morning Star domain was a torture to many low-ranked Magi. In the face of Morning Star Magi, the concept of strength in numbers was just a joke.

"Giant Serpent Duke Gilbert!" A figure appeared in the sky suddenly, and though he was just standing there, Leylin felt that he was like a high mountain.

"Demon Hunter Cyril!"

Leylin lowered his head, taking a few secret peeks at the sky.

Cyril's face was gaunt, and his lips were very thin. He had a pair of silver eyes that could inspire fear and the Magus robes he wore, with black threads that formed demonic images and the many chains, axes and torture instruments along with, made him look frightening.

"Wait here. I'll go have a good talk with him." Gilbert placed his arms at his back. Wrapped in dense crimson rays, he floated above and, with Cyril, transformed into two shooting stars that disappeared into the horizon.

"Hah..." Robin let out a long breath and dropped to the ground. He no longer cared about his image.

The situation just now could be said to be extremely dangerous. If

Gilbert had not reached in time, they would probably be in a terrible state.

# Chapter 436: Private Airship

“What exactly is going on?” Noah shook his head, still feeling slightly giddy.

“Demon Hunter Cyril tried to hinder us, but Mentor showed up in time to save us, as simple as that!” Kesha laughed bitterly.

The great name of Demon Hunter Cyril struck his ears like a peal of thunder. Rumour had it that this infamous, ferocious being would make even the most cunning devil burst out in tears, regretting that they were ever born into this world.

Simply thinking about falling into the hands of such a person had her breaking out in cold sweat.

“I should’ve thought of it earlier. Nefas, the city of sins, and the Forgotten Land are in close proximity and there are frequent interactions between their people. It is impossible that the forces in the Forgotten Land are not in contact with the Demon Hunter.” Robin’s face was full of remorse.

In actual fact, what he meant was that those forces were the other party’s lackeys. When they saw that they could not handle their group, they immediately informed their master.

However, there was no conclusive evidence. In addition to that, the Demon Hunter was also a Morning Star Magus, which was why Robin spoke obscurely.

“If Mentor Gilbert hadn’t arrived in time, we would’ve been in grave danger. Oh yes, why did Mentor come here?” Robin asked with a doubtful expression.

“It was me!” Leylin stood out and gave a bitter laugh.

“Before I left, I’d already had a bad premonition. Thus, I gave Parker a letter. If I failed to return within the time limit, he would hand it over to Lucian immediately, who would then pass it on to Mentor... Thank goodness! Brother Lucian is indeed trustworthy. Mentor also didn’t get

caught up in a high-level experiment.....”

His words were only partly true. As a matter of fact, it was the Coin of Destiny which allowed Leylin to predict the interference of a force at the Morning Star realm. However, he could not bear to give up on the Lamia Hair, hence he adopted such a compromising measure.

From the looks of it, it wasn't a bad result.

“Sorry! I acted on my own!” Leylin admitted and apologised immediately.

“No! It's nothing! We still have to thank you for your vigilance!” Robin waved.

“That's right! Who would've known that the Demon Hunter was actually so treacherous? He even tried to snatch away small fries like us!” Kesha spoke with a face full of indignation.

“Silence!” Leylin and Robin shouted simultaneously to stop her.

“Towards Morning Star Magi, even if we are enemies, respect must be given no matter what! This is to respect the truth!” Kesha flushed red from embarrassment and lowered her head.

Rumble! At this time, a large wave was transmitted from afar. Leylin looked towards that direction in concern.

“No need to worry! The Demon Hunter may be famed for his strength, but you have to believe in our Mentor. He is also very powerful!” Robin noticed the worries on Leylin's mind and gave him a comforting smile.

“Let's hope things will be as such!” Leylin replied a little forcefully.

Getting Duke Gilbert out was already his last resort. Apart from this mentor, he could no longer think of any other ways to make the Demon Hunter give up.

Should their mentor be defeated, the students themselves would not have a good ending as well.

“Strength! It still comes down to strength!” Leylin could not help but clench his fists together as his yearning for the Morning Star realm grew.

Whoosh! A scarlet ray of light streaked across the horizon and Gilbert's silhouette emerged before Leylin and the others.

"Mentor!" Robin and Leylin rushed to bow.

"You rascals, look what trouble you've gotten yourselves into, you even provoked Cyril!" Gilbert swept his eyes over before a smile surfaced on his bald, bare face. It seems, that in the battle between him and the Demon Hunter, he was not on the losing end.

After realising that, Leylin heaved a sigh of relief in his heart. At least the worst case scenario no longer had a chance of occurring.

"Alright! You must be exhausted after the expedition, just take a trip back on my airship!"

Smiling, Gilbert waved his hand and a small airship appeared on the spot.

Although it was smaller in size than the public airships, it was evidently more luxurious and ornate. The spell formations drafted on it were also more intricate and powerful.

"This is..." Leylin's mouth opened wide.

Despite its small size, it was still a proper airship! With enough space to fit an airship of this size, surely Duke Gilbert's space artifacts must have been at the level of magic equipment at least!

But Robin thought Leylin had lost his senses because of the airship. "This is the 'Black Scale,' Mentor's ship. When he advanced to become a Morning Star Magus, the Fayle clan sent it as a gift. It can use any network of channels and will be treated as an honoured guest at maintenance and rest stops!" he explained with a smile.

"What a lavish clan!" Leylin gasped. The family which had control over the central continent's airship channels, had a lot of inside information as expected.

"Will they send a gift for every Morning Star Magus after they are promoted?" Leylin suddenly remembered and asked.

“That’s right! Basically, after a Magus is promoted, the Fayle clan will definitely send a private airship as a gift!” Robin nodded.

“What a great scale of spending!” Of course, Leylin knew very well that it was probably not the intention of the Fayles. Instead, the Monarch of the Skies was using the chance to get on the good sides of the Morning Star Magi.

The Black Scale’s interior was very luxurious. Comprising a master room, guest room, kitchen, meditation room and a customized living room, the airship was big enough to accommodate dozens of people without seeming crowded. For a private airship, this was enough.

Gilbert sat on a sofa in the middle of the living room while Leylin and the other 3 stood respectfully at one side. A few clear-winged elves carried the teapot and cups and swiftly poured a cup of red tea for everyone.

“Sit!” Gilbert chuckled. “I am also rather interested in your experiences this time round!”

Leylin’s heart stirred. He knew that whatever was to come could not be avoided, but he showed no dissatisfaction about it.

By the sole fact that Gilbert saved him, it was only right to share a large portion of the reward.

“Tiny energy waves are detected! Identified as Bloodline artifacts’ detection technology! Space artifacts are unable to cut them off!”

By this time, the prompting sounds of the A.I. chip had reached Leylin’s mind. In his vision, he distinctly saw a scanning wave sweep past the 4 of them, not even sparing Noah.

The wave was so obscure that even Robin could not feel it scanning his body, it even went on to scan Leylin’s spatial pouch and ring. Despite that, Leylin’s face remained unchanged.

The few people remained silent for a while before Robin took the lead and spoke up, “Mentor, It’s like this...”

“.....” After listening to his narration, Gilbert looked at the imprint of



the spell on Robin's forehead and took a deep sigh, "I didn't expect that you would ultimately choose this path!"

"This is my choice!" Robin bowed and replied, "If not for this, I'm afraid I wouldn't even get the chance to look at the realm of the Morning Star!" He spoke resolutely.

"As your mentor, I can only guide and advise you in your pursuit of the truth and the power of the bloodline. As for your final choice, I will not interfere any further."

Gilbert shook his head and said, "Since you are insistent on doing this, then so be it!"

"Mentor....." On the other side, Kesha was acting like a little girl, on the verge of crying. She spoke about her encounter extremely miserably.

"Arcus and the other two are all dead..... That's half the strength of my clan..... Mentor....."

Towards the end, Kesha's eyes flushed red and she started crying. Tears flowed out like a waterfall. She spoke nothing about her earnings from the extortion of the Green-skinned Barbarian, which was done in collaboration with Leylin.

"Alright! Alright!" Gilbert said helplessly. "After this, I will give orders for your clan to be taken care of!"

"Thank you Mentor!" Kesha's face brightened up instantaneously, with such speed that it created a pang of admiration in Leylin.

"Leylin, how about you?" Gilbert finally directed his attention to Leylin, with a slight smile of interest in his eyes.

'What the hell. Amongst you, one is his former student, while the other is a woman. I, the newcomer, am at the greatest disadvantage!' In his mind, Leylin rolled his eyes but he kept a calm expression on his face. He patted the space pouch respectfully and a few items appeared on the desk.

"A bloodline crystal!" Kesha covered her mouth and let out a gasp as she saw the blood-red stone.

However, Robin's focus was on the long-root fruit and a few pieces of large, milky white bones.

As for Gilbert, he looked engrossingly at a large egg which sat in the middle of the desk. As he looked at the blood-red runes on it, he appeared to be deep in thought.

"Leylin, you've struck it big this time in the pocket dimensions!" Kesha leaned forward, almost squeezing her whole body into Leylin's embrace. "This sister's clan is already so pitiful, shouldn't you help me out?"

"Haha..." Gilbert, however, made a carefree laugh.

"This is the egg of a Blood Vulture! Blood Vultures in the ancient times were originally well-known for searching for bloodline artifacts. Leylin, I suppose you got lucky and found a nest of Blood Vultures?"

"Yes!" Leylin scratched his head, looking a little embarrassed. "After I found the nest, I hid there for a few days before I finally seized the chance and snuck these things out....."

Upon hearing that, a hint of jealousy appeared on everyone's face, even Robin's. Why didn't such good luck descend on him?

"These items, I'm willing to offer them all to Mentor!" What Leylin said thereafter turned Robin and Kesha's minds blank.

"It's not even possible not to offer..." Leylin gave a sincere look, but he was utterly bitter inside.

After discovering that Leylin possessed these items and did not hand them over, Gilbert would not feel good about it. If that was the case, Leylin's future life in the Ouroboros Clan would be difficult.

"Haha... Good!"

Gilbert laughed out loud...

# Chapter 437: Completing The Project

Upon hearing Leylin's words, Gilbert stared blankly at him for a while, and then started laughing heartily. "I will accept your gift then!"

"Thank you, mentor!" Gratitude was apparent on Leylin's face as he bowed.

"Sure! Of course, I wouldn't simply just want to have your things for no reason; after all, Blood Vulture eggs from the ancient times are still very precious!" Gilbert lowered his head in thought.

"How about this? Aren't you currently accumulating contribution points to buy the scroll that can inject life into constructs? I'll make an exchange with you directly then; a sealed fourth-grade magic scroll would be sufficient to make up for these items!"

Gilbert swept his hand across the table top. The numerous bloodline treasures vanished, and a grey scroll covered in simple floral designs appeared.

"Thank you, Mentor!" Leylin received the scroll and expressed his thanks again, this time with more sincerity.

"Besides..." Gilbert glanced at Leylin's ring and smiled.

Leylin scratched his head and displayed his embarrassment, knowing that Gilbert had discovered the items he had hidden in his spatial ring.

.....

After nightfall, Leylin lay on his bed and examined the scroll in his hands, satisfaction written on his face. "Exchanging those items for a fourth-grade scroll is indeed a fair trade, I didn't suffer!"

He then looked at the ring on his hand and collapsed onto the bed, looking as though he would fall into deep sleep soon enough.

But in actual fact, he was sneering secretly. What Gilbert had discovered was actually what Leylin purposely wanted him to.

Inside the ring, there was only a single Bloodline crystal and a few

remains from ancient times. Gilbert did not value them exactly because there were only a few items, thus he silently agreed to Leylin's secret stash.

In actual fact, what Leylin had handed over today was not even ten percent of his real loot, much less the fingerbone left behind by the fifth-grade Lamia from ancient times.

The temptation of such an item was too huge, and even Leylin was not willing to take it out. If not, it would be hard to pass Gilbert's checkpoint.

No matter what happened then, it would not be a situation that he would want to see. After all, Gilbert was rather nice to him, and he didn't want to fall out with his mentor and the Ouroboros Clan.

Benefits are the greatest reason why people are divided, and Leylin did not want to use the fingerbone to put the bond between master and disciple to the test. Might as well avoid it for the better good.

Yes, the real loot, including the Lamia's fingerbone, were not on Leylin himself! Therefore, no matter how strict Gilbert was with his inspection, there was no use at all!

"However, although this journey was dangerous, I finally attained the items I wanted, and the other loot is not bad..." Leylin thought as he lay in bed, quickly falling into deep sleep for real.

The Black Scale travelled at high speeds. Initially, Leylin and company took more than a month to travel from the Ouroboros Clan to Nefas City, but the return journey only required about ten days or so.

After returning to headquarters, Leylin, his mentor and a few seniors gathered together and returned to Onyx Castle to check on the Magus Tower in his territory.

"Welcome, Lord Leylin!" Parker stood in front of the black Magus Tower and saluted respectfully to Leylin. His voice still sounded old as usual, and was strangely mismatched with his youthful face.

"How is the construction of my Magus Tower going?" Leylin stepped forth and gently caressed the black tower, admiring the exquisite runes on it and the faint but powerful energy waves it emitted. A smile spread

across his face.

“The entire structure of the Magus Tower has been completed, we’re just left with a few cores and most importantly, the activation of the spirit of the Tower! These are awaiting your completion, Master!”

Parker’s response made Leylin satisfactory. He was serious when working too; the previous task that Leylin had given him was performed well. He had successfully delivered a letter to Duke Gilbert and helped Leylin avert his misfortune.

“Excellent! Leylin nodded, “Bring Snoopy to my lab someday. I haven’t taught him anything new in a long while too!”

He, of course, knew that age was catching up to Parker and he had no ambition, so he placed all his hopes on his grandson Snoopy, whose importance surpassed any reward.

Of course, after hearing what Leylin said, Parker was slightly excited and his bow almost reached a right angle, “Thank you on his behalf, Master!”

“On my way back from this trip, I obtained the Scroll of Life. Under my orders, prepare to begin work. I would like my Magus Tower to be completed immediately!” Leylin gave his orders indifferently.

“Your wish will be executed!” Parker replied. All the preparations for construction were already complete, and the other core materials had already been prepared too. All was left was to wait for Leylin to return and take the lead.

Wandering in his own Magus Tower, Leylin examined every corner carefully.

The interior of the Magus Tower was very spacious. Leylin created all of it according to the highest standards, with a complete set of facilities that looked refined and luxurious.

Leylin looked at level after level, especially the positive and negative energy reactive pools, along with other places such as the laboratory, the binding room, and the ecological garden.

“A.I. Chip! What are the results of the scan?” While looking around his tower, Leylin did not forget to let the A.I. Chip fully scan and record the decorations and spell formations that he saw before conducting an inspection.

1 The A.I. Chip sent feedback faithfully.

As the blueprint of the structure was originally done by Leylin himself, using the A.I. Chip’s perfect deductions, the decorations of the entire Magus Tower were perfect, almost to the point that no fault could be found.

The remaining areas that could be further optimized were only small problems that resulted from improper construction and other reasons. No matter how perfect his plan was, as long as it was executed by humans, accidents were bound to happen. Leylin had long prepared for this.

‘The rest is alright, but the previous ecological garden can be altered a little by adding in the data I collected about the environment in the ancient times while at Quicksand Castle!’ Leylin stroked his chin.

Since the Magus Tower was yet to be completed, he could still take the chance to amend it now. If he waited until the defensive spell formations were activated, especially after the tower genie had been awakened, then he wouldn’t be able to amend anything even if he wanted to.

“A.I. Chip! Design an improved version of the blueprint according to what I said earlier!”

Leylin had always liked to put the A.I. Chip in charge of the nitty-gritty things, while he himself was responsible for directing the big picture.

[Task established, adjusting original blueprint! Adding in simulated environment parameters from ancient times, beginning formation of the blueprint...]

The A.I. Chip operated swiftly and projected a new blueprint in front of Leylin within a few minutes.

Leylin scanned the blueprint many times, satisfied with the blueprint made by the A.I. Chip. “Yes! To maximize the use of the original resources

and set-up, I just have to add a few items and spell formations! This will do!”

He now had numerous subordinates and a huge number of Stone tribe slaves. Once he handed down the task of amending the place, it would only take a small number of people working in shifts day and night for ten days to complete it.

Leylin stood at the side of the negative energy reactive pool on the lowest level, and examined the complicated spell designs. At the radiance of the pure gold, silver and other precious materials, his face showed no signs of sadness or joy, maintaining tranquility.

[Simulation of the spell formations of the entire Magus Tower complete, 341 dummy runs, number of malfunctions: 0!]

The blue glow of the A.I. Chip flashed in the depths of Leylin’s eyes.

“Begin!” Leylin exhaled gently, and placed a piece of compressed energy crystal that was emitting immense light rays and heat, much like a miniature sun, into a groove at the heart of the spell formation.

Brr! The entire spell formation started to shake, and ring after ring of runes appeared out of thin air. Traces of light circulated on the spell formation.

“Start!” Leylin’s spiritual force extended and connected with the spell formation.

In the instant when the spiritual force came into contact with the spell formation, Leylin felt as though he had opened a valve, causing a multitude of energy particles to be frantically absorbed by the spell formation, before passing through a complex conversion channel and flowing into the negative energy reactive pool.

Meanwhile, outside the Magus Tower, Parker, Kubler, Snoopy and Leylin’s other subordinates had all gathered to watch this scene, their eyes all brightly lit.

A huge elemental wave seemed to form a vortex that was absorbed by the black Magus Tower.

One by one, the magical runes on the body of the Tower lit up, bringing about frightening and yet stable waves, firmly connecting to one another.

Only Leylin was in the Magus Tower at that moment. He ran to the top of the Magus Tower at the speed of lightning and saw that the external appearance was almost the same, but the spell formation and storage pool gave off an entirely different vibe.

“Next, the positive energy reactive pool!” Leylin pushed the same high energy crystal into the groove, and the same activation spell appeared from Leylin’s hands, merging into the four walls.

Boom! At the top of the Magus Tower, a huge elemental wave practically condensed into a physical substance, energy particles of various colours emitting brilliant lights and vibrant colours. They quickly subsided into two rainbows, one bright and one dark.

Soon after, the bright rainbow was absorbed by the peak of the Tower, while the rainbow with a hint of gold submerged into the ground.

The positive energy reactive pool buzzed continuously, the elemental liquids within accumulating further and further until it finally reached the middle mark.

Two spheres of light that resembled stars emitted from the peak and underground of the Tower, spreading continually across the structure. Numerous runes lit up one by one, and finally converged at its centre.

[Magus Tower spell formation fully activated! Currently operating well!] the A.I. Chip pointed out.

At that point, Leylin was standing on the point of intersection of the positive and negative energy reactive pools. An unadorned scroll covered in bizarre floral designs appeared in his hands.

“Fourth-grade magic— the Scroll of Life!”

“A.I. Chip, prepare to inject knowledge into the being!”

Leylin ripped open the grey scroll, and rays of light burst out. Suddenly, a terrifying attractive force was transmitted from the scroll. The Vapour



Phase spiritual force of his consciousness was consumed in huge quantities, and the process only came to a gradual stop when it was close to being exhausted.

1. 8% of the main structure of the Magus Tower has been scanned. Defence spell formation operation intact, areas that can still be further optimized: 2!

# Chapter 438: Tower Genie #1

Of course, with how much of his wealth Leylin had expended on this, the power of the activation spell was not to be belittled.

A circle of sparkling starlight shrouded the tower. Numerous runes flickered in sync and breathed at the same rate, as if having lives of their own.

A faint blue figure began to form in front of Leylin. "Master, this tower genie is here to serve you!"

This tower genie had been branded by Leylin's spiritual force upon its birth.

In addition, it was one with the Magus Tower, and could help Leylin take care of any minute details that might be difficult to find.

"Alright. Here's my first mission. Accept this and fuse with it!" A blue seed shot out from between Leylin's eyebrows and quickly entered the blue tower genie's figure.

A multitude of data flowed across the tower genie's eyes, and a tremendous amount of complicated information even caused the newly-formed tower genie's figure to flicker, as it eventually turned into a ball of light.

By the time everything had stabilised, the A.I. Chip's robotic voice was produced from within the blue ball of light, [Digitization complete. The A.I. Chip system is now serving you. Please choose the exterior appearance.]

"A tree elf!" Leylin had never had anything against humanoid managers.

The blue ball of light shook, and eventually formed a blue elf the size of a human head, with a pair of wings formed of starlight.

"I'll call you Number 1 in the future." Leylin nodded, very satisfied with this intellectual body's external appearance.

"Understood. Number 1 greets Master!" The blue elf bowed, though its

facial expression looked mechanical.

[Beginning networking.] Such an expression actually pleased Leylin more. What he needed was an absolutely rational manager, and from the very beginning, he had not built in any emotional functions.

With this command, a data interface connected Leylin's A.I. Chip with the elf using a stream of spiritual force.

[Beginning synchronizing of data. In the midst of tidying up] The A.I. Chip's voice sounded.

[Discovery of inharmonious spiritual force waves at three areas. Beginning elimination.] [Fusion with tower genie completed. Activation of anti-probing spell formation at full force.]

One after another, these prompts popped up, and the smile at the corner of Leylin's mouth grew wider.

Regular tower genies definitely lacked the terrifying calculation abilities of the A.I. Chip. The area that it could manage would only include the interior of the Magus Tower.

However, with what he was doing, not only could he control the interior of the Magus Tower from a distance away, he could even completely eliminate any damages that would otherwise have been hidden.

After fusing with the program that the A.I. Chip had duplicated, the tower genie had now become more intelligent, able to autonomously search for holes and repair them, and even take care of a few flaws or defects that had originally been there.

It could be said that even if Grand Duke Gilbert had done anything to the rank 4 scroll, it would have been pointless.

This was because Leylin had already modified the tower genie's structure with things of his own.

"Hah..." Leylin took in a long breath.

The construction of the Magus Tower, particularly the completion of the positive and negative energy reactive pools, now allowed the interior of

the Magus Tower to have ten times the elemental particle concentration as outside.

The concentrated energy particles could even be seen with the naked eye, and for Magus eyes this was even more apparent. Leylin felt like he was surrounded by an elemental ocean.

The particle concentration in the central continent had already been very high, and that of this Magus Tower far surpassed that..

It could be said that in this environment, Leylin's progress in his meditation technique would not be too slow even if he did not use any potions. What was more frightening was that even trashy acolytes with a level 1 or 2 aptitude could break through their own limits and become official Magi if they studied and meditated here!

After recognising this, Leylin immediately made a choice. Unless there was anything terribly important, he would stay and settle down in the Magus Tower.

Outside the tower.

Parker and the others could not feel all this as keenly as Leylin, but after there was a rumble from the entire Magus Tower and it started emanating faint light, everyone still began to cheer. Even Kubler had shining tears at the corner of his eye.

A Magus Tower was a representation of strength in the central continent.

With a Magus Tower, and a Magus like Leylin who was viewed highly, regular Magi with Crystal phase spiritual force would not dare trespass in this area. In addition, with the large-scaled monitoring abilities of the Magus Tower, the rate of crime would definitely be lowered.

This signified that Leylin's power was secured, whether among mortals or Magi.

As a result, all the vassals who depended on Leylin were extremely moved.

Boom! At this moment, with the sound from a power switch, the entrance to the Magus Tower opened up, revealing Leylin's figure.

"It's finally done. Come in and take a look!"

"Many thanks, Master!" A few Warlocks immediately bowed. They had contributed to the construction of the Magus Tower, and naturally wished to take a look at it.

"Ah! The concentration of the particles!" Upon entering through the entrance, they were immediately shocked by the terrifying concentration of particles in the Magus Tower.

"As expected of the Magus Tower that my lord personally constructed. If I had studied in this place from my youth, I might have been able to break through to the Hydro Phase spiritual force stage by this time..." Parker carressed the cold and rigid walls, almost feeling like sobbing.

"Based on your contributions, I will give you different amounts of authority within the Magus Tower, as well as assign you your own bedrooms, laboratory and the like." Seeing all his subordinates, Leylin immediately made a promise to reward them.

"Many thanks, Master!" Numerous Warlocks were immediately touched. They had never even dreamed of having a place in such a high-grade Magus Tower.

This was especially so for Parker. Though he had little hope of advancing, all he wanted was to pave the way for Snoopy. He had never expected this treatment at any point in his life, and was immensely grateful.

Leylin thought nothing of it. These Warlocks were all his subordinates, and ought to be given rewards. With the tower genie supervising, they wouldn't be able to do anything anyway.

He would only open up the guestrooms, living areas and a few laboratories to them. The core areas, the positive and negative energy reactive pool as well as control room were safely in his control.

As it was very likely that they would live and perform research here,

Kubler and the others had a different reaction and emotion to this.

Leylin brought them to look at the few levels in the middle, passing by the living room, bedrooms, library, and all the way to the Magus Garden.

Leylin had set up this Magus Garden like those of ancient times. Though he had yet to transplant any plants here, some vegetation and precious plants were already growing lushly.

A green light shone down. All this was the accumulated life energy that had come from activating the Magus Tower, giving the vegetation a huge boost in nutrition and vitality.

“With the positive energy pool, the entire Magus Tower’s water circulation uses the purest water elemental particles and turns them into water that is purified to the highest degree. The yield from this Magus Garden would be enough to provide for thousands of people if the incoming energy stays at its peak,” Leylin introduced, sounding a little proud.

With the bonus from the Magus Tower, he could obtain a strength comparable to a Magus with Crystal Phase spiritual force, and even provide for over five thousand people in the tower!

With this ability and self-sufficiency, it would be considered an extremely frightful large fort in times of war.

The Magus Tower was a terrifying war machine, and its amazing strength was enough to obstruct any attempts at spying on them.

“This is my future base!” Leylin sighed in his heart, but a smile then appeared on his face. “To celebrate the completion of the Magus Tower, I will hold a feast in Onyx Castle tonight. Let us all revel!”

An intoxicating clamour spread throughout the room.

.....

Night fell and Onyx Castle was filled with scenes of jubilation, with many female singers, dancers and entertainers presenting their art with all the energy they could muster. Waves of delicacies and fine liquor were

constantly sent to the feast like running water.

As this was in the form of a family banquet, the rules were lax, and even regular nobles were invited.

Though the Warlocks had formed a circle of their own, they were not repelled by the clamour outside. All faces were brimming with smiles, full of hope for the future of their territory.

With Leylin's status, nobody dared disturb him. He drank a few glasses and encouraged his subordinates with a few words, and then secretly left the castle.

The moon hung high in the sky, silver moonlight spilling down. The night air held a chill to it and was just right for those who had consumed alcohol.

Of course, with Leylin's body, there were few wines that could get him drunk.

He came to the side of the Magus Tower. Here, due the superb detection abilities of the tower genie, the original guards had all been transferred out.

A ring-shaped rune suddenly brightened on Leylin's hand. "I'm here. Come over!" Leylin said, his tone holding within a command that was difficult to ignore.

A black figure appeared from the air, and came to stand silently beside Leylin. "Come with me."

The entrance to the Magus Tower opened up with a rumble, welcoming its master.

They went all the way to the reception room, and only then did Leylin's facial muscles relax as he took a seat on the sofa.

"Sit! You don't need to conceal yourself anymore here. My Magus Tower has powerful detection spell formations. Even the spying of Morning Star Magi can be recognised!"

The person in black robes hesitated, and then threw back her hood,

revealing a pretty female face with a golden headband on her forehead.

“Master!” She exclaimed in a low voice. This female Magus was the fugitive Magus leader that Leylin had subdued, Tanasha!

Watching Tanasha taking a seat, Leylin asked slowly, “I hope there weren’t any troubles on the way here.”



# Chapter 439: Deceit Seen Through

The Forgotten Land was very infertile and could be said to be a desert of the Magus world. Magi who travelled there were all fugitives who had been driven to desperation in the central continent.

Of course, Tanasha was no different. If her identity was exposed, it was not just her, but also Leylin who would be in deep trouble.

“No, I have been very careful so far. I didn’t leave behind any information about my appearance or scent, and I did not use an airship!” she stated.

“Very well!” Leylin nodded. “Where are my things?”

“Right here!” A large black box appeared on the table with a swish of her hand.

Seeing the seal still perfectly untouched, Leylin gave a look of satisfaction. He opened the box, in which was a thick layer of soft white fur.

This was the King Blood Vulture’s feathers. It contained the miraculous ability to conceal a bloodline’s aura, and it had even fooled Leylin previously.

After brushing these white feathers aside, the energy waves of many bloodline treasures radiated out, surprising Tanasha.

A mountain of bloodline crystals and many strange bones, as well as fruits, rhizomes and such containing the power of bloodlines, were piled up messily, as if they were not of any monetary worth.

However, deep inside, Tanasha knew that once these items were revealed, it would greatly impact the Ouroboros Clan. Every single item in there could make a high-ranked Warlock go crazy!

Although she brought them over as per Leylin’s orders, it was also by his order that she did not open the box. It was only then that she became aware of the contents of the box.

This was obviously Leylin's plan. When he acquired the loot in the pocket dimensions, he had already considered ways to get them past Gilbert.

After all, as the person who had sent out the information, he had already known long ago about Gilbert's arrival. How could he not have prepared for it?

Morning Star Warlocks' ability in detecting bloodline treasures was far exceeded Leylin's expectations. He had no confidence in hiding them at all. Hence, Leylin chose not to bring them with him.

Even if Gilbert monitored Leylin's spatial pouch and ring, he could only find some of the things that Leylin left behind intentionally. The real loot was all moved away by Tanasha.

With regards to this set up, it certainly was a decision that Leylin had made with determination.

Firstly, Tanasha had not only sworn her loyalty to him, but also allowed a part of her spirit source to be held by Leylin.

For a Magus, this kind of restriction was practically fatal. If Leylin destroyed that part of her spirit source, Tanasha would lose her mind even if she did not lose her life! On top of that, he deliberately won her over previously and agreed to take revenge for her. The assigned mission was just to transport an item. Leylin had some confidence in her.

For safety's sake, not only did he cast a sealing spell on the black box, but he also used the King Blood Vulture's feathers as a cover in order to conceal the bloodline energy waves of the treasures.

It seemed like the plan had succeeded.

Leylin looked at the pile of bloodline treasures, nearly laughing. Among the many bloodline energy waves, a fingerbone lay there quietly, yet majestically like a king. It made the other treasures seem less appealing.

Tanasha stared at the fingerbone as if she had seen her enemy, "What is this thing?"

Evidently, the aura of the fingerbone made her uncomfortable. This was unfathomable for a Crystal Phase Magus.

Even though it was just the remains of a creature, it had the power to make her so uncomfortable. How powerful could the living creature have been?

Tanasha fixed her eyes on Leylin. Now, she began to find this young Magus increasingly unpredictable.

“The Lamia fingerbone!” Surprisingly, Leylin answered the question directly.

“Tower genie, keep these items safely!” Leylin picked up the fingerbone and ordered the small blue elf beside him.

“Yes, my master!” The small elf held its chest and bowed. After that, a mechanical puppet walked over and took the black box to be stored in the treasury.

“Tanasha, come with me. I might need you later on!” Leylin called out to Tanasha with a downcast face.

Subsequently, he brought Tanasha all the way down to the room binding room before he came to a stop.

Powerful binding runes, energy-isolating runes, the power of corrosion, the weeping of vengeful spirits, gravity runes...

Tanasha looked at the runes on the walls as her expression darkened. With so many binding spells, even Tanasha, a Crystal Phase Magus, would have difficulties struggling her way out.

This led to an even deeper understanding of Leylin’s financial capabilities.

“You set up such strict bindings. Do you intend to summon the great devil?” Tanasha asked, with a slightly provocative tone.

“No! This is only set up in case of an emergency. You know it— the astral plane is filled with all kinds of strange creatures. A little more preparation never hurts!”

Leylin's face carried an odd smile, "But never did I expect that the first subject that it would be used on, would actually be this!"

As a light shone from his right hand, the Lamia fingerbone in Leylin's hand immediately appeared at the center of the bindings. A strong sluice gate made of reinforced glass dropped and the many runes began to flicker.

The Lamia fingerbone lay there silently like a dead creature.

Tanasha held her breath. She knew that Leylin was probably going to show her something unusual.

"Tower genie, begin first-level operations of the bindings!"

Following Leylin's orders, the circle of lights in the binding room lit up all at once. An invisible power lifted the Lamia fingerbone.

"Start purification!" As per the tower genie's emotionless command, two small lightning clouds grew above the bone, streaks of lightning crackling as they burst towards it.

"I know you're still there. There's no need for the pretense! Come out!" Under the lightning, the white fingerbone appeared to be unaffected. However, Leylin had a straight face, with an expression as cold as ice.

After a few minutes, there was still no sign of any anomaly, causing Leylin to sigh deeply.

"Begin the next level of purification!"

"Authorisation verified! Inputting energy!" Upon hearing the tower genie's voice, the original two clouds began to transform immediately.

Dark, black clouds suddenly soared above the area, and the lightning acquired a subtle red hue. Thick bolts swept across the bone mercilessly, causing narrow cracks to surface on it.

"If you continue doing that, you'll destroy the fingerbone!" Tanasha looked at Leylin, but his expression did not stop, indicating he had no intentions of stopping.

Under the lightning that had been strengthened tens of times, the bone

began to vibrate, as if it was going to explode into dust anytime.

Ring! Just when Tanasha thought the fingerbone was about to explode, a strange scene suddenly appeared. A ring of green light burst out violently, with such a strong power radiating that it split the dark clouds apart in a second.

Hiss! A touch of green light emerged. It then transformed into a phantom of a young, green-haired woman, now lunging towards Leylin.

Compared to what Leylin had seen previously, the image of the young woman was not only more illusory, but her face had also become a lot more complex, with rhomboidal scales. Her eyes were a sea of green and her pupils had become vertical slits.

As the Lamia's phantom swept her glance across with her pupils, Leylin's entire body became a little sluggish.

"Begin binding!" This time, the tower genie responded swiftly and gave an order.

Bang! A loud sound echoed as the young woman's phantom crashed into the clear reinforced glass, causing the runes to flash.

Soon after, an enormous gravitational strength emerged and pinned the woman to the ground.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! A chain of runes appeared one after another, binding the green-haired Lamia's phantom.

After coming back to his senses, Leylin, who had broken out in cold sweat, could not help but draw a deep breath. "That was really close!"

Although he tried his best to overestimate the opponent, the terrifying feeling of having his mind being snatched had given him a fright all of a sudden.

This was the definite control that a high-ranked bloodline had over a low-ranked one. In face of the great gap between the ranks, all efforts were to no avail.

"You dare oppose me? The Grand Matriarch will not let you off,

bloodline traitor!” The green tongue of the Lamia’s phantom forked as she spoke.

“Sorry! I don’t have the habit of obeying orders that’ll cause me to lose my life!” Though Leylin apologised, he showed no sign of remorse on his face.

“The Giant Kemoyin Serpent is a rank 4 creature. It needs to obey the Lamia’s bloodline, which is of a higher rank. This is branded deep into the inheritance of the bloodline and is not able to be changed!” The Lamia’s phantom glared at Leylin and asked, “How did you escape?”

“How would I know?” Leylin swished his hands.

In actual fact, he had guessed that it might have a connection with his bloodline. Not only was the Giant Kemoyin Serpent’s bloodline in him extremely pure, there was a great possibility that through the A.I. chip’s purification, his bloodline differed from the original.

“What is this?” Tanasha stared at the Lamia with a look of curiosity surfaced on her face.

“The owner of the fingerbone. Just a projection of a destroyed, shattered and unwanted memory fragment!” Leylin spoke with disdain.

“When did you find out?” After seeing Leylin like that, the Lamia calmed down.

“I knew from the beginning!” Leylin said calmly.

“I am not someone who would sit and wait for rewards. I only believe in achieving things through my own efforts. Seeing how you took the initiative to come to me, there’s no way I could let my guard down!”

Frankly speaking, Leylin basically believed the part about the other party being tired of staying in the King Blood Vulture’s nest, but he could not believe that it would be so boring and despair-inducing that one would seek death.

Ancient Magi had strong mental endurance, and on top of that, she was an extremely powerful Warlock. How could she possibly be cowed by a

long period of solitude?

Perhaps her true intention was to get out, or to seize a corporeal body with the help of Leylin!

A Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock which is suppressed by the ancient Lamia, was definitely a first-rate target to seize control of!

# Chapter 440: Destroy

The moment Leylin used the Lamia fingerbone and fused with it, her remaining memory fragments would also fuse into his Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline, secretly lurking within.

When the time was right, the Lamia's sea of consciousness would burst forth. How could Leylin be a match for her?

It was not just the large gap between them in terms of their knowledge and experience. The inborn control in terms of his bloodline, as well as issues of how she would try to gain dominance over him would definitely put Leylin at death's door.

Having thought this through, Leylin's murderous intent towards the Lamia was at its boiling point.

However, he had not flared up but instead, pretended that he knew nothing. He waited till the Magus Tower was built, and once his most capable subordinate, Tanasha was at his side and increased his power to the maximum, he then lashed out on his home ground.

It looked like it had been a good idea to be so meticulous. If not, his opponent could have easily taken care of him.

"Shall we make a trade?" The scales on the Lamia phantom's face faded, returning her face to that of a young girl. Her delicate and pretty face even enchanted Tanasha, who was also female.

"What trade?" Leylin's voice was low.

"Help me find a flesh body. Anything is fine as long as they have the Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline, and it's best if it's a female Warlock. In return, I can give you all my knowledge. Though you'll only obtain a portion of the knowledge that my main body possesses, she is a rank 5 pure-blooded Warlock. Just a small bit of her memories is enough to make you strike gold..."

Calm words rang from the mouth of the phantom Lamia, causing Tanasha's breath to become rough.



Inheritance from an ancient rank 5 Warlock? Perhaps even Morning Star Magi would go crazy in want over this.

The price he had to pay was a mere female Warlock, and with just a bit of effort, he could find them easily in the Ouroboros Clan.

Clap! Clap! Clap!!Leylin applauded, a slight smile on his face. “Good suggestion! What a great suggestion! Even I am tempted.”

“Good! You can first—” The Lamia phantom’s words stopped halfway, and a look of fury suddenly appeared on her face. “You!”

Countless chains tightened, binding her to the spot.

“Tower genie, use all stored energy and prioritise the bindings. The aim is to exterminate this person!”

“Tanasha, help me!” Leylin’s face suddenly changed, and he made to deal the fatal blow.

Great amounts of thunder clouds were produced, lightning washing over the phantom time after time, causing her figure to become even more illusory.

Tanasha obeyed Leylin’s order subconsciously, and her Crystal Phase spiritual force emanated, reinforcing the runes of binding.

“Traitor! The Grand Matriarch will not let you off! Hiss...” The phantom image eventually turned into a half-human, half-snake and hissed, her expression incomparably fierce.

“Let’s talk about it when she finds me.” Leylin’s expression was resolute, constantly urging on the runes and spell formation of binding.

The inheritance from an ancient rank 5 Warlock was indeed very tempting, but Leylin had his own considerations.

The other party was merely a remnant spirit, and might even be the combination of a few memory fragments. How much could she remember?

And just for this, he would bring her around and let her scheme against him?

Though he was somewhat confident in his scheming abilities, Leylin was not certain that he could win over this ancient freak, especially when she could suppress his bloodline and was so enticing.

The ancient Lamia had started out enticing various giant serpent species, and Leylin did not want to unknowingly let her suggestions affect his mind.

For him, it was most practical to be able to take in harmless things. Everything else was an illusion!

“If you don’t die, I can never be at peace.” Leylin stared at the Lamia phantom behind the glass, a determined look in his eyes. “Maximise power!”

[Runes of binding operating at excess of 120% capacity. This is the most powerful attack.]

Along with the tower genie’s voice, a streak of thick red lightning struck the phantom.

Rumble! The Magus Tower began to tremble, and fine cracks began to appear in the binding area.

The phantom image of the Lamia seemed to have given up all hope as she dissipated to nothingness under the red lightning.

Pak! A fingerbone with cracks all over its surface fell to the ground.

“It’s over.” Tanasha heaved a sigh of relief and glanced at Leylin as if she was looking at a freak, “That’s inheritance from an ancient rank 5 Warlock! You actually...”

“I was, of course, tempted!” Leylin shook his head, “But it wasn’t to the point that I would become muddle-headed in the face of it. Ancient Magi have too many methods. I wouldn’t dare bring a disaster waiting to happen along with me at all times.”

As he spoke, the tower genie constantly scanned the fingerbone in the binding room, streams of electric light moving across its surface.

[Level 1 scanning complete. No remnant spiritual force found.] [Level 2

scanning complete. No abnormal reactions found.] [Level 3 scanning complete. Confirmed total extermination of remnant spirit of Lamia.]

Red, green and blue rays shot out and scanned the fingerbone to and fro, not missing any spots.

A streak of blue flashed in Leylin's eyes, and he waited till the A.I. Chip gave the final confirmation before he issued the command, "Open up the protective layer!"

Shoo! The tempered glass split apart. Bathed in milky-white light, the slightly cracked fingerbone floated to Leylin's hand.

Though it looked like a mere fragmented bone, the rejoicing of his Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline told Leylin that the moment he digested this bone, his bloodline would become so pure it would be unimaginable, and might even be able to help him advance!

'If Mentor Gilbert were to know about this, he would immediately fall out with me in order to obtain it. What ties we have as part of the same clan, our mentor-student relationship or ethics would mean nothing at all.' Leylin sighed inside. If not for the isolation by his Magus Tower, he would not dare take it out now.

'Though it's best if I use it right now, it has too much research value! Besides...' Leylin glanced at the data recorded by the A.I. Chip.

[Activity of Host Body's bloodline increasing. Maturation period of bloodline estimated to be in 124 years, 4 months.]

Though it was just some physical contact with his skin and the waves and energy radiation from the fingerbone, it had the legendary effect of Lamia Hair, allowing Leylin's bloodline to mature by a large amount.

"Based on the situation, I don't even need to absorb the bone. I can make use of the radiation to increase the rate of my bloodline's maturation by nearly tenfold!"

"Looks like I'll need to stay in the Magus Tower as much as possible from now on..." Leylin touched his chin and ordered the tower genie, "Keep the Lamia fingerbone well. Store it based on all procedures for special

grade 1 materials.”

[Understood, master.]

The little elf quickly took the Lamia fingerbone and vanished.

There was no other way around it. Bloodline Warlocks were extremely sensitive to this type of item. If Leylin brought it with him, not counting Lucian and the others, Gilbert would definitely sense it.

The only way was to make use of the powerful energy isolation abilities of the Magus Tower and conceal the undulations from its aura.

After taking care of all these matters, Leylin looked back and revealed a kind smile to Tanasha, “Alright. Tanasha, welcome!”

After going through such a secret matter together, he evidently had a better relationship with Tanasha.

Making use of this opportunity, Leylin invited Tanasha to have a look around his Magus Tower. Glancing at Tanasha, who was immersed while glancing at the Magus Tower constructed with top-grade materials, the corner of Leylin’s lips quirked up in a smile.

“Can I know more about your past?”

Leylin asked after the tour of the living room, where the tower genie had a few puppets deliver hot cocoa and desserts to them.

“Since I am now with Master, I have nothing to hide...” Tanasha held her mug with both hands and looked pained, as if immersed in some memory.

“I am of the Madie Lands, in the Dark Lunar Forest at the western region of the central continent.”

Leylin listened closely. It was just another story about profits, women and other things that gave rise to blood and hatred, which he was familiar with. He learned the name of Tanasha’s enemy.

“Some large family in the Crescent Moon Zither Alliance?”

“Yes! If Master could take revenge on my behalf and extinguish the Swaine family, my body, spirit and everything will belong to Master!”

Tanasha promised, looking determined as she delivered her oath.

After hearing Tanasha's story, Leylin did not agree immediately, but sank into deep thought.

Crescent Moon Zither Alliance was a small organisation in the central continent, but since he had heard of it before, there was definitely a Morning Star Magus in charge. However, that Magus was not of the Swaine family, so there was a way to interfere in this.

"I can agree to this, but it might be a long time till then. You need to be prepared." Leylin watched Tanasha's eyes attentively and spoke slowly.

Tanasha ran her fingers through her hair behind her ear, a wry smile about her lips, "I understand! I am already very happy that Master agreed."

Leylin was surprised. It looked like this was her only wish.

"Alright! As for your identity, I have no way to solve that issue yet. I'm afraid you'll need to stay out of sight or return to the Forgotten Land. Do you have any plans?" he asked.

She lowered her head and pondered over it, "I still have a few things to take care of in the Forgotten Land."

"Alright." Leylin nodded.

"One more thing. In the Forgotten Land, there is a Kobold tribe. I'll need the blood essence from the stronger ones, meaning rank 3 or above!" The Kobolds were rumoured to have the great giant dragon bloodline, and Leylin was very interested in this.

"That's not a problem. There are many powers with conflicts amongst each other within the Forgotten Land. Battles are common!" Tanasha nodded and agreed.

# Chapter 441: Guest

Leylin holed himself inside the Magus Tower after its completion.

This was because the elemental particle concentration here far surpassed that of the outside, allowing his spiritual force to grow much. Furthermore, there were many high-level experiments that could only be done in the Magus Tower. Many of his previous theories could finally be put to the test.

More importantly, the Magus Tower could block out the probing of high-ranked Magi, turning into an elusive location which could hide Leylin's many secrets.

With those factors coming into play, it was natural that Leylin almost never left the tower, and had neglected both sleep and food to focus on his meditation practice and research.

Many top-notch results had been actualised with the A.I Chip's assistance, which had increased Leylin's own knowledge reserves.

In the gigantic library, Snoopy was trying his best to chain up a hysterical, screaming copper-coloured book that had pages filled with fangs, and properly settled it on a bookshelf made of black pinewood.

The library of a Magus was naturally extremely enriching, and represented the accumulation of its owner's knowledge.

Even though Leylin had the A.I Chip, he had previously collected many books from the south coast and Twilight Zone; the books were so plentiful that all the space was practically filled up. Now, they would have to tidy the books up and sort them out according to their different genres.

Other than that, the central continent was vast as well. Its accumulated knowledge was even more shocking. Leylin had always been actively purchasing books related to magic and a steady flow of such books were sent to the Magus Tower, which further enriched his collection.

His apprentice Snoopy was sent here to sort out and manage the conservation of the books.

Even if it was tough, he cherished this opportunity. Not to mention the stiflingly high concentration of energy particles in the tower, the chance to read so many books freely made him so happy that he could die.

Even if he had his head buried in books day in and day out, he would only have covered an insignificant portion of Leylin's collection.

Only now did he realise the depth of his Mentor's knowledge. Just the terrifying accumulation of information was enough for him to look up to Leylin.

At this time, in a room within the library, Leylin was sitting before a giant study desk, quill in hand, as he wrote with lightning speed.

Every second, tens of characters were jotted down, one after the other.

His astonishing speed as well as the coordination of spells allowed Leylin to perform a miracle unthinkable in his previous life.

A blue light glowed in his eyes as rows of words appeared unceasingly. He was actually trying to replicate all the information the A.I. Chip had recorded.

"All done!" Leylin looked at the messy yet seemingly organised documents on his desk, and his face revealed a satisfied expression.

"The entirety of the ecological garden's experimental data has been replicated. As for these..." Within the Quicksand Castle, Leylin's biggest gains were what he'd appropriated from the Blood Vultures. However, he had also found large amounts of miscellaneous data in the laboratory.

Due to the lack of the core information and the receptor model, the data could not be replicated at all.

But the other gains thereafter had allowed Leylin to see a glimmer of hope. In the spatial pouch of the Green-skinned Barbarian Magus whom Leylin had saved from a curse, Leylin had found some flawed research data and notes. From the looks of it, the forces in the outer circle had also obtained some data from their explorations.

Even though the other party had not managed to analyse any

information, Leylin's deductive ability was very strong with the support of the A.I. Chip. He had instantly realised the connections between the data and the experimental information he had collected.

If he was not wrong, the torn and tattered journal he obtained from the Green-skinned Barbarian Magus was the core data that was missing in the laboratory!

Even though the Green-skinned Barbarian's collections were not complete, as long as Leylin had some form of data, albeit flawed, he would be able to derive the other information through deductions and simulations. It was only a matter of time.

After interactions with Tanasha, he had further improved the core data.

With his research, he gradually deciphered the experiments that were conducted in the gigantic laboratory.

"Studies on transferring and combining bloodlines?" Leylin held out a part of the deciphered content and muttered to himself.

Quicksand was undoubtedly an alliance of various Warlock organisations, and their research on bloodlines had never ceased.

Their experimental data was actually more in-depth and concrete than the research of the Ouroboros Clan, which had allowed Leylin to reach a whole new level.

'I have a premonition that if I finish analysing the experimental results and add them into my own A.I Chip's system, my research in bloodlines would advance to an unimaginable stage, even to the extent that I can directly extract genes from rank 1 and 2 bloodline creatures and assemble them into an ancient bloodline!' Excitement flashed across Leylin's eyes.

Bloodline shackles were the greatest pains to a Warlock. Those that had advanced to the peak of what their bloodlines would allow and reached a dead-end would normally choose to turn their attention to research on bloodline modulation and combination.

That was also the main direction of the research of the Ouroboros Clan.



While the three elders were looking for the Purgatory World, they were also trying to manufacture an even stronger bloodline by building upon the foundations of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent's bloodline, and from there onwards, break their own bloodline shackles.

Of course, until now, the experiments had made no progress to speak of, not to mention any hopes for success.

"From the looks of it, in this area, the ancient Warlocks have greatly surpassed us..." Leyin sighed as he held the data tighter in his hands.

If he did not experience a breakthrough after being promoted to a Morning Star Magus, or if his search for the Purgatory World were to fail, this would perhaps be his last hope.

"Tower genie! Store the bloodline research data well, at level 1 confidentiality!" Leylin issued the command.

Nowadays, he felt that it had been extremely worth it to construct the Magus Tower. If he didn't have one, let alone experimentation and information storage, how would he hide such a valuable object?

Just after Leylin had consumed some food and was about to start research, the tower genie suddenly appeared before him.

"Master! A strong radiation has been sensed south-east of the Magus Tower, about 200 kilometres away. Estimated to be a Magus of rank 3 or above!"

In terms of range of detection, the Magus Tower far surpassed the A.I. Chip. That was also one of the reasons why many Magi liked to construct a Magus Tower in their territory. The feeling one got when in complete control of their territory and that nothing could escape their eyes was extremely desirable. More importantly, they were able to protect their own interests.

Of course, in terms of accuracy, the Magus Tower could not measure up to the A.I. Chip. Currently, it could only scan for energy spikes, and could not concretely tell him how many people there were or even their genders.

Leylin was not too worried about that. Even when compared to all other

Morning Star Magi, his Magus Tower was one of the best in the entire central continent.

As the enemies inched closer, the accuracy of the Magus Tower's scans would increase until it could project a proper image.

"It's them! I'm afraid I'll have to go out for a while." Leylin looked at the two silhouettes in the image and stood up, feeling a headache coming on.

At the same time, Kesha had arrived at Onyx Castle with another female Warlock.

Kubler, who was in a butler uniform, lowered his head, "Distinguished Marquis Kesha, my Master is currently conducting experiments in the Magus Tower. If you could rest here for a while, I'll inform him immediately!"

As a Mankestre Bloodline Warlock, his position in the Ouroboros Clan was very low, and he could only admire the highly-ranked Magi like Kesha. If he wasn't Leylin's vassal, he would not even have a chance to speak to her.

"There's no need for that. He's already here!" Kesha waved her hands, and a shadow from afar waved back.

"Hehe... How did Senior find the time to visit me here?" Leylin landed on the floor, his robes flowing in the wind. He nodded to Kesha as a form of respect, and looked at the other female Warlock.

The Warlock had jet-black hair that gushed like a waterfall until her waist. This was an effect of the darkness elemental energy particles in the Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline, but it matched Leylin's standard of beauty very well.

Her fair skin, gentle facial features and voluptuous body were what made many men find her unforgettable, but what left a deep impression on Leylin was her wild and reckless personality.

"Welcome to my castle as well, Marquis Freya!" Leylin's smile was a bit forced. Kesha, however, disregarded all societal expectations and came forward, giving Leylin a passionate hug.

“Leylin, I haven’t thanked you for saving my life the other time! Originally, I had wanted to subsidise the construction of your Magus Tower, but from the looks of it now, you are so much richer than I am...” she remotely sighed, and appeared to be jealous as she stared at the splendor of the Magus Tower not far away.

“Keke... That’s only some savings from a lifetime of risks!” Leylin touched his nose and said unabashedly.

“Alright. Freya and I came here today specifically to see you. Aren’t you going to show us around?” Kesha curled her mouth. In front of close friends, she behaved in a feminine manner, and was sometimes even childish.

“Of course, of course, it’ll be my pleasure. Please!” Leylin wryly stretched out his hands and locked arms with Kesha.

Inviting close Magi to take a look at one’s Magus Tower, or even to reside and perform research there, was something many Magi used to strengthen their bonds with them. Leylin, of course, was not an exception.

Thanks to the manipulation abilities of his tower genie, things that he did not want found would be hard to discover while inside the tower, even for Morning Star Magi. Hence, there was no need to fear his secrets being exposed.

# Chapter 442: The Trade

Leylin led Kesha and Freya around his Magus Tower.

Kesha oohed and aahed at everything, while Freya was much quieter, as though there was something on her mind.

“Whew... Junior Leylin, I take back what I said earlier. You’re not only much richer than me, you’re a lot richer than even Senior Lucian!” Kesha said, pleased. She was half-lying on the sofa in the living room without the slightest care about her wardrobe malfunction.

“In my opinion, even Lucian’s Magus Tower might not be as luxurious as yours, Leylin! I’m afraid that only a handful in the entire central continent would be as fancy!”

“Senior! Don’t say such things!” Leylin laughed wryly as he raised his arms in defeat, “Why are you here today?”

Seeing his mentor conversing with guests, Snoopy served refreshments and quickly retreated, behaving like a waiter that had been groomed with utmost care.

“We are here to thank you, junior, for your care in the pocket dimension. We’d initially planned to compensate you with resources, but by the looks of it, you aren’t short on them, so we’ll have to make it up to you through other means...” Kesha licked her lips, “How about letting me keep you company for few nights? Any position works...”

“Hmm! Let’s talk about this another time...” Leylin laughed and changed the topic.

“Hmph! You’re still as boring as ever!” Kesha shook her head regretfully, “On Freya’s end, she’s here to ask a favour of you, hoping to make a trade with you!”

“A trade?” Leylin had his doubts, and instantly recalled the previous incident at the trading hall.

“Not that kind of trade! Of course, if Lord Leylin is willing to sell his seed, I will offer a high price!” Freya giggled with her hand over her

mouth.

“I don’t have any plans in this area just yet!” Leylin said with a straight face, realising that speaking to these women was indeed very tiring.

As though afraid to anger Leylin and cause the trade to fall through later, Freya was very obedient and didn’t dare tease him.

“Actually, I’m offering a high price for a certain material that you possess.”

“Which material?” Leylin put his guard up in a split second.

“Bloodline crystals!” Freya took a deep breath and looked at Leylin expectantly.

“Oh, that!” A look of understanding flashed in Leylin’s eyes. Bloodline crystals had the potential to strengthen bloodlines, and even had the powerful effect of purifying them. Although they did not have much effect on Leylin, a Warlock whose bloodline was already purified to its limit, it was a priceless treasure to Freya whose family’s bloodline was showing signs of degradation.

“But... how did you know about them?” Although the question was posed to Freya, Leylin’s eyes were fixated on Kesha.

Under Leylin’s gaze, Kesha couldn’t help but feel uncomfortable, before sitting up and saying arrogantly, “That’s right! I told her. You still have leftover bloodline crystals from the time when you performed the exchange with Mentor, right? You don’t have any family, so you don’t need them urgently. On the other hand, Freya is a good friend of mine, and the price she’s willing to pay will definitely satisfy you!”

Leylin stroked his chin. What he handed out on the Black Scale previously was only a portion of his possessions. He still had a secret stash of a few pieces in his spatial ring.

Of course, this was done on purpose for Gilbert to see. Otherwise, even a regular human would be suspicious of such a generous student.

There was no way sly old Duke Gilbert would believe him to be without

a trace of selfishness, especially as a Magus.

Thankfully, everything went as Leylin had expected. Although Gilbert knew that Leylin had a stash in his spatial ring, he didn't pursue the matter, and instead was more assured.

Leylin's secret stash was not tempting enough for Gilbert.

From the looks of it, Gilbert didn't care about it, but that didn't mean that other high-rank Warlocks didn't. He must have been spreading the news, or else Kesha would not have known either.

"Bloodline crystals... I still have one remaining piece, but you should be very clear of its value. How much can you pay for it?" Leylin muttered, tapping his finger on the table rhythmically, as though struggling with the thought.

In actual fact, he had already decided to sell off all the materials he had shown, or else many people would have their eye on these items.

This time, it was Kesha and Freya, who were close to him. In the future, however, if crazier people like Miranda or Senior Lucian came over, what should he do?

Freya and Kesha exchanged looks of joy.

As long as they were willing to offer a price, everything would be settled. Their families had profound backgrounds and possessed much that was enticing to Leylin. Since Freya had made special preparations before coming, the items must be even more tempting.

"A set of the Hydro and Crystal Phase spell formations that have been passed down the generations in our family. They can increase the success rate when compressing your spiritual force by 10%!" Freya's first sentence made Leylin's eyes light up.

The compression spell formations inherited by such high-ranked Warlocks could not be compared to the normal goods exchanged in the Trading Hall of the Ouroboros Clan.

Furthermore, the other party was also a Giant Kemoyin Serpent

Warlock, so the spell formations developed would be even more appropriate for bloodline Warlocks.

“That’s not enough!” Leylin kept a straight face.

“And this!” Freya pushed a red box before Leylin.

The box was small and had a grainy wooden texture, likely made from some bark. A loop of fiery red energy particles surfaced on the box, forming multiple seal patterns.

“What?!” Leylin furrowed his brows and blew lightly on the box.

Whoosh! Powerful yet fine black darkness elemental energy particles whizzed by, and the seal on the box started to disintegrate, tearing apart inch by inch.

“As strong as a Crystal Phase Magus!” Kesha gasped in awe, “The amplification from your Magus Tower is really terrifying!”

Freya was also shocked. She had purposely left the seal on the box as it was, with the intention of testing the waters, but it looked like Leylin’s abilities in his Magus Tower were far beyond her expectations.

As a matter of fact, within the amplification boundaries of the Magus Tower, Leylin could not only display strength comparable to a Crystal Phase Magus, but could even manipulate the energy particles in the positive and negative energy reactive pools to replenish what had been depleted. His magic power was endless.

If any average Crystal Phase Magus were to enter, they would waste all their spiritual force against him.

It could be said that within the range of his own Magus Tower, the only ones that struck fear in Leylin were Morning Star Magi.

In response to the exclamations made by the two women, Leylin’s expression did not change, as he opened the box.

At the bottom of the box was a thick layer of soft, pure white velvet.

And right in the centre of the velvet cloth was a red octagonal gemstone. A few intricate gold runes were swirling around in the jewel, much like

tadpoles.

[Hall's Jewel. Rarity: One of the three ancient wondrous items. Has the ability to greatly boost the compression of a bloodline Warlock's spiritual force, and can increase the success rate of advancement to the Hydro Phase by 50%.]

The A.I. Chip swiftly transmitted the corresponding information to Leylin's brain.

'It's actually Hall's Jewel!' Leylin was unable to mask his excitement. 'Haven't these materials been lost since ancient times?'

With this gemstone, coupled with the Hydro Phase spell formation, his spiritual force would naturally enter the Hydro Phase without a bottleneck once he had sufficient spiritual force.

It was obvious how important this object would be to him.

Leylin took a glance at his condition that was presented in his consciousness.

[Leylin Farlier. Rank 3 Warlock (Vapour Phase). Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent. Strength: 23.6, Agility: 20.1, Vitality: 39.1, Spiritual force, 251.7; Magic power: 251(Magic Power synchronized with spiritual force)]

'The minimum spiritual force required to enter the Hydro Phase is estimated to be around 300!' Leylin recalled the statistics he had obtained from many simulated experiments through the A.I. Chip.

'And with the Lamia fingerbone, if I artificially strengthen my bloodline, the rate of increase of my spiritual force wouldn't be too slow either, and I may attain it in a few decades!'

The two obstacles in a Magus' progress would be accumulating spiritual force and breaking through the bottleneck.

Now that the problem of a bottleneck had already been solved by Freya, what's left was to slowly accumulate spiritual force. How could this not be a cause for joy?

Although Leylin tried to keep a straight face, Freya managed to catch a



glimpse of happiness flicker across his face.

“It seems that Sir Leylin has taken a great liking to this item!” she smiled sweetly.

“Yes, the Hall’s Jewel is enough to make any Vapour Phase Magus go crazy!” Leylin nodded.

“If it’s appropriate to ask, may I know where you found it? The Hall’s Jewel should have been wiped out with the extinction of the Sea of Gemstones!” Leylin stated his doubts.

“The Sea of Gemstones did vanish a long time ago, but it still existed in ancient times!” Freya smiled in response, “As long as you find more ruins from ancient times, it is still possible to find these gemstones.”

‘So this was the aim of their previous expedition...’ Thinking about how they returned full of severe injuries previously, and how even the Second Elder was forced to take action, Leylin felt his scalp go numb, and the gemstone even heated up.

“I initially wanted to give it to you without any conditions, but...” Freya expressed her regret, but Leylin was secretly afraid.

Thankfully, he owned something that she wanted, or else he would have a hard time deciding if he should accept the Hall’s Jewel should she have really sent it over as a present.

Once he took the bait, the other party would tempt him with more benefits in the future, landing him in a trap until he willingly married into her family.

Sadly, in the history of Magi, many with shockingly excellent inherent skills but yet without a background or much status were enticed into marrying into other families in this manner.

Although both parties would be satisfied in the end, Leylin was different from them.

# Chapter 443: Living in Seclusion

Compared to those warlocks who were talented but had no background, Leylin was much more extravagant.

With the A.I. Chip in his hands, his learning and operating abilities were far better than other common Magi.

These in turn resulted in increased productivity, allowing him to earn sufficient resources for his practice and research.

Hence, he did not need to look for support from a large clan like other Magi did in order to obtain the required supplies, academic knowledge and so on. However, due to the many secrets he had, he had no choice but to stay alone as much as possible and conceal his secrets in the darkness.

As such, until now, he had never once thought of finding a partner. Those times when he slept with women were only to have fun, or to satiate his needs. If Freya used the Hall's jewel to seduce him, that would be a headache for him.

Luckily, he now had in his hands something that she needed urgently, and things would not get so complicated.

Moreover, although the bloodline crystal could not eradicate the issue of the other clan's bloodline weakening, there was still hope to delay it for a period of time. This would give Leylin some time.

"How is it? Are you satisfied with the exchange?" Kesha curled her lips out of what seemed to be injustice and said, "If this is still not enough, then count the two of us in. In order to obtain the bloodline crystal, Freya is ready to put everything at stake anyway....."

"That's enough!" Leylin nodded, pretending that he had not heard the other part of Kesha's words.

"The two of you, please wait a moment!" He rose and turned into another corridor.

After Leylin left, the two female Magi relaxed at once. They knew that the entire Magus Tower and especially the interior, was all under Leylin's

control. However, it felt different when he wasn't around.

The two women even seemed to have a faint hope that their words would reach Leylin through the tower genie.

"How is it? Are you reassured now?" Kesha fell lazily onto the soft couch, the slit in the lower part of her gown vaguely exposing her snow-white thighs.

"Yes!" Freya heaved a sigh of relief, but it seemed as if she was disappointed.

"Actually, the bloodline crystal can only relieve the deterioration of the bloodline for at most a century. When the time comes, what is to happen is inevitable. Moreover, using the bloodline crystal repeatedly will cause its effects to weaken sharply, ultimately making it completely ineffective!"

It seemed as if Kesha was bewitching Freya, "Hence, the safest method is still to absorb fresh blood! With the degree of pureness of Leylin's bloodline, your clan will not have to worry about this for the next few centuries!"

"Then why aren't you doing that?" Freya blushed slightly as she threw a question back at Kesha without backing down.

"Of course I want to, but it's not like you haven't seen it. This method doesn't work on him. What else can I do?" Kesha sighed, took a few steps forward and raised Freya's chin with her finger, "Such a beautiful and pure female Magus, and that guy isn't even tempted. Is he really made of stone?"

"Sister Kesha isn't lacking either....." An indistinct smile flashed across Freya's eyes as she clasped both hands around Kesha's waist.

"It seems that I've got to teach you a lesson this time....." Kesha grinned and gave Freya a kiss on the lips.

"....."

Leylin, who saw the scene through the tower genie, could not help but be a little dumbstruck. These women were indeed wild and playful, and were

even completely unscrupulous in trying to tempt him.

Unfortunately, Leylin could see but could not touch them. He had to control his bloodline, which made him feel slightly depressed.

“However.....” Leylin smirked slyly.

Previously, he did not dare to sleep with women because he was afraid that they would use techniques and spells to steal his bloodline. However, ever since he'd obtained the research data regarding the composition of bloodlines from Quicksand Castle, his knowledge of bloodlines had deepened.

If he was given a little more time, he could definitely develop a technique that would not leak out his seed and keep the source of his bloodline. If it were to be combined with the A.I. Chip, even if those women coveted his bloodline, they would not have a chance of getting anything out of him.

When that time came, the expressions of those women who had suffered a loss in order to obtain the bloodline, would surely be very interesting.

As for now?

Watching the sexy scene on the screen made a faint anger rise in Leylin. It seemed that he would have to order Kubler to buy some beautiful female slaves to extinguish the fire within him.

Leylin was always unwilling to make things unfair for himself. Everything he had must be the best, regardless of the aspect.

After all, what's the point in having eternal life if he could not enjoy the pleasures of the world?

Although he wanted to join in, Leylin still waited in a gentlemanly manner for more than ten minutes before entering the living room.

The living room had already been tidied and cleaned, and the clothes on the two women were extremely neat without a speck of dust. Their expressions were very calm, as if they had done nothing but wait for him during this entire time.

Leylin smiled as his nose twitched slightly. He noticed a very special scent in the air, which carried a slight aroma and an even more unique flavour he was familiar with.

While watching his movements, Kesha and Freya could not help but blush.

It was only when Leylin saw Kesha almost jumping in anger that he laughed, putting an end to his silent provocation. He then placed a silver tray on the round table.

“This bloodline crystal is the last in my inventory. If I had a family, I would never have brought it out to exchange...”

As he spoke, the two women’s gazes were attracted to the rich, scarlet radiance that was emitted from the bloodline crystal.

“We are very grateful for your generosity! Hopefully, our friendship will be able to continue on forever!” When it came to business, Freya’s face no longer had the shyness from before. What replaced it was an extremely solemn expression.

“Yes, yes!” Kesha nodded in agreement beside her, along with a hopeful gaze towards Leylin, “I heard from Mentor Gilbert that you were very dishonest that time and even hid some of the precious remains of ancient creatures. Come on, share them with us too...”

As Leylin watched this senior of his whose eyes were almost sparkling with radiance, he could not help but shake his head and laugh wryly.

.....

“Leylin, Mentor told me to inform you to be more cautious these days. If there’s nothing going on, do not exit the Ouroboros Clan’s boundaries.” At the time of parting, Kesha whispered into Leylin’s ear.

“What?!” Leylin was startled, but he swiftly gathered his thoughts and asked, “Is it because of Demon Hunter Cyril?”

“That’s right. He’s a Morning Star Magus after all, and just by revealing his intentions of attacking, many Magi wanting to get into his good books

would do all the work on his behalf without him even lifting a finger. This is especially so for Magi of Nefas. They are rather insane...”

A wry smile emerged on the corner of Kesha’s lips, “It’s not just you. Robin and I were also given the same order by Mentor!”

After a long silence, Leylin nodded with a smile. “I understand. It just so happens that I’ve been wanting to take a break for a while now. The Magus Tower has also just been built, and I have yet to begin any experiments as of yet... For the next few decades, I can’t leave this place!”

“That’s good then!” What Kesha was most afraid of was that this junior of hers, with his youthful vigour, would get himself in trouble outside. However, it seemed like Leylin was acting very rationally. She could not help but feel gratified.

She hugged Leylin before leaving with Freya.

As he watched the silhouette of the two women disappear before his eyes, Leylin’s smile slowly faded into a dark, gloomy expression.

“Morning Star Magus, Cyril.....” He was already an adult before he crossed over to his world, and his experiences were far richer than any other Magus. Naturally, he would not venture out and land himself in danger due to momentary rage. That was something only a fool would do.

When it was time to withdraw, Leylin did not mind hiding in a tortoise shell.

As for his reputation, honour and such? With his life in jeopardy, none of those mattered.

However, Leylin was still unhappy about the Morning Star Magus’ pettiness and grudge-holding attitude, especially when he recalled the time when the other party attacked without considering his reputation. If he had not prepared in advance and gotten Mentor Gilbert’s reinforcements, Leylin would have died there.

“The Great Morning Star Magus is just like a star in the sky, bright and radiant, as if everlasting...” Leylin glance in the direction of Nefas as a sneer emerged on his face.

“However, even if it is a star, it’s bound to be extinguished one day, what more Demon Hunter Cyril. I look forward to the moment you fall from the sky...” In his heart, Leylin had already decided that when his skills surpassed the other party, he would definitely fulfil Cyril’s destiny of death.

.....

Of course, on the surface, Leylin had not exposed his intentions at all. After Kesha’s warning, Leylin had been keeping a low-profile and hid in his Magus Tower. He even avoided going to the headquarters as much as possible.

On one hand, there were a lot of experiments and tasks to work on. But a larger reason was that he actually had problems with the materials.

The Magi who coveted what he had numbered far more than just Freya.

Fortunately, he was now a Vapour Phase Magus and was considered a high-level Magus in the organisation. Furthermore, after building the Magus Tower, he was comparable to a Crystal Phase Magus in his territory and could not be trifled with.

In addition, many Magi would reconsider and wonder if it was worth it to offend a promising young man like him just for material items of lesser significance than Leylin’s potential.

As such, his days went by relatively peacefully.

Of course, this was all possible since the fact that he had secretly ordered Tanasha to carry the resources had not been divulged. If not, there was no need to think about the effects this would have on the Magi’s relationship with Leylin. Even Morning Star Magi would get involved!

He obviously hoped to sell those items as soon as possible to avoid others having their eye on them. After all, this bit of his harvest was only a drop in the ocean for him. However, if he sold them too easily, it would very likely attract suspicion. This was why the whole process had been delayed.

After a year of waiting, Leylin finally had the opportunity to sell off the

rest of the remains of high-energy creatures in his possession at a high price, by commissioning the Ouroboros Clan to auction it. These items were ultimately bought by Lucian.



# Chapter 444: Century

After settling the troublesome matters, Leylin's life sank into complete serenity.

Everyday, other than meditating at fixed times and using the Lamia fingerbone's radiation to mature his own bloodline, he was cooped up in the laboratory. He had already completely recovered the information on bloodline combinations. Besides that, he would patrol his territory and mentor Snoopy on occasion.

Such peaceful days were hard to come by. With the passage of time, his strength was slowly increasing, and was something worthy of rejoicing over.

Before anyone knew it, Leylin's authority had been firmly set in place in his territory. The gigantic Onyx Castle towered on this piece of land, becoming the nucleus of power in this world. With the years rolling by, it left its mark on history.

Apart from being indestructible, the castle now had some history to it, which was something only the castles of true nobility could accumulate.

The only constant was the huge Magus Tower nearby, its everlasting glow seemingly eternal.

Inside the tower, Leylin lay on a huge experimental desk half-naked, his firm muscles visible. A few robotic arms were holding a translucent crystal ball above him, releasing blood-red rays that swept across his body. His eyes were closed, as if trying to sense something.

If one looked through the surface of the crystal ball, they could faintly see a milky-white fingerbone suspended at the center of the crystal ball, emanating a mysterious light.

The entire process lasted for a total of two hours before the robotic arms retreated back into their valves. Leylin then opened his eyes.

However, his pupils had now turned amber, still containing an ominous glint.

The moment he opened his eyes, the tools in front of him all became ash-grey, turning into stone. The alarms from various apparatus began to ring unceasingly.

Leylin lowered his head, deep in thought, 'The bloodline is too rich... that can be a problem as well.'

When he raised his head once more, the amber in his eyes had faded, instead replaced by a pair of bottomless black pupils. Yellow skin rustled as he tore a layer of his body and threw it aside.

The skin still had fluids and traces left behind by the scales.

Leylin continued to tear off his dead skin, as though he was a molting like a snake.

"This is already the third time I'm undergoing molting!" Leylin looked at the molted skin as helplessness flashed across his face.

Warlocks' advancement was done through meditation and transforming the body, progressing towards becoming ancient creatures.

It could be said that the higher-ranked the Warlock was, the less human they would be. The same held true for Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan.

Since Leylin's bloodline was that of a Giant Kemoyin Serpent, he naturally would undergo molting periods in his growth. However, under the radiation of the Lamia fingerbone, the molting process had been greatly expedited.

"Tower genie, prepare warm water for my bath." The tower genie acted quickly under Leylin's order. Before he'd even reached the designated bathroom, steaming hot water had been prepared.

Water elemental particles had been condensed into a pure liquid, and had been made extremely suitable for the bodies and skin of Warlocks through specialised proportions.

Leylin lay contentedly in the bathing pool made of black marble. As he looked at his fair and smooth skin, his eyes faintly phased out.

Every single time he molted, his strength would see a rapid increase. The

rate of his advancements recently had been truly terrifying.

Leylin looked at his palm. Who would have thought that these ordinary slender hands could hide such extraordinary power?

‘How time flies. This leisurely life of mine has gone on for a century now?’ Leylin sank into deep thought.

Indeed, nearly a hundred years had passed since his foray into the Forgotten Land.

Such a long period of time was enough for commoner families to have passed between four to five generations, yet all this did for Leylin was make him look more mature. Given his life expectancy as a high-ranked Warlock, he could be said to still be in his teens.

In this last century, Leylin had maintained a low-profile lifestyle, immersing himself in research and drawing links between his own knowledge base and that of the central continent. He had even reached the boundary in multiple areas.

The A.I. Chip’s data had also been updated several times.

[Leylin Farlier: Rank 3 (Hydro Phase) Warlock. Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent; Strength: 30, Agility: 30, Vitality: 45.5, Spiritual force: 315.6, Magic Power: 315 (Magic power in synchronization with spiritual force)]

Through the Lamia fingerbone’s maturation of his bloodline, even without the consumption of spiritual force potions, Leylin’s spiritual force increased day by day, up to the point where he fulfilled the requirements to advance to the Hydro Phase.

20 years ago, Leylin had used the Hall’s Jewel and Hydro Phase spell formation to finally condense his spiritual force, breaking out of Hydro Phase.

There were, even more, merits to the maturation of his bloodline. His strength and agility, which had stagnated for a long time, experienced an exponential growth, while his vitality steadily increased as well.

Once both strength and agility reached 30, Leylin knew that even the Kemoyin Giant Serpent bloodline could not lead to an indefinite increase in these areas. This was probably his current limit.

Similarly, the increase in vitality from every consecutive molting was diminishing. It seemed like it, too, would slow to a crawl.

Leylin clenched his fists, feeling the surge of strength within. 'Just the radiation from the Lamia fingerbone could bring about so many benefits,' he muttered to himself as he felt the increase in power from the molting, his blood bursting with vitality.

Outside the bathroom, two pleasant voices similar to that of an oriole sounded, "Master, it's time for lunch!"

Leylin smiled and exited the bathroom.

Two teenage girls in maid costumes were kneeling on the two sides of the bathroom. They showed not a tinge of bashfulness when he walked out stark naked, using a large white towel to dry him and dressing him in a loose robe.

It was clear that these two emitted energy waves unique to rank 1 Magi, and they possessed a special charm.

They were actually Warlocks! Even though they were only rank 1 and did not have a pure bloodline, they were still hard to come by.

They were Warlocks under Leylin's guidance. The two were actually sisters who came from the same family tribe of Giant Mankestre Snake Warlocks. Due to the restrictions of their bloodlines, their position in the Ouroboros Clan was very low. Once Leylin had released news that he was hiring, the family had immediately sent these two sisters to serve him in his tower.

The Magus Tower was extremely dangerous. Even its living quarters had large amounts of radiation, and commoners would not be able to live on the premises. Only Magi were suited to stay within.

Leylin's Magus Tower was naturally only open to a few of his acolytes and subordinates. Even though they were only given access to the living

areas and a few laboratories, it was more than enough for them to be moved to tears.

“Mentor!”

In the dining hall, Leylin saw Snoopy. That kid had already advanced to become a rank 2 Warlock. For his Black Horrall Snake bloodline and meager natural aptitude, it was considered a great feat.

“Mmm!” Leylin nodded his head lightly and sat at the head of the table. The two twin sisters immediately served delicious food.

“How’s the cleanup of the library going?” Leylin asked Snoopy while eating.

During the organisation and influx of books into the library, Leylin had noticed Snoopy’s passion for them and decided to just hand the entire place over for him to manage.

“It’s going well! Only area B-3 has experienced some mild oxidation, but I’ve already asked the tower genie to isolate the region and deal with it.” he humbly answered.

“Also, the captives locked up in the experimental areas have become more irritable, and the rate of energy consumption of the binding rooms has risen by 1.9%...” This next bit caught Leylin’s attention.

After lunch, he went to the basement of the Magus Tower.

Boom! Pow! The intermittent noises he heard after entering the area caused him to frown.

He came to the area outside the binding room. Through the reinforced glass, he could see a large red-eyed Kobold. Large amounts of drool were dripping from his mouth as he rammed his head into the walls repeatedly.

Every time he did that, a thick blue electric current would shoot at the Kobold’s body, burning its reddish-beige scaly exterior to a charred black.

Leylin frowned and ordered, “Retrieve its information!”

The tower genie projected a screen in front of Leylin’s eyes. The densely-packed words and figures of the surgical journal and surveillance footage

were laid out in front of him.

‘After the initial bloodline strengthening experiment, symptoms of hysteria appeared on the eighth day?’ Leylin stroked his chin.

“This Kobold has no more observational value. Get rid of it and send its carcass to the dissection room!”

“Authority verified! Getting rid of the Kobold!” The tower genie answered without emotion. After all, it had been programmed to put Leylin’s orders as the first priority.

Swish! A black light streaked across the sky, and the hysterical Kobold that was confined immediately fell to the ground.

In the blink of an eye, this terrifying Kobold, who had been so close to reaching rank 3, completely perished, without being able to put up a fight at all.

The prison gates then opened, and a few adamantite puppets carried the lifeless Kobold carcass out on a stretcher.

# Chapter 445: Precipitation And Strength

After seeing what happened, the Kobolds bound in the center huddled up together, fearful of the demonic Leylin.

Looking at the fear in their eyes, Leylin nodded his head, "The rest of the experiments look alright!"

The fear represented sanity, which meant they were still worth keeping alive. These Kobolds being here was naturally Tanasha's handiwork.

After receiving Leylin's order, not only had she collected a large amount of high-grade Kobold blood, she had even captured a group of captives and sent them to Leylin.

In the midst of working on Quicksand's bloodline experiments, Leylin gladly accepted these gifts with pleasure and used them in his research.

Right now, the results were rather positive.

Leylin looked at the rest who were bound in the center. Their general was well-built at over two metres of solid muscle covered with a dense layer of scales. The horn on his head was also thick and bulky.

"I did not expect the rumors about the Kobolds possessing the giant dragon bloodline to be true after all..." Leylin took out a tube of golden blood from his pouch.

The tube of blood carried a powerful aura. Even the cowering Kobolds who were covering their heads in the corner raised their head unanimously and looked at the tube in his hands, their eyes filled with desire.

"The quintessential bloodline of the Ancient Red Dragon!" Leylin gasped. As long as he was willing to give up this ancient bloodline, with the high-grade meditation technique of Dragon King's Mystic Might that he'd obtained in the subterranean world, he could have turned any of the Kobolds into a terrifying first generation Dragon bloodline Warlock in a flash.

But before he'd conducted more research on methods of restriction, such

a thing would be equivalent to Leylin creating unnecessary trouble for himself, which he didn't want.

Even though his bloodline was already finalized, the experiments of the ancient Quicksand Organisation did inspire him tremendously.

For instance, one of the fields he was interested in was the ignition of another bloodline to strengthen himself. He had constantly paid attention to that area of research.

Upon confirming that all the hubbub was raised by that one crazed Kobold, Leylin soon left the place and reached the experimental area for spells.

After molting, he urgently needed to train his control of his powers.

The Magus Tower's spell experimental area was built with the strongest alloy, and had specialized registers and targets for testing. The strength and durability was high enough to withstand any spell at rank 3 or below.

"Beginning with rank 1 innate spell, Kemoyin's Scales..." Leylin's entire body was soon covered with exquisite black scales, this time slightly differing from before. Multiple decorative designs extended across them to form a symbol. The outer layer had another bright membrane on top, forming a second layer of defense.

This was the advantage of an innate spell. When a Magus attained enough power, their innate spell would improve with them and become stronger, displaying the power and effects of higher-grade spells.

The same went for the bloodline inherited spells of Warlocks. The stronger the bloodline, the greater the amplification of the innate spell's power.

"Initiation of test!" The tower genie hovered next to Leylin

Ever since he had the tower genie, Leylin had allocated most of the A.I Chip's tasks to the tower genie instead. The freed-up processing power of the A.I Chip were then accumulated and used by Leylin to be spent on deducing more important tasks.



The elemental rays dazzled. Numerous elemental particles appeared and coagulated, ready for attack.

It started with the commonly seen earth, fire, and water elemental attacks. After which, there were attacks by special light and darkness elemental particles, followed by various fused spells.

Lightning, hail, blades of wind, and balls of fire all burst onto Leylin's body, their power unceasingly rising.

Buzz buzz! A black radiance emitted from the Kemoyin scales and formed a layer of defence around Leylin's body, which had repelled those frightening attacks.

The violent energy particles had a sustained attack of ten minutes or so. After which, the tower genie's voice intonated once again, "Spell resistance test completed. Physical defense test initiated."

The moment the words were spoken, the attacking spells vanished and the ground crackled as it split apart to reveal an entry valve. Adamantine puppets appeared from within, wielding huge steel swords, hatchets, heavy hammers, and other large weapons. They started attacking Leylin.

For the next half hour, an unceasing rumbling could be heard.

The tower genie flapped its invisible wings as it flew towards Leylin and reported, "Kemoyin's Scales defense test completed!"

A numerical report was then clearly projected forth.

[Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock rank 1 innate spell – Kemoyin's Scales (Augmented: Rank 3) Spell Resistance: 160 degrees. Physical Resistance: 175 degrees.]

"With this sort of resistance, I'm basically immune to the common rank 2 spells," Leylin nodded with extreme pleasure.

Next was the testing for the Eye of Petrification and Toxic Bile. After comparison, the degree of power of the Eye of Petrification had reached the apex of rank 2, although there wasn't any other strengthening of the foundation.

On the other hand, Toxic Bile's terrifying poison attack had quietly crept passed its boundary and reached the rank 3 realm.

"This bloodline strengthening has benefitted me so much!" Witnessing his own innate spells getting more powerful, Leylin couldn't help but sigh in pleasure.

For an average Warlock, they depended on their own bloodline to spur on their advancements to the next level, whereas for him, he had advanced too soon in the past and his Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline couldn't keep pace with his strength. This had resulted in a lack of advancements in his rank 1 and 2 spells.

And now? He had finally caught up with the other Warlocks who had progressed over many years, enabling his innate spells to match, if not exceed, theirs!

After testing several of his own innate spells, Leylin asked in silence, "A.I. Chip, how did the simulation go?"

[Rank 3 spell derivation progress currently at 98.9%!]

The A.I. Chip's response was swift and got Leylin smiling, "It's almost done! At the current rate of progress, it'll only take a short while to completely derive the spell!"

Although rank 3 spell models were very valuable, Leylin had gotten his hands on quite a few. As he recalled his previous battles, he realised the same problem recurring.

Although he had many tricks up his sleeve, the majority of his battles had him dependent on a combination of potions, spells and the Meteor Sword to successfully defeat his opponent.

It may have seemed straightforward, but in reality, if the other party had surpassed him in any one of those factors, he would've found it difficult to succeed.

To put it simply, he lacked a sure-fire killing move.

Such a strategy could arise from a huge demonic weapon, an earth-

shatteringly powerful spell or a deadly potion. However, Leylin realised, he had no such thing on hand.

Manufacturing a huge demonic weapon would be way too troublesome. The same went for a deadly potion. There were material costs and they had limitations to them. As such, after much deliberation, he decided to bring forward the A.I. Chip's derivation of a powerful spell, which was tailored for him.

In order to see this matter to completion, Leylin gave his full attention and had stopped himself from many other missions. He even had the tower genie share the burden of the A.I. Chip. He wanted to maximize the use of the the A.I. Chip's processing power.

As such, everything had progressed smoothly.

"According to the latest estimates, this new spell will have at least 300 degrees of power. Common Crystal Phase Magi will not dare underestimate me, and it'll be useful enough below the Morning Star realm..." At this juncture, the light faded from Leylin's eyes and was replaced by a hint of gloom.

In his previous expedition to the Forgotten Land, they had offended the Morning Star Magus, Demon Hunter Cyril. Although Cyril didn't declare any intentions to seek revenge, there were many rank 3 Magi who wanted to get in his good books, and quite a few of them were at the Hydro and even Crystal Phases.

Therefore, under such tremendous pressure, Leylin had withdrawn and holed himself in his territory for a long time, coming out only when necessary.

Every once in while, there would be a few ignorant trespassers who would gallantly cross the border. They were almost always discovered immediately and brought to Leylin. Under the amplification of his strength by the Magi Tower, Leylin had powers parallel to that of rank 3 Magi. As a result, he managed to defeat the few trespassing Magi easily, the deaths of those Magi affording him some bit of reputation.

Over time, fewer and fewer Magi tried to trespass.

Additionally, with the ability to deduce spells, Leylin's confidence soared. Relying on those trump cards, he could fight on par with Crystal Phase Magi without relying on the tower. He felt that the time was right.

Truth be told, it was frustrating for Leylin to be cooped up for close to a hundred years in a single territory.

'Before this, I'm afraid I would still have to make a trip to the Ouroboros Clan to see if there's anything profitable for me. Phew, astral stone...' Leylin plotted in his mind, and could not help but sigh again.

Normally, once one had their own Magus Tower and had been promoted to Hydro phase, they would have the ability to conduct early-stage experiments on the astral gates independently. Unfortunately, Leylin had not taken any actions for a long time to come. The only reason behind that was because he lacked the key ingredient, the astral stone.

It was the base material for the construction of an astral gate, and at the same time a core battling resource held by Morning Star Magi. They were rarely circulated in public, and required a trade with other rare or valuable items.

At the moment, Leylin did not have the connections to carry out such exchanges. In fact, Leylin could not even make up his mind even for the trading of mundane objects.

It was not due to the fact that he did not have enough enticing treasures to put forth, but that many of the objects he possessed were better off not being exposed to others. For instance, the essence of the ancient red dragon bloodline and the yield from the Blood Vulture's Nest.

He could have easily exchanged any of these objects for astral stones. However, he could also have attracted unnecessary attention from other Morning Star Magi. Leylin had enough trouble from provoking the Demon Hunter, he certainly did not want any more eyes on him.

On the other hand, Kesha had secretly been in touch with Leylin and had informed him on an arrangement for astral stones. He looked forward to it eagerly.

# Chapter 446: Azure Mountain Auction

“Sister Kesha, you’ve grown prettier again!”

Within Phosphorescence Swamp, the headquarters of the Ouroboros Clan was bustling as usual, with many bloodline Warlocks shuttling to and fro.

Below the Giant Kemoyin Snake statue, Leylin had recognised Kesha instantly.

He walked up to her with a big smile and hugged her tightly as both his hands groped Kesha’s body impolitely.

“Alright! Alright! We’re still on the way, let’s talk when we get back!” Kesha’s breathing became heavy but she had a depressed look on her face.

“You got me there!”

“Haha.....” Seeing the sister who made him concede defeat repeatedly become like that, Leylin could not help but laugh out loud. His face carried an unconcealable smugness.

After going through the restoration of Quicksand’s bloodline experiment, Leylin’s knowledge in this area had advanced greatly, reaching the peak of the central continent.

Under his control and with the help of the A.I. Chip, the spell to protect his own bloodline had already been developed a long time ago.

After numerous “real-life combat tests” with Kesha, this female Magus had no choice but to admit that even if the female Warlocks from the Ouroboros Clan were to come forth all at once, exposing all of their secret techniques, they would not obtain Leylin’s seed.

Leylin, who had now let go of this matter, enjoyed himself without any apprehension. However, Kesha and the others were growing a little intolerant of him.

.....

The pink cotton quilt was covered in traces of their lovemaking, as a

strong fragrance wrapped the entire room.

Leylin flexed his upper body, exposing his firm but sleek muscles. He was half reclined on the couch, listening attentively to Kesha's accounts.

Kesha looked more miserable, with her body full of scars from the havoc, but she had a look of satisfaction. The cotton clothes could not conceal her delicate body at all, it even exposed more than what others could bargain for.

Despite her miserable look, this was actually nothing but child's play for female Magi. It could only be considered as a more intense game as they would be able to recover within minutes.

For instance, the current Kesha's breathing did not have the slightest heaviness from before; it even seemed calm.

"Leylin, the speed at which you're improving, you're one of the best talents in the Ouroboros Clan. Only Robin can surpass you!"

With serious matters being brought up, Leylin no longer had the cavalier attitude from before and was now listening optimistically.

"Brother Robin's success is due to him being well prepared, how can I compare to him?" Opposed to Kesha's flattery, Leylin shook his head with a faint smile instead.

He had advanced to the Hydro Phase very quickly, and it was supposed to create a big fuss in the Ouroboros Clan. After all, only an extreme talent could perform so well.

But Robin had stolen his thunder. Just around when Leylin had advanced to the Hydro Phase, news had spread that Robin had actually become a Crystal Phase Magus.

Hydro Phase Magi were not very rare in the central continent, but it was a different scenario with Crystal Phase Magi. Be it their individual strengths or the difficulty of the breakthrough, the two levels were not on the same platform.

Naturally, Leylin's limelight was stolen by Robin.

Deep in his heart, Leylin was a little glad that Robin attracted a lot of attention to himself. He had always enjoyed reaping his rewards in the dark and did not want to show off like that.

At the same time, he remembered the trace of the black mark on Robin's forehead.

It seems that the other party's breakthrough was deeply connected to his encounter in the Quicksand pocket dimension.

Duke Gilbert seemed to know some of this information but of course, he would not tell Leylin about it. Leylin could only guess.

"Both of you are perverts!" Kesha's expression was a little gloomy and she seemed to be full of indignance. Leylin and Robin had obviously benefitted a lot from the previous expedition, and only she ended up empty-handed. She even lost many of the powerful members of her clan.

What was worse was that when they were hunted down as fugitives, the responsibility was on all three of them.

Chivalrously, Leylin wrapped his arm around Kesha's slim waist and began to comfort her in a soft voice, "Alright alright! It's already been over a hundred years, those people must have already lost their patience..."

After a while of tenderness, Leylin finally asked the question regarding his main purpose of this journey. "By the way, you'd mentioned an astral stone previously. What's that about?"

He had always drawn a clear line between work and pleasure.

Of course, Kesha knew that her relationship with this talented brother was just an insignificant link, and only the entanglement of benefits would allow her to bind him into her clan's war chariot, making him at least a part of their camp. Hence she quickly gave an account of the whole story.

"Auction?" Leylin's eyebrows knitted when he heard the news.

"Yes!" Kesha did not brush away Leylin's unconsciously playful hands, she only glared. "An auction hosted by a Morning Star Magus in Azure Mountain City!" As if she knew that Leylin had not understood her, Kesha

began explaining to Leylin again in detail.

It turned out that after Magi entered the Morning Star realm, ordinary materials and resources were already far from sufficient to satisfy them. What Morning Star Magi needed had always been items that were highly cherished in ancient times, and even those that had long since been lost. These treasures were evidently not purchasable by magic crystals. Thus, organising some exchanges in private and barter trade became mainstream.

The founder of Azure Mountain City, the Azure Mountain King, was a neutral Morning Star Magus. His clan controlled almost half of the auctions that took place in the region.

Every ten or so years, a grand auction would be held in the headquarters of Azure Mountain City. When that time came, many rare treasures would appear, attracting numerous Magi who intended to pursue them.

And behind the auction, the distinguished Azure Mountain King would also organise a small-scaled private exchange meeting.

This secret meeting had a very high bar for attendance. Ordinary rank 3 Magi could not enter, and even Morning Star Magi of all sides snuck in to see if they could get things they needed.

“The next Azure Mountain auction is commencing soon, I have received information that there is someone there who wishes to sell an astral stone the size of a fist...” Kesha explained the matter thoroughly.

“Also, Leylin, even if you come back from the auction empty-handed, you can still try your luck at the exchange meeting later on. With so many highly ranked Magi there, surely there will be those who have astral stones on hand. Of course, the prerequisite will be for you to have an item that is attractive enough for the other party.....”

“What time does the exchange meeting start? How do I obtain the authority to enter? What restrictions are there?” Evidently, Leylin’s interest in the exchange meeting was piqued.

And he had indeed accumulated a large quantity of items, which he had



intended to sell in exchange for magic crystals or other raw materials.

“The exchange meeting will commence after the auction ends. As long as you are located within the borders of Azure Mountain City, highly ranked Magi who have fulfilled the requirements will be invited. Besides, rest assured that the entire exchange meeting will be conducted in anonymity. The distinguished Azure Mountain King is willing to vouch that there will be no trouble in the future!”

A neutral Morning Star Magus’ word had a definite reputation in the entire central continent, putting Leylin at ease.

It seemed that the issue of materials that was perplexing him had a very high chance of being resolved in Azure Mountain City.

Moreover, after being low-profile and living in seclusion for such a long time, it was about time he went out to roam around.

Leylin, who was in high spirits, pulled Kesha into a new round of war once again.

“Marquis Leylin...”

“Good afternoon, Marquis Leylin!”

On the way to the headquarters, a smile hung on the corner of Leylin’s lips as he greeted the surrounding royal warlocks who passed by from time to time. Occasionally, he nodded in response, which got the low-ranked warlocks overwhelmed.

As of now, he was considered slightly famous in the Ouroboros Clan. On the contrary, being Gilbert’s disciple and having the talent to break through to becoming a Hydro Phase Magus was secondary. The primary reason he became famous was still the technique of protecting his seed.

Ever since the test with Kesha and warlock Miranda, the crazy women in the Ouroboros Clan rarely bothered Leylin anymore.

If they solely wanted pleasure, there were many boy-toys in their clans. There were all sorts of males—rough ones, weak ones, and also uniquely delicate boys. They did not have to bother Leylin.

Furthermore, there were also many male warlocks who came to Leylin with attractive conditions, in hope of acquiring the results of his research.

Undoubtedly, these were all rejected by Leylin.

The mere consequence of offending the warlocks in the Ouroboros Clan made Leylin somewhat eager to avoid it, not to mention the possibility of his bloodline research results being spied on through those techniques.

He could use it for himself but once he spread it, he would be provoking all the women in the Ouroboros Clan. Leylin was not such a fool.

From afar, Leylin spotted someone familiar and he immediately went up to greet her, "Good day, Miss Miranda!"

"It's Sir Leylin! Haha... Today's weather is great... Oh! I just remembered that I still have an experiment to conduct, please excuse me!"

Miranda laughed casually and left quickly with an excuse.

Watching her enticing back, Leylin rubbed his fingers as if he remembered the alluring scent she had while in bed. He could not help but let out a smirk.

Previously, he had left her in an extremely miserable state. Now, it seems, Miranda had developed a slight fear of him.

Leylin came before Gilbert's villa along his stroll.

He was about to knock when the door suddenly swung opened and a figure walked out of the villa, almost bumping into Leylin.

"Brother Robin!"

Leylin scrutinized the current Robin carefully. The Crystal Phase energy waves on his body were very obvious. It seemed that he had completely stabilised at that level. In addition, the veins on Robin's forehead seemed thicker and more distinct, and the black mark flashed with a strange luster.

"Leylin!" Robin smiled. His facial muscles seemed rather stiff, as if he had not smiled for a long time.

“I still have some matters, I’ll be leaving first! Mentor is inside!”

Robin exchanged a few words with Leylin and left in a hurry.

As he watched Robin leave, Leylin’s entered a moment of deep thought.

# Chapter 447: Arm of Vengeance

In the past Robin, being one of Gilbert's students, was very popular. He was very patient, meticulous and was capable of making people feel comfortable with his presence alone. Hence, he was able to hold a high position, somewhat alike to a supervisor, in the clan.

He had changed ever since he entered the Crystal Phase, though. His temper went foul and he lost his position and did nothing but idle all day long. Upon recalling this matter, Leylin couldn't help but feel saddened at the thought.

Leylin entered the villa, and met Duke Gilbert in the study.

Gilbert's face did not change at all, not a strand of facial hair nor visible pores which made him look as smart as ever. With all these combined with his shiny and smooth head, he did look a little sly and terrifying.

Yet to Leylin, Gilbert was a good mentor who strived his hardest to teach him. Hence, he bowed to the man respectfully and told him the reason for his arrival.

"It'll be nice to take a trip outside!" Gilbert leaned against the couch, beverage in hand. Leylin could occasionally spot little mermaid-like creatures appearing in the drink.

"With the passing of a century, I'm sure Cyril has forgotten all about you. Even those fugitives aren't that patient. You really ought to travel outside."

"But..." Gilbert paused for a while.

"If mentor needs anything, feel free to ask!" Leylin felt excited as he knew that Gilbert might have some tasks for him to carry out.

"Since you're leaving, why not just take up this task!" Gilbert flung out a scroll, "The Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan have to periodically finish tasks for the organisation as a form of contribution. Even though you are my disciple, you can't keep idling around. While you're traveling, you should just finish this task."

“Yes, Mentor!” Leylin bowed as he obediently agreed and left.

He unfurled the scroll in his hand after he walked out of the villa.

[Spiritual force data interface detected, accept?] A prompt immediately popped up from the A.I. Chip.

“Yes!” Following Leylin’s order, a string of messages immediately entered his brain, and were imprinted directly into his memory so that he wouldn’t forget them easily.

“This is actually an extermination task?” Phosphorescent green flames lit up in Leylin’s hand, burning the scroll to ashes. Yet, he was expressionless.

The task was actually very simple. He had to go and exterminate a base of people rebelling against the Ouroboros Clan.

Even though they reigned supreme in this area, they had eliminated many influential clans and even commoners when they first set foot here.

The surviving members of those clans held the desire to conquer. Additionally, as with all regimes, there were also clashes with the interests of the indigenous population, creating friction. All these led to the rise of opposition parties.

Even though such organisations were weak, having not a single Morning Star Magus, they often concealed themselves well and it was difficult to identify their locations.

Yet, once they were found, they couldn’t escape their destiny of extermination.

Gilbert’s task for Leylin was simply to eliminate the most recently found base.

‘This is basically a dirt job!’ Leylin sighed but he knew that this was inevitable. Having joined the Ouroboros Clan, he knew that it was necessary for him to do some of the things he did in order for him to gain trust from the organisation. Furthermore, through applying such pressure, they would be able to keep the new Warlocks involved in the war.

In reality, one of the advantages of being Gilbert's student was that he was given such a simple task. Leylin was considered to have been given preferential treatment to have been assigned tasks of just moderate difficulty level.

'The location of the mission is Doroy Forest, en route to Azure Mountain City. Just as well. I'll take care of them en route, then head to the auction!' Leylin decided.

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There limestone pavement was dotted with litter, creating a messy and chaotic environment. From time to time, one would be able to see, on the streets, traces of the domesticated livestock such as cows and horses that had been moving about on the pavement.

A strong odour emanated from the overflowing groundwater which had formed water puddles on the roads.

This was a quite normal scene in a city of commoners.

The advancements of the Magus world did not spill over into the world of mortals. The only improvements on that front were that one could now earn enough food to feed their whole family.

Leylin was strolling along. As soon as he'd accepted the task, he left the general headquarters without hesitation and headed to his current location.

If the directions weren't wrong, this was where the Ouroboros Clan had set up a secret division, and also where their agent had found the rebels.

After using a Transfiguration Spell, Leylin's aura was equivalent to that of a rank 1 or 2 Magus.

Despite Gilbert mentioning that Cyril would not care about him, Leylin still wanted to be as cautious as he could.

After all, Cyril's subordinates were Crystal Phase Magi who may be keeping an eye on them. Leylin had to make some preparations to butter him up.

According to the house number, Leylin came to a house that looked like a normal bar and knocked on the door.

Knock! Knock!

After ten minutes or so, an impatient voice called out.

“Who is it? We don’t open in the day!”

“I’m looking for Tamansi.” Leylin’s voice was deep and low.

“You’re looking for our boss? What’s the matter?” A golden-haired brawny man opened the door as he stared at Leylin with caution.

Yet, Leylin could only feel a weak wave of energy going through the man, marking him an acolyte.

“Look at this!” Leylin let out a small smile as he took out a badge.

The ancient symbol of a black serpent eating its own tail contrasted greatly with the golden background. To others, this symbol made of runes, might appear to form a mere odd circle at the base of the badge.

However, since this man was an acolyte of theirs, he would definitely recognise the symbol of the Ouroboros Clan.

As expected, the man’s eyes widened. He relaxed, lowering his precaution towards Leylin.

“I’ll go and ask...” This time, the man’s reaction became quicker and within a minute he brought out a light brown-haired man of a smaller build.

It was obvious to Leylin that this man was a mere Rank 2 Magus.

These were the lowest level of Warlocks found in the Ouroboros Clan. Due to the fact that their skills were low and their families were in decline, they could only do miscellaneous jobs and silently accumulate credit, hoping that one day a bloodline genius would be born into their family or even a chance for them return to the general headquarters.

“My Lord!” With just one look, Tamansi recognised Leylin. As far as Warlocks were concerned, the aura of bloodlines that couldn’t be faked.

The intimate and dreadful feeling it exuded was etched deeply in Tamansi's memory.

'This concentration of the bloodline seems to be that of a particular bloodline regal...' The dwarf thought as he respectfully bowed. "My name is Tamansi, my Lord."

"I see," Leylin nodded as he made his way into the bar.

As he walked past the counter, he came to a room located underground that was even more concealed and complex.

"Tell me everything that you have found out, and don't withhold any information from me..." Leylin took off his cloak, inadvertently emitting an imposing aura in his every move, which had caused Tamansi to regard him with more reverence.

Upon seeing the documents that Leylin produced, Tamansi did not dare to hide the truth, and immediately reported to Leylin, "That was three days ago. At that time, I was here..."

Numerous days later in the gloomy dark forest.

The chirps of the cicada drowned out the hushed conversation between the two Magi.

That was Doroy Forest, a large prehistoric forest where Tamansi had found the enemy base.

"Are you sure it's here?" Leylin wore a black Magus cloak with golden rims. Ironically, his appropriate dressing, together with his slender build, as well as his pure bloodline temperament, made it seem like he wasn't here to kill but instead to travel.

"Yes, my Lord!" At this point, Tamansi felt nothing but respect for Leylin.

As a royal Warlock of the organisation, Leylin held a high position and was in control of the life and death of the expatriates.

"After a few months of investigation, we finally found out that the Arm of Vengeance has been hiding here!"

"According to the traces nearby, there are indeed hidden spell



formations set up around here as well as trails of Warlocks in this area.” Leylin nodded his head.

“These rascals sure can hide! Rest assured My Lord, my subordinates have already rounded them up. Once My Lord gives his command, we will definitely be able to break through their spells, along with the men you brought along.” The dwarfish Magus slapped his chest and guaranteed.

To Tamansi, it seemed that Leylin, who was dispatched by headquarters, only had the weak aura of a rank 1 or 2 Magus, and seemed especially amicable. Thus, he probably wasn’t particularly powerful. However, since he was already out on a mission, there would definitely be numerous people to make up for his evident weakness.

For such royal bloodlines, wouldn’t his family have dispatched a huge number of people to protect him whenever he was out?

“Whoever said that I brought manpower?” Leylin turned back to look at Tamansi.

“No... No one?” Tamansi wanted to laugh, but he couldn’t, “My Lord, please don’t make such a joke. Inside this camp is Toram from the Arm of Vengeance. Apart from their leader, she is the strongest in their organisation, having reached the Hydro Phase two centuries ago...”

“Oh! So Toram is the most capable member here? That’s a rather good chance!” Leylin clapped his hands as he looked through the prompts given by the A.I. Chip.

[Rank 3 spell complete. Number of simulation runs: 42912. Number of errors: 0]

“Looks like I can test this spell on site,” Leylin muttered to himself.

One of Leylin’s plan to create commonly used formidable rank 3 spells had came from heavy utilisation of the A.I. Chip’s operational capabilities. It had customised a rank 3 spell for Leylin, and had just finished its simulation.

Moreover, this new enemy was perfect for Leylin to test his new spell.

# Chapter 448: Toram

“Master! You may have overestimated my ability. Even with all of my men added up, we wouldn’t be a match for Toram...” Tamansi forced a smile.

He believed it necessary to clear things up with Leylin. Even if he was a royal and a special agent from the clan, he couldn’t just sacrifice himself for him.

“Your men?” Leylin was rendered speechless. With such weak Magi and acolytes, they wouldn’t even be able to break through the spell formation.

It was of no consequence, though. Tamansi was in charge of intelligence, he did not have high hopes regarding their fighting strength.

“Just look after your men, I’ll take care of the rest!” he replied coldly before floating up.

Suddenly, a powerful and chilling surge of mountainous energy filled the entire place.

“Th-Th- This!” Tamansi stared hard at Leylin, eyes bulging. The energy he’d felt from Leylin before was similar to his own, but he had suddenly burst forth like a ferocious creature.

The terrifying undulations of Leylin’s energy rose endlessly. In the blink of an eye, it broke through rank 3 and skyrocketed to an unpredictable level.

“My Lord, it seems like you’re not one of those royals who only fool around, but instead a person with influence.” Tamansi’s eyes lit up. If he were to be affiliated to Leylin, he’d have an unimaginable future and could even fulfil his dream of revitalizing his family.

“Marquis! My Lord, you must be a Marquis that holds authority in the clan!” Tamansi balled up his fists, his face flushed.

The moment Leylin stopped repressing his aura, he’d actually felt a desire to kneel.

Tamansi had never felt such a sense of majesty from other Marquis similar to Leylin.

Leylin, on the other hand, did not care about how others felt about him.

Because he had given up suppressing his aura, he had been discovered by Tamansi. Presently, he was suddenly engulfed by a sudden fog that had appeared in the forest which evidently, was the work of Tamansi.

“Which Magus is out there? We are a secret guild that rejects all visitors and transactions!” A large quantity of light was emitted, forming a giant defence shield covered in flickering runes. By the looks of it, the Magus isn’t someone to be trifled with. Additionally, with the decisive tone of the Magus, most people would have backed off if they had stumbled upon this Magus by accident.

Still, Leylin was not like most people. Besides, his mission here was to exterminate them.

“Is it the Arm of Vengeance?” Leylin towered over the spell formation, his voice piercing through. He had wanted to make a final confirmation in order to prevent any unwanted mishaps.

“A Warlock from the Ouroboros Clan?!” A probing light shone down, and the tone turned menacing. The pure hatred dripping in that voice had even Leylin shuddering.

Nevertheless, it gave Leylin the confirmation he needed. Things would now be a lot easier.

Leylin’s pupils reflected his indifference. To him, the war for resources and benefits was never a question of right or wrong. It was the mere determination of a winner and a loser.

Meanwhile, at the top of a group of buildings inside the spell formation.

The face of the female Magus who had spoken earlier was distorted as she stared at a crimson crystal in her hand.

A female Magus who looked to be in her teens, cheeks still chubby, arrived at the side of her Mentor and asked, “Mentor, what’s wrong?”

“It’s the Ouroboros Clan. Those damned Warlocks have managed to track us here!” The woman appeared to be in her thirties, with a voluptuous body. She would be a stunning beauty were it not for the huge cross-shaped scar across her face.

“Ouroboros Clan?” The youth inhaled sharply. That name brought about images of demons, of a monster dens and other terrifying creatures. To her, Warlocks from the Ouroboros Clan were menacing demons that could swallow someone whole in a matter of seconds.

“I’m afraid the situation is borderline threatening now that they’ve managed to track this place down. When the inevitable arrives, you have to run off while I try my best to delay their path,” the scar-faced Magus turned and ordered with a wistful expression.

“You want me to run? What about Hulk and Fanny, what about the rest?” The teen Magus was startled upon hearing those words from her mentor.

“This is a life or death situation, we can’t afford to care about them!” The scar-faced Magus smiled bitterly as she watched the chaotic situation of the crowd below.

“I can’t believe they’re here!” A white-headed elder male Magus exclaimed as he floated up along with a few other Magi.

“We’ll go all out then! There’s nothing to be afraid of!” a muscular middle aged Magus said. He had an eye missing and his head was adorned with a tiger skull.

Boom! The spell formation trembled and the defensive shield started vibrated vigorously.

It was a sight akin to that of the heaven and earth cracking apart. It swept across the small encampment almost immediately, causing the faces of many Magi to darken.

.....

Outside the shield, Leylin was looking at the powerful defensive spell formation from a vantage point. ‘The spiritual force of a Magus could also

represent the limitations of their abilities...'

With a spell formation like this, given his previous level of strength, he would've taken some time to completely demolish it.

'If it's less than 20 degrees it would be at an acolyte's level. Rank 1 Magi if it's between 20 to 80 degrees, rank 2 if it's between 80 to 200 degrees and rank 3 if it's more than 200...'

'But once the spell surpasses 300 degrees, even Crystal Phase Magi will have to be careful.'

Leylin mumbled to himself and played around with the complicated spell model that was sent to his sea of consciousness by the A.I. Chip.

The many individual runes came together perfectly in this model and gave off an exquisite feel.

Leylin had practised the manipulation of this spell very well through his A.I. Chip previously. The way he was using it now was as if he's tried it umpteen times, and it was beyond just proficient.

Boom! Numerous elemental tides were formed, and due to the impressive strength of this spell, the darkness and fire elemental particles of this region were instantaneously sucked away, as if encountering an elemental black hole.

The energy exhaustion of a rank 3 spell was, of course, not something rank 1 or rank 2 spells could be compared to. But the current situation was one that even Leylin felt uncomfortable in.

The terrifying energy did not in the least dissipate but instead agglomerated in Leylin's palm, forming black rays.

The space caved in and was seemingly absorbed by the black rays.

"Fatality's Tip!" Leylin flicked his finger, and a black ray met the defensive spell formation with a loud bang.

[Fatality's Tip: Rank 3 Spell. Elements: Darkness and Fire. Concentrates all energy into one piercing point. Side effects: Corrosion and Burns. Power: 330: 360 degrees!]

Leylin had named this spell himself. By giving up on area of effect and condensing all of his power into one finger, it could grant death to any creature below the Morning Star realm, hence the name.

Of course, there was a tinge of self-mockery at the fragility of his previous life.

Pop! Just like a soap bubble that was pricked, the powerful defence shield fell short in the face of the deadly attack, and lost all of its strength before instantly shattering apart.

The fog faded, revealing the buildings behind and the Magi whose faces were drained of colour.

“Toram?!” Leylin’s looked at his target. The scar on her face left an exceptional impression.

Her scar was left behind during the massacre, and as a woman she could obviously remove the scar for vanity’s sake. But for the memory of her hatred, she had kept it on her face as a reminder.

More often than not, people like these were extremely heartless and were people whom Leylin had to pay more attention to.

“Only one? A rank 3 Hydro Phase Kemoyin Warlock?” Seeing Leylin coming to them alone, Toram’s expression differed from those of her happy peers. She turned even more gloomy, and gave off a sense of hopelessness.

In the Magus world, someone who dared to move alone was a lot stronger than a collective.

And if Leylin dared to arrive singlehandedly, he must have had the utmost confidence in killing them all right here

“This is life or death, we don’t have to hold back any longer. Ensuring the escape of our seeds is the highest priority!” Toram commanded.

“Of course, I’ve been wanting to take the lives of Kemoyin Warlocks since long ago. I’ll skin him alive and use him as a carpet!” The tiger-skull Magus remarked with hate, shooting a dirty glance at Leylin.

‘Other than Toram who is a Hydro Phase, there are still two other rank 3 Magi?’ Leylin’s eyes glistened as the A.I. Chip began collecting the data on his enemies and predicting the possible outcomes.

As for those acolytes? They were like specks of dust to him.

“Since you’re a Kemoyin Warlock, if you lose your life here, I’m sure those higher-ups would mourn this loss!” Toram’s eyes turned bloodshot, and she covered herself in a liquid-like armour.

“Similarly, after all of you perish, the Arm of Vengeance won’t be any trouble for a period of time!” Leylin retorted.

“But before I finish you, I should do some clean-up!”

“Clean-up? Oh no! He is planning to—” Toram’s expression fell instantly but it was too late.

A horrifying projection of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent emerged behind Leylin, “Toxic Bile!”

With the maturation of his bloodline, this innate spell of his had also grown exponentially, and it had even exceeded 200 degrees of power, reaching the strength of a rank 3 spell. Even with preventive measures, it would be difficult for the rank 1 and rank 2 Magi to survive it.

On top of that, the effect of the spell would be even more amplified now that the defensive shield was down.

# Chapter 449: A Test

An incorporeal 'death-god' had solemnly descended on the rebel camp.

On the ground, innumerable rank 1 and 2 Magi started collapsing with their acolytes in tow, dying despite multiple layers of protection, potions, magic artifacts and other defenses.

Even the surrounding buildings were not spared. They creaked and swayed as they crumbled down like sand faced with water.

Formless toxic ripples took aim at the three rank 3 Magi in the air and started attacking them, leaving them helpless as they watched their apprentices and the other members of their organisations fall.

With a single attack, except for a handful of Magi who managed to escape using their secret treasures, the rest had been turned into corpses that decayed rapidly.

"YOU!" Toram roared as she rushed ahead.

The terrifying power of a Kemoyin Warlock's toxic attacks was common knowledge. However, Leylin's ability had reached a level that allowed him to exterminate nearly everything on the ground, which was abnormal.

This attack of his was sudden and unexpected, which resulted in huge losses. Witnessing the deaths of their own apprentices, friends, and even families at Leylin's hands, the two other rank 3 Magi hardened their gazes and dashed forward with tearful eyes.

"Phantom Hologram!" Multiple phantoms of gigantic creatures started appearing from behind an old rank 3 Magus. They surrounded Leylin and opened their huge, ferocious, and menacing mouths to trap him in their midst.

"Crimson Throne!" An illusory image of a bloody red throne appeared behind Toram, emanating a strong stench of blood.

The throne was simple and unadorned dull gold with marks on it from various swords and hatchets. It seemed as if it had gone through a lot of trials and tribulations, giving it an almost lifelike appearance of cruelty.



Under the illusory throne, the three of them donned a red armour, their auras having been raised to a level.

“Hmm! Aura amplification and removal of suppression... so such spell models exist!” Leylin’s blue eyes sparkled with excitement. He diligently recorded the opposite party’s domain into the A.I. Chip, intending to research it further.

This was the characteristic of the incomplete domain of a rank 3 Magus. Once Toram completely comprehended the strength of this domain, she would step into the Morning Star realm.

Of course, the current Crimson Throne only provided a limited amplification to Toram and the rest. It could not compare to Leylin’s own Intimidating Gaze.

However, under the brilliant glow of the throne, the eyes of the huge phantoms became bloodshot, and they dashed towards Leylin with full force, not an ounce of hesitation in them.

“Such a weak retaliation! Toram, I’ll be utterly disappointed if this is all you have...” Leylin sighed. The terrifying energy undulations from his body overflowed as the terrifying innate spell of a rank 3 Kemoyin Warlock, Intimidating Gaze, enveloped the region.

Hiss Hiss! It seemed as though an ancient Giant Kemoyin Serpent had been reborn in all its savagery. A tyrannical surge of dark energy descended on the ground, bringing with it a rather unusual and wild aura.

The force field immediately took over the territory previously under the Crimson Throne, almost instantly countering its effects.

Even though Leylin had suppressed the energy on his body, his abilities had been exposed to the huge phantoms and they went absolutely crazy, as if they had seen something horrifyingly bizarre. They roared in confusion, brutally attacking one another and even sprinting towards their original owner.

“Oh! A nice chance to witness the effects of the confusion!” Watching the opposing Magi fumbling about, Leylin smiled indifferently.

His innate domain had been steadily strengthened by the Lamia fingerbone, something that extended to the regions of energy amplification and suppression. If not for the fact that he'd experienced the bending of rules by a true Morning Star Magus' domain, he would've thought that his had already been formed.

Still, even if it was a mere force field, its effects were already unimaginable.

The phantom image of the Crimson Throne started to retreat in defeat, as if stripped of its previous glory. And before the two other rank 3 Magi could retaliate, their force fields had been suppressed and defeated.

Toram was the only one who qualified to match Leylin in a collision of force fields.

As for those lower-level force fields used by the others, they could certainly not match those of these Hydro Phase Magi.

Due to the differing depth of understanding of a domain at different levels, there was a vast difference in their strengths. Thus, the force fields of Magi below the Hydro Phase were considered effectively useless.

The Magus with the tiger skull wore a look of defeat. He understood and admitted the huge disparity between Leylin and himself.

Yet, he roared ferociously, the muscles in his body tensing and swelling up as his gorgeous fur shone with a colourful radiance.

The joints on his bones popped loudly and soon his body swelled and expanded from a normal figure to a hulking three meters.

"You punk! I'm going to kill you! I will break your bones one by one, inch by inch without mercy!" He roared thunderously and delivered a high intensity punch, as strong gusts of wind hit him right in his face. The surrounding air seemed to have been so compressed by this punch that it became a substantial crystal body which surged towards Leylin like a projectile.

"A human Magus with a reinforced body, what a rare sight!"

Leylin became serious, growing cautious of the man. Magi with reinforced bodies were known to belong to the barbarian beast clan. As for other types of Magi, they would generally be glad to use spells for the destructions of enemies.

As such, seeing how the tiger skull Magus transformed himself into such a powerful creature, he was sure there were some in the central continent that could do it, although it would be rare.

Generally speaking, Magi did not place much emphasis on strength and agility. Instead valuing the quality of the physical form more, as the corporeal body was the part that bore the foundations of any magic power.

Also, different Warlocks inherited different abilities from their elders, hence it highly depended on which area each ancestor placed their emphasis on. Leylin understood this and strived to polish all factors of strength and agility in himself to the maximum.

“Heh!” In a rush of excitement, Leylin drew his Meteor Sword and skillfully exhibited his cross blade techniques.

“Cross-blade Slash!” A big black cross shone and sliced through the sky, carrying with it terrifying Kemoyin toxins. The projectile shattered to tiny bits in the air, even as the aftermath traveled towards the enraged tiger skull Magus.

“Awooooo!” The tiger skull Magus covered his head with both hands and dashed forward.

Crackle ! The sound of breaking glass could be heard as the gorgeous colourful shine from the tiger skull Magus burst forth in a flash and collided head on with the black cruciform, smashing it into a million pieces.

Zzzz! A slight tear appeared on his arm, and from it one could hear faint sounds of something decaying as white smoke arose.

Without hesitation, the tiger skull Magus dashed towards Leylin in a moment.

“Very high vitality indeed!” To be able to withstand the Giant Kemoyin

Serpent's poison, other than possessing excellent spell resistance, one's vitality needed to be at least a hundred points and above.

In addition, the opposite side's strength and agility had exceeded his own value of 30 by leaps and bounds. Seeing how he was able to use simple techniques to deal deadly blows, Leylin's eyes brightened.

"Die now!" The right arm of the tiger skull Magus had morphed into a huge tiger claw, striking down on Leylin.

The huge tiger claw looked like a small millstone. The shiny sharp claw was glossy and menacing, with spell runes visible in the brilliant light it emitted.

Bang! The tiger claw was stopped abruptly mid-air by a palm.

Although Leylin's build was tall and lanky, when compared to the tiger-headed creature, he was rather petite and his palm was equivalent to that of a baby.

Yet, it was this insignificant palm which had managed to tame the sharp tiger claw, disabling his ability to advance forward.

"How can that be?" The old man yelped in surprise. He had just defeated his phantoms a distance away.

He was absolutely certain of his friend's strength.

The tiger skull Magus had mercilessly killed a rank 3 creature in this beastly state.

Even when he recalled it now, it had been shocking. Yet, a full attack from his friend had been blocked by a single palm, something that made no sense. What's more, looking at the opposite party, it seemed to be effortless.

"Even for a Warlock, it is not possible to possess such terrifying power, unless you are also a Magus who practices body reinforcement techniques?" The old man scrutinized Leylin, trying to analyze but unable to read him.

"How... How is that possible?" Other than the shocked old man, the

tiger skull Magus was speechless himself.

He had been extremely confident in his ability. Even in the face of several magic alloys put up by other Magi, he only needed to use his claw and they would have cracked and crumbled like soft sand. But now...

“There is nothing that is not possible!” Leylin tightened his grip, and cracking sounds rang out as the tiger skull Magus’ arm twisted abruptly into an odd, distorted curve.

“The difference between humans and animals lies in the usage of your strengths, be it for exploitation or as a tool. If you do not even know this, regardless of how strong you are, you are just a fool!” Leylin looked at the whimpering tiger skull Magus and he felt a tinge of pity.

Behind him, the black shadows of two arms appeared, attaching to his right hand and injecting a steady flow of energy into it.

Although Leylin’s strength was only thirty degrees of power, he could use his spells to break through that limit and massively increase his strength for a short period of time.

After all, his innate character was that of a Magus, not a competitive knight.

“Those who cannot keep up with the times, you will be abandoned like trash!” Leylin heaved a sigh, grabbed the tiger skull Magus’ arms, and raised him up.

“This is bad! We have to save Borgin!” The clash had happened too quickly. After all, both Leylin and the tiger skull Magus were agile, with at least 30 degrees of ability in that respect. From the initial assault, to Leylin drawing his sword, to the retaliation and counter-attack, everything had happened in a matter of seconds.

Even Toram did not have the chance to react, nor would she have expected Leylin to so easily defeat a rank 3 Magus.

“Shadowflame Plague!” Leylin was not going to show any mercy. He was completely ready to take everyone out.

A scarlet-black wall of fire appeared and, in a flash, the two rank 3 Magi that had charged forward were drowned in its blaze.

# Chapter 450: Seal of the Dark Corrosion

The corrosive black flames were like a chasm which separated Toram from the rest.

As for the other rank 3 Magus? The flames had inflicted him with heavy injuries, and he had escaped to the side while letting out blood-curdling screams.

"What... What are you trying to do?" At that moment, the tiger skull Magus was truly terrified. He felt the increasingly horrifying strength emitting from both of Leylin's hands, and the savage spiritual force which had sealed his sea of consciousness. For the first time, he felt terror from the bottom of his heart.

He began to regret not escaping immediately upon Leylin's arrival. Because of that, he had landed himself in his current circumstances.

"What I'm trying to do?" Leylin's lips curled up. Shadow arms emerged from his back in rapid succession. Enormous muscles emerged indistinctively, and fused onto both of Leylin's hands.

Creak! Creak! First, the skin ruptured, then the muscles, then the bones.

The tiger skull Magus had a twisted expression, and was in so much pain that he could not even make a sound. His entire being seemed to have been stretched apart by Leylin.

"Let him go! Wait! NOOOOO...." Amidst Toram's blood-curdling screams, the tiger skull Magus was ripped into two. Large amounts of bloodshed could be seen everywhere.

"Don't you think it's too late to say these things only now?" Leylin expertly avoided the blood, a skill he'd acquired from experience. His body had not even been tainted by a smidgen of it.

As if tossing out the garbage, he threw away the two segments of the corpse before turning towards Toram, his face emotionless. "You should have come to your senses before you decided to rebel against the Ouroboros Clan!"

"You'll perish here today! This is my promise to Borgin!" Toram's face instantly calmed down. Still, Leylin could very distinctively see the desire for vengeance in her eyes.

This was not a hot-blooded vengeance that arose merely from this one incident. It was rather a collective response to the extended period during which they were hunted down like prey. Many of Toram's friends and family presumably died amidst the massacres conducted by the Ouroboros Clan, and Leylin's actions earlier had fully evoked her wrath.

"Even now, you refuse to learn!" Leylin shook his head.

"Currently, you don't seem to be fit to be my opponent. Let me give you a hand!" Just as he finished these words, a Magus dressed in a black robe, who looked identical to Leylin, suddenly emerged before the rank 3 Magus who had been seriously injured by the Arm of Vengeance.

A few multi-coloured potions were thrown out by "Leylin", as he kept a straight face. They collided in mid-air and emitted terrifying energy ripples.

"Rank 3 potion combination spell— Divine Prairie Flames!"

The endless flames instantly swallowed the rank 3 Magus, even spreading so far as to include the "Leylin" in the area of effect.

"Leylin" who was surrounded by the many flames suddenly laughed hysterically, and morphed into many shadow chains that confined the rank 3 Magus in the flames.

"Master Toram! Save me!" The rank 3 Magus' face was full of dejection. He did all he could to seek help, and him looking to Toram for help was his last hope.

But Leylin had blocked Toram's path, and mercilessly dashed that last hope.

"You must be the only high-ranked Magus left in the stronghold now?" Leylin looked to Toram after the rank 3 Magus' life aura had completely dissipated in the sea of fire.



"If you don't use your remaining time to make me happy during our battle, I'm afraid I'll continue to hunt down and kill all the other Magi below!"

"That female Magus must be your apprentice? The two of you might even be related by blood. Don't even think about lying to me. Both the bloodline ripples on your bodies and the spiritual force frequency have revealed your relationship..." Leylin shot a glance at one of the corpses lying around, and what he said caused Toram's facial expression to change.

Just when Leylin's gaze shot across the area, the female Magus with a childlike face who had been lying behind the remains felt as if she was stared at by a fierce ancient creature. Her limbs began to shake uncontrollably.

"It's... It's too terrifying!" Upon realising that she had been discovered, the female Magus tried to escape.

A light green wind dissipated from her body and carried her to the depths of Doray Forest.

"Other than Nina, even Master Borgin has...." As she started to sprint, tears streamed down her face.

At the instant when Leylin had released his deadly attack, the low-ranked Magi were all exterminated. Other than the three rank 3 Magi, almost everyone else had instantly perished.

No antidotes or defensive runes had any effect on the attack. Before the terrifying toxins of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent, everyone else was feeble and weak.

Toram's innate defensive spells had not in the least bit affected Leylin's attack. If not for the protective charm she'd obtained from her mentor, she would have perished as well.

The female Magus that was lucky enough to survive had hidden herself behind a wall, witnessing Leylin's cruelty and terror. The two powerful rank 3 Magi had perished at his hands one by one, and from the looks of

it, Leylin had not even unleashed his full power. Now, he was even using her life to threaten her mentor!

After hearing her mentor's hurried whisper, the female Magus could not take it anymore, and started sobbing out loud.

Even so, the energy particles below her feet had not once stopped shining, as if escaping from that area was instinctive.

In the depths of her subconscious, she did not want to return to face the horrifying monster anymore.

"That's not too bad of a suggestion! Looks like you care for her a lot!" Leylin watched as the rank 1 Magus escaped, with no intentions of giving chase.

On the contrary, he turned to Toram who was ahead of him, and a taunting expression flashed across his face. "However, I'm afraid you'll have to try to buy time. If not, she won't be able to make much headway..."

"Lunatic! Monster!" Toram cursed. A majority of Warlocks had anger management issues, something that was only exacerbated by battle.

Compared to Magi, Warlocks preferred to ruin their opponents or even vent their desires upon them.

Toram had previously witnessed similar scenarios. It was painful to see dead Magi, and many female Magi subjected to horrible violations.

And now, she thought of Leylin in the same light as those crazy Warlocks.

"Even if I have to put everything on the line, I will stop you at all costs!" Toram announced as she ripped the silver necklace off her neck with eyes full of determination.

"Haha! Excellent! That's the mindset!" At that instant, Leylin felt like the big villain from the movies of his previous life.

"Seal of Dark Corrosion! Release!" Toram performed some gestures and, in that instant, the silver necklace exploded.

In a flash, the energy waves on her body strengthened significantly.

Drops of blood even started seeping out of her pores.

The detailed black runes instantly crawled all over her body. Coupled with the scar on her face, she looked even more terrifying.

Leylin could sense that she'd already reached the peak of the Hydro Phase. In fact, some of her spiritual force had already formed traces of crystals from repeated attempts at compression.

Once completely solidified, Toram would reach the Crystal Phase.

Of course, her rash actions put her in grave danger. However, right before her body completely fell apart, she'd stepped one foot into the Crystal Phase realm!

This was definitely her trump card, some sort of mysterious spell that would put everything at stake.

Strangely, Leylin did not try to stop Toram's actions, instead allowing the aura on her body to rise slowly as he let out a hearty laugh, "Haha... Good! Indeed, with this sort of mysterious spell, you won't disappoint me!"

From the very beginning, the entire reason why Leylin had adopted such abusive methods was to force Toram to use a spell that would exhaust her vitality and allow her to temporarily increase her strength.

Although he'd accepted it as a task from the organisation, he also intended to experiment with his newly developed rank 3 spell— Fatality's Tip.

Even though its ability to break through the defensive spell formation spoke volumes of its formidability, he ultimately lacked the physical data to affirm its full capability. Especially with regards to its ability to clash with Crystal Phase Magi, something that engendered his resentment.

He had discovered that with his strength, he was the best of the best among Hydro Phase Magi, and even a peak Hydro Phase Magus like Toram could do nothing to him. Only a Crystal Phase opponent would cause him trouble.

And the A.I. Chip lacked data specifically regarding Crystal Phase Magi.

Given the fact that Leylin would have to deal with Magi of that rank, he desperately needed a standard to measure his own capabilities.

And now, Toram had become such a standard.

When he'd probed her during the previous battle, the A.I. Chip had detected that not only had her strength become feeble, she had even seemed to be injured, something that resulted in her not performing to her fullest potential.

And so Leylin took such drastic measures to compel his opponent, to incite her her will to live on so as to battle him.

And from the looks of it, he'd achieved his goal.

Originally a peak Hydro Phase Magus, Toram indeed possessed the formidable ability to partially crystallise her spiritual force using this mysterious spell, even if she'd pay for it with her life.

It was rare to experience a fight against a Crystal Phase Magus. After all, the Crystal Phase Magi he'd previously come across were mostly his seniors, and he could not fight them.

Magi like Toram, who had a probability of losing control when they forcefully entered the Crystal Phase, were even more scarce.

Leylin immediately ordered: "A.I Chip, record this battle in detail!"

[Orders received! Scan scheduled!] The A.I Chip intoned.

A pale blue screen was projected ahead of Leylin's eyes, and Toram who was in the screen was engulfed by strong radiation.

The mysteries of Crystal Phase spiritual force were also slowly being uncovered by the A.I. Chip and presented to Leylin.

"The madmen of the Ouroboros Clan should not even exist in this world!" Having advanced to the Crystal Phase, Toram's strength now was a far cry from what it was before.

Just the suppression of the aura in the atmosphere caused Leylin to feel discomfort.

# Chapter 451: Fatality's Tip

‘Rumour has it that after a rank 3 Magus enters the Crystal Phase, they undergo a phenomenal change and experience an exponential increase in strength. From the looks of it, that might just be true!’ Leylin stared at the Crimson Throne behind Toram, a solemn expression on his face.

Originally, his own force field had enveloped hers and suppressed it to the point of near destruction. Now, though, it had expanded greatly, especially the huge crimson throne. It seemed almost corporeal, and the power it was emitting had somewhat exceeded that of his terrifying force field.

“Haha, this is great. Just the kind of opponent I wanted!” This was the first time Leylin had felt pressure on the battlefield yet he was smiling, evidently pleased.

The opponent he’d wanted to go up against was precisely Toram, who’d experienced a huge increase in her spiritual force and had broken through to the Crystal Phase.

“Alright! Let’s see the real strength of a Magus in the Crystal Phase!” Leylin felt feverish as a layer of fine black scales formed on his body. Multiple runes appeared on the surface that formed a black membrane, an additional layer of defense.

In the face of a Crystal Phase Magus, he did not dare hold back any longer.

“If that’s what you wish!” Toram said. Two streaks of red liquid flowed down from the corners of her eyes, like tears of blood. It gave her a sinister aura.

Swish! The two human silhouettes morphed into black shadows that collided with each other. A loud ear-piercing boom was heard and a frightfully huge amount of energy rippled out in all directions.

“Lord... Lord Leylin is actually this strong?” Tamansi saw the entire horrifying scenario play out from outside the camp and his jaw dropped.

Toram was indeed the second strongest in the Arm of Vengeance, a rumoured peak Hydro Phase Magus!

Not only had she been a strong opponent for years, there had even been rumours that this person who was wanted by the Ouroboros Clan had advanced to the Crystal Phase.

What's more surprising was that Leylin actually had the upper hand in this fight, and could fight her to a standstill! What kind of strength was that?

Only one thought was left in Tamansi's mind. He would grasp at Leylin's coattails without hesitation.

[Crystal Phase force field record completed! Beginning analysing opponent's perimeter of attack!]

At this juncture, Leylin who had been battling with Toram did not look like he had it easy.

Although she'd used a secret technique to enter the Crystal Phase, Toram's strength far surpassed Leylin's expectations.

Not only had she formed an armour of spiritual force, that had fully advanced to the Crystal Phase, on her body, the rest of her spells had been greatly amplified as well. From the looks of it, the rumours regarding the massive transformations after advancing the Crystal Phase were true.

Besides, Toram had steeled her will and was fighting like a madman to end up in mutual destruction with Leylin. She cared not one whit about herself, which gave him a lot of trouble.

Whatever the case may be, there were still limits imposed on someone who entered the Crystal Phase using a secret technique.

The blood dripping from Toram's body dyed the ground a bright crimson. Nearly half the blood present in the human body had already flowed out, and a normal person would have already died from such a serious injury. Even if she were a Magus, she was not in a good state either.

How could there be no price to pay when one forcibly compressed their spiritual force to enter the Crystal Phase, akin to cheating?

Leylin would not be surprised even if she suddenly burst into pieces.

“Shadowflame Plague!” Dark red flames blazed and Leylin used the opportunity to get a headstart from her opponent

Leylin smiled as he scrutinized the data recorded by the A.I. Chip. He turned to look at Toram, whilst still dripping blood. His face pale, he muttered “You were a worthy opponent. It’s a pity...”

Feeling Toram’s life force ebbing away and that she was about to drop down from the Crystal Phase, Leylin did not continue to hold back.

“Initiate the experiment and gather the data!” the A.I chip strictly carried out Leylin’s command.

The horrifying spell that had breached the defensive spell formation, that the Arm of Vengeance had been unable to react to in time, had once again begun forming at Leylin’s hand.

Horrible amounts of energy particles condensed and formed a black spot that rested on Leylin’s fingertip.

Leylin sighed gently, and pointed at Toram. “Rank 3 spell— Fatality’s Tip!”

“Secret technique— Crystal Shield!” Even though Toram knew of Leylin’s plans, her survival instincts and hatred towards the Ouroboros Clan urged her to accept the battle.

Many sparkling spiritual force shields appeared before her, glowing with runes.

Bang! The black ray of death arrived before Toram in a near instant, and collided with the first Crystal Phase spiritual force shield.

Crack! A hole about the size of a finger immediately formed on the shield. Many cracks extended from the hole like a spider web.

The shields rippled as they were torn apart by the ray of death, as if they were sheets of paper, on its way to Toram.

"Is this the taste of death?" A momentary distraction emerged in Toram's eyes, but it was replaced almost instantly by the ever more terrifying flames of hatred.

"Even if I die, I will not die in such a humiliating way without even causing damage to my opponent!" She roared as blood-red flames started burning her body.

"Soul sacrifice! The flames of hatred have indeed clouded her judgement!" Leylin's face sank. Magi knew that death was not an end. The souls of many departed high-ranking Magi would return to the astral plane, awaiting reincarnation.

A soul sacrifice was a secret technique that traded away their soul. To obtain temporary strength, the very soul was burnt away! What a great idea!

She had basically destroyed her last hope. From the looks of it, the Magus who was called Toram had an immense hatred towards the Ouroboros Clan.

A strange aura spread across the whole venue in the amount of time it took for the blood-red flames to combust.

A crimson gem appeared on Toram's forehead and exploded, bringing with it a shower of blood. It was at this moment that Fatality's Tip appeared in front of her.

The two collided.

Space suddenly shook, after which it seemed like nothing had happened.

Leylin was startled for a while before his face changed. He realised that things were not right and swiftly escaped.

Like the sound of glass being smashed, in the area where the blood-red gem and Fatality's Tip came into contact, a black hole had seemingly appeared, which had sucked in all of the objects in the area.

In an instant, even the air looked distorted. After a sudden contraction, a terrifying eruption occurred!



Boom! A large mushroom cloud rose to the sky with the point of impact as the core. Large waves swept across the floor and swept away everything.

Tamansi who was watching outside was engulfed by the giant waves before he even had time to scream.

After the explosion, the sky itself started to crack apart. Anything that came into contact with these rifts suddenly disappeared from its original position.

At that moment, the sky was roaring, the ground trembling. It was only after 10 minutes or so that the remaining radiation from the explosion dissipated.

Boom! A light shone in the void as Leylin appeared again

Currently, Leylin did not look too good. Even he was affected by the aftermath of that terrifying collision, and the injuries he'd suffered were not mild.

As for his opponent Toram? Being in the middle of the eruption, she had been torn to pieces.

Let alone the soul sacrifice, just because of the secret technique Toram had used to step into the Crystal Phase, combined with the damage at the end, even if she hadn't used a soul sacrifice she would not have much longer to live.

"What a pity..." Leylin sighed, but yet his face did not register depression. To him, he had already accomplished his objectives this time round. Even though the ending was a bit abrupt, everything was still within his control.

He landed on the ground, his feet stepping on a rock that had been burnt black. "Tamansi, come out!"

"Master, do you have any commands?" The soil became looser and Tamansi crawled out from underground.

During the explosion, coupled with luck and his abilities as a Magus, he had managed to keep his life. However, he had still suffered severe

injuries.

From Leylin's point of view, Tamansi looked terrifying, with his clothes tattered and his skin scorched.

"For what happened this time round, write a report to be sent in! I still have other matters to attend to, so I won't be returning to the headquarters for now," he ordered.

Since they had accomplished the task, they would need another set of people to validate it.

"As you wish, Master!" Those were originally matters Tamansi had to do as an intelligence officer, and he swiftly replied.

"Also, for that female Magus, how should we handle her?"

"That small fry? Send out a warrant for her!" Leylin thought of Toram's apprentice, and yet did not pay too much attention to it.

It would take 500 years for a mere low-ranked Magus like that to cause a threat to the current him! Needless to say, after that amount of time, Leylin would have advanced to a more powerful state. It would be hard to say whether the other party would even survive to that period.

"Alright then..."

Even though Tamansi wanted to seek refuge from Leylin, he actually started trembling when he came face to face with Leylin, and was unable to speak his mind.

Currently, Leylin's aura was immensely strong after killing Toram, and even an ordinary rank 3 Magus would feel uncomfortable in his presence.

Moreover, even though his injuries weren't serious, they were still a hassle, and had to be resolved as soon as possible.

"I'll leave it to you to tie up the loose ends!"

Leylin faintly thought about it, before he disappeared into thin air, only leaving behind Tamansi who looked glum and regretful...

# Chapter 452: Azure Mountain and the Couple

Azure Mountain City, situated beside the Andius mountains, was the ancestral territory of the Oakheart Clan.

The Andius mountains were rich in natural minerals, something that made the alloy produced by Azure Mountain City, with its superior quality, one of the most desirable in the entire continent.

In fact, Leylin had even visited this place himself once to source the materials for his own Magus Tower.

With excellent smelting techniques coupled with rich and plentiful natural resources, the Oakheart Clan had superior control over auctions, accumulating an outrageous amount of wealth.

The original name of the progenitor of the Oakheart Clan had long fallen out of the public mind, but his title still remained to this date. He was the powerful and brilliant Azure Mountain King!

Indeed, the progenitor of the Oakheart Clan was the well-known Azure Mountain King, the famed and almighty Morning Star Magus.

The intimidating nature of this Morning Star Magus served as a warning to other vicious and hateful Magi not to have any designs on the Oakheart Clan. Otherwise, it would have long been overtaken and ruled by those fugitive human magicians.

And now, the time had come for the decennial large-scale auction..

As the event venue of the auction was in Azure Mountain City, the entire place was filled to the brim with people. The prices of the airship tickets heading there had also risen sharply due to this event.

However it was not a deterrent, as Magi from everywhere continued to flow into the city.

Some among them were powerful and well known. Others had masked themselves, cherishing anonymity.

Regardless of their varying powers, all the Magi present would generally be disciplined enough to control and maintain themselves. After all, they would lose as well if the auction were to not proceed smoothly.

In fact, they would risk losing much needed materials to an arch-enemy, as well as materials that were hard to obtain through normal means.

With the auction event approaching, the crime rates in the neighbouring areas also increased substantially!

Many fugitive Magi on the wanted list came forth to the event sneakily and had daringly looted many people. But as long as they weren't caught red-handed, the Oakheart Clan, the main organiser, would not excessively pursue the matter.

The otherwise orderly Azure Mountain City had suddenly turned chaotic. A small group of Magi were pushing forward with their own secretive agendas behind the scenes.

As such, even under the watchful eyes of the Morning Star Magus, the Clan had to face a mounting number of incidents hindering their move forward. They were kept busy and anxious.

"Such a bustling scene!" Leylin was at a local inn along a stretch of shops, viewing the hurried crowd through a transparent glass flooring.

In front of him were served colourful glasses of juices, along with some freshly baked cookies and snacks.

He had been in Azure Mountain City for 3 days. The wounds from the clash with Toram had already mostly healed with his liberal use of potions.

As he had arrived early, Leylin was able to find lodging at an inn in the city, unlike the situation now where many Magi were struggling to find a room and had to search throughout the city and risk getting into conflicts with one another.

Leylin stroked his chin, looking at the busy street that was bustling with activity.

Many of the commoners wore grey, black and white apparel. Among the crowd, there were many Magi and some other races discreetly mingling about.

In the central continent, humans were not the only race. Many different species of humans had mingled together producing offspring of mixed bloodlines.

Leylin had personally met some of them on the streets and had witnessed their odd characteristics.

Walking among the pedestrians were patrol Knights from the host's city. Many of these knights wore barbed armor. Under the guidance of senior Knights and acolytes, they regularly combed through every corner of the city.

Although their abilities were insignificant to Magi, the fact that their uniforms bore the emblem of the Oakheart Clan was enough to deter any impetuous Magi.

"It's him!" At this moment, cries from a skylark sounded near Leylin. It perched itself outside the inn.

He found the tone of the cries familiar, and smiled and walked towards the entrance of the inn.

At this moment, a young couple stepped foot into the inn. The lady took one look at Leylin and was shocked.

"Oh! It's been a long time, Nolan, Jessie." Leylin noticed that Jessie wore the look of a young woman instead of a young girl and exclaimed, "Also, a blissful marriage to you!"

This couple from the Rolithe Family had left a deep impression on Leylin, especially the defiant young girl.

"Ley... Sir Leylin!" Nolan whined bitterly in his heart. He had heard about the delicious treats being served here and hence brought his wife along. Little did he expect he would bump into Leylin.

Nolan's knees grew weak thinking about how he was chided and taught

a lesson mercilessly by this rank 3 Magus in the past.

As for Jessica, she looked as if she relied heavily on Nolan and had her arms around him. Leylin couldn't help but sense the hatred and detestation deep in her eyes. It made him speechless.

'Just because I had the ability to, but did not save you, you hate me so much?' Leylin stroked his chin. Coincidences happened all the time in this world. Maybe a word, an action, or even an exchange of glances, it might all result in an inexplicable hatred against someone else. It was something unfathomable.

He had not expected such matters to happen to him.

"Both of you look happily married now, although it does give me a troubled heart!" Leylin was rather amused and called out to them to take a seat, "Shall we sit together? The food here is decent, I found this place after a long search!"

"Oh! No need! We do not want to impose on you, Sir!" Nolan gave a bitter smile and bowed politely. He grabbed Jessica's hand and left the place hastily.

Dining with Leylin? Nolan could feel immense pressure. In fact, the aura he felt this time was much more powerful than during their previous meeting. He certainly do not want to cross paths with Leylin again.

"What are you doing?" Jessica blurted out in anger after crossing a few streets with Nolan pulling her along.

"He is just a rank 3 Magus, what is the big deal? Your grandfather is also a famed Hydro Phase Magus... Furthermore, as long as we can gather sufficient materials this time, he can also attempt to enter the Crystal Phase!" Jessica pouted her lips with displeasure, profound resentment in her eyes.

After the wedding, Nolan had been good to Jessica, and she too, had gradually accepted her fate. However, her hatred towards Leylin from their initial meeting had not ceased one bit.

She hated how Leylin had disrupted her plans and how he had treated

her, even till the end. There was no hint of nobility and no demeanor of a gentleman at all!

“That was after all a rank 3 Lord. Even if he hasn’t reached the Vapour Phase, we cannot afford to offend him... Moreover, he had the support of the Ouroboros Clan...” Nolan smiled bitterly. Sadly, he was not up to date with the latest information. He was unaware of Leylin’s true position and abilities in the Ouroboros Clan.

Plus, Leylin himself had been low-key all this while.

“I do not care, you have to take revenge on my behalf...” Jessie tugged at Nolan’s arm with a look of dissatisfaction.

“Alright alright alright!” Nolan tamed her with verbal promises. However, from the bottom of his heart, he had zero intentions of doing so.

Of course, he couldn’t speak his mind freely. Otherwise, knowing Jessie, she wouldn’t let him have her when the night fell, and he would certainly dread it.

“Hmph! Leylin, since you are here, you will definitely not miss the auction. We’ll see!” Her scheming plans were reflected in her eyes as they shined brightly.

Inside the inn, watching Nolan and Jessie leave, Leylin was deep in thought.

The hatred in the past was apparent and obvious to him. And up till now, she certainly had not given it up. The only difference was her attempt to conceal her feelings.

Leylin could have crushed such insignificant characters easily in the past. But he did not do so then. Other than his fear of offending someone who had a strong family as support, there was another reason.

After the couple left the inn, Leylin went back to his seat and sat down. In his palm, a dull gold coin appeared and he toyed with it.

“I can feel it, looks like they can present something valuable to me this time!” Leylin grinned as he slid the Coin of Destiny back into his pocket,

his eyes twinkling a deep black.

The river of destiny could not be fathomed. It would constantly drift about without a permanent resting place. However, at some specific times and places, minute details of it would intersect, something that a few Magi could sense.

It had happened to Leylin previously. He had, with the help of the Coin of Destiny, felt that there were some unresolved matters.

In the near future, he knew he would cross paths with the couple again. And that time, they would voluntarily present him with an item of importance.

This current location seemed to be the confluence point where their destinies met.

“Boss, bill please!” Leylin smiled and stood up. The owner sprang up from behind the counter and stepped forward...

The Azure Mountain auction company was situated at the center of Azure Mountain City. Its land was extensive, surrounded by an encampment of the Oakheart Clan. Standing there, a simple and unadorned majestic Magus Tower could be seen radiating horrifying levels of energy. It seemed to have an unknown connection with the skies and the entire region.

This Magus Tower built by a Morning Star Magus was Leylin’s current destination, as well as something he looked up to.

It was the symbol of the Oakheart Clan’s power, and a guarantee.

Once he stepped foot into the auction hall, a female servant in uniforms stepped up swiftly and greeted him warmly, clearly well trained.

“Welcome, how can I be of service to you?”

“I would like to sell some things in this auction!” The present Leylin was unrecognisable. He had altered his facial features and worn a hood over his head. He’d also added another outer layer of cotton shawl that draped down from the top, covering his face.



Fortunately, at this point of time, there were countless Magi in Azure Mountain City dressed exactly like Leylin, hence the servant was not baffled at all.

# Chapter 453: The Auction House and Serene

“As long as it is verified by our appraiser, any items estimated to be worth over a hundred thousand magic crystals can be sold in the auction! May I ask if you need appraisal services?” The servant blurted out, almost as if by reflex. It was obvious that she’d said this multiple times before. It seemed like he was not the first person coming up to host something for auction.

“Bring me there!” Leylin answered concisely. Soon after, he followed the servant and came before a few customized cubicles.

As he was passing through, he even sensed the spell formation that was buried under the ground as well as the concealed runes on the wall. The security in here was much tighter than the outside, with even a rank 3 Magus keeping watch.

They came up to a room that was a reception area, and the servant respectfully invited Leylin to take a seat. “Customer, please wait a moment, I will get the appraiser here immediately to serve you!”

“Alright!” Leylin nodded, his eyes following the young woman as she exited.

After a short period of time, the door opened and an elderly man with a headful of silver hair and a face that had seen the vicissitudes of life entered.

“Honourable guest, I am a rank 2 appraiser, Norta!” the old man bowed.

“Hello!” Leylin smiled faintly in response. He pointed to the seat in front of him and invited the appraiser to sit.

In the central continent, appraisers also had ranks. This rank 2 appraiser was already a rank 2 Magus as well, and still maintained such respectful conduct. This was considered rare.

Furthermore, his hands were covered with all sorts of scars, making him

seem extremely experienced.

After Nortá sat down, he looked at Leylin with a hint of amazement.

Now that Azure Mountain City's auction was about to begin, it was not odd that various kinds of customers had shown up. However, just by the smell and appearance, he was able to judge that the Magus before him was very young. Yet, his body carried a dense fog that even he could not see through, which seldom occurred.

It was hard to say, maybe this customer had in his possession unique treasures that were hard to come by.

The appraiser stroked a ring on his hand as he was unable to repress the slight anticipation that flashed in his heart.

"I am a Potions Master. I'm thinking of selling some potions here!" Leylin spoke straightforwardly.

Of course, he had with him many more items that were more valuable than potions, but those were to be saved as exchange items for the barter later on. Only these potions that were made during his free time happened to be available to be offered for sale.

With his Potioneering talents, in the a span of 100 years—which was about half of Leylin's age—Leylin had amassed a large number of completed potions as a Potions Grandmaster.

"How unexpected, for you to be a Potions Master as well!" Nortá's eyes sparkled. No matter where, proficient Potions Masters and alchemists always enjoyed preferential treatment.

After some thought, Nortá still informed him beforehand about the matters that needed to be taken note of. "However, I would like to explain the rules of the auction to you first. In our auction, only high-grade potions and above are sold, if it is a middle-grade potion that is not very valuable, it will have to meet a certain quantity..."

"Don't worry, I know that!" Leylin smiled, reaching his hand out and sweeping it across the table.

A silver radiance shone. After spatial energy waves passed, the red table was filled with test tubes of all kinds of colour.

“So..... So many!”

Norta's eyes widened instantly in surprise. He then lost that last bit of calmness in his expression of his after he recognised a few of the potions. “And they are all high-grade potions!”

“Hoho.....” As he watched the old man lose his composure, Leylin smiled kindly. In fact, these were only a small portion of his achievements over the last few centuries, but it was enough to scare the other party.

“This is already all my gains over hundreds of years...” On the surface, Leylin laughed proudly but he still sighed.

“Sir you are actually a Potions Grandmaster!” This time, Norta's voice contained a slight tremor.

Potions Grandmasters were always given special treatment even among strong organisations. The scarcity of such masters in the central continent was actually very scary. This was clearly evident from the sole fact that even in the Ouroboros Clan, which had 3 Morning Star Magi and was regarded as one of the top forces of the central continent, there were not more than five.

“This...These...” Drops of cold sweat slid down the appraiser's forehead and even more so, he had an embarrassed look on his face.

“My apologies, honourable guest! This deal is beyond my abilities, please wait a moment.....” Even if he was at the Azure Mountain auction house. An ordinary appraiser like him did not stand a chance to serve such a Potions Grandmaster.

“Then I hope you can hurry!” Leylin spoke indifferently with a straight face, concealing his discontentment.

“Yes sir!” Towards a Potions Grandmaster of unknown origins, this appraiser dared not be tardy and he immediately withdrew.

‘It seems that the identity of a Potions Grandmaster is pretty useful in

the central continent!' Leylin smiled while stroking his chin.

This time, the other party did not make him wait for long. Almost within a minute after the old man left, a polite knock sounded again, "Honourable guest, may I enter?"

"Please do!" Leylin smiled, and shortly after he saw the previous appraiser pulling open the door respectfully, inviting a middle-aged western lady in.

"Let me introduce myself. My name is Serene, Serene Oakheart! The administrative matters of the Azure Mountain auction house, as well as Mister's business, will be fully handled by me!"

This beautiful lady named Serene was like a ripe peach, there was not a part of her body that did not emit an alluring scent. Furthermore, her surname made Leylin raise his eyebrow.

Not only that, although she had used some sort of technique to cover up her aura, the A.I. Chip was still able to detect that she was actually a strong Magus who had attained rank 3 as well!

Ka-cha! Nortia made a bow and exited the room respectfully. Before he left, he even shut the door, as if he was only a doorman.

"Sir, how may I address you?" Serene looked at Leylin whose face was covered, especially curious at the deeply concealed aura of the other party.

"Just 'Blood Rogue' will do!" Leylin immodestly used one of his old names.

"Hoho... Lord Blood Rogue, how are you planning to sell these potions!" Serene swayed her slender waist, waving her sleeves as she sat down in front of Leylin languidly. Every single movement of hers seemed to be of the highest quality, with a polite scent that yet stirred up men's burning desires even more.

'This woman is a temptress, comparable to Celine from Twilight Zone!' Leylin sighed in his heart but he spoke without a tremor, "Tell me about your plans!"

Serene's eyebrows furrowed, but they relaxed shortly after. "Since sir is interested, Serene will first explain the rules of our auction. For ordinary customers, we have two methods of auctioning!"

"Firstly," Serene stretched out a spotless jade-white finger, "These potions, can all be auctioned here. No matter what price they are dealt for, our Azure Mountain auction house will have to take out a part of it as a commission fee! Of course, if the auction fails, you will have to pay us a guarantee fee as well!"

"Secondly, our auction house can purchase these potions from you directly. Price wise, it will be calculated according to the market price! What we do with them afterwards will not be of your concern anymore. If you need magic crystals urgently, you may opt for this method!"

Leylin nodded, this second method was evidently prepared for those Magi who were planning to accumulate large funds to bid for certain items during the auction.

The only thing was that the auction house would definitely buy items priced lower than market price. Unfortunately, the other party was willing to purchase at market prices, not only because these potions were rare, but even more so because of their interest in a Potions Grandmaster's identity.

"I certainly hope that I can get my hands off these items as soon as possible, so that I can obtain enough magic crystals to use during the auction! Since you are so sincere, of course I'll go with the second method!" Leylin said. Although he might be able gain more by auctioning them, it was definite that he could only receive the payment after the auction. He did not want that.

"That's great! Purchasing so many high-grade potions is also very helpful for my sales record, Thank you, Sir." Serene chuckled, as if she could not see the many precious potions piled up in front of her.

"I estimate the total price of the potions to be around 98 million magic crystals! Sir, do you have any objections?" The words that Serene said after that slightly shocked Leylin.

However, his shock immediately relieved. He was in the other party's territory and the potions had already been piled up on the table for a long time. Estimating their worth based on detecting techniques was not something hard.

No wonder she did not look much at the table after entering. This was why.

"A very reasonable price!" Leylin nodded. Of course, he already had an estimate of the value of his items. This price was obviously based on the current market rate, and might even have a little bit higher.

"Ordinary customers automatically become VIPs once their transactions involve a total of over 50 million magic crystals in our Azure Mountain auction house, making things much more convenient for them... But for someone to enter the VIP rank in the first transaction like you, Sir, is very rare!"

Serene smiled, her blue eyes gleamed with a charming radiance. It was as if she wanted to see through the veil and take a look at Leylin's real face.

She clapped, and the door opened for a moment before a servant walked in, holding a tray.

On the red tray lay a purple-gold card as well as a black pouch.

"This is the payment and the VIP certificate! Please verify and accept this, customer!" When it came down to business, Serene regained her serious expression.

Without any trace of politeness, Leylin walked up to check on the items, especially the magic crystals. Using the A.I. Chip, he scanned continuously to check for their purity and quantity, before giving a nod upon confirming that nothing was overlooked.

When the transaction ended, Leylin did not leave immediately. Serene also accompanied him, beaming with a smile without a trace of annoyance.

The two beat about the bush for a long time before Leylin spoke up.

“Actually, I still have two more matters to ask for your help!”



# Chapter 454: The Commencement of the Auction

“What does Sir need?” Serene beamed while asking.

A Potions Grandmaster was hard to come by, and even the Azure Mountain auction house would spare no effort to entice him.

If the other party had any requests, that would be easy to handle! In the central continent, there were few things a Morning Star Magus could not do.

“The reason why I came to the Azure Mountain auction this time round was because I want to acquire a precious resource. My sources tell me that said resource is going to be sold here...” Leylin said without a hurry.

“Is Sir trying to ask about the details of the seller before completing the transactions?” Serene’s face revealed her dilemma, “What is it? If it’s about the few rare items, we, the Azure Mountain auction committee is unable to make any decisions!”

Leylin laughed and whispered a few words into Serene’s ears.

“You actually want...” Serene’s pupils widened, before she instantly smiled wryly.

“Those things are too hard to come by. Even my grandfather would not sell it. I’ll not keep it from you. Previously, a few batches of people have came to me wanting to obtain some information, but we have not revealed any of the information because the high-ranked Masters have already noticed the auction pieces...”

“Ah, I see...” Leylin seemed slightly disappointed. From the looks of it, the astral stone was indeed very precious. Just its appearance here had already aroused attention.

For Serene to call them Masters, they had to be Morning Star Magi; there was no other possibility.

At the same time, Serene also looked at Leylin with astonishment.

Astral gate research and experiments could only be conducted and hosted by Morning Star Magi. Even preliminary research had a high requirement, needing one to be a Hydro Phase Magus with a high-ranked Magus Tower.

This customer's strengths seemed to be very robust.

"Let's put this matter aside and talk about another matter, the private gathering after the auction. What are the prerequisites to entering the venue?" Leylin asked casually after quickly collecting his feelings when he was not able to obtain a reply from Serene.

'This question!' Serene lightly let out a sigh of relief.

This was within her purview. If it hadn't been, she would have failed at satisfying either of her guest's questions, which was equivalent to stepping on his feet.

"The private gathering will be held within 3 days of the closure of the auction. We will announce the actual venue later. With regards to entrance requirements, sir is already a VIP of the Azure Mountain auction, and hence you fully qualify for the private gathering. I'll send someone to inform you closer to the event date..."

"Excellent!" Despite a few flirtatious invites from Serene urging him to stay, Leylin left behind a few methods of contact and got up to leave for the auction.

Even though she was rejected, Serene did not feel an ounce of anger. She smiled until Leylin had left before returning to the auction.

"How was it? Did you verify his identity?" In her office quarters, a golden-haired middle-aged man with a walking stick asked casually, and seemed to be very aware of Leylin's actions.

"Nope. He was very cautious!" Serene smiled wryly.

"I looked through the details of all the Potions Grandmasters in the vicinity, and none of them match his personality. Is he from a different region?"

Even though the Azure Mountain's auction had a great reputation, but they only attracted Magi below the Morning Star realm. Moreover, the list only contained Magi residing in this region.

"Perhaps he's someone with a lot of experience, someone worth recruiting. After all, we can involve him in the matter that we are currently plotting, which would fit Grandfather's requests..."

The middle-aged man's tone was very neutral, but having heard his words, Serene's eyes lit up, "Do you mean..."

.....

With growing anticipation and the many conspiracies in the shadows, time ticked by, until it was finally the first day of the auction.

This was a festival for Azure Mountain City. Not only did the residents carry lit lanterns and played with fireworks, but the streets were also bustling with activities.

It wasn't uncommon for Magi to make underground exchanges and interactions.

And the Oakheart Clan, as the regional power, had sent out many elite units to suppress the situation and maintain order.

'Speaking of which, this is a festive event for many of us magi who are below the Morning Star rank!' Leylin snuck into the crowd and walked along, occasionally glancing from side to side.

The A.I. Chip gave out warning after warning.

The crowd that Leylin was in mainly consisted of Magi. Ranks 1 and 2 were common, and even rank 3 Magi were not rare, with some who were on par with Leylin himself.

Those Magi were all like Leylin. They were in disguise, and had concealed themselves further with thick cloaks or veils, appearing to be very cautious.

'Whether major powers or fugitives, no vengeance can be had here. This rule has been carried down from previous auctions, eh.' Leylin smiled and

pressed his cap down further, as his continued to inconspicuously scan through the dangerous people identified by the A.I Chip.

At that moment, the Azure Mountain auction's gates were opened at the city center. Numerous hosts and Magi came forth, welcoming the incoming Magi in the most glamorous gowns.

The normal entrance had already been filled to the brim with Magi, and the rest had no choice but to line up behind them.

Why were they so obedient? The welcoming committee was the greatest deterrent.

They were elite Magi of the Oakheart Clan. Not only did many of them possess powerful spells, they even had some methods of combined attacks. Even Crystal Phase Magi would be hard-pressed to even flee were they to attack in large numbers.

The VIP entrance, on the other hand, was vastly different. Magi entered from time to time, and they would immediately be given looks of respect.

VIP membership in the Azure Mountain auction represented not only identity, but also status. To take out 50 million magic crystals for a business deal was not just a matter of being wealthy. This was the Magus world; were they to not have enough power to keep their wealth, all the riches in the world would not prevent their being robbed.

As a result, the status of a VIP represented a certain amount of power.

Of course, Leylin would not choose to queue with those low-ranked Magi for a seat, and so he took a turn and walked towards the VIP entrance.

After Leylin left the crowd, he realised that a huge bunch of people had the same intentions as him, and he even knew them.

"I'm sorry, but according to our regulations, a VIP card can only allow for the entrance of two more Magi!" Serene bowed in apology, but the young married woman in front of her still refused to budge.

"Who do you think you are? We are the Rolithe Family..." Jessie became red in the face, but Nolan pulled her to the side, face plastered with a

bitter smile.

The two bodyguards at the side had a solemn look on their faces, and did not seem to be intimidated by the reputation of the Rolithe Family.

The other party was a small clan without even a Morning Star Magus. If they were to give in to them, the Oakheart Clan would be treated as a joke!

Nolan obviously knew this point, and he muttered a few words to Jessica.

Beside them were two Magi, both at rank 3. One caught his eye—"That old man?"

Leylin looked at the Magus standing at the front. His face was sunken and he wore on his ear a red ruby pendant that seemed to have some symbolic meaning.

"He must be the clan leader of the Rolithe family, the one who is rumoured to have reached the peak of the Hydro Phase!" Leylin calmly walked over. He had managed to subdue Toram who used a secret technique to break through to the Crystal Phase. He naturally didn't consider the old man a threat.

"Jessica, I thought you didn't want to take part in auctions like these?" Nolan helplessly persuaded. This wife of his had originally said that she wanted to come here just for fun and would not partake in the auction. However, something had come over her today and she had insisted on coming.

However, their family still had an elder at rank 3 who'd come along this time as well, and hence the quota had already been filled.

With their feeble strength as a small family clan, the Oakheart Clan would not make a special exception for them and allow them to exceed the quota for the VIP entrance.

Leylin could not help but notice that after marriage, Nolan had indeed matured a lot.

"I just want to go in to have a look. Grandpa Vance, can't you just let me in?" Jessica tugged at the old Magus' arms, and started to act coquettishly.

Vance, who was bothered to no end by her could only smile wryly as he glanced at Serene, “Look...”

“I’m extremely sorry, Mister Vance! Even though I’m an old friend of yours, rules are rules. If this lady would really like to enter, she can only enter through the normal passageway!” Serene had a professional smile on her face. Even though her tone sounded sincere, it seemed to have a tinge of hypocrisy within.

It’s only a small family clan and she need not put in so much effort.

“No! I refuse to walk through that passageway!” This turn of events had attracted the attention of many Magi. Jessie’s refusal to agree had caused them much embarrassment.

“Excuse me, please make way! There are other VIPs on the way!”

At that time, Serene’s eyes lit up as she quickly walked to welcome the incoming VIP, “Lord Blood Rogue, it’s been a long time since we met!” As compared to the response before, Serene seemed much more enthusiastic.

Having seen such an attitude, Jessie and even Nolan looked dispirited.

“What’s the matter?” Leylin asked, even though he already knew the answer.

“Oh, there’s nothing much! The guest quota of this customer is already full, but this lady insists on entering!” Serene summarised the event.

“Put it on my quota, then! I’m not bringing anyone anyway!” Leylin shook his head.

# Chapter 455: The Watcher and The Ladybird

“Since that is what Sir Blood Rogue wants, of course it’s possible!” This was a small matter, and the rules were flexible enough to accommodate it. Furthermore, Serene wanted to attempt roping in Leylin, so naturally she would give him due respect.

In actual fact, even if Leylin’s quota was full but he still wanted to bring more people, Serene would agree to it.

After all, in her eyes, a Potions Grandmaster was of a much higher status than the Rolithe Family, which only had a single Hydro Phase Magus.

“Really? Thank you so much, Sir!” Nolan immediately expressed his delight. He, of course, did not recognise Leylin who had changed his disguise, and bowed with Jessica.

“Many thanks...” Jessica was slightly reluctant, but she bowed anyway, still feeling wronged.

“Alright!” Leylin nodded in a reserved manner, and was about to enter the auction venue.

“Hold on! Dear friend, my name is Vance Rolithe! Thank you so much for this!” The old man by the name of Vance had been standing by the side, waiting for Leylin to start walking so that he could enter the auction venue with him side by side. The wine red carpet extended continuously under their feet.

“Nothing much, just a bit of help while I’m here!” Leylin replied, but god knew what expression he had under his hood.

He reached out and stroked the round coin on his chest.

‘The reaction is getting stronger! Perhaps what I need is with the other party, hehe... Jessica, you’ve given me a large present!’

Leylin shot a glance at Jessica, who was walking with her head held low. This woman still seemed rather fiery.

The scene outside the auction venue had completely stripped her of her vanity, making her aware of how inferior and helpless she really was.

She did not show the slightest amount of gratitude to Leylin who had given her a hand earlier.

Of course, she didn't recognise Leylin as well, and was instead cursing and grumbling inside, "Wretched Leylin! If not for you, I wouldn't be here and suffer such humiliation... You'll see. Don't let me bump into you tonight, or else..."

A sinister look flashed across Jessica's eyes, but was quickly masked. As her head was partially lowered, her expression was not discovered by anyone.

That's right. The main reason for her being here was Leylin. Ever since she saw Leylin at Azure Mountain City, revenge was all that was on her mind.

Plus, according to the elder that had seen Leylin with them, he was only in the initial phase of a rank 3 back then and hadn't even entered the Vapour Phase.

As long as they could find him, Grandfather—whose strength had already reached the peak of the Hydro Phase—would definitely be able to help them seek revenge!

But what disappointed Jessica was that no matter how hard she searched Azure Mountain City, even going so far as to stand guard at the pastry shop they had met in, he was nowhere to be found.

Leylin had long since changed his identity to Blood Rogue, and even if they were to meet face to face on the streets, Jessica would definitely be unable to recognise him.

After countless futile attempts, Jessica could only grudgingly give up further plans to continue the search. Instead, she turned to other ideas.

She would strike at the auction!

She was extremely certain that Leylin would appear here, attracted by



the auction. Therefore, even if she hadn't found him for the time being, she would find him at the venue!

As such, her trip here was to relieve her of her troubles. It was why Jessica, who didn't have even the slightest bit of interest in the auction, had pestered Nolan to bring her here.

However, she seemed to have forgotten something. Not only would there be a huge number of Magi attending the auction, making it impossible to comb through everyone, there was also another problem that would be highly difficult to solve: as long as he was an official Magus, he would definitely have the ability to change his appearance! Once Leylin was in disguise, even if she wandered around the entire venue, it would be impossible to find him.

Jessia might have thought about this were she not filled with rage and fuelled by hatred, making her lose her ability to think rationally.

At this moment, Leylin and Vance had reached a crossroad.

"Haha, it has been a pleasant conversation with you, Blood Rogue. I shall head to my room. Maybe we can each leave our secret imprints behind, and meet again to chat another time..." Vance was deliberately trying to get close to Leylin; after all, he evidently was holding a high position at the Azure Mountain auction.

The more people of high-standing that they knew, the more benefits their family stood to gain.

"Sure!" From under the hood came a laugh that been altered by the A.I. Chip. At the same time, a secret imprint emerged.

After saying their goodbyes, Leylin followed the maid to his room. The room was decorated very luxuriously, but it was rather small, and could only accommodate a maximum of three chairs placed side by side without squeezing them close to each other.

'No wonder they only allowed two other people to enter, I'm afraid that Jessica will have to stand at the side—oh, no, maybe Nolan will stand at the side, while Jessica takes his seat...' Leylin let his thoughts run wild.

At the same time, he was sizing up the whole cubicle. The most captivating part of the entire room was the huge screen in the centre, where numerous auction items would appear.

Leylin fiddled with the bidding machine and communication equipment for a while and quickly got the hang of it.

The quality of the sound-proofing between cubicles was excellent, and the entire booth immediately went quiet when the maid left.

“Something doesn’t feel right! A.I. Chip, scan!”

Leylin leaned against the top of the chair and stroked his chin, seemingly meditating out of boredom or deep in thought, but yet a faint blue glow flashed across under his eyes.

[Starting scan, no abnormalities!] A few moments later, the A.I. Chip’s conclusion alarmed Leylin.

“What?! That can’t be true, as an owner of the auction, how is it possible that a basic intelligence-gathering spell formation has not even been set up? Scan again, activate combined tri-unit operation, mobilize atomic microscope!” Leylin immediately realized the root of the problem.

How could such Magi be at ease at an auction? Even though on the surface they said it was for protection, the necessary surveillance was still required.

Perhaps some Morning Star Magi could avoid such treatment, but Leylin clearly did not qualify.

[Beep! Orders received! Mobilizing atomic microscope, starting in-depth scan!] The A.I. Chip immediately began operating again.

This time, a discovery was made within 3 seconds.

[Beep! Discovered traces of microscopic beings, no similar image found in database!]

The A.I. Chip sent the report loyally, and projected an image into Leylin’s brain.

The image was clearly a magnified version of the image from the atomic

microscope. In an environment made up of numerous cell-like objects, living creatures similar to ladybirds that were the size of fine particles were patrolling around the cracks. Together, they even formed a spell rune.

“This is...” Leylin’s pupils contracted, “Manlar’s Eavesdropping Rune! And what is this creature? It is actually so tiny that an atomic microscope is needed to examine it...”

A chill ran down his spine as he ordered the A.I. Chip to scan his self. After confirming that these ladybirds only stayed on the floor of the room and that there were none in contact with his body, he heaved a sigh of relief.

‘Although I don’t know what other purpose this creature serves, its mere ability to spy by forming runes is extremely hard to deal with and dreadful...’ Leylin’s heart was heavy, but he maintained a drowsy appearance, so no one thought that something was wrong.

‘Looks like the entire auction venue has been covered with these tiny bugs. Also, someone is using their characteristics to build a spell formation... Such a thing can only be done by the Azure Mountain King!’

Leylin was very certain. Although he was well-equipped with knowledge and experience, he had never heard about such a ladybird before, so it was likely to be a creature from a different world that had been captured and made use of by the Azure Mountain King to form a strange spell formation.

A spell formation deployed with utmost care by a Morning Star Magus would not be discovered even by a rank 3 Crystal Phase Magus.

Leylin even suspected that even other rank 4 Magi would not find out easily.

This would also explain why this secret had never been revealed, and why the Azure Mountain auction had been having such good business void of any nasty incidents.

Under the watch of the ladybirds, no matter what plans one had, they

would be hard to implement.

‘He is indeed worthy of being a Morning Star Magus!’ Leylin gasped without saying anything else, acting as though he hadn’t discovered anything.

However, this also explained why VIPs were given such tiny rooms. Judging by the strength of the Oakheart Clan, even if they built a spacious and luxurious cubicle for every single VIP, they wouldn’t face any financial pressure. The only possibility why they didn’t was because of such a spell formation.

A surveillance spell formation that was able to cover the entire auction venue was incredibly expensive.

After all, the entire venue accommodated a huge number of Magi! The current surface area that it occupied was the maximum, and could not be expanded further.

As the boundaries of the spell formation ended there, if the compound was further expanded, there would be blind spots in the surveillance, which would obviously not be permitted by the Azure Mountain King.

At this moment, a voice sounded, as though it came from right in front of Leylin. “Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to Azure Mountain City. We thank you for being here at this distinguished event. I am honoured to be your humble host, Leo Oakheart...”

Soon after, many images appeared on three of the walls, revealing a humongous platform on which a gold-haired middle-aged nobleman wearing a swallow-tailed coat was making a speech.

‘A 3D hologram technique?!’ Leylin almost yelled, but immediately came to his senses; it was only an effect achieved by spells.

It seemed as though Leylin was sitting in the best spot, directly facing the host of the auction. Certainly, the Magi in the other cubicles felt the same.

A row of words appeared on the screen in the centre of the room. “The first auction item will now be presented, a Fiery Gemstone...”

# Chapter 456: Wing of the Sun

Behind the introductions were several other rows, each describing the items following the first.

“..... Now, please allow me to present the first item of this year’s auction: a treasure produced from the Fiery World, the Fiery Gemstone!” The host announced loudly, lifting the gauze from the tray behind him at the same time.

Boom! In a flash, 3 pieces of translucent crystal emerged before Leylin’s eyes. An unceasing flame seemed to be burning in the cores of the crystals.

“Treasures from another plane!”

Numerous Magi gasped. In order to start off the auction successfully, the Azure Mountain auction house had indeed put in much effort. Evidently, the first auction item was unexpected for many of them.

“The Fiery Gemstone is rumoured to be a treasure of the central Blazing World. Containing heavily compressed fire elemental particles, it can help break through and upgrade a fire-attributed Magus’ spiritual endowments, and is even an essential item the advancements of many high-grade fire elemental meditation techniques...” the host continued.

However, very few spared the attention to listen to him anymore. They had all averted their rapacious gazes to the Fiery Gemstone on stage.

Even Leylin was slightly tempted by this item, leave alone the other Magi.

Resources from other planes, could only be obtained by Morning Star Magi due to the requirement for an astral gate. For rank 2 and rank 3 Magi like them, they were an inaccessible existence.

It’s small-degree spiritual endowment enhancing effects especially drove many of them crazy.

“Alright. Now we will begin the auction for the compressed blazing gemstones, with the starting bid at 5 million magic crystals!” The host

reported a figure, which was soon drowned amongst a cacophony of bids.

Huge figures appeared on the screen, which was refreshed again and again with the highest quoted price.

Leylin speechlessly watched the numbers spike on the corner of the screen, exceeding ten million in a flash and going all the way up to around 50 million before slowing down. He could not help but smile bitterly.

“I originally thought that the more than 90 million magic crystals from the Azure Mountain auction house was already a large fund. Now it seems it will be really difficult to win the bid for the astral stone...”

Leylin extinguished all thoughts of pressing the bid button. Although he had many items that he could use as payment and winning the bid for the compressed blazing gemstone was not hard, it was too ostentatious. Furthermore, his funds were limited, they had to be saved for later and were not to be wasted on this.

Because he had already decided to give up, Leylin was able to relax and engrossedly watch the group of high-ranked Magi fight furiously over these treasures.

The value of otherworldly treasures still exceeded Leylin's expectations. Not only were the VIPs in the VIP lounge going all out, even Magi seated at the regular auditorium began quoting prices to fight for the items as well.

“Possessing the financial ability to compete for the Fiery Gemstone yet withdrawn within the regular auditorium crammed with all those low-ranked Magi, he is also a rascal pretending to be weak!” Leylin looked at a red-haired youth and assessed monotonously.

“Bidding closed, the three people who quoted the highest price will obtain the rights of attribution to the Fiery Gemstone!” The host, who stood on the central elevated platform with a slightly flushed face, spoke with an obvious excitement.

Now, on the screen, the large figures stopped in a moment. The highest bid had reached a shocking 85 million magic crystals! The second and

third highest bid merely differed from the first by not more than 1 million magic crystals.

“This is crazy!” Leylin shook his head.

Clearly, the quoted price this time had been overshoot by a lot, even exceeding the original expectations of the auction house. The host calmed down and began introducing the next auction item, “Magic equipment – Aphopis’ Scepter! Starting bid: 38 million magic crystals or resources of equivalent worth...”

An entirely golden, magnificently crafted scepter instantly appeared within Leylin’s sight. At the head of the scepter, many gold tassels and decorations formed the shape of a sun’s corona, emitting light and heat continuously.

“40 million magic crystals!”

“50 million magic crystals, and 3 moonstones on top of that!”

Evidently, this piece of magic equipment was already renowned among this group of Magi. Even before the host finished speaking, the Magi below had already begun quoting prices.

Leylin rested his chin on his hands and as he watched, he suddenly felt that he was actually considered poor.

Compared to these central continent Magi who took possession of rich resources and had long-spanning inheritances, even if he plundered the entire Twilight Zone, he would still only be considered slightly rich.

If not for those few incidents of huge profit, and if he was not a Potions Grandmaster, he definitely would not have dared to participate in the auction for the astral stone.

Shortly after, the piece of magic equipment, Aphopis’ scepter, was bought by a Magus in the VIP lounge at a high price of 90 million magic crystals. Many Magi could not help but take note of the VIP lounge number.

The Azure Mountain auction was no doubt the top power in this area.

What followed next was a large quantity of rare Magus treasures, information on high-grade meditation techniques, and also a great amount of valuable resources appearing on the stage one after another, something which many Magi pursued.

The high-grade potions that Leylin initially sold were in there too. Although there were only a part of it, they were still sold at sky-high prices. The desires of Magi for high-grade potions could never be satisfied.

This made Leylin rather happy but at the same time, he secretly rolled his eyes.

He originally thought that the Azure Mountain auction house undertook a definite loss when they purchased his potions, but now it seems this transaction greatly profited the other party instead.

“Ladies and gentlemen, today’s auction is approaching an end, our Azure Mountain auction house has specially decided that the biggest treasures of this time’s auction will be up for auction at the last moment!” The host’s words piqued Leylin’s interest uncontrollably as he fixed his gleaming eyes on the stage.

“This time’s auction will continue on for 3 days, which means to say, there are 3 extremely valuable items to auction! There are few opportunities!” The host’s voice carried a hint of temptation.

“Next, please allow me to grandly introduce the first treasure: the ancient advanced meditation technique—Wing of the Sun!”

Following his words, the curtains on both ends of the stage were drawn, exposing the precious object behind it. It looked no different from the common large swords. Its model was full of antiquity and the middle section of its blade had obvious cracks on it, with the tip of the sword missing.

Even more so, what caused Leylin to slightly lose his spirit was the drop of golden blood on the blade of the broken sword, which looked as if it contained a life of its own. It took the form of a spiral and shone with radiance continuously.



“As you all know, once a Magus surpasses the Morning Star realm, reaching an even scarier and more unpredictable state, their lives will begin to sublime. Even the smallest cell of their blood will contain a deep secret about themselves, so much so that they may achieve blood reincarnation...”

The host’s voice carried a slight excitement, “And this broken sword, had once been in contact with a little bit of the blood of the ancient Sun’s child! Through our appraiser’s verification, although the blood on the broken sword has completely lost its life energy, this sole drop of blood holds the information about the meditation technique of the Sun’s child from that time!”

“Sun’s child!!!”

As soon as the host spoke, Leylin somewhat lost his cool.

It wasn’t rare for the relic of such a powerful person from ancient times to contain some fragments of information. Even the Lamia fingerbone could forcibly catalyse the formation of a soul by the means of its own radiation. But to contain the complete information about the meditation technique was extremely rare.

Based on Leylin’s conjecture, the Sun’s child must have had a premonition about his death when he was facing his enemy and thus deliberately left a legacy behind.

Only, what amazed Leylin was that he had never expected to see a relic of that Sun’s child, who was amongst the ranks of Quicksand, in this place.

Somewhere, he had a feeling that maybe, his fate with the ancient bloodline Warlocks—the Quicksand Organisation, was not so short-lived.

“We can guarantee that the meditation technique—Wing of the Sun—is absolutely complete! The ancient top meditation technique is still a great reference for us even if we are unable to practise it! Moreover, although the bloodline of the Sun’s child on the sword has completely lost its life energy, you never know, there may still be certain spells that can restore its vitality. If it’s like that, I’m afraid the Warlock structure of the entire

central continent will be revised.....”

The host was trying his best to delude them, “For this auction item, the starting bid—200 million magic crystals, or other equivalent resources!”

After the host finished his sentence, the scene became calm and actually fell into a short, temporary awkward silence.

The numerous Magi, all stared at the broken sword and its golden spiral which was on the elevated platform, with unknown thoughts.

“Huff...” Leylin gave a long sigh, “If Mentor Gilbert was here, he’d buy this at all costs...”

Of course, Leylin was sure of one thing—the auction would be conducted for three days and a valuable item would be revealed every day at the last moment; this advanced meditation technique was only the cheapest among the three precious treasures.

The advanced meditation technique, Wing of the Sun, was similar to Kemoyin’s pupil—a technique specially customised for individual Warlocks. The criteria to practise it was to possess the bloodline of the ancient Sun’s child. According to Leylin’s intelligence and knowledge, ever since the ancient Sun’s child of Quicksand died, there had not been any news of the birth of similar bloodlines in the entire central continent.

Hence, the Wing of the Sun meditation technique was at most useful for Magi as a reference, causing its worth to plummet.

Also, the blood on the sword had lost its life energy and could not be used as a bloodline to be introduced into Magus bodies and passed down. Even though it looked very precious, its real worth was in fact not much.

Of course, the relatively low worth of this item was only when compared to the other two treasures. To Leylin, the price of this treasure was still too high to afford.

# Chapter 457: Despicable

“What a pity...” Leylin sighed. If he was willing to use up all of his magic crystals, and sell a few more precious materials on top of that, he would stand a chance in bidding for the Wing of the Sun. Even though that was good, it did not quite fit his requirements as his main intentions were still to obtain the astral stone.

However, if Duke Gilbert was here, he would be willing to offer a sky-high price for the Wing of the Sun, even if it was only going to be useful for research!

A higher-ranked bloodline as well as a top-notch meditation technique! These were temptations that a Warlock would easily succumb to.

Upon getting hold of this precious object, they must have exhausted all possible methods until it was no longer possible to exploit the bloodline of the Sun’s Child, before reluctantly putting it up for auction. If not, they would never have minded transforming into a Warlock family.

As far as Leylin was aware, there wasn’t a single Warlock Family on the central continent that could reach rank 6. In other words, if one was really able to combine the blood of the Sun’s Child together with the meditation technique, a Breaking Dawn bloodline Warlock would be able to gradually rise to power in the central continent!

“A loss in such a bloodline is totally impossible to recreate in the present central continent!” Leylin remembered that he had received data on fusion and modification of bloodlines from Quicksand Castle.

“If I were to make use of the modification technique, together with the genetic reformation function of my A.I. Chip, there might just be a possibility of success....” However, even if it succeeded, this would only produce yet another ancient bloodline treasure for Leylin.

He already had a pure ancient red dragon bloodline on hand. However, it was a pity that after a long period of research, he had realised that he was still unable to transform his own bloodline. All the research on synthesising and modifying bloodlines had gone down the drain.

A Warlock's bloodline did not only exist within his body, it was also merged with his spirit. Even Leylin was at a loss for how to deal with this.

Ultimately, it is only when one has advanced to the Morning Star realm, and when their spiritual force has undergone continuous advancements, then can they come into contact with the spirit itself.

As a result, even if Leylin was able to restore the bloodline of the Sun's Child, he would not have the desire to bid for this treasure.

As a matter of fact, his interest in Wing of the Sun far exceeded his interest in the Sun's Child bloodline.

"It's an advanced ancient meditation technique!" It was indeed a higher level bloodline meditation technique as compared to Kemoyin's Pupil. Even though they were both bloodline meditation techniques, the Wing of the Sun was evidently at a much higher level.

Kemoyin's Pupil only had a total of four levels due to the origin of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent Bloodline. The Giant Kemoyin Serpent was originally a rank 4 creature, limiting the progress of a Warlock who would partake in this technique. Since no Kemoyin Warlock could cross rank 4, there was no method to attain a higher-ranked meditation technique.

On the other hand, the Sun's Child was different. It was originally a Rank 6 creature, hence allowing a Warlock of its bloodline to reach rank 6 as well, thus engendering the highest level of meditation techniques.

Customarily, in the central continent, a meditation technique with four levels that could let its practitioner attain the Morning Star realm, to be called a high-grade meditation technique.

Furthermore, an advanced meditation technique of at least level 6 was needed for a Magus to peek at the path to the Breaking Dawn realm.

Naturally, Leylin would not be contented with just a mere rank 4 Kemoyin's Pupil. His ultimate goal was to reach Breaking Dawn and higher levels to reach immortality! Hence, the Wing of the Sun was attractive. At least it could serve as a model upon which the Kemoyin's Pupil could be improved on.

Yet... Would it really be worth it to pay such a high price for a meditation technique that would merely work as a reference?

Leylin shook his head, attempting to erase the thought from his mind.

‘Meditation techniques are not tangible, but only information made up of words and pictures. Since the Azure Mountain clan is certain that the meditation technique is complete, they’re bound to have a copy of the information as well as the bloodline of the Sun’s Child. Perhaps I can start working from that area...’

Leylin placed his hand on his chin as his thoughts wandered away.

After moments of silence, the Magi below finally responded.

“Two hundred and ten million magic crystals!” An aged voice called out from the VIP lounge.

As if it was a signal, the crowd immediately quoted their prices, practically flooding the screen.

This was after all an advanced meditation technique coupled with an ancient bloodline, thus it was priceless. Even though there was not much use for it, the value of this precious object for collection purposes had way exceeded its base price.

In addition, the vastness and mystery of spells were not something that current Magi could explore completely.

Perhaps, in one of the hidden corners of the central continent, there lay a powerful technique that was capable of activating the Sun’s Child bloodline. If that was the case, by buying this precious object at a low price today, one could earn a fortune in the future!

This was clearly what the majority of the Magi here thought.

This definitely included those Morning Star Magi who were rich and imposing, willing to buy this just for their own research.

Even though the Azure Mountain auction house was unlikely to attract Magi of such levels, there were bound to be some exceptions.

One such exception was within a VIP lounge that was distinctly larger

than the room that Leylin was in. The Magus inside had an emaciated face and silver eyes. He was wearing the Devil's Cry robe and smiled, "I didn't expect to come across such a precious object!"

He didn't use the device to quote his price and instead said softly, "One billion magic stones!"

Strangely, even though his voice was soft, his comment was heard by the Magi in the entire auction venue, leading to a halt in the quoting of prices.

Alas, one that could quote such a high price was obviously a Morning Star Magus. Who else would dare to compete with him?

On the other hand, when Leylin heard this voice, his entire body suddenly stiffened.

'Demon Hunter Cyril!' Even though the tone of the voice was different, Cyril had left a deep impression in Leylin's mind. His voice was recorded in his A.I. Chip and hence he recognised the other party immediately.

'I can't believe that even he is here.' After calming himself, Leylin placed his hand on his chin and smiled bitterly, 'In order to get such cheap auction prices, you can even scare the Magi in this venue. Demon Hunter Cyril, you are still as braven as before.'

Even so, he did not intend to stand out to make a complaint.

Leylin understood that he should keep a low profile when he was at a disadvantage.

A Morning Star Magi was indeed a great deterrent. Once Cyril quoted his price, the entire auction house became silent.

".... Okay! Since no one is increasing the price, I'll announce that this top-notch meditation technique will belong to the Lord in the first VIP lounge!" The host laughed dryly, as he started to mediate the scene.

In reality, his heart ached. According to him, this precious object should not only be worth one billion magic crystals but instead, it should at least worth more than two billion magic crystals. It was definitely possible to sell it at such a high price judging from the attendance of high level Magi

in this venue.

Now? Even the Oakheart Clan was willing to offer more than one billion magic crystals for this meditation technique. This was definitely a loss.

“My dear lord, your loot is here, please follow me to make the transaction. Also, the guardian of our clan would like to see you.”

At this moment, in the first lounge, Serene bowed respectfully and even her voice became a little shaky.

“Okay, I will go.” Cyril waved his hand.

Even a Morning Star Magi was required to follow the rules. His rash behaviour would only lead to the Morning Star Magi of the Oakheart Clan warning him.

In actual fact, he only had this one chance to do such a thing. If he dared to do it again, the Azure Mountain King would definitely become hostile.

But it was clear that deep in his heart he did not feel remorseful at all.

What was reputation worth to him? Tangible benefits were the most important. Once he complied and guaranteed that he would not do such a thing again, he could easily obtain such top-notch meditation technique. So why not do it?

Demon Hunter Cyril was originally more crafty and despicable than demons. This was also the exact reason why other Magi feared him.

As a result of Cyril's actions, the day's auction ended on a bad note.

Adding on that the attendance of Demon Hunter Cyril spread like wildfire, if the Azure Mountain auction house did not guarantee that such a thing would not happen again, they would even incur more losses.

After all, who dared to compete with a Morning Star Magus? If such a thing happened in each auction then the Azure Mountain auction house should just sell the items off to them instead.

As a result of the guarantee of the Azure Mountain Clan, the second day of auction went on as usual.

Leylin, too, came to the venue and watched emotionlessly as each precious object was bought by others.

The day before, Serene had hinted at the appearance of the astral stone.

This was the exact reason why Leylin merely watched in silence throughout the entire auction.

Towards the end of the auction, the host then announced, “This is today’s most precious item: astral stone!”

Finally, Leylin was able to see his ultimate goal at this auction on stage—the astral stone.

The existence of the astral stone was widely known in the Magus World, but not many had laid eyes on it.

A shiny black stone that resembled any other was brought on stage. Upon close inspection, the surface of the stone reflected soft rays of blue light, as if it was starlight.

“The astral stone is a necessity for interplanar experiments! This stone weighs 1582 grams and its density is very high. This is known to be the highest quality stone within this century. It has an abundance of energy and is definitely the best choice for astral gate experiments!” The host rambled on about the astral stone non-stop.

While the astral stone was indeed worth less than the top-notch meditation technique from the day before, the application of this stone was widely known, hence the popular demand.



# Chapter 458: Blood Duchess

“This is an astral stone, the base price is set at 200 million magic crystals, and every increment set at a minimum of 1 million. You may use resources of equal value to make up any difference! Let the auction begin”

The presenter waved his hand and the huge screen in front of Leylin lit up immediately in bright colors.

Watching the numbers on the screen clambering up bit by bit, Leylin’s mouth curved into a bitter smile.

His guess had come true, this astral stone was one of the three most valuable items up for auction. The price had soared to an outrageous amount.

It looked like he did not have enough magic crystals at the moment and would need to sell some of his resources.

Leylin was glad that he had no lack of good materials on him. Were he to sell them all, he would still qualify to join the bid.

“One billion magic crystals!” Leylin immediately yelled his bid with an announcement device in the hopes of scaring off the rest.

“Eleven billion magic crystals!” Another bid was heard immediately. It came from VIP lounge 1. Although no other announcements were made after the first, who didn’t know that the occupant of the VIP lounge was the Morning Star Magus Demon Hunter Cyril?

Leylin stroked his chin and his eyes gleamed with traces of caution.

“Ha ha! Cyril, aren’t you embarrassed to bid so low?”

Another voice was heard from VIP lounge 2. Soon after, the screen refreshed to reflect a new price, “Twenty billion magic crystals!”

“Huh? This conduct, another Morning Star Magus?”

Leylin’s mouth twitched in a bitter smile, “Trouble is brewing.....”

Even though he was confident in his wealth, he was not egotistical enough to compare himself to someone at the Morning Star realm.

Moreover, with these two Morning Star Magi nipping at each other, wouldn't he be courting death if he were to get involved any further?

Yes, the astral stone was truly valuable and losing the opportunity of acquiring it was extremely unfortunate, but compared to his own mortal life, Leylin knew exactly which was more important. He sensibly gave up on contending for it.

On the other hand, Leylin did not lose all hope. There was still the anonymous barter that he was looking forward to after the auction was completed.

In VIP lounge 1, Cyril's face hardened the moment he heard the voice of the other party. "This voice... It must be Emma, that bitch!"

He may have been swearing at her, but his face was actually filled with endless fear.

Blood Duchess Emma, was well-known for her crazy and savage ways. The other party was too a Morning Star Magus, how could she not show him respect?

"Thirty billion magic crystals!" The astral stone was an important element in the current stage of his astral gate experiments. In the near future, there was a possibility that he could uncover the coordinates of the devils, hence his dire need for it. He knew he had to bid successfully for it, even if it meant paying a sky-high price.

As such, Cyril yelled his bid reluctantly, as if his heart was bleeding.

"Haha... Cyril, your pocket is as poor as your city of sins, I bid forty billion!" Emma, who was seated at the opposite side, had clearly received some unknown information, hence she was determined to not give in.

The price for this astral stone clearly surpassed its actual value, which made him reluctant to bid. Yet, he was evidently embarrassed by Emma's mockery a moment ago.

"Forty five billion magic crystals!" Cyril immediately shouted out. Deep in his heart, he made up his mind that if the opposite party dared to bid further, he would give up. He would let her pay the unnecessary magic

crystals for it.

“Haha... Cyril, do you think I am going to bid further? Wrong, this astral stone is not such a special item after all. It is no big deal if I were to let go and let you have it.”

Unexpectedly, Emma withdrew and stopped bidding, causing him to feel a rush of anger.

“Honestly, to spend forty five billion magic crystals on an astral stone... Cyril, where has your astuteness gone to?” she ridiculed sarcastically, adding salt into his wound.

“This bitch! One day... ONE day...” Cyril clenched his teeth in rage, wisps of blood clouding his silver pupils.

The horrifying ripples had caused the other guests in other VIP lounges to feel uneasy.

“Emma, just you wait and see...” after tossing these last words at her, Cyril stood up and left in a hurry, not wanting to linger for another second.

Leylin, on the other hand, upon hearing the name, was slightly taken aback. ‘Blood Duchess? Isn’t that Freya’s mentor?’

Blood Duchess Emma was a Morning Star Warlock, the second elder of the Ouroboros Clan.

‘If it’s her, it’s no wonder she couldn’t see eye to eye with Cyril...’

Leylin drew a deep breath. ‘I didn’t expect someone of such status to be present here. I am sure she has just arrived, otherwise, the Sun’s child bloodline would not have been acquired by him...’

After the favourable harvest from the Quicksand pocket dimension some time back, Leylin and company had immediately relayed all specific details to Duke Gilbert.

Especially Leylin. With the presence of Cyril, they were sure they would never have the chance to step foot in the Forgotten Land again. Therefore, he laid out the route map clearly and specifically, paying special attention

to the possibility that Quicksand Castle was the core of the pocket dimension.

His scheme was for the Ouroboros Clan to hanker after the Quicksand pocket dimension. In fact, if they were to successfully seize it from the hands of Cyril, Leylin would then have the opportunity to conduct deeper exploration.

One single pocket dimension would fail to stir the greed of the Ouroboros Clan. However, what if the location in question was an ancient pocket dimension with another pocket dimension in within?

Especially since this pocket dimension was built by Ancient Warlocks at a time where rare natural resources were scarce.

Other than the useful information, Leylin's bloodline crystals and Blood Vulture egg, as well as Robin's own harvest, had left Duke Gilbert delighted.

As such, upon his return, Gilbert immediately invited the other two elders in the hope of joining together to go up against Cyril.

According to rumors, after the showing of Ouroboros Clan's power, not only had they shamed Cyril thoroughly, they also managed to be allocated a share of the pocket dimension, as well as priority purchasing power, amongst other benefits.

Hence, from here on, the relationship between Cyril and the three Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks would naturally deteriorate.

In the past, when the 3 allied against Cyril, they almost defeated him.

Due to this same reason, Cyril had never forgotten about Leylin or the other two Warlocks. In fact, he had even covertly issued warrants for their arrest.

This was one reason why Leylin had holed up in his territory bitterly for almost a century.

Learning of the positive outcome of the situation at the higher level, Leylin was truly relieved that he could attend the auction held the next

day, plus the anonymous barter thereafter.

Otherwise, he would have given up on the idea of attending the exchange.

The frightening probing abilities of a Morning Star Magus could not be underestimated. If Cyril had been present throughout, there was no way Leylin could stay anonymous for long.

And once he was discovered by Cyril, he knew his life would be as insignificant as an ant, being crushed by with just a single finger.

Now, armed with the knowledge that Emma was here, Leylin did not have the slightest amount of intentions of acknowledging her.

If it were Duke Gilbert, he would have stepped up with warm greetings, in the hopes that he might, in a way or two, help Leylin to acquire some astral stones or such, but Emma? Forget it.

She might have been an elder of the Ouroboros Clan, but they were from different factions, which might make the meeting awkward.

His thoughts of Emma naturally led to those of Freya.

This female Warlock was indeed lucky. After the positive transaction of bloodline crystals with Leylin, she had successfully managed to save her family. And thereafter, there were rumors of her research in seclusion. It was as if she was attempting to break through the bottleneck to advance.

It was known that, once a Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock was promoted to the rank of the Morning Star realm, their bloodlines would be purified. This method was naturally preferred compared to that of obtaining it through the easier method of having a pure-blooded Warlock join the family.

What was worth mentioning was the fact that, among the female Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan, Freya was considered to be one with discipline and self-respect. The only negative characteristic was her eagerness to be first.

Leylin stroked his jaw and pondered over the rumors about her decision

enter seclusion. It was as if she was trying to stimulate and break through the Hydro Phase.

Due to this reason, Leylin was even more adamant about not revealing himself to Emma. He dreaded thinking about the possibilities of her forcing him to become a part of the family for the purpose of her advancement. How awful would that be?

On the other hand, if he had been discovered by Cyril first, by hook or by crook, he would definitely seek Emma out and ask for help. Any terms and conditions then would have been agreed upon, as it was all worth keeping his life.

You could only have one life. Once that was lost, nothing else mattered. In such cases, Leylin's integrity was relegated to the back seat.

With such misgivings, Leylin went low-profile once again. He made sure his spiritual force compression technique and transfiguration spells were in full operation, and made sure his energies were not discovered by the other two Magi.

Luckily, that fateful night, Leylin felt enormous energy undulations transmitted from far beyond Azure Mountain City. It was not only him, many Magi were distracted by it.

Although they were very far away, the energy undulations were frightening and caused Leylin to feel somewhat suffocated.

The lower ranked Magi felt nothing. Only those who were close to the Morning Star realm could notice and be mindful of that terror.

Soon after, Leylin received news of Demon Hunter Cyril and Blood Duchess Emma's departure from Azure Mountain City. He secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

With such volatile elements, the fewer there were in his life, the better.

This was probably the similar mindset of the other Magi. Under such circumstances, in the presence of multiple Morning Star Magi, there was no way they could have acquired their desired treasures with their limited magic crystals.

What were they to do if one of the two-eyed what they wanted?

A stifled atmosphere had hung over the auction these past two days. The most dissatisfied of them all was the Oakheart Clan. With the intrusion of the law-breaking Cyril, their revenue had suffered a steep decline.

The third day, the auction erupted in full force, as if finally free of suppression and mounting pressures. The degree of liveliness far exceeded Leylin's expectations.

# Chapter 459: Peeping

The third day of the auction commenced with much flair. The lower ranked Magi had been suppressing their enthusiasm and saving their magic crystals to the best extent of their abilities, hence once the pressure was diffused they had exploded into action.

Every item was sold for a high price, so much so that Leylin was quite surprised by the number of wealthy Magi that had emerged. Some were in the VIP lounges, but there were others amongst the crowd. It seemed like although he was very rich, he did not belong to the group of the most wealthy.

Leylin witnessed one of the Magi in the crowd buy a treasure for more than 100 million magic crystals nonchalantly. And the cause for this transaction was the ever-so-common jealousy of a love rival!

And when he began socialising with others, Leylin learnt that this young kid was the direct descendant of a Morning Star Magus who possessed a lot of resources and influence. It was naturally for there to be a lot of magic crystals at his disposal.

However, he hadn't dared to be arrogant in the face of the two Morning Star Magi present, and had hence only revealed himself now.

Leylin also saw Vance, the patriarch of the Rolithe Family, successfully buy a spell formation that was optimized to increase the chance of advancing to the Crystal Phase by 20%. At the same time, he'd also bought a lot of other supplementary materials for the process. It seemed like he'd reached the bottleneck and was ready to advance.

Leylin stole a glance at their party. According to the Coin of Destiny's guidance, the item he needed to acquire now was probably in the possession of their possession.

The last great treasure up for auction was top-grade magic equipment—the Tri-Python Ring!

It was rumoured that the bodies and souls of three ancient cold pythons



were extracted to cast this piece of magic equipment. Not only was its spatial storage boundless, it could even withstand three full attacks of a Morning Star Magus!

A full-power attack from an ancient Morning Star Maguse was known to be able to kill anything under that level. Such spells had the ability to blot out all light; they could crush mountains and destroy rivers!

To possess the ability to withstand up to three such attacks, this Tri-Python Ring was undoubtedly the most precious treasure up for auction this time.

Even Morning Star Magi would be envious of its ability. This piece of top-grade magic equipment would be a great advantage in a battle between Magi of the same rank. It could flip the heavens and the earth for its user's sake.

Its value climbed up steadily upto the last bid of 860 million by a Magus from a VIP lounge.

According to Leylin's estimates, that party could be a Morning Star Magus, in fact, it could even turn out to be the Azure Mountain King.

In spite of the hiccups along the way, this Azure Mountain auction had concluded successfully. The emergence of the Tri-Python Ring had created strong waves that continuously spread, even to the surrounding areas.

Some lower ranked Magi began to leave the city, heading back home to continue with their own research or embarking on another journey. With the decreasing number of Magi, the city seemed to have regained some order. The original chaos had considerably eased up, and the situation became peaceful.

Leylin and some other high ranked Magi, on the other hand, were waiting in silence.

To them, this auction was similar to an appetizer. The actual main course was yet to be presented.

On the surface, it looked like the Oakheart Clan had recalled their elite patrol. However, the actual fact was that the level of caution had increased

threefold. It was only that the security concerns were now internal.

Everything was set up for the anonymous barter. The anonymity of the event meant that many Magi were now disposing of stolen goods. Hence, there were going to be many precious high-quality treasures offered for an attractively low price.

The Oakheart Clan would guarantee safety and confidentiality of both parties. On the other hand, they would not be held responsible for the consequences and disputes that would arise after a successful transaction.

In a room in a small hotel, Leylin who was in the midst of meditation opened his eyes. A flower-shaped secret imprint emerged from his contact book, bringing with it the voice of Serene. "Sir Blood Rogue! The anonymous barter will take place tonight. As for the venue..."

This woman had been attempting to rope Leylin into the Oakheart Clan, and had kept a close tab on his whereabouts. Still, Leylin would not let her have her way. Not only had his past been hidden flawlessly, his attitude towards her left him neither close nor distant, causing her great distress.

Finally, he had even changed his accommodations. The only way to contact him now was via secret imprint, which left her helpless.

When night fell, Leylin changed his outward appearance once again. Following the directions he was given, he arrived at a spot outside Azure Mountain City.

Unexpected incidences were not rare at such private events. Even under the watchful eyes of the Azure Mountain King, the Oakheart Clan did not dare to hold the event within the city, choosing an outside venue instead.

As such, even if anything were to happen, the damages would be reduced to a minimum.

'Huh? There are other Magi too?' After his descent, Leylin noticed another Magus who had also just arrived a step ahead of him, walking towards an unremarkable cave.

"Welcome!" Two old men wearing the Oakheart Clan uniform emerged. Without any questions, they handed over a black mask.

The Magus nodded his head without replying, accepted the mask, and headed in.

Without the need for a number, command, or even an invitation card, as long as any Magus knew of this entrance, they would be granted access. In addition, they would be given items to help conceal their identities. It was this persistent and tight secrecy that allowed the anonymous barter to be successful for so long.

According to Serene, the entire location had been masked by a cover-up spell formation. With these matching face masks and their own identity concealment, even their genders were difficult to make out. Even Morning Star Magi could not see through these disguises.

Leylin's mouth curved into a bitter smile.

"In reality..." He stopped mid-sentence, and stepped over to take the mask from the old man before proceeding to head inside.

Both these old men were at the Crystal Phase, and yet were stationed to guard the entrance. The Oakheart Clan indeed had invested heavily into this event.

'A.I. Chip! Mobilize the atomic microscope and begin scanning!' Leylin commanded in silence.

[Beginning Scanning! Microscope engaged... Beep! Abnormality detected!]

The reply from the A.I. Chip was swift. Leylin noticed within his line of sight that on the black mask were innumerable ladybugs flooding the surface. These were the same creatures that he'd seen at the auction.

In fact, their numbers far exceeded what he had seen previously. They were even cautiously entering Leylin's body.

'Hehe... This is the true Oakheart Clan!' Leylin shook his head.

The spell formation enveloping the entire barter was genuine. The concealment runes on the mask were also genuine. Otherwise, it wouldn't have by-passed the inspection of the many Magi. However, the Oakheart

Clan had secretly planted these ladybugs all over the event area, including on all the masks.

They hadn't dared to tamper with the spell formation for fear of being discovered by Morning Star Magi. However, with these ladybug spies, which were ten thousand times smaller than a speck of dust, everything that every Magus did, and all other matters regardless of import would ultimately be known by them.

'I'm afraid even Morning Star Magi won't be able to detect these...' Leylin sighed, and a layer of fine black powder appeared on his hand.

As if drawn by some unknown attractive force, the ladybugs advanced in the direction of the powder, and soon lumped together into a ball.

'A.I. Chip! Begin imitation of the organism's energy signature, issuing misleading information!'

The A.I. Chip's feedback was immediate.

[Mission received. Beginning...]

Leylin had been low-key for these past three days, and hadn't bought anything at the auction. He had held back due to fear of the espionage of these bugs.

However, he hadn't been idle at all. He'd made use of the A.I. Chip's abilities to continuously scan and collate data about these bugs, learning all there was to know.

Knowing the tendencies of large organisations, if they'd rigged the auction to their advantage, there was no chance they wouldn't do the same with the anonymous barter. In fact, the surveillance would even be much stricter. Therefore, Leylin had prepared well with his own customized potion on top of his disguise.

After the powder took effect, Leylin could see through the microscopes that the ladybugs had slowed to a languid crawl. Soon, they all moved back to the mask.

Leylin was pleased and smiled. Walking in, he slid the mask on. At the

same time, a mysterious current and fine undulations emitted from his body.

At the huge barter event, in the centre of a hidden area.

“Reporting to Grandfather! According to feedback from the stardust bugs, everything is working normally!” The present chief of Oakheart reported respectfully to a middle-aged Magus with blue hair.

“Hmm! There are rumors about some convicts from the north heading towards us here. They had stolen some local treasure with intentions to trade and dispose of their stash. Be alert and pay special attention!” The blue haired Magus spoke indifferently, without the slightest degree of power and influence, yet it made the chief of Oakheart nod his head ceremoniously.

“Do not worry, under the strict surveillance of the stardust bugs, nothing can stay hidden, regardless of the methods they use!” There was a reason for the chief’s confidence.

This species of stardust bug was a unique find from another plane. The Azure Mountain King had stumbled upon it during one of his interplanar experiments.

Thereafter, through intensive research, not only had he successfully tamed this organism, he had also given it the ability to work as a probe, becoming the secret trump card of the Oakheart Clan. In the entire clan, only the Azure Mountain King and the current elders knew of this.

Given their minuscule size, their energy undulations could not be detected without a special instrument. Thus, even Morning Star Magi couldn’t find out about them as they were spread everywhere undetected.

The knowledge that these presumptuous Morning Star Magi had the impression that their concealment skill was flawless, not knowing that everything was being exposed, made the chief smile heartily.

Of course, armed with such stardust bugs, he had even used them for his own benefits, to peek into the naked body of female Magi and even kept the images. However, he was careful not to reveal such details for risk of

angering the other Morning Star Magi, and having them turn on the Oakheart Clan and razing the entire clan to the ground.

# Chapter 460: Assassin

“You’re in charge of this. The opponent is merely a Magus at the Crystal Phase; with your secret guards, you must take him down,” the Azure Mountain King spoke nonchalantly.

“Understood, Grandfather!” The chieftain nodded before bowing and leaving.

After acquiring all the information, he would first let these fugitives dispose of their goods before he went forth to hunt them down and receive the bounty. This method of taking advantage of both parties was not a foreign concept to him.

If wealth was being accumulated quickly, it would usually involve bloodshed. Even if the Azure Mountain King was a Morning Star Magus, the Oakheart Clan would not have been able to develop so quickly without these methods.

The Oakheart chieftain’s heart was aflame as he impatiently arrived at a control room, rubbing his fingers. “How many Morning Star Magi will come to the anonymous barter this time? I”m looking forward to it...”

“This is the central control room. Commanding all daughter elements to transmit gathered images,” he pressed a crystal and ordered.

Quickly enough, numerous fragmented projections formed a screen with many little squares on it. On the surface were the outer appearances of the Magi participating in the barter, as well as their true appearances.

Beside the images of some of the exceptionally beautiful female Magi were even full-body images. Of course, they were without clothing. The chieftain’s eyes widened, and he looked excited.

What he did not notice was that in one of the parts in the corner, Leylin’s character had a completely foreign face.

The barter was held in a large karst cave underground. The ground was filled with powerful runes and brands, emanating formidable energy waves.

The mask Leylin had on gave off a black layer of light that resonated with the spell formation on the ground, hiding his body in darkness.

From the outside, all the Magi who entered were black blobs of light, and it was difficult to even distinguish their sexes.

In addition, the strength of the spell formation was something Leylin had never seen before. He could not help but order the A.I. Chip to record the pattern down.

It was evident that this was a spell formation that only Morning Star Magi were able to set up. It was even able to ward off the probing of other similarly-ranked Magi.

This had been verified by the many Magi who had participated in such events in the past.

It was a pity, though. Even if the Oakheart Clan hadn't tampered with the spell formation, they had surreptitiously placed a deadly spy on all their bodies.

Bugs that were ten thousand times smaller than specks of dust would not be discovered even if on someone's body. On top of that, these stardust bugs had the innate skill of concealing themselves.

With the Oakheart clan's nurture and specialised training, these stardust bugs had already turned into dreadful spies that could tell the identities of every single Magus in the trading event.

"So sad..." Leylin strolled along with the numerous black blobs of light, feeling regretful.

He had yet to do much research on this type of bug. He could only achieve the effect of hiding himself, but it would require a lot of time to trace the origin and even steal the others' footage from the central control room. Perhaps, he might need to even develop his own stardust bugs and sneak them in to achieve that goal.

All this required time! However, he only had three days at the auction. It was already amazing to be able to accomplish what he had done. Wasn't that obvious from how the many Morning Star Magi here had yet to



realise the secret of the stardust bugs and how their identities were completely exposed?

When the black blobs of light in the cave increased in number, a crisp bell sounded, attracting the attention of multiple Magi to a circular stage at the centre.

Light began to flicker there, revealing a blond middle-aged Magus.

“The many of you may or may not know me. Please allow me to introduce myself. I am Leo Oakheart, the host of the Azure Mountain auction. I shall also be the host of this anonymous barter...” Leo’s expression was brimming with a warm smile.

“I’ll cut to the chase. As the anonymous barter only takes place for one night, I shall not waste any more of your precious time. There are two parts to this event. First, the Magi who need to trade items can come onto the stage in order to show the item you wish to sell, and declare what you hope to obtain in exchange. Each person is limited to three items! When the time for the public exhibition is over, next will be the trade. Everyone may communicate privately, but this place does not permit any fights, and once you are out of range of this cave our Oakheart clan will not be held responsible for any of the items you have traded!”

Nearing the end, Leo’s voice became stern. As if to complement his words, a large pressure emanated from within the spell formation on the ground like a huge mountain.

“Please do not worry. All of us are aware of the Oakheart clan’s rules,” a low voice sounded from within the surrounding Magi. It was evident that some of these Magi had been here a few times.

“Good!” Leo nodded, and yielded his position on the platform.

Swish! The moment he left the stage, three streaks of black darted forth.

It was obvious that these Magi were all experienced. They knew that it was most advantageous to go up first, since what they needed might very well be in the hands of the next Magus. The sooner they went up, the easier it would be to obtain the items, and their own items would not be

traded off so quickly as well.

“Hehe... my apologies...” The black streak in the middle was lightning-quick, and reached the platform a moment before the other two. A robotic voice sounded from the black streak, and it was difficult to identify the gender of this person.

Upon seeing this, the other two streaks of black light hesitated and could only retreat. They knew the rules of the Oakheart clan, and that if they did not obey they would be in trouble. Hence, they did not have any plans of doing things by force or arguing.

“Ladies and Gentlemen, what I have brought to exchange here is an ornament, the “Forbidden Ancient Clock”. In exchange, I require...” The moment he spoke, the audience was in an uproar.

“The forbidden clock? Isn’t that the inheritance of the Lucca clan in the north? Why is it here?”

“Rumours have been circulating recently that a few fearless Magi snuck into the clan and stole it, and then scattered till they were near the Azure Mountain. He can’t be one of them, can he?”

Leo, who was watching on, was also slightly surprised. He had not expected the other party to make their move so quickly.

With a thought, countless stardust bugs crawled all over the Magus’ body in secret. With them on his body, that Magus would definitely be unable to escape from the Oakheart clan.

“The Forbidden Ancient Clock? A.I. Chip!” Leylin, who was under the stage, was similarly startled and quietly issued a command.

[The Forbidden Ancient Clock. One of the mysteries inherited from ancient times. Said to hold the power of time, and is the treasure of the northern Lucca clan.]

The A.I. Chip quickly came up with a paragraph and a picture. It was a vivid image from a piece of parchment paper, within which was a giant black wall clock. The clock hand was twisted, and gave a strange sense of confusion.

“The power of time?!” Leylin’s eyes widened. “This is an extremely advanced power. How can low-ranked Magi control it...”

There were many who knew about the rumours surrounding the Forbidden Ancient Clock. Many Magi stared at the black blob of light onstage with fiery gazes.

Or to be precise, they were staring at the item the Magus was displaying.

It was a round ornament. It looked exactly the same as the picture of the ancient clock that the A.I. Chip had shown. The surface was the colour of dark copper and did not seem the least bit special.

“A.I. Chip, scan!” Knowing something was off, Leylin commanded the A.I. Chip to perform a scan.

[Mission established. Beginning scanning. Beep! Interrupted by an unknown force field. Scanning unable to proceed.]

On the interface of the A.I. Chip, Leylin saw a strange blank region at the sides of the black item, preventing the A.I. Chip from scanning.

After advancing to become a rank 3 Warlock, the A.I. Chip had also been upgraded. Issues like this, where there was interference from a force field that prevented it from scanning, hardly happened anymore.

The only possibility was that this Forbidden Ancient Clock was the real deal. The A.I. Chip was still unable to draw data on the power of time.

“However, what the A.I. Chip might be unable to probe might not be the clock, but some other mysterious item that causes a similar reaction...” Leylin touched his chin and continued watching the platform.

As expected, that Magus continued to demonstrate a few tricks, proving the authenticity of what he held.

A unique treasure, especially one that was related to the domain of time, was more than enough to be highly sought-after by Magi, even if it was merely a small component.

On top of that, this Magus had not quoted a very high price. Not only could it be exchanged with some precious materials, he even accepted

magic crystals. This immediately caused the eyes of all the Magi present to go red in desire.

This was an anonymous barter event. Even if they obtained the item, the Lucca clan might not be able to find them. The number of Magi who had this thought in mind was definitely not small.

At the end, another Magus shrouded in black light used an astronomical price of 15 billion magic crystals as well as numerous precious materials and put pressure on the other competitors, finally obtaining this item.

After obtaining this item, the Magus knew that he could not stay for much longer and quickly left in a hurry. The Magus on stage did the same.

In order to protect customers, the Oakheart clan had even set up a random teleportation formation. Customers leaving would be transported to any area near the Azure Mountain, which even the Oakheart clan would not know. Hence, there was no need to worry about being followed.

However, these things were all just to prevent any attention. Leo had long since planted stardust bugs on their bodies. Not just the seller; even the Magus who had obtained the item was now under his eye.

This feeling of being in control of another's fate was truly intoxicating.

# Chapter 461: Trade

Leylin noticed that after those two Magi left, a few others in the cave had secretly followed along. Under the enormous temptation, it was evident that Magi did not mind being robbers every once in awhile.

‘It’s a pity that compared to the Oakheart clan, your methods are too cheap...’ Leylin sighed and glanced up at the stage once more.

When the Magus left the stage, another black ball of light streaked over to the position. A friendly male voice sounded, “Ladies and gentlemen, what I shall now display is...”

Leylin watched on detachedly. The items on display were on a whole other level compared to the auction, and there were many precious items, some of which could even be said to have already been lost to time.

The prices of these medicines were lower. Most Magi demanded that their items be exchanged for other items, and they were even willing to trade for lower-levelled materials.

There were few Magi who were like the one before, agreeing to trade for any item, and even agreeing to take magic crystals. Most clearly indicated what resources they required. If nobody had the item, they would not make the trade no matter how many magic crystals were offered up, and might leave regretfully.

In general, though the items here were top-grade, so the chances of success were not very high.

Halfway through the event, it was finally Leylin’s turn. He muttered to himself as he headed onto the stage, already sure of which items he was going to exhibit.

An ancient black female crown, as well as a few multi-coloured potions, floated above his hands.

“A piece of magic equipment, the Dark Elven Crown. Extremely effective in concealing large groups. There’s also a blood-igniting potion, divine potions and other top-grade potions!” With a push, these items all began

to float, undulating with tempting lustre.

“I wish to obtain an astral stone in exchange for all these, or a means to obtain astral stones...” He had produced these items after careful deliberation. The Blood-igniting potion and the many others were top-grade potions, and with his knowledge as a Potions Grandmaster, it was not difficult to brew them again as long as he had all the ingredients.

The Dark Elven Crown was not of much use to him, and it did not quite match his own strength. It belonged to Twilight Zone, and Magi of the central continent would definitely be unable to tell its origins, which made it perfect for sale.

Bloodline treasures or refined bloodlines held very obvious markings that could very well expose him. Unless it was absolutely necessary, Leylin had no wish to sell them.

It had to be said that the items Leylin had displayed were all very practical. The Dark Elven Crown was a piece magic equipment after all, and was definitely valuable.

However, with all of the items together, he would probably only be able to obtain an astral stone the size of a little finger. If he obtained information on how to acquire them, that would be quite generous.

Leylin watched the Magi downstairs expectantly. To construct an astral gate, it might not even be enough to sell himself away to gather enough astral stones. He had no high hopes, however, as constructing astral gates was something only Morning Star Magi were capable of.

All he wished now was to obtain resources to proceed with the preliminary research. For this reason, he merely needed a few of astral stones.

However, the rarity of astral stones exceeded Leylin's expectations. Though the items he was exhibiting caused a commotion amongst the Magi, nobody was willing to make this trade.

If they planned to use information, they lacked real news. One could not underestimate Magi; they were extremely sensitive to the authenticity of

this sort of information. The Magi below were also unable to bring any news that would be able to cheat Leylin.

Leylin sighed inside.

All of a sudden, he saw one of the black blobs of light flickering at the corner of his eye.

Elated, he immediately commanded the A.I. Chip to use its scanning abilities at full power, even emanating tempting ripples that lured the stardust bugs on the other party's body to cooperate.

In the A.I. Chip's field of vision, the figure of an old man vaguely appeared. The image from the stardust bugs that Leylin had coerced might have been blurry, but it was enough for Leylin to recognise who he was. This man was someone he had seen before!

'It's Vance, the head of the Rolithe family?' Leylin immediately let go of his hesitation and turned to leave the stage.

"Ladies and gentlemen, what I wish to trade is..." The moment he left, another Magus came up in a hurry, producing materials gained from high-energy creatures. He went on and on, introducing the item...

When everyone Magus had gone up once, Leo immediately announced that the event would now continue to the free exchange segment.

This free exchange meant that all the Magi present would have a place to display the items they wished to sell. It was just like a street stall.

This was also the last chance for Magi who had not profited at all from before.

Even if they could not obtain resources they were in urgent need of, they could also sell things here and exchange for more regular items, such as magic crystals.

However, there were Magi who were already content or had no interest in magic crystals who left the anonymous barter after the first segment by the teleportation spell formation.

Leylin unhurriedly came before an area and displayed the Dark Elven

Crown and top-grade potions he had exhibited previously. He mentioned that he would only accept astral stones, and had no intentions of obtaining magic crystals.

He caught a glimpse of Vance, who was hesitating not far away, and grinned.

He was now 'fishing'. The other party had not come forward for some unknown reason, but he definitely had an astral stone or might have some information about it. All this meant hope to Leylin.

"Sire, may I see what you have?" Unexpectedly enough, before Vance came over, another person had been attracted to his stall.

This person had blond hair and a very amiable smile. In the entire floor, the only person not using magic to conceal himself would be Leo.

"So it's Lord Leo. Of course, but I will only accept astral stones!" Leylin waved his arms, his voice already changed using the A.I. Chip. He was thus not recognised.

"Tsk tsks... This magic equipment's design is very ancient, and even holds the style of the ancient Gloomy Forest region..." Leo evidently had no eyes for the top-grade potions at Leylin's stall, but was evidently unwilling to part with this dark elven magic equipment.

"My apologies!" After staring at it for a long while, Leo finally put down the crown regretfully.

"I have a female cousin who really likes things of this style. On top of that, this is even magic equipment! I hope to buy it, so just tell me a price in terms of magic crystals..."

Leo's expression showed his sincerity. With his status, it was very rare that he would speak so amicably.

"I'm sorry, but I'm not lacking in magic crystals. I only want astral stones, no matter how small!" Leylin politely rejected him, "I'm sorry, but you're in the way."

There were a few Magi waiting to watch a good show here with Leo



around, but the blob of light that signified Vance seemed to be shrinking back.

“Hehe... Sire, if you are willing to sell it, you shall gain a good relationship with our Oakheart clan!” Leo focused on the black bundle of light in front of him, eyes seeming to look past the concealing formation at Leylin’s face.

“What? Is the Oakheart clan threatening me?” Leylin’s voice went higher, attracting the attention of many Magi.

“Of course not, you’re misunderstanding! I was just impatient. My apologies!” This had not gone the way Leo had expected. It was the first time a Magus had not taken his clan into account.

The prestige of his clan was the foundation of this very auction. He bowed in apology, but a sinister trace glinted in his eyes.

‘You... you dare treat me this way?’ He silently sent down a command, and Leylin quickly found that the stardust bugs that he had hypnotised into submission had received a command. They would reveal information about his looks and ranking, as well as crawl over his body so that he could be tracked.

‘If this were a regular Magus, they would be in trouble, but to deal with me...’ Leylin sneered inside, ‘A.I. Chip, send fake fluctuations!’

[Mission established, beginning task...] Soon enough, false information was transmitted to Leo through formless undulations, and successfully sent information on his location.

“Hehe... Sire, here is a portion of an astral stone as compensation!” Already thinking of Leylin as a dead man, Leo magnanimously produced a purple embroidered case and placed it before Leylin.

‘Oh? I’m unexpectedly profiting?’ Leylin was delighted and opened the case, finding an astral stone the size of a quail egg.

“I only wanted to try purchasing with magic crystals. Since you are unwilling to accept it, I can only resign myself and part with this treasure.” Leo’s words were elegant, and he had even given up this astral stone that

was even more valuable than anything Leylin had on display. He successfully reversed the image of his clan.

“Oh! I was much too hurried just now. My apologies.” Leylin knew when to stop and placed the cosmic stone back properly, “All these items are now yours!” he pointed at the potions and crown at his stall.

With what he had, he could at most only obtain an astral stone the size of a pinky, but Leo had given him one the size of a quail egg. This meant Leylin had obviously gotten the better end of the deal.

Leo kept everything from the stall properly while observing Leylin. He was especially careful with the Dark Elven Crown, though he was snickering inside.

‘You must be proud, huh? Excited? It’s a pity, but you’ll only be taking care of that astral stone for a short period of time before you’ll have to spit it out obediently, and even give me your life while you’re at it!’

# Chapter 462: Rob and Kill

Leylin had long guessed what Leo was thinking.

Since they had already dispatched stardust bugs to find out the background of all the guests, the Oakheart Family had probably done their fair share of killing and seizing treasure. They hadn't been discovered only because they had concealed it well, and the targets they chose were mostly those without power and support.

What interested him more was the other party's obvious desire for the Dark Elven Crown.

'The concealing effect of this magical device has a large range. Although it is sufficiently extensive, for a Magus, a range that is too large might become a burden to them, making the concealing function less favourable.' Leylin stroked his chin and squinted.

'The only reason why this could attract Leo would be its use in war...' Only a sneak attack in such a wide area would be the place for this piece of magic equipment to be put to use.

Therefore, whatever purpose the other party had purchased this magic equipment for would be revealed soon. Leylin absolutely did not believe what he said about giving it to his cousin or any rubbish of the sort anyway.

'However, having gained something here, Vance...' Leylin looked over at his empty stall, and glanced outside at the corner of his eye.

Indeed, the sphere of light that represented Vance had left together with the Magi who were crowding around to watch the scene earlier on.

Although Leylin still did have items of a higher value, it would evidently be inappropriate to put them up.

However, merely letting him go was clearly not Leylin's style of doing things. He had now completely understood the rarity and scarcity of astral stones. If he had the chance to obtain one more, he definitely wouldn't mind.

As time passed, the anonymous barter had come to an end.

Groups of Magi left on the teleportation spell formation one after another, rays of light flashing repeatedly. The entire cave quickly became quiet.

At this moment, Leo appeared, along with 7 or 8 Magi behind him. There seemed to be both old and young Magi, but what remained the same across all of them were their frightful energy waves and astonishing murderous aura.

“I will personally handle the Magus that sold the Forbidden Ancient Clock. Number 6 and 7 will be in charge of the buyer! The other party is only a small fry with little power. As long as we kill him and destroy the evidence, there wouldn’t be any consequences...” Leo swiftly delegated missions, occasionally throwing out a locating crystal.

“As for Number 5, you’ll go after the fellow that took the astral stone and kill him. That is his actual appearance, don’t worry! He only has the strength of an initial Hydro Phase Magus!” They were the secret elite force of the Oakheart Clan, and every Magus was in the Crystal Phase. To Leo, dispatching even one of them to deal with Leylin was already thinking too highly of him.

Number 5 was a bulky middle-aged Caucasian. Upon receiving an image, he discovered that Leylin was a young man with brown curly hair and nodded.

“Also, if possible, try to catch him alive. Our clan’s underwater prison has been short of prisoners of a sufficiently high rank...” Leo laughed coldly, sending shivers down the spines of the other Magi.

The Oakheart Clan’s underwater prison naturally would not be any average place. Even rank 3 Magi in the Crystal Phase that entered would surely face death, and would even be sentenced to the cruelest penalty before dying; even their corpses would be an unbearable sight to behold.

‘Looks like this youngster has greatly offended Sire!’ number 5 secretly thought. He slapped his chest and guaranteed, “Rest assured, Chief! I will definitely arrest him for you to punish!”

“Alright! Excellent!” Leo nodded.

“Is everyone clear about the rules of our Clan? If something goes wrong, immediately destroy all evidence. I’d rather you commit suicide than divulge any information about the clan, or else...” He watched the Magi indifferently. The icy-cold look in his eyes made them sweat profusely.

Although they had already risen to Crystal Phase, as long as they were human, there was bound to be something or someone that they cared about or was their weakness. And all of this was secretly controlled by Leo and the clan.

While every single one of them was strong rank 3 Crystal Phase Magi, they did not dare to disobey Leo’s orders because they were deterred by the Morning Star Magus.

“Great! Let’s set off!” With a wave of his hand, the numerous Magi instantly transformed into rays of light, launching in all directions.

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At this moment, Leylin was following closely behind Vance.

He had already set his eyes on the other party at the auction venue. There would only be one outcome when a scheming Leylin and a clueless Vance come together: an easy target. With the aid of the A.I. Chip, he immediately marked Vance.

He wasn’t far from where Vance’s transmitted location was and had promptly followed him.

“Hmm?” Leylin then discovered that the stardust bugs on him had sent him information.

“Someone is chasing after me, and he’s just a mere Crystal Phase Magus? What a pity Leo didn’t come himself, or else I might be able to take the Dark Elven Crown back...” After the experience with Toram, Leylin now had confidence in his combat capabilities.

If an average rank 3 Magus in the Crystal Phase tried all the tactics possible, there still might be a possibility of defeating the enemy.

However, if the other party had more than 3 people, then his only option would be to ditch the plan and run.

If Leo alone came for him, he thought of making him stay here forever, but since it was just a Magus in the Crystal Phase...

“Since I can’t kill you, I’ll annoy you. A rank 3 Magus in the Crystal Phase probably wasn’t easy to nurture...” Leylin stroked his chin, and an evil look flashed in his eyes.

‘However, I will first have to settle with Vance, or it will be an unexpected factor that could easily result in consequences I can’t have thought of.’ After much thought, Leylin used the Transfiguration spell to transform into the image of Blood Rogue that he had used in the auction venue, and stopped Vance in his tracks.

“Who is it? Oh? Mr Blood Rogue?” Vance examined the Magus in his way, stunned. Even after recognizing that he was Blood Rogue, he did not seem relaxed, but instead became more alert.

“I wonder why Sire is blocking my way?” Vance stared at Blood Rogue in fear.

His ability to randomly transmit spell formations and find out his whereabouts was definitely something worth being cautious about. Vance’s heart beat rapidly, and he had a premonition that something bad was about to happen.

“I am the Magus that was selling the Crown of the Dark Elves previously. It seems that you, Sir, seem to have information about astral stones, so I followed you with hopes of obtaining it...” Leylin spoke politely.

“Oh! It’s you!” Having made a great realization, Vance patted his head, but his expression suddenly changed, “But, how did you recognize me?”

At that time, he had been using the concealment spell formation, and had even put on a few layers of disguise!

“About this, of course...” Leylin smiled, keeping an enigmatic expression. But before he could complete his sentence, he turned behind and his face

changed.

There, Number 5 had hidden his face and was swiftly coming after him, using up to them.

“Such waves? It’s a Magus in Crystal Phase. You went so far as to provoke someone of this level?” The old man’s eyes widened, and deployed a few layers of defense in succession.

“He came too quickly, what a waste! With a bit more time, I could lower Vance’s defense levels and attack in one go!”

Leylin glanced at Vance, “I’ll have to get this done and over with!”

Whoosh! Both of his hands abruptly turned blood red, and huge claws grabbed at Vance, making loud sounds.

“I knew you were up to no good!” Vance hollered, as layers of soil made their way onto his body, forming a humongous clay giant that was more than ten metres tall.

“Kill!” Leylin’s face was expressionless, his eyes filled with a piercing look that was sharp enough to kill. His spiritual force, which was already in Hydro Phase, flowed into the Claws of Blood without end.

The massive clay giant roared, raising his fist to greet the strange bloody claws flying towards him.

Bam! The blood red claws were sharp beyond comparison, and instantly scratched the other party’s fist, even leaving a deep groove in his chest.

“Hmph!” Vance’s stifled snort came from within the clay giant, his voice filled with dismay, “Such strength? Aren’t you a Magus in Hydro Phase?”

Boom! With that, the clay giant immediately turned and hurriedly escaped.

But why would Leylin let him run off? Numerous potions flew in mid-air, and terrifying elemental particles converged, taking the shape of a jet black sickle.

“Rank 3 potion combination spell—Death’s Blade!” Gigantic black sickles slashed through the giant silently, without a single wave.

The clay giant's entire body trembled and he suddenly came to a standstill. Soon after, along with the loud rumble, the clay giant disintegrated in all directions, revealing Vance within.

It was just that Vance now had a more pitiful appearance. Both legs were broken at the knees and blood was gushing profusely, but no matter what spells or healing potions he used, it was still useless.

"No! Don't come over! I can give you anything you want, I... I still have some clues about astral stones... You'll definitely need it..." Seeing Leylin inch closer step by step, Vance started to panic, promising a whole heap of things.

He didn't wish to die. He treasured his life, even more now that he had already collected sufficient materials and was about to advance to the Crystal Phase.

"Blame Jessica if you wish!" Leylin was apathetic. He had never believed in intelligence that was revealed in the face of death, and the Crystal Phase waves that were getting closer also meant that he was running out of time.

"I have enough astral stones, the intelligence means nothing to me. If you don't have any on you, at most I'll think of it as doing all of this for nothing!" Leylin had thought this through clearly. He had gone on the trip with the intention of giving it a try.

He didn't need the intelligence, because with a piece of astral stone with him, there wasn't a need to risk his life for another imaginary desire.

Therefore, Vance's fate had actually been set from then.

"Jessica?" Vance paused, recalling his grandson's cheeky wife.

"What has anything got to do with her?"

But he didn't have to think any further, as a blood-red ray of light threw him into darkness...



# Chapter 463: The Hocada Beast

Leylin searched the other party's body at the speed of light. His eyes lit up as he tugged the red gemstone off the other party's ear.

Using his spiritual force to swiftly explore the inside of the pendant, an astral stone the size of a fingernail immediately came into view.

"Brilliant!" As expected, Vance had indeed lied about the intelligence that he had gathered before he died. He had always been carrying the astral stone around.

Not only that, there were certain materials that were kept inside the earrings that surprised Leylin.

"The Diamond Jellyfish..." Leylin couldn't help but smile as he glanced upon something that seemed like a crystal figure.

"This is indeed a genuine first-rate material that is capable of increasing the chances of breaking through to the Crystal Phase by 35%. No wonder the other party was so confident in advancing." He couldn't help but take a look at his own condition.

[Leylin Farlier. Rank 3 Warlock (Hydro Phase). Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent, Strength: 30, Agility: 30, Vitality: 45.5, Spiritual Force: 315.6, Magic Power: 315 (Magic power in synchronisation with spiritual force)]

It had been a while since Leylin had advanced to the Hydro Phase. In recent times, he had always used the power of his bloodline to increase his spiritual force, instead of using spiritual force potions.

After a century of disuse, his body's resistance to potions had almost completely worn out.

As long as he used this potion once more, he should be able to fulfill the requirements of Crystal Phase.

"Vance has indeed given me many good things!" Not only that, most of the things that Vance had painstakingly prepared to break through to the Crystal Phase were also useful for Leylin. This had indeed saved Leylin a

lot of trouble to search for them.

He couldn't help but laugh out loud.

The Coin of Destiny had indeed guided him well. Vance was practically his lucky star, although the man himself would not think that way.

"Found you!" Number 5 descended in front of Leylin, emitting terrifying Crystal Phase energy waves.

"Leo didn't follow you? This is indeed disappointing!" Leylin looked at Number 5 and shook his head as his face showed regret.

"How dare you? Even though you've just killed a Hydro Phase Magus, you can't belittle the dignity of a Crystal Phase Magus!"

Number 5's face hardened as he gathered and concentrated the spiritual force all over his body.

"I should inform you that I didn't just kill a Rank 3 Hydro Phase Magus, I also killed a Magus that just broke through to the Crystal Phase not long ago.

"Just in time, the specimen that I had gained previously seemed a little weak, maybe I should gather another one..." Upon hearing Leylin's words, Number 5's expression darkened.

Number 5 looked at Leylin who laughed indifferently, and suddenly felt like what he'd done was ridiculously dumb.

Yet, it was too late as there was a black ray of light concentrating on Leylin's finger....

.....

"I'll remember this, Oakheart Clan!" On the other hand, a hawk-nosed Magus, with terrible wounds and even scars that were created from spell formations, was currently fleeing in disarray.

Even though he has already reached a high level of the Crystal Phase, and his spiritual force is only a few steps away from peaking the Crystal Phase, he was still unable to defend himself from the combined attacks of three Crystal Phase Magi. He lost tragically and even suffered serious

injuries.

In particular, the leader Leo could be said to be this Magus' nightmare. He brought along a high-energy creature which was the main cause of his injuries.

What made him even angrier was that he was unable to escape Leo's clutches even when he changed his aura. This meant that the other party had left a mark on him.

Unfortunately, no matter how hard he tried, he was unable to find out what exactly the other party had done. The fact that even his communications equipment was restricted made him realize the disparity between the two parties, driving him insane.

"Oakheart Clan, I will definitely expose your dirty tricks to the entire world!" the hawk-nosed Magus howled in desperation as he soon found himself cornered by the three.

"You'll never get the chance!" Leo showed a ruthless expression as he concentrated a terrifying amount of energy fluctuations on his body.

In that instant, the shadow of a beast that appeared behind him gradually took form as it stood in front of the hawk-nosed Magus.

That creature howled, making an unpleasant sound.

This creature seemed to be a combination of a wolf and a squid. It has the head and the body of a wolf and yet its lower body was equipped with white tentacles, complete with suction pads, that sent shivers down one's spine.

The creature, which had eyes that looked like green lightbulbs, stared intensely at the Magus. At the same time, there were traces of dark green gases being emitted from the suction pads.

The gas then concentrated on the hawk-nosed Magus' body, forming a thick layer of adhesive that caused him to slow down.

Roar! The tentacles, located at the lower body of the creature, bloomed like a flower as they headed towards the hawk-nosed Magus.

Leo watched in pleasure as the creature swallowed the hopeless fellow into its stomach. The creature's stomach didn't stop squirming as if it was digesting the entire body.

It was always the same cycle. Those he pursued would first curse him, then fear him and his creature, and ultimately they wouldn't be able to escape their fate of death. Witnessing these Magi eventually die was always a heartfelt pleasure for him.

Even though this current target was not a beautiful and skilled female Magus, the fact that he was from an affluent family was enough to make up for his loss.

"This Hocada Beast..." Suddenly, the creature wrapped itself with its uncountable hands, forming a humongous meat lump and even breathing like a human being.

"It's almost reached the stage of evolution. Once it evolves, I'm afraid..." Leo's expression darkened.

This unique Hocada Beast originally belonged to his Morning Star Magus grandfather who found it among the debris of another plane.

The creature was now merely in its infancy, and could still swallow terrifying Crystal Phase magi. Once it was fully grown and its ability increased, only his Master Grandfather would be capable of subduing it.

Snap! A sharp and clear sound could be heard from Leo's chest as he stared blankly.

He couldn't believe it as he took out a rhombus-shaped crystal from his embrace and saw the surface being filled with cracks and at the same time, it wasn't shining.

Number 1 and Number 2 couldn't help but narrowed their eyes.

"This is... the crystal that seals the spirit source. Which comrade perished?"

"Number 5. But how is that possible? The other party is only a Hydro Phase..."

Leo hated this feeling as it meant that things went beyond his control. “Exactly what happened? Which Magus concealed his capability? Or was it merely sheer luck that a high-ranked Magus helped him? Drat, there are so many possibilities....”

Leo’s expression turned ferocious: “Number 1, Number 2... I want you...”

“Buzz!” Just at this time, a subtle energy wave was transmitted from Leo’s ring in the form of a blue ray of light as an image was projected in the sky.

In this image was a blue-haired Magus with eyes, more brilliant than the stars.

“Master Grandfather!” Leo bowed respectfully while Number 1 and Number 2 knelt on the ground as they shivered. The dignity of a Morning Star Magus could not be violated even if you were at the Crystal Phase.

The expression of the Magus in the image was awful: “I felt a portion of the dispatched stardust bugs being destroyed.”

Leo narrowed his eyes. The fact that the Oakheart Clan made use of stardust bugs to spy on each and every move of the Magi was a top secret and the consequences would be dire if this secret was to be exposed.

Even the Azure Mountain King, who was also a Morning Star Magus, would not be able to appease the anger of the numerous Magi.

Adding on, once the female Morning Star Magi found out that their conduct and deeds were.... Leo didn’t dare to even think about it anymore.

“No matter what, this has to be resolved immediately. Luckily, the last information that was sent through the stardust bugs is that the other party is not of a high rank, not even to the extent of nearing the Morning Star realm. Go to the location with these coordinates first, I’ll arrive soon!”

The Azure Mountain King’s tone was pressing and commanding. He’d emphasized on the matter at hand when he hung up.

“These coordinates?” Leo looked at the information that the Azure Mountain King had sent him as his eyes narrowed into a line.

He remembered very clearly that these coordinates located the direction that the Magus who had killed Number 5 fled to.

The scene of his confrontation with the other party flashed in his head.

He remembered the other party's calm voice and realised how foolish he was back then. Maybe back then, the other party had already seen through his tricks and found a way to free himself as he awaited Leo's arrival.

Once he thought about it, he'd truly been inane! Leo's expression dropped instantly, now as gloomy as rain.

"Follow me!" Leo's voice was very dry, as if he was dying of thirst in the desert. Number 1 and Number 2 looked at each other and helplessly forced a smile.

Based on the conversation just now, they had already guessed that something serious had happened and they were aware of the consequences of knowing too much.

This was the sad part of being controlled by someone else. Even if they knew they were at a disadvantage, they would not dare to rebel.

"Humph!" Leo turned his head away coldly as Number 1 and Number 2 followed closely behind him.

The stardust bugs were top secret. In past history, only the leader of the Oakheart Clan and the Azure Mountain King knew of them. Since these two heard the name, they were already destined for death.

Maybe the Azure Mountain King had already thought of this. He was only delaying their deaths because he had a use for them.

It was important to clean all evidence once the deed was done. After all, no one could know of the clan's biggest secret...

Thump! Number 5's body fell on the floor with a small black hole in his forehead.

"Not bad!" Leylin's breathing was unstable. After all, it was not an easy task to deal with a rank 3 Crystal Phase Magus. Yet, as he looked at Number 5's ring, his expression brightened.

# Chapter 464: Counting Spoils

Only after finishing with the plunder of Number 5's body did Leylin turn his gaze upon the black mask, his expression grave.

"The coercion of the A.I. Chip cannot last a long time. Once it fades, the controller of these bugs will get the news right away..."

The powder he'd used on these stardust bugs would only work once; moreover, once the effect was gone, he was afraid that these bugs would still leak out all the information to the central control room.

Leylin could not allow this. Once he thought of the Morning Star Magus behind the scenes, he felt a chill.

Fortunately, the other side still did not know his identity, so as long as the proof could be wiped out clearly, chances were that he could escape notice.

Once he thought of that, a green flame fell on the mask, growing larger.

Explosions could be heard from the mask, so soft that one couldn't hear them without the help of the A.I. Chip.

After confirming that the stardust bugs had all perished, Leylin burned the entire area to ashes, laughing grimly before leaving.

.....

With his timely retreat, Leylin did not get to see Leo's crazed look as he arrived.

Leylin had been very careful to avoid places that could be monitored by Magi, even choosing to forgo travel by airship in favour of making his way on land. He hadn't even hesitated to pass through some dangerous zones.

By the time he'd arrived at a safe zone outside the region of influence of Azure Mountain City, he'd even gotten news about the great changes there.

Watching the news that Azure Mountain City had imposed a curfew and sealed off the airship network, even starting to hunt for him without

restraint, Leylin could not help but feel glad at his early departure.

He did not care about how crazy the Oakheart Family was, and didn't even plan on spreading the news.

Although announcing the secret of the stardust bug would hurt the Oakheart Clan badly, there were few benefits for himself. On the other hand, this secret would make for a good bargaining chip in the future.

Leylin looked forward to the day he advanced to become a Morning Star Magus and the hush money the Azure Mountain King would provide.

Of course, having such dreams before advancing to the Morning Star realm would be nothing but courting death!

Since he didn't choose to use an airship, Leylin's return trip seemed to take a long time.

For the sake of caution, he'd even taken a big detour and only then snuck back into his own territory.

Only after entering his Magus Tower and being greeted by the mechanical voice of the tower genie did he relax completely.

A cup of hot coffee was placed on top of the table, emanating a rich and sweet aroma. Yet, Leylin only sat there without any facial expression, rapping his fingers on the table.

Leylin reflected on his actions after returning to his safe haven and listed out his weakness and gains in detail. He has always been doing that and it is because of this that he could survive without much mishaps in this sinister Magus world.

He had gained a lot on this trip, enough to shock any Crystal Phase Magus. But, at the same time, he'd provoked a power that was very troublesome. Just a little bit of thoughtlessness could've ended up with him dead.

The rage of a Morning Star Magus was awful. Once he was discovered, forget Leylin himself, not even his family and friends would meet a good end.



“I’ve cut off all the clues. To the auction house I was just ‘Blood Rogue,’ and at the anonymous barter, I’d disguised myself as well. I even destroyed the evidence afterwards. To think to look for me from all this is nearly impossible!”

Leylin was very confident in his own methods and the A.I. Chip’s coverup.

“As for prophetic spells, they’re very inaccurate on their own, and they work much worse against high ranked Magi. Adding on the cover from my Magus Tower...” This aspect was what worried Leylin the most.

There may be no normal clues, but if any mysterious spells were added into the mix... the thought scared him.

Especially prophetic spells. Those were extremely troublesome. Unless you were much higher in rank than the other party, as long as they paid a certain price, they could find out everything about you!

“Fortunately, there are very few prophetic Magi on the continent, and to correctly trace it back to me with my strength being at the Hydro Phase and the cover of my Magus Tower, it’ll be impossible for those normal ones. And to employ a Morning Star Magus that specialized in prophecy for the task would entail a huge price.”

With the database of the A.I. Chip and his personal experience with the Coin of Destiny, Leylin understood the workings of prophecy Magic much better than any ordinary Magus at his level.

“And the Azure Mountain King is not a prophetic Magus, and to pay the huge price of a Morning Star realm prophet is impossible within a short period of time... I must take advantage of this opportunity and immediately advance to the Crystal Phase. If things drag out until then, it’ll be much better...”

It took much more to predict the location of a Crystal Phase Magus to one at the Hydro Phase. What Leylin needed to do the most now was to improve his own strength so predictions would fail.

Strong radiation would be enough to interfere with such things!

Once Leylin advanced to the Morning Star realm, all this would count as a minor matter. Nobody would offend one Morning Star Magus for the sake of another.

Once Leylin advanced to the Morning Star realm, he could use this matter of the stardust bugs to extort the other party. At that time, the Azure Mountain Kin would only be able to swallow that bitter pill obediently.

‘And there’s no need to worry much about Vance and the Rolithe Family!’ Leylin remembered the patriarch of the Rolithe Family that died at his hands. Because of Jessia’s entanglement and having been detected by Leylin’s Coin of Destiny, he will always be at the losing end, how miserable is that.

He didn’t even know who killed him. As for the Rolithe Family, for them to find out would be even harder.

“Diamond Jellyfish, astral stone!” Leylin touches his chin, muttering, “For such precious treasures to appear in such a small family at the same time is abnormal. Perhaps I should have Parker go watch them...” For the current Leylin, a family with only a Hydro Phase Magus was no matter.

Even were Vance not dead, with all the subordinates Leylin had amassed in over a century, he didn’t even need to move himself to crush them.

However, for the patriarch of a small family to suddenly advance by leaps and bounds, and at the same time to possess such precious treasures, made Leylin unable to help but suspect that he had found some great treasure or inheritance.

In the central continent, there were plenty of Magi. As a result, there was an abundance of inheritance and historical remains. Almost every day in the Magi World, there would be lucky Magi who would ride on the coattails of their ancestors, and have high possibilities of promotion.

‘No, the Rolithe Family does not know right now that I’m the murderer. It would be too obvious to let Parker go.’ Leylin was not afraid of their vengeance, but he was worried that the Oakheart Family would also associate him with the killer, which would be terrible!

Leylin thought for a bit, and opened up a secret imprint, “Tanasha! Go to the Black River Domain, and secretly watch the Rolithe Family. Report to me their every move!”

“Understood, Master!” came her respectful voice in return.

After slowly separating from the inner circle of the Forgotten Land, this lady had wholeheartedly joined Leylin and become his most powerful subordinate.

For a Crystal Phase Magus, even eliminating the entire Rolithe Family would be no problem, leave alone simply monitoring them.

“Now that the annoyances are out of the way, let’s take a look at the spoils!” After closing the secret imprint, Leylin spat out a breath and waved his hand, causing a few objects to appear on the table.

Inside a purple box were two black stones, one big and one small, each flickering in a weak blue light.

These were Leylin’s main purpose in making the trip—astral stones!

The big one was from Leo and was the size of a quail egg, and the small one was what he’d plundered from Vance. It was only the size of a fingernail.

In fact, the one he’d gotten from Vance was enough to conduct preliminary research on astral gates, but to Leylin there would never be enough. He wasn’t losing money anyway, and one could never have too much of these high-class resources.

Especially after he reached the Morning Star realm. At that point, the number of astral stones he’d need to build an astral gate already made Leylin worry, so even though he had enough for now, the more the better.

“With all these things, this trip was worth it!” Leylin touched his chin, looking at the other things on the table.

The most eye-catching of them all was a crystal statue, bright and pink, that seemed indestructible as if made of diamond.

This was a Diamond Jellyfish, a valuable natural resource that had been

lost to time. It could greatly increase the probability of a Hydro Phase Magus advancing to the Crystal Phase.

Although the rest couldn't compare to the Diamond Jellyfish, they were still very precious treasures, altogether useful enough to increase the probability of a breakthrough further by one or two levels.

Adding the optimised spell formation, it seemed like Vance's chances of promotion this time were quite big.

Unfortunately, all of this had now become Leylin's fortune. The goods from Vance and Number 5 had swelled Leylin's pockets once more.

"No wonder the atmosphere felt strange lately, I better just stay within my tower and breakthrough the Crystal Phase bottleneck..." Thinking of what he'd heard and seen on the trip, Leylin's face became gloomy.

Whether it was the Ouroboros Clan, or Azure Mountain City, everyone seemed tense and depressed, as if war was on the horizon.

# Chapter 465: Preparation

Sly old Leylin was definitely able to recognise the stifling feeling when a huge war was approaching.

It was not just the mood. The bustling activity in the trading hall, the bloody missions, what had happened when Leylin had last been dispatched, as well as the appearance of the Ancient Forbidden Clock at the Azure Mountain Auction event all alluded to Leylin's premonitions being correct.

The military strength of the central continent far exceeded Leylin's experience in the south coast and Twilight Zone. The moment Morning Star Magi began using their final techniques, the damages were devastating.

With such terrifying attacks, it was no longer just about harming innocent commoners. Even lower ranked Magi were nothing but cannon fodder!

As such, Leylin could no longer distance himself from the whirlpool of events.

The volcano that was connected to the Twilight Zone was currently filled with lava, and he was unwilling to abandon the Ouroboros Clan now. After all, he was happier with the lifestyle here.

"For a Morning Star to rise, many choose to pave their way with bloody murder. What I lack now is precisely that, a tempering in fire and blood." Leylin's pupils blazed with ambition.

'In the Magus world, the central continent is the highest layer, the place where all the high-ranking Magi reside. If there is disorder here, it's likely to spill over into the other regions as well. I cannot have too many considerations that will distract me. The most crucial issue right now is to strengthen myself as soon as possible...'

With that thought, Leylin immediately sent out an order: "Tower genie, close off my bedroom and the main laboratory. Announce that I'm going

to be conducting a very important experiment and do not wish to be interrupted in any way. Move all the items from Warehouse 1 to my lab.”

“As you wish, master!” The tiny green genie flapped her wings and bowed midair, disappearing in a flash...

About three months later.

In a quiet room in his Magus Tower, Leylin was seated with a head of messy hair and wrinkled clothes that had picked up dirt. In contrast to his ragged clothing, his eyes were bright, their blackness glorious and intimidating as they sparkled. Beside him were innumerable test tubes piled up, making the whole room look like a messy dump.

“A.I. Chip, investigate my current status.” he ordered, and it faithfully reported back:

[Leylin Farlier. Rank 3 Warlock (Hydro Phase). Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent, Strength: 30, Agility: 30, Physique: 45.5, Spiritual Force: 349.9, Magic Power: 349 (magic power is in synchronisation with spiritual force)]

This tremendous increase in spiritual force was the harvest Leylin had been looking forward to for the past few months. It was mainly due to the consumption of extremely powerful potions.

These potions, if offered to the Ouroboros Clan, would be enough to last their Warlocks an entire year! Such was the frightening results of piling up his resources.

For the past century while he lived in seclusion, Leylin had resisted the constant temptation of using spiritual force potions. He'd even concocted many himself, saving and sealing them up. Relying only on his bloodline to advance, he had slowly eliminated his body's resistance to them.

The continuous use of potions would've been harmful to his personal growth. Now, however, with his foundations solid, raising his strength to the peak of the Hydro Phase would be as smooth as liquid flowing, with no obstructions whatsoever.

“Three phases to the third rank,” Leylin muttered under his breath, “the

Vapour, Hydro and Crystal Phases. Spiritual force needs to reach 250 for the first, 300 for the second, and a whopping 350 for the third. Well, now I've achieved it. I can attempt to hit the bottleneck to the Crystal Phase!"

The data computation of the spiritual force in the third rank was split into three sub-ranks and their corresponding abilities had significant disparities.

After all, 100 kilograms of cotton and 100 kilograms of steel might weigh the same, yet their density and durability were completely different.

The spiritual force statistic varied widely between the different phases of the third rank. Between the Vapor Phase and Hydro Phase, a huge difference existed, and with the Crystal Phase, the disparity was even more terrifying.

Magi with such abilities could already be considered as reserve duty for Morning Star Magi. Spiritual force in Crystal Phase was the exact base material for the construction of 'point mass'!

Once one advanced to the Crystal Phase, they would experience a revolutionary change in their body. Leylin had vague experiences of this change through Toram and number 5. The A.I. Chip too, had been in the midst of diligently exploring such changes.

"Warlocks are different from regular Magi after all. We even need to meet bloodline requirements." He beamed. Prior to this, his personal progress had far exceeded that of his bloodline. When he was promoted to a rank 3 Warlock, the Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline in him had still been stuck in its infancy. Were it not for the purity of his bloodline, every breakthrough would've had him requiring a ton of help.

And now, with constant exposure to the Lamia fingerbone, his bloodline had matured, finally catching up to and synchronizing with the progress of his body.

The bottlenecks that had been holding him back vanished without a trace.

With the addition of Vance's gift of the precious Diamond Jellyfish,

Leylin was exceptionally confident in his breaking through to the Crystal Phase.

[Probability of host breaking through to the Crystal Phase: 89.6%] The A.I. Chip, too, agreed with his expectations.

Leylin nodded, evidently pleased. He took out his book of secret imprints and flipped to a particular page.

“Tanasha! Any recent news about the Rolithe Family?” He noticed Tanasha had tried several times to contact him, but he had missed it in the midst of his personal advancement.

“It’s extremely strange. This family was in a complete mess a while ago. I heard their chief left without notice three days ago. And between all this chaos, they all suddenly disappeared without a trace...” Although her voice was steady, Leylin could tell Tanasha’s suppressed fear.

“Who’s the person responsible?” He asked in a low voice.

“I do not know! I cannot find any traces of a high level Magus onsite...” Tanasha smiled bitterly.

No Crystal Phase Magus would be able to hide all traces from another at the same rank. The attacker must’ve been higher-ranked than Tanasha!

Leylin furrowed his brows and fell silent. After some thought, he remarked, “You are no longer needed there. Make your way back, paying attention to hide yourself well!”

He closed the book. The blood had drained from his face and he’d turned solemn.

The entire Rolithe Family had disappeared overnight. This was much more alarming than if they’d all just been massacred.

He could sense an ever-growing spiral enveloping the whole continent.

The Ouroboros Clan, Lucian, Freya, Robin, Kesha, and everyone else he knew— none would be able to escape. In fact, even he might not be able to escape the same fate as them. At least that was what he’d found out from the Coin of Destiny.



Each time Leylin tried to see further into the future, the coin automatically alerted him that it was exceeding its capabilities. It was obvious that it couldn't see past that boundary.

“If it is so, I will go ahead and break through now. The more dangerous it is, the more I can prove my ability!” Leylin's steely gaze burned with determination.

For Magi at his level, refraining from food and water for months would still cause no harm. In fact, there were even some more ambitious Magi who, in a bid to devote themselves further to research, chose to conduct necrosis on themselves to separate themselves from common needs. It was a bitter price to pay; Leylin had no desire to do such a thing.

If he couldn't find joy in the search for truth, whatever he obtained, be it absolute knowledge or control of the entire world, would not be worth it.

However, although he couldn't be compared to those necromancers and spirit body types, he relied on his vitality potions and showed no signs of exhaustion himself.

On the contrary, his spiritual force had advanced to a state of perfection. Leylin had a hunch that, were he not to be successful this time, the next attempt was going to be an uphill task. Leylin had always been one to put a lot of faith into his own premonitions.

With a wave of his hand, the test tubes lying on the ground disappeared. What replaced them was a mysterious spell formation.

[Crystal Phase spell formation (improved version): an essential spiritual force item for all Hydro Phase Magi to advance. Capable of enhancing the crystallisation of the spiritual force and eliminating spiritual force impurities.]

On the surface of the spell formation was a blood red rune that resembled a spiralling snake.

The Crystal Phase spell formations used by Warlocks were not the same as those used by regular Magi. Leylin was not impressed by the kind Vance had bought at the auction, and hence decided to use the one Freya had

given him.

Some time ago, Freya had used an enormous amount of precious materials, as well as a set of Hydro Phase and Crystal Phase spell formations to exchange for a single item from Leylin— a bloodline crystal. To her family's relief, it had assuaged their bloodline deterioration.

And by using the resources he had acquired, he had been able to advance quickly. Now, the time had come for this Crystal Phase spell formation to work its magic.

The A.I. Chip had used the original formation from Freya's family, but had made some improvements.

The effect of purifying of the spiritual force, though, was something Leylin had prepared himself. Spiritual force that had been amassed using potions meant that it needed to be purified and altered.

Leylin had always placed a load of importance on his personal foundation.

"Begin!" Leylin made up his mind. He pulled out the Diamond Jellyfish from his cosmos pouch and bit down on it.

The transparent crystal cracked as it was crushed under his teeth. He ruthlessly bit into the thing.

This was a Diamond Jellyfish, an ancient precious material. It had the ability to enhance the spiritual force and advancements of Magi. He had no idea how Vance had gotten his hands on such a treasure.

The Diamond Jellyfish melted in Leylin mouth, becoming a rush of warmth that flowed throughout his body. It made him extremely comfortable, and he finished it up in a few mouthfuls.

After the last of it was swallowed down, Leylin felt a terrifying heat emerging from his abdomen. Slowly, he began to feel like he was burning up.

[Consumption of essence by host, concluded as Diamond Jellyfish. Spiritual force increasing!] The A.I. Chip responded.

# Chapter 466: Astral Experiment

Numerous heatwaves congregated within his sea of consciousness.

Leylin saw the silvery stream of Hydro Phase spiritual force circulate wildly. Even the core nucleus body glowed with strange crimson runes. It had only lacked just that little bit in the centre that would render it complete!

“Activate Crystal Phase spell formation!” The Crystal Phase spell formation set up at the center of the room immediately rumbled, the crimson runes on it lighting up one after the other.

Leylin began to shiver uncontrollably. Compared to the previous few spell formations, the feeling that came from this Crystal Phase spell formation included a terrifying compressive force, as well as a chill that dug deep into his bones.

Streams of icy air flowed into Leylin’s sea of consciousness, combining with the boiling spiritual force.

On one end, there were waves of heat, but on the other end, streams of cold. Leylin felt like his brain had expanded and seemed on the verge of exploding.

With the alternating cold and heat, a huge transformation happened in his sea of consciousness, the boundaries constantly stretching outwards.

Much of the liquid spiritual force shrunk under the immense compressive force, and was refined further by the constant waves of heat and cold, glimmering with sparkles. This led to the formation of crystals, marking a shift from the Hydro Phase to the Crystal Phase.

Crystal Phase spiritual force was unique to each Magus, and Leylin paid attention to his own. It was made of dark, nearly black crystals, that held a hint of the crimson of fire inside them, denoting his affinity with these elements.

The liquid spiritual force turned to crystals, and decreased in size by several folds. The warm rush of the Diamond Jellyfish stimulated the

generation of even more spiritual force, filling up the gaps.

[Beep! Host body breaking through current gene limitations. Stats in all areas increasing.] The A.I. Chip's voice rang. It had been monitoring him as per usual.

After entering the Crystal Phase, the entire body would experience a complete transformation as a foundation for advancing to the Morning Star realm, and this was only one of the changes.

"As expected, it's an advancement that affects even the genes," Leylin's expression revealed his elation. Amongst lower-ranked Magi, there were few opportunities to break through the limits of one's genes, and it was thus very precious.

[Beep! Host body's spiritual force has exceeded threshold, advancing to Crystal Phase Magus. Recalculating stats!]

The A.I. Chip's prompts came one after the other, and by this point, the waves of heat and cold had calmed and gradually disappeared. Within Leylin's sea of consciousness, a black crystallised spiritual force covered the area, seemingly indestructible.

His stats had been refreshed once more.

[Leylin Farlier. Rank 3 Warlock (Crystal Phase). Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent. Strength: 35, Agility: 35, Vitality: 50, Spiritual force: 351.7, Magic power: 351.7 (Magic power is in synchronisation with spiritual force).]

Leylin observed the newly refreshed stats that the A.I. Chip had come up with, and nodded in satisfaction.

"Strength and agility have both increased by five points in one go, which is already pretty good. As for my vitality, if not for finding precious materials such as the blood dragon fruit, I wouldn't be able to achieve these numbers..."

His spiritual force had completely broken through the threshold of 350, allowing him to enter the Crystal Phase.

Leylin raised his arms. He could sense the modifications Crystal Phase spiritual force would grant his body. This was just the beginning, and though the effects had slowed and were not as obvious as when he had broken through, these imperceptible changes would result in a terrifying accumulation of strength over time!

‘Senior Lucian advanced to the Crystal Phase when he was five hundred, and that speed is already considered rather quick in the Ouroboros Clan. Senior Robin is now only three hundred, and his advancement had shocked the clan, earning him a reputation as the most powerful bloodline talent in the last three hundred years!’ Leylin tidied up the room while forcing a smile.

‘I’m only two hundred and am much too young. If my speed of advancement is let out, it will definitely cause another huge ruckus!’

A Magus who had advanced to the Crystal Phase a hundred years before Robin did, without the help of external influences, would definitely shock even Gilbert. But what Leylin urgently needed now was strength, and he had no choice but to break through.

‘I need to wait for a while longer. When the war begins, everyone will be focused on the battles. Though my speed will still cause a commotion, it will definitely be smaller than if news were to leak now.’ With his mind made up, Leylin decided on not leaving for a while, holing himself up in his tower.

With the concealing spell formation he had set up, as well as the amplification from his Magus Tower, nobody would know that he had secretly advanced to the crystal phase unless Gilbert himself came and checked.

This hidden strength would definitely cause enemies who had misjudged his abilities to be in for a huge shock!

At this thought, a smirk rose about Leylin’s lips, “I really am quite curious as to who will be the first to barge in...”

.....

The underground of the Magus Tower was separated into many little rooms, forming many laboratories. The facilities were first-rate even in the central continent, and Leylin had only been able to achieve this by spending many magic crystals and resources. He even owed quite a few favours.

In the past, a few less important laboratories were open to a few high-ranked Warlocks that were under Leylin.

Now, however, this layer was empty. The Magi who usually remained in the Magus Tower had followed Leylin's command and left for a while. Even his disciple, Snoopy, had been chased out.

In the innermost, largest and most advanced laboratory, Leylin stood silently, drawing a rune on the floor.

Though he had simulated this activity a great many times with the A.I. Chip, he was still extremely focused while he drew, concentrating on the rune and lines on the ground.

Compared to the other spell runes used in the central continent, what he was now carving evidently held the style of another dimension. Some parts were even a mess of disorganised figures and lines, but closer inspection revealed that they were strangely three-dimensional.

Only when the last stroke was done did Leylin sigh slightly, looking at the spell formation that had no mistakes. "It's finally done!"

The long time he'd spent on carving had resulted in a thin layer of sweat on his forehead. With his current vitality, this should have been almost impossible.

[Scanning completed, confirmation that there are no errors.] The A.I. Chip's voice sounded at this moment.

'Then, the preparations for interplanar experiments are complete,' Leylin thought as he stroked his chin.

He had gone out and went through the trouble of finding an astral stone. Was it all not for the purpose of preliminary astral experiments? Hence, after he advanced to the Crystal Phase, he had been impatient to begin his

research.

All experiments related to the astral plane were dangerous, and this held true even for preliminary ones. Hence, Leylin had no choice but to disperse all the Magi in the tower. This was to eliminate all external influences so that he could concentrate on the experiments here.

Interplanar experiments were a high-level research that only Morning Star Magi could conduct. They were connected to the glory of the ancient era, and Leylin ambitiously hoped to make use of this research.

Hence, this preparatory research work was vital.

Even this research had very stringent requirements. A high-grade Magus Tower, Hydro Phase strength and astral stones were the most basic requirements..

Though the requirement for the Magus was merely to have reached the Hydro Phase, Leylin wanted to be on the safe side. He waited till he had advanced to the Crystal Phase before he began the research.

The more powerful he was, the safer he would be. This was indisputable.

The information for the preparatory work regarding the astral gate obviously came from Duke Gilbert. By aiding him in many experiments, Leylin had gained valuable experience.

At the heart of this giant interplanar spell formation was the smaller astral stone that he had gained from Vance. The blue lustre on its surface seemed more powerful.

Leylin took in a deep breath and checked everything once more. Only after ensuring was fine did he issue the command. "Tower genie, begin charging!"

[Confirming authority. Magus Tower preserving 10% of energy as base reserve. Remaining energy will be used on the spell formation.] The tower genie rapidly reported.

The Magi outside watched this marvellous scene. The runes on the giant black Magus Tower dimmed one after the other. Besides a very dim glow,

it had basically stopped operating.

After its construction over a hundred years ago, this was the first time that this had happened. It immediately gave rise to the panic of residents who knew nothing. This Magus Tower was a safeguard to them, and was the thing that could preserve their lives and safety.

Kubler, who had stayed behind in Onyx Castle, had no choice but to dispatch patrolling officers to put down these worries.

“Grandfather, will Mentor’s experiments be successful?” Snoopy seemed to know more and asked Parker.

“How can the mysteries of the astral plane be something we can pry into? As long as we successfully activate the spell formation, the lord’s experiment can be counted as a success!”

Parker forced a smile, “The energy required to probe into the astral plane is much too terrifying. Regular Magus Towers cannot withstand it, but don’t worry about that. The lord’s Magus Tower uses a top-grade set up of positive and negative energy pools, and there shouldn’t be much of a problem in terms of resources.”

Buzz!The giant Magus Tower trembled, and terrifying elemental tides formed two large rainbows, one dark and one light. One disappeared into the crest, the other into the base.

“Tower beginning charging, and positive and negative energy pools are revolving!” The genie reported.

Snoopy was no stranger to this scene, but now he could only silently pray, hoping that his mentor’s experiment would be a success.

He felt a hint of pride at this.

Out of the entire continent, there were few Magi who could do even some of the preparatory experiments into probing through the astral plane alone as a rank 3 Magus. His mentor was one of them!



# Chapter 467: Power of Destiny

Within the Magus Tower.

Leylin gazed steadily at the giant interplanar spell formation. With the positive and negative energy pools working at full strength, the runes atop the spell formation lit up one after the other, causing terrifying waves of spatial undulations to converge on the spot.

[Spell formation working as per normal. 67% activated. Gaia curvatures stabilised.] The A.I. Chip constantly monitored the spell formation, reporting to Leylin occasionally.

With the spell formation slowly activating, the blue rays from the astral stone right in the middle condensed, giving off a resplendent light.

The spatial undulations that had been on the verge of going berserk fused with the blue light and quickly stabilised, surging in a single direction.

At the same time, Leylin sensed that a frightening energy was surging out of the astral stone, supporting the operation of the entire spell formation.

[Spell formation activation increasing in speed. Progress at 75%, 80%, 85%, 90%, 100%!]

The A.I. Chip rapidly intoned.

When all the runes within the spell formation lit up, the spatial energy followed a channel and converged before Leylin, forming a silver mirror the size of a fist. At the heart of the mirror was a small vortex, its destination unknown.

Leylin had seen this situation multiple times at Gilbert's. This meant that he had now made contact with the astral plane!

However, this spiritual force channel of his was much smaller than Gilbert's. Furthermore, he could not open a few simultaneously, and could only allow the entry of spiritual force seeds to find coordinates. Physical beings could not pass through.

It was naturally impossible for there to be a similar situation as the first

time at Gilbert's, where a creature of the astral plane had passed through the mirror and attacked them.

Though he had lost the chance to fish for benefits, it was good that his safety was not compromised. In a way, the gains balanced the losses.

Leylin carefully appreciated this feeling. There was large difference between helping with someone else's experiments and performing one alone.

For instance, Leylin now sensed that with the assistance from the spell formation, especially with the energy from the astral stone in the middle, his own spiritual force seemed to be able to peep at the edges of a frightening dimension.

This was a confluence of time and space, the peak of the universe. A higher dimension which had an unexplainable existence!

Even just the aura that was given off was dazzling and glorious, going on for eternity and stimulating his desires to explore.

"Just becoming aware of all this is enough payoff from this experiment..." Leylin sighed.

The opportunity to see the astral plane was a very rare opportunity for Magi. They might not even need other advantages; just observing the astral plane every day would bring about indescribable benefits.

Of course, this was impossible. Experiments on the astral plane everyday? Even Morning Star Magi would go bankrupt!

[Beginning projection of spiritual force onto the astral plane. Recording data.]

The A.I. Chip instantly intoned under Leylin's guidance.

A thread of Crystal Phase spiritual force, with the gleam of actual crystals, appeared from Leylin's forehead and formed a spiritual force seed before quickly disappearing into the silver mirror, and into the vortex.

"Begin localisation support, activate navigation mode!" Leylin commanded.

Immediately after, his spiritual force seed seemed to find its way in the chaotic space, and went head on dauntlessly, even going against the current.

The A.I. Chip quickly began to calculate, and numbers began flashing before Leylin's eyes..

[Spatial turbulence estimated to happen in 0.34s. Suggested directional change is 34 degrees to the left.]

This spiritual communication happened in an instant, and Leylin's spiritual force seed immediately moved in a different direction, accurately avoiding the spatial turbulence. It even joined an undercurrent that headed east, floating further away.

Compared to Gilbert's experiments where he depended on luck, Leylin's method was evidently more effective, and he would find it easier to obtain results.

It was a pity that Leylin was the only one with support from the A.I. Chip, and it was not as if he could expose his secret.

Hence, while he was at Gilbert's, Leylin tried to familiarise himself with the A.I. Chip's functions, but did not dare use it at will. He could only go through with his plans when he was conducting his own experiments.

"As expected, with help from the A.I. Chip, chances of my spiritual force seed being destroyed are much lesser than average!" A hint of excitement appeared on Leylin's face.

[Warning! Warning! Spatial storm generated ahead. Time to impact is 0.0000001s. Retreat is suggested!] The A.I. Chip's voice sounded once more.

However, it was much too late. Though Leylin's spiritual force seed tried its best to retreat, its struggle was like that of an ant's against the flow of time. Besides, time was scarce, and the horrifying spatial storm was generated instantly in front, whirling the seed within.

Leylin fell two steps back, feeling dizzy, but he quickly recovered.

He was no longer a newly-advanced rank 3 Magus, and was now at the Crystal Phase, preparing to enter the Morning Star realm. Injuries that could harm his spiritual force then were now nothing to him. Even condensing ten or so spiritual force seeds at one go was not a problem.

“The support system of the A.I. Chip also has its limits. At most, it will allow me to go further than other Magi can.” A wry smile appeared about Leylin’s lips.

The dangerous spatial turbulences were extremely terrifying and unpredictable. Even with the frightening calculation abilities of the A.I. Chip, it was difficult to completely establish a pattern and understand them.

In addition, even when knowing there was danger ahead, once held by the spatial turbulence, Leylin’s spiritual force might not be able to escape.

However, even so, Leylin was already content. ‘The A.I. Chip can increase my chances of success from one in a million to one in ten thousand,’ he thought.

One in ten thousand! As long as he persevered and continued trying, he would definitely gain benefits. In actuality, these odds were enough for Morning Star Magi to go green in envy, not considering the other methods Leylin had as well.

“In matters like these that depend on probability, the Coin of Destiny might be useful!” Leylin flipped over his palm, and a dim golden coin appeared in the middle of it. As this was his own experiment and nobody was around, he could use all of his methods.

A spiritual force seed was formed once again. Leylin rubbed the coin on the seed, and a layer of dim golden luster appeared on its surface.

Ka-cha! Meanwhile, a huge crack appeared on the surface of the Coin of Destiny once more, almost breaking it in half.

Seeing the Coin of Destiny on the brink of complete destruction, Leylin felt piteous before he stored it carefully.

The Coin of Destiny was able to predict anything as long as it did not

deal with the Morning Star Realm. However, the moment it did, there would be frightful repercussions.

As for the turbulence in the astral plane? This was even more dangerous than Morning Star Magi.

Based on the situation, the Coin of Destiny would probably be completely destroyed after being used like this a few more times.

For the period of time that Leylin had been in the central continent, he had not seen any children of destiny such as Baelin and Longbottom. His instincts also told him that it would be a long time till he could make another Coin of Destiny.

What happened the last time was merely a coincidence. If he wanted to do it again, things would not be so simple.

“I hope the power of destiny will be able to help me proceed forward...” Leylin sighed and sent the dark golden spiritual force seed in.

[Monitoring. Vortex estimated to appear on left, recommendation to move far away.]

Leylin’s eyes were now emanating blue light. The A.I. Chip’s abilities were being utilised to the fullest as large amounts of data appeared before him.

He was like a helmsman who had gone through gales and waves. Amidst the storms, he continued to guide the seed forward, dodging in impossible ways and avoiding spatial turbulences.

Within the gigantic spatial crack, the golden ray was like a little boat passing through gaps in the turbulence, its movements unbelievably agile and smooth.

Awoooo... At this moment, a giant black figure suddenly appeared in the air, pouncing towards the golden spiritual force seed.

“A creature of the void. I didn’t notice it!” Leylin was extremely annoyed. Creatures that lived in these spatial cracks usually had terrifying spatial abilities, and the A.I. Chip was much too far away to scan and notice it.

“Dodge it immediately!” The dim golden spiritual force seed quickly evaded, but the black figure roared, refusing to let up. A sharp, giant mouth formed on its stomach, hot on the seed’s heels.

[\*Beep!\* Warning! Warning! Spatial turbulence estimated to happen in: 0.00023s!] The A.I. Chip’s prompt sounded again.

“Shit!” Leylin’s eyes were now slightly bloodshot, and he was doing all he could to avoid that region.

Rumble! Berserk spatial undulations swept through, and Leylin’s spiritual force seed was caught within.

Awoooo... That creature noticed that its delicacy had been swept into the spatial turbulence, and could only roar at the boundaries before disappearing into the darkness.

“Is it going to die out again?” Leylin was full of agony.

At this moment, the golden rays on the seed flickered.

Rumble! An even more powerful spatial turbulence formed at the side. The two spatial storms collided, wreaking havoc on space itself.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! Countless bolts of silver lightning crashed into each other, tearing open numerous spatial cracks.

Leylin’s spiritual force seed actually followed along a crack and, despite the alarm it had caused, fell in without harm.

“The power of destiny!” Leylin, who had seen this scene, suddenly sighed, holding more reverence for the mysterious, unmeasurable power of destiny.

# Chapter 468: Blackrain World

In a wasteland where little red grass with serrated edges filled the seams of rocks, which were decorated with strange images of humanoid faces, droplets of black rainwater generated within the cracks in the ground, quickly rose, and rained into the horizon.

The rain here was actually black, and moved in the opposite direction.

A dim golden spiritual force seed lay atop a blade of red sawtooth grass, giving off spiritual force undulations and scanning the surroundings. Leylin admired the sight.

“In that case, I’ll name this place the “Blackrain World”. I never thought I’d be so lucky and find a plane without a protector, and I wasn’t even discovered...”

“If Duke Gilbert found this place, he’d definitely go crazy in elation, right? However, it’s much too extravagant for me!”

A complete different plane represented boundless top-grade resources, as well as much information regarding different dimensions. It was more than sufficient to make a Morning Star Magus go insane in envy.

When it came to places like this which held traces of life and were possible to reside in, Leylin believed that Duke Gilbert would immediately hold no qualms and open the astral gate to arrive here, no matter the cost.

However, all this was much too early to Leylin. What he had opened up was merely a spiritual force channel that could not transport physical objects, much less his own body. That was a function of an astral gate, and still in the remote future for him.

“If not for this seed being formed from Crystal Phase spiritual force, it might long since have dissipated. However, at this rate, this merely slows down the process...”

The rays from the golden spiritual force seed were very weak. In this environment, it seemed on the verge of being extinguished.

“I can only transmit information here, so what’s most valuable to me

here would be the coordinates of this world, high-grade meditation techniques or information regarding the path to power and the like...” Leylin now urgently wished for a high-energy energy creature to take him away.

This was merely a spiritual force seed, and if it dissipated, then so be it. However, if he could make a trade with another party, that would be a frightful profit.

Even if it was just the simple exchange of information, that would be the most beneficial for him.

Ancient Magi had walked the path of glory through studying and imitating the paths of other worlds. If Leylin wished to restore the glory of the ancient era, he would definitely need to go along this road.

[Unable to determine world’s location.] Leylin frowned. With the connection to his spell formation, he could feel that his spiritual force seed had reached a very remote area, and this connection was only faintly discernable, and seemed to be on the verge of breaking down.

“One way of sending out the coordinates is to project a localising mark there. As long as it isn’t destroyed, it can send out waves of information infinitely, and then allow me to infer the coordinates. However, that’s impossible for now.” Leylin furrowed his brows.

How many benefits could be obtained from a new world? It was enough to cause Morning Star Magi to go crazy. Even Breaking Dawn Magi would go green in envy and work to obtain it! Before all that, what was needed were the coordinates.

This method of calculating the coordinates was very complicated. It could not be obtained so easily just by sending a spiritual force seed over. A series of meticulous, complicated calculations had to take place, as well as coordinating with the seed in that world.

However, the seed was now unable to hold on for long.

Being able to reach the Blackrain World was completely coincidental, and a repeat was impossible.



“There’s another method. I can bewitch the intelligent inhabitants here and get them to set up some sort of altar, which in actuality would be a coordinate projecting device. I’ll then determine...” As long as the coordinates were confirmed, the Blackrain World would not be able to escape his grasp.

Leylin had never heard of the terrifying ability to teleport himself into different worlds, even in legends.

In addition, without a protector, Leylin’s spiritual force seed was not destroyed at the outer layer of the world. This meant that the Blackrain World lacked Magi who were at or above the Radiant Moon realm. At most, their highest battle might would be at the Morning Star realm, and therefore they lacked any defence!

“What I lack now is time...” Leylin gave a wry smile. His spiritual force seed could not be replenished in the Blackrain World, and was on the verge of dissipating.

The moment it dissipated, it would be a complete loss. How could he take it lying down?

A one in a ten thousand chance of finding a world was not so easily found. The Coin of Destiny had already been damaged to this point, and could no longer be used unless it was crucial.

At this moment, Leylin’s brows twitched, “There’s something there!”

.....

Meanwhile, in the Blackrain World, Leylin’s spiritual force seed lay in the plains, while two dark green humanoid beings approached.

These two creatures could somehow be said to look human. They had human torsos and two legs, but their bodies were filled with scales, and their eyes held blood-red pupils.

The arms were rather terrifying. On one side they had four, and on the other, three. There was even a horn sticking out from their heads.

“Since they have so many arms, let’s call them the “Multi-Armed Race!”

Leylin did not hesitate as he named this race, looking as if he was the conqueror of the place.

“ ... ”

The two members of the Multi-Armed race gathered a type of green fruit while they conversed in a language that Leylin could not understand. Their language was not sounded with their throats, but information was relayed through something like electrical currents projected from their horns.

Even if he identified that information, Leylin still did not understand.

[Discovery of information regarding language of a different plane. Recording!] The A.I. Chip loyally intoned.

All methods of communication were definitely practical and universal. With enough samples, simulating them would merely be a question of time.

At this moment, Leylin noticed how frightful their physical strength was. It even exceeded that of a few rank 1 high-energy creatures.

“If this isn’t the usual standard in this world, then their strength must be exceptionally high...” Leylin sighed, ordering the spiritual force seed to make a move.

“Hello!” Information in the ancient Byron language through spiritual force was transmitted into the minds of these two Multi-armed beings.

“p”

These two were obviously scared by the sound and immediately retreated, on their guard.

“The ancient Byron language is a languages governed by rules, and also one that is common to many worlds. I didn’t expect it not to work here!” Leylin sighed. Though Magi of the ancient era seemed to have taken over many dimensions, and forcefully implemented their language and words, the number of different worlds out there were like the countless stars in the sky. It was very possible for some to have been overlooked.

“It’s going to dissipate anyway. Any changes in the situation are better

than none at all!”

Buzz! With Leylin’s control, the dark golden spiritual force seed began to vibrate, giving off a dim radiance.

This strange situation immediately attracted the attention of two other Multi-Armed beings. They gathered in front of the seed and began to gesticulate at it. When they realised the dark golden seed posed no threat, they began to argue.

At the end, one of them seemed to have persuaded their comrade, and used a white animal skin to carefully pick up the spiritual force seed that was already looking weak, and darting in a direction.

The wind whooshed on both sides, the scenery blurring, and Leylin had to recalculate the strength of this race.

Tens of minutes later, these two Multi-Armed beings brought Leylin to a large tribe.

In terms of its appearance, it looked very primal. There were few houses, all built of bulky rocks that had been piled up, seeming very boorish.

Many beings of the Multi-Armed race moved around the tribe every once in a while, even greeting these two after seeing them.

Leylin obviously did not let this chance slip by and carefully observed everything in the tribe. He immediately made a discovery.

“Not considering the elderly and children, there seems to be only two types of looks for the Multi-Armed race.”

The Multi-Armed beings had two types of looks. One was three arms on the right, and four on the left, while the other was the exact opposite, with four on the right and three on the left. The latter was usually larger, and their scales were more firm.

Leylin inferred that this could be a difference that indicated their genders.

The two Multi-Armed beings did not seem to have a low status in the tribe. They proceeded forth with Leylin and came before a giant cave.

“Hm? This place?” Leylin was immediately wary.

From within the cave, he could feel energy particles converging. This meant there was an existence that dealt with magic, and there were even undulations similar to those of spell formations. However, compared to the Magus World, it had a different style.

Outside the cave were hung all sorts of materials. Some were from animals and plants, such as the roots and fruits.

“Looks like I’ve been brought to the a place where offerings are made, or where the tribe leader resides. That’s good too, since these people are usually more open...”

The two Multi-Armed beings firrst kowtowed outside the cave devoutly, and then yelled.

“Sknglk...” An answer resounded from within the cave.

The two Multi-Armed beings immediately placed the hide that carried Leylin within on the ground. Respectfully bowing, they then left.

The moment a sound entered Leylin’s ears, he was instantly shocked. “Morning Star!!! There’s actually a Morning Star-ranked being here!”

Tok! Tok! Tok!

Giant footsteps were heard, and immediately after, a being that was two times larger than others of its race appeared before Leylin.

It stared at Leylin’s seed, giant blood-red eyes shining as it immediately grabbed it before its figure disappeared into the cave.

# Chapter 469: Multi-Armed Race

This was the result of the natural radiation of a creature which had achieved the Morning Star realm.

The space in the hillside was even larger, and many creatures' remains were casually abandoned at one side. The remaining energy waves on them made Leylin feel suffocated.

In the middle the platform, the livers of all kinds of animals were casually laid out at one side. An entirely black boiler foamed with white bubbles, making Leylin feel as if he was seeing a shaman of his old world.

Be it the insignia on one side or the totem, they were all decorated with bloody brown symbols.

This was Leylin's evaluation: the entire hillside seemed just like an unsophisticated laboratory, but it already possessed a certain ability for research.

In a flash, the large Multi-Armed Race being threw Leylin's seed onto an altar in the middle as the surrounding blood-red emblems immediately emitted a faint radiance.

Leylin suddenly felt as if he was isolated from his surroundings, and even if he wanted to explode, he could do nothing at all.

"Spell formation of a different tribe? Pretty interesting!" With the seed in their hands, the worst thing that could happen was just to lose it, hence Leylin was not especially afraid.

"The other... world's... spiritual force seed?" At this time, the Multilimb Clan member spoke. Using the ancient Byron language, he stuttered slightly, but Leylin managed to understand his words.

"Yes, honourable sir! I am a space traveller, and I accidentally ended up here!"

Leylin's heart soared. Being able to communicate meant that there was hope for a transaction. "Do you know the ancient Byron language?"

“Yes! Although we of the Quark tribe have already experienced 3 extinctions, our civilisation’s legacy has never been gone!” The large Multi-Armed Race being seemed very proud.

Leylin nodded. In such a brutal tribe, the clan leader, witch doctors and leaders always had deep knowledge. This was a rule that held true in almost every world.

“As you have seen, I am currently only a spiritual force seed, which has nearly dissipated and poses no threat. May I know if it is possible to make a deal with you?” Leylin told him his requirements.

The spiritual force seed needed the person’s own spiritual force to work, and now, it could be said that time was counting down to its annihilation. Even if the other party had a way, they could only delay it at most, without being able to solve the root of the problem.

Moreover, the journey to the Blackrain World this time was entirely accidental. It was impossible to create a space passageway even if he wanted to. Thus, he needed to obtain some valuable items immediately.

From Leylin’s point of view, the Multi-Armed Race member who had already achieved the strength of the Morning Star realm largely fulfilled the requirements.

“Are you really doing this just for a deal?” The Multi-Armed Race member’s eyes were full of distrust, and even more of cautiousness. The blood-red runes on the insignia twinkled, and it actually emitted energy waves similar to that of a lie detector.

“Of course!” Leylin answered without hesitation, almost believing his own lie.

“You are only left with a little bit of spiritual force, I’m afraid we have not much to discuss. Moreover, the previous disasters were all brought about by you all...”

The large Multi-armed Race member evidently showed distrust towards Leylin. The entire altar began to rotate, almost wanting to destroy Leylin’s spiritual force seed completely.

‘Bitch. Which bastard came first? They’re making things hard for those of us who came later...’ Leylin scolded in his heart. Still, he immediately shouted, “Wait, you don’t need my things, but I’m sure your clan members do. I have a lot of remarkable information from different planes, including lots on organisational systems, planting, smelting, alloy-making, even potion-making and alchemy. I believe they will definitely be helpful to you and your clan...”

“I can obtain these items directly from you...” The large Multi-Armed Race member laughed coldly. Streaks of blood-red lines emerged on the altar, even scheming to penetrate the spiritual force seed.

“So it’s this kind of soul-searching method!” Leylin’s spiritual force seed suddenly shook, emitting a great dark gold radiance.

The streaks of blood-red spiritual force were drowned in the bronze radiance in a flash. Right after that, Leylin’s spiritual force seed seemed to be more illusory, as if it would be forcibly destroyed in the next moment.

“As you have seen, this method is ineffective on me. Even more forced methods will not benefit us both in the end...”

Leylin was secretly relieved. This Multi-Armed Morning Star being only broke through to the Morning Star Realm based on his body strength. Similar to that male scorpion in the Icy World, it was a representation of power. Hence, its experience with regards to the spiritual world was still very feeble.

Such a creature could use its strong strength to beat up Leylin, but its power was inadequate to carry out a complicated job like soul-searching.

Should Leylin’s spiritual force seed end up in the hands of a similar Morning Star Magus who concentrated on spiritual force, he would only be left with the road to annihilation, even having many of his memories opened up for the other to see.

But with Leylin being at the Crystal Phase, it was still possible to somewhat confront a barbarian with Morning Star strength. In the worst case, he could order the spiritual force seed to self-destruct, leaving the other party with nothing to gain.

“What exactly do you want?” The Multi-Armed Race member’s expression turned sour.

”Simple. An equal exchange—both parties will provide valuable information, and as the outsider, I am willing to offer a portion first!”

Leylin’s spiritual force seed vibrated, and sent a few books of information written in the ancient Byron language over shortly after.

In those were some primitive introductions of systems, and simple agriculture and alchemy techniques. Although it was not of much help to a matured Multi-Armed Race member who was at least rank 1, it was still enough to use as reference.

Furthermore, at the end of the information, Leylin specially attached some information on methods of setting up spell formations to refine their physical bodies, as well as knight-training manuals that were commonly seen in the central continent. Although it was just a starter, it was still valuable.

The Multi-Armed Race, a bunch which concentrated on physical strength, would definitely be more interested in items in this aspect.

Indeed, towards the agricultural techniques and other information that Leylin sent earlier, the large Multi-Armed Race member did not show any interest. Instead, he appeared very intrigued by the proposed killing techniques.

“An interesting item!” the large Multi-Armed Race member nodded, “The body refinement spell formations in here is enough to strengthen our children slightly. As for the last part about the killing techniques, although the structure is different, it can still provide some insights. I need the last part!”

“Then may I ask what you have in exchange?” Leylin was no longer anxious now that he had proven his worth. All that was left was for the other party to make his offer.

“You...” The large Multi-Armed Race member growled, but Leylin was not the least bit bothered.



If he were in his original body, he would naturally be very polite to the other party to protect his life. However, the worst case scenario was only losing a spiritual force seed. It was not a big deal, and hence, he was not anxious.

“What do you want?” Evidently, this Multi-Armed Race member also knew that now, Leylin was not afraid of him at all, and would not succumb to threats. If he still wanted that information, he could only give in.

“I am very interested in your training methods. Maybe...” Leylin tried asking. He was there to search for a way to increase his strength. Anything in that regard would definitely be very valuable.

A person such as this Multi-Armed Race member seemed to show hope for his own body to break through.

“We Quark tribe people are born warriors. Our strength is not trained, Instead, we are born with it!” The large Multi-Armed Race member proclaimed proudly.

Leylin rolled his eyes, “Then why is there still a great difference between you and your clan members?”

Creatures that had achieved Morning Star level in their adulthood, were all abnormally terrifying species. This Multi-Armed Race was not worthy to claim itself as the Quark tribe.

At the very most, they were only capable creatures with hopes of breakthrough to the Morning Star level. This piqued Leylin’s interest, and he wanted to conduct research on it.

In fact, the Multi-Armed Race were also bloodline creatures. However, they were able to advance continuously, to a point that such monsters with Morning Star strength existed. This lifted Leylin’s spirits.

If he studied their ways of obtaining strength, would he be able to find a method to break through the bloodline shackles?

“That is a top secret of our Quark tribe. How can we reveal that?” The large Multi-Armed Race member rejected straight away without hesitation.

"I don't need it to be in-depth. Just the simplest and most basic explanations will be enough. What do you think of that? As long as you give me this information, I can give you all of the missing parts about the spell formation, as well as the next chapter of the killing techniques from before!" Leylin tempted enthusiastically.

To the A.I. Chip, these most basic things were the most important, because they represented the foundation of the system! As long as the foundation was complete, based on the deductive ability of the A.I. Chip, there would be a day when this Multi-Armed Race's hidden secrets would be laid bare before Leylin.

"You give it to me first!" The large Multi-Armed Race member said.

Leylin pondered for a while before giving a proposition. "From the current situation, none of us will trust the other side. How about each of us hand over the information to the other party at the same time?"

"Alright!" The large Multi-Armed Race member agreed helplessly.

A huge wave of energy was emitted from its horns and entered Leylin's spiritual force seed.

[Detected influx of spiritual force, accept?]

"Accept!" Following Leylin's order, the curtains to the path for evolution was slowly unveiled.

Leylin did not go against his words as well. While receiving the information, he transmitted a large amount of information simultaneously.

When the transaction was over, both parties were relatively satisfied with their gains.

"Very well, visitor from the other world. You didn't deceive me!" The large Multi-Armed Race member was evidently delighted.

"Of course. This transaction marks the beginning of our trust, and hopefully in the future, we will still...Oh damn!" Leylin spoke halfway and his tone suddenly became exasperated.

The spiritual force seed that represented his existence suddenly became illusory, exploding into a ball of light shortly after and vanishing without any trace...

# Chapter 470: Danger

When spiritual force coagulated, it formed a spiritual force seed. However, when this seed entered another world, it would be unable to supplement itself.

Regardless of whether it was the previous experiment or the method of transmitting and receiving messages, they required a huge amount of spiritual force. Naturally, once this spiritual force was drained completely, it signalled the end of the seed.

In the Magus World, the huge interior of the Magus Tower.

The terrifying interplanar spell formation shook as the rays of light gradually darkened.

“Damn! Damn! Damn! Just when I managed to build a connection...” Leylin’s eyes were bloodshot as he went berserk.

“That’s a world! An entire independent world! Exactly how many times will I have to experiment before I can find another world that is not controlled by any outsider...” He stroked his forehead as he groaned.

[Interplanar spell formation shut down. Spell formation damage 0.19%, Astral stone energy depletion 37.98%!] At the same time, the A.I Chip transmitted the information to Leylin.

“Astral stone!” Leylin waved his hand and immediately, the astral stone that was in the center of the Interplanar spell formation returned to his hand.

However, the astral stone had already shrunk a little; its radiance had dimmed as well.

Originally, one such astral stone was able to support the interplanar spell formation for a long time. However, Leylin realised that in order to merely connect both sides’ spiritual force, the formation had drained a huge amount of energy from it.

“What a pity...” Leylin remained emotionless for a good while before he recovered as his eyes brightened.

“It was indeed a coincidence to discover the Blackrain World without a space route or coordinates!”

“Luckily, I managed to acquire at least some information before our link got cut off...” Leylin’s expression then darkened.

[Multi-Armed Race techniques have been collated,] the A.I. Chip reported in the meanwhile.

Even though that race with the Morning Star being called itself the Quark Tribe, Leylin was persistent in calling it the Multi-Armed Race. Naturally, the A.I. Chip followed his own scheme.

The foundational skills of the Multi-Armed Race were very fragmented, and most of it was vague. While it was just the basic foundation of their skills, it was obvious that the clan head had done some modifications to conceal some parts of their skills.

However, it was definitely an easy task for the A.I. Chip to collate the different bits of data sent over and derive further information from that.

“From the looks of it, it seems similar to the way Branded Swordsmen and Steel Knights are nurtured...” Leylin had much experience, which made it easy for him to spot this fact.

In the Magus World, most of the ancient branches followed closely the path to strength of the other worlds, hence it was absolutely normal for things to be similar.

“A.I Chip, collate these three datas together and research on them,” Leylin ordered.

[Task established. Proceeding with data enumeration.] The A.I. Chip immediately sent back.

Leylin definitely had little interest in the data on how to nurture Branded Swordsmen, since the data in his possession was incomplete. With this incomplete data, the most he could nurture was a rank 1 Magus, which was definitely of no use to him.

Needless to say, even a veritable flood of rank 1 Magi would be no match

for someone at the Morning Star realm.

However, it was definitely useful to have many subordinates. If he could nurture rank 2 or even rank 3 Branded Swordsmen, then Leylin would have the upper hand in many engagements.

For Leylin who was the lord of a territory, such a plan would always be worthwhile and profitable.

Moreover, the training method of the Multi-Armed Race, together with their special methods of breaking through, seemed to be valuable for his research into removing his bloodline shackles.

Even though he wasn't yet at the bottleneck to the Morning Star realm, the fact that Kemoyin Warlocks could never advance to rank 5 and beyond had been weighing heavily on his heart.

.....

The isolation of the Magus Tower extended to a period of a few months.

Those who were waiting outside, such as Parker, witnessed the tower absorbing huge amounts of elemental particles, a phenomenon caused by the spell formation operating the positive and negative energy pools to supply the interplanar experiment.

Apart from shock, all they felt was admiration for Leylin's wealth.

It was definitely a rare sight in the central continent for a rank 3 Magus to conduct such research for extended periods of time. The weight of astral stones he had in reserve alone would cause any other to go bankrupt.

"Marquis Leylin... This is seriously..."

If even the subordinates of Leylin were amazed, outsiders would definitely be surprised. Take, for example, the Warlock currently standing in front.

This Warlock had a fine appearance, which was common for Warlocks. This made him seem to be as ordinary as any other Magi out there, but the fact that this Warlock had a pure Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline within

his veins created a sense of inferiority within Parker and the rest, which also heightened their alertness as they did not dare to take this Warlock lightly.

“Just the amount of astral stones used must be enough to drive a rank 3 Magus to desperation, right?”

The subordinates stared at the huge Magus Tower as they couldn't help but express their shock when they saw this man.

“Count Timmy,” Parker respectfully stood aside.

Even though Timmy was a mere rank 2 Warlock and a Count, his regal bloodline made it easy for him to advance to rank 3 or even become a Morning Star Magus. Timmy definitely surpassed Parker, who was older than him and also a rank 3 Black Horrall Snake Warlock, in potential.

Besides, Timmy was originally from the Ouroboros Clan, and his network within the clan ensured that he was an individual that one could not take lightly.

“I came here to hand him this invitation. However, it seems like I came at the wrong time...” Timmy couldn't help but express his helplessness.

“Please do not worry. The lord still returns once every month. It has almost been that amount of time since he last came out, so I presume the Count will only have to wait patiently for a short period of time,” Parker answered.

Timmy nodded his head. He himself was aware that, without prior notice, these high-ranking Magi would definitely not tolerate any interruptions when they were going through very important research. He wasn't willing to risk it as even a slight disturbance from the outside world could've resulted in the murderous intent of the Warlock being aimed at him.

“I would like to explore the prosperous Onyx Castle that I heard Marquis Leylin used less than ten years to build.”

“That would be our honour,” Parker nodded his head as he called another Warlock who was dressed like a butler. “This is Kubler, the butler

of the castle. He'll bring you around afterwards."

Governing their territories was just a small matter to a Warlock. Yet, due to Timmy's age, he would definitely hold some interest in exploring such territories. Another reason was for him to pass the time while waiting.

"Count Timmy, this is Kubler at your service!" Kubler let out his most sincere smiling expression as he bowed respectfully.

.....

The Warlocks who were outside joking and talking heartily were definitely ignorant towards the situation of Leylin who was inside the Magus Tower, perspiring madly.

At this point in time, in front of him stood a creature which had a sheep's head but the body of a crocodile. This creature appeared to be wise, questioning him on various topics.

"Do you know how the cape jasmine blooms?"

"What is one plus one?"

"How many tails does the Infinite Loop of Snakes have?"

The creature wore a black windbreaker and was talking in a foreign language, yet surprisingly, Leylin was able to understand him.

Leylin's forehead was still perspiring madly and he couldn't help but mentally let out a bellow of rage. 'This is impossible! In this frail mirror of dimension, how is it possible for a creature to cross over?'

As a high ranking Warlock, and a long-time assistant of Duke Gilbert, Leylin naturally understood that such interplanar experiments were very dangerous.

Many Morning Star Magi had led themselves to death as a result of coming in contact with too many strange and powerful existences, or even just by listening to the sounds of these existences. This curse could even extend to one's descendants.

Yet, what he'd been doing today was not nearly as reckless.



The minute his spiritual force seed entered the astral plane, this creature had found him and even immediately appeared directly within the interplanar spell formation.

[Abnormal energy source found! Engaging countermeasures!] The A.I Chip sounded.

During the construction of this interplanar spell formation, he had naturally considered the problem of other creatures, especially with the deaths of many Morning Star Magi serving as a warning.

Following the A.I Chip's statement, the symbols on the ground lit up to form a cage of crimson lightning that bound the creature firmly.

The lightning, as red as blood, crashed down onto the creature with the formidable strength of Leylin's Magus Tower.

Crack! Blood-red electricity arced along the creature's body as its clothing turned to ash. It developed sarcomas that leaked yellow pus as they exploded one by one.

The pus and lightning clashed with each other, resulting in an ear-piercing noise.

"How many times does the Frank's Chime strike in a century?"

The rotting flesh on the creature kept sliding off, yet it seemed not to notice as it continued to question him.

"Attack at full power!" Leylin ordered.

With a boom, numerous bolts of the blood-red lightning converged to form a huge sphere that struck down at the creature.

"Do you know..." The edge of the lightning sphere dug into the creature as its body disappeared slowly. The sheep head fell to the floor, still persistent in its questions. The two eyes were already overflowing with blood.

Boom! The lightning struck again, and it seemed as if time and space froze at that moment, only to resume flowing shortly after.

"What?" Leylin looked at the silver mirror in front of him The lab

seemed to be perfectly fine, and even the interplanar spell formation was working alright.

There was not a trace of the creature in the place it had occupied just before...

# Chapter 471: Neutralization

“Was that an illusion?” Leylin muttered under his breath and turned his attention to the A.I. Chip’s records.

[Unknown forcefield interference detected! Host has entered a state of confusion.] [Interplanar spell formation engaging countermeasures, charging!!] [Magus Tower prepared to eradicate interference, beginning.] [Host has successfully been restored to normalcy. Alert ended.] The red records made Leylin feel gloomy.

In the middle of all this, the spiritual force seed that he had sent into the astral plane had vanished without a trace into a spatial rift.

“Tower genie!” Leylin called out.

“My Lord!” The green genie immediately flew towards Leylin.

“How much of our energy reserves are left?”

“Energy currently at 1.9% of maximum. Energy boost has been initiated,” it replied instantly.

“What led to such a huge consumption?”

“Records are in chaos!” the tower genie expressed a rare puzzlement.

“Indeed! What happened a moment ago was real. It wasn’t an illusion!” Leylin drew a deep breath.

He’d always known interplanar research was risky. Still, what he’d experienced just now was possibly his greatest research crisis to date.

‘Fortunately, the three astral laws are unbreakable. Hence, the other creature was unable to pass through and could only create an illusory projection!’

Leylin stroked his chin, pondering about the events that had happened one more time, ‘It was merely an illusory projection and yet it was that menacing. Had I opened an astral gate and allowed the other party to enter, perhaps my entire territory would have been destroyed...’

With such thoughts, he felt his lingering fear wash over him.

“Fortunately, it lacked the power to do anything. The situation was resolved by the countermeasure of the dimension spell formation!”

He exhaled a deep breath and turned his head around.

“Do you know—” A huge decapitated goat head with yellow liquid flowing out of it, appeared behind him.

Two huge lifeless pupils locked onto Leylin’s.

“.....”

In a split second, a layer of black scales surfaced on Leylin’s body and both his eyes turned amber.

“Petrifying Gaze!” Rays of mysterious light hit the opposing wall, and a layer of whitish-gray stone covered it.

The goat head disappeared into thin air.

“This matter is not finished!” Leylin’s face turned gloomy, “A.I. Chip, start scanning!”

[Beep! Mission established! Beginning scan!] It took but a few seconds for it to respond with its findings.

[Remnants of an unknown force field have been detected. Confirmed to be interplanar contamination.]

Buzz! He stopped the whole interplanar spell formation with a wave of his hand. And then, with a blast at the center, the astral stone turned into smithereens.

The energy from this astral stone that he’d acquired from Vance of the Rolithe Family had been exhausted completely.

Seeing the course of events, Leylin took a deep breath before stepping up to the middle of the room.

In the library, multiple sprinklers that were fixed to the ceiling and connected to an enormous pool in the center started spraying a fragrant whitish-green liquid.

“Rank 5 purification pool! I hope it’s of help!” Interplanar defense was a

compulsory course for anyone performing research in the area. Leylin had gotten Gilbert's own purification system a while ago and built an enhanced version for himself.

Green liquid dripped from the nozzles, its antiseptic scent strong and sharp. Soon, Leylin was completely drenched.

As the green liquid washed over him, green fur started to appear on the surface of his clothing before being washed off by the same liquid again.

"This is so troublesome!" Leylin assessed his situation and furrowed his brows. He stripped himself naked and jumped into the pool in the center.

Zi Zi! An enormous whirlpool formed of pearl-white liquid started bubbling lightly.

Traces of black liquid oozed out of Leylin's pores, visible to the naked eye.

After several rinses, Leylin stepped into another purification room. Inside, many human-sized flowers and plants were blooming. They opened up their petals and revealed their scarlet red tongues with suction pads...

After multiple purifications, Leylin wore a brand new loose-fitting robe and relaxed on a recliner.

'I've sent many seeds into the astral plane in the past three months, but unfortunately I didn't have help from the Coin of Destiny. There's no way to find the Blackrain World again. Not only did I suffer an irrecoverable loss, I have even provoked such a heinous creature...' Leylin weighed his gains and losses.

He had run many experiments on the astral plane, and had gotten some substantial gains. Yet, compared to his engagement with the Multi-Armed Race, it was all worth nothing.

With the A.I. Chip's help, he had figured out the secret spell, and named it Multilimb Strength.

The A.I. Chip's simulations had proven that such a secret spell had the

ability to break apart one's genetic limitations. So much so, that it could enhance Leylin's current vitality by five to ten points.

To Leylin, such temptations were irresistible.

The more powerful one's vitality, the harder it was to advance further. When his vitality was at ten to twenty points, he hadn't bothered much about raising it. But now, to advance further from his base was an uphill task.

If word leaked of his Multilimb Strength, it would drive body-refining Magi crazy and cause them to act.

Even this one gain was enough to offset all his losses in the past three months!

This was the main attraction of the astral plane. There were both sides to a coin, no profit without loss. After becoming unable to use the Coin of Destiny, Leylin's experiments had been at a bottleneck, with multiple attempts to proceed resulting in failure.

Especially today. He'd unexpectedly drawn towards himself a completely unknown living creature. It was, in fact, not an organism. Just a formless being with consciousness.

When it flared up, it was potentially more horrifying than an ancient curse.

"My luck had been average, I think it's time to stop!" Leylin had a bad premonition about the dangers he had been facing.

"....."

He shut his eyes lightly, and when he opened them, the same decapitated goat head appeared in front of him again. Its eyes were filled with death and traces of ridicule.

Leylin sighed. Facing the goat head eye to eye, his face was expressionless.

Ten seconds later, the goat head once again disappeared without a trace, as if what had just happened was another illusion.

“So troublesome!” Leylin was evidently annoyed, “How dare it!”

He got up in a flash, grabbed his clothes, and went to the center of a restricted room.

Grasping the knob of the door, another illusion appeared as the yellowish-bronze knob morphed into a familiar goat head, glaring at Leylin, and giving him a sinister smile.

Such circumstances would drive any Magus crazy, and cause many other repercussions as well.

Upon opening the door, a cold mechanical voice was transmitted, “This is the core room! Only host Leylin Farlier is permitted entry. All trespassers will be executed.” Soon after, horrifying spell energy locked onto Leylin’s body.

Rays of red, green, and blue scanned his body. “Scanning has begun. Authority verified. Alarm lifted.” With the last sound, his body felt a rush of relief.

This was a small core room. There was only an experimental table with a crystal ball, and on top of it were intermittent images of a white bone.

Leylin laid down on the experimental table. Soon, he could hear noises from all around. First were some animalistic growls, and then there were the pitiful cries of someone in the throes of death.

Leylin was unmoved and nonchalantly gave the order, “Begin radiation!”

“Beginning radiation!” A mysterious energy appeared from the Lamia fingerbone, streaking across Leylin’s body. Slowly, the Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline in his body was roused to a gentle boil.

Given any other time, he would have enjoyed this process immensely. However, this time he felt different. Streaks of ash-grey fog appeared all over his body, enveloping him like a huge callous. It made him feel like he was struggling on his deathbed.

[Remnants of an unknown force field have been detected in the host. Confirmed to be interplanar contamination.] The A.I. Chip repeated, and

then added something else. [It is advised to stop the Lamia radiation.]

“No! Increase the radioactive level. Raise it by 10 times!” an ambitious glare burned in Leylin’s eyes.

The A.I. Chip only had the rights to suggest, not to execute anything. Acting on his will, rays of blue currents radiated from the Lamia bone, causing huge energy undulations. It broke through the grey fog and shone onto his body.

Leylin groaned as he clenched his teeth, both hands holding tightly to the experimental table, using so much strength that he left imprints on it.

Purplish-black patches started to appear on his body, looking similar to sunburns.

[Epidermal cells are now 39.78% damaged! Host is suggested to abort the radiation!] The A.I. Chip sounded once again.

“It seems to be insufficient! Increase intensity, adjust to 50 times!” Leylin locked his jaw tightly and hissed.

Zi Zi! The enormous radiation tangled with the ash-grey fog, turning it into a liquid that dripped down.

The noises surrounding Leylin began to intensify in both volume and chaos.

The white goat head once again appeared in front of Leylin. This time, the fur on it started to be shed one by one and the two horns started to shrink back into its skull, resulting in a huge change in its appearance.

After numerous alterations and transformation, the original goat head had morphed into a female human head. Her eyes were all-white, and were streaming blood.



# Chapter 472: Strong Ancient Blood

## Serpent Castle

[The force fields have been neutralised. Host body's contamination is being dissipated.]

With the mist surrounding Leylin's body becoming weaker, the female head in front of him became less distinct and finally disappeared into the air.

When the last bit of mist was gone, Leylin immediately ordered for the radiation to be stopped.

Following that, he saw his skin looking as if it had been severely burnt and smiled wryly.

These injuries would definitely have killed any normal person. However, for Magi, as long as the astral pollution could be gotten rid of, everything else was not an issue.

Leylin wriggled his body, and the wounds on his body began to crack. Skin began to crease in a process similar to that of snakes moulting. Then, as if taking off his clothes, he shed off the dead skin and revealed fair, unblemished skin once more.

In just a few minutes, Leylin, who had seemed like a malicious spirit, had regained his normal appearance.

After changing his clothes, Leylin huffed a long sigh. "It really was quite dangerous this time. That creature with consciousness is still something I am unable to comprehend."

Just some spiritual force contamination was too much for him to handle himself. This was an existence whose strength definitely surpassed the Morning Star realm, maybe even at the strength of a Radiant Moon Magus!

If not for his Lamia fingerbone allowing him to treat this through the neutralisation of force fields, he would be plagued with troubles for a long

time.

Now, though, even if the contamination through radiation was very powerful, the Lamia was an ancient rank 5 existence. When the radiation from two highly-ranked existences collided, the only result would be mutual destruction.

Leylin had taken a risk with this, but the effects seemed pretty good.

“What happened this time is a warning. It looks like I should pause my experiments for now...”

Leylin walked out of the core room, ordering the tower genie to send him some desserts and drinks, before he asked, “How has the situation outside been in the time that I’ve been experimenting?”

While experimenting, Magi usually disconnected themselves from all communication to prevent any disturbances.

The tower genie now had the role of something like a housekeeper. Not only did it have to intercept messages from the outside, it also needed to filter out the most important information for Leylin to peruse.

“Someone from Freya’s family came here? There’s even an invitation card?”

Leylin touched his chin, “Could it be that she’s already broken through to the Crystal Phase?”

His relationship with Freya was not half bad, especially after selling the bloodline gemstones to her. Though Freya had then secluded herself and not contacted him, they were part of the same clan. He had to give her some face.

Leylin thought for a moment and sent down an order, “Inform Parker that I’ll meet that Timmy tomorrow!”

Besides this, there were a few other miscellaneous matters that Leylin had to take care of as the one with the highest authority. Without his approval, many things could not be implemented on this piece of land.

These were all necessary. Even if they might be complicated and result

in lowered efficiency, they could not be avoided...

The next day, Timmy, who had been waiting for a long time, finally saw the well-known Leylin in the Magus Tower.

An adamantine puppet sent in some desserts and drinks before withdrawing.

Leylin watched the reserved young man. He was obviously very young, but the purity of his bloodline far exceeded that of Noah from Robin's family. This descendant of Freya's family was probably someone that they favoured. Sending him here was a show of how highly they valued Leylin.

"Lord Marquis Leylin's Magus Tower is truly wondrous!" Timmy praised from the bottom of his heart. Leylin's top-grade Magus Tower had a reputation of its own within the Ouroboros Clan. There were always guests coming over and gasping in awe over it.

However, when these words were produced from Timmy's lips, there was something very sincere about it that gave Leylin a favourable impression.

After chatting for a while, Leylin asked, "Timmy, what are your intentions in coming here?"

At the mention of his business, Timmy turned solemn, "I was asked by the head of the family to pass this invitation to my lord!" As he said this, he respectfully passed an invitation card to Leylin.

Usually, if it was something common, communication via secret imprints was enough. Getting someone to specifically send an invitation was only something that large noble families would do. Even then, it was only done when there was some celebration or important festival.

There was a sweet scent from the surface of the paper. After skimming through the content, Leylin nodded. "Freya has already advanced to the Crystal Phase! As expected, it's a joyous matter. I'll personally congratulate her!"

For high-ranked Magi, advancement was always very difficult. Each success definitely called for a celebration. When Leylin had achieved the Hydro Phase, he had invited his seniors over. Compared to the Hydro

Phase, the Crystal Phase was multiple levels higher and more difficult.

“Many thanks, my lord!” Timmy bowed respectfully.

Though Freya had only just advanced and could not be considered any genius as compared to Robin, she was still quite decent.

In addition, their family still had plans of having a good relationship with Leylin. After all, Leylin was so young and already a Hydro Phase Magus. His future was boundless.

This was without them even knowing of Leylin’s advancement to the Crystal Phase. If they did, they would definitely value him even more highly.

“I definitely need to go this time!” An invitation from nobility was extremely important. The other party had even especially sent someone over, and if Leylin did not attend, even Freya would feel very uncomfortable.

After sending Timmy away, Leylin lightly sighed. With his current strength, the rank 2 Timmy naturally would not be able to sense his real aura if he wanted to conceal it.

“Crystal Phase at two hundred years of age? That would be too high profile!” Leylin shook his head, “I need to keep a low profile and hide my strength before going there.”

Leylin had gotten used to being a wolf in sheep’s clothing. Right from his days as an acolyte, he’d developed a technique to conceal his aura and spiritual force waves. On top of that, he had obtained that spiritual force compression technique, making things much easier for him. After reaching rank 3, the effects of these spells became weaker. Leylin improved on them again with the spell models he had obtained as well as those from the Ouroboros Clan. He had even especially created a few secret supporting techniques.

Leylin was very confident in his concealing skills.

If he went all out, even peak rank 3 Crystal Phase Magi might not be able to see through him. Unless it was a Morning Star Magus in front of

him, there was nobody to fear.

‘Freya is the beloved disciple of the Blood Duchess, Emma. She would normally attend!’ Leylin touched his chin, pondering deeply.

“Recently, Kesha mentioned that the mentors seem to have found a world that could very well be Purgatory. The three elders have all been deep in experiments on the astral plane, and it’s not quite likely that they’ll emerge.”

The desire Kemoyin Warlocks had towards Purgatory was something outsiders were unable to comprehend.

Mere traces of the Snake Dowager was enough for all the Warlocks in the Ouroboros Clan to go crazy. After all, the restraints of their bloodlines could only be resolved with her.

In addition, the Purgatory World itself was a giant world. It held boundless riches and, compared to the surrounding worlds, it could be said to be a large-scaled world. If not, the Snake Dowager would not have chosen to move her community here. This resulted in many Magi going forth and exploring.

“The Snake Dowager is probably an existence at or above rank 7. Even if they found her, what could the mentors offer her?”

Leylin shook his head, not very supportive of Gilbert’s actions this time. However, there was little that could be done. Since the three elders were now consumed in their research on the astral plane, this gave him the chance to take advantage of the situation.

The other high-ranked Warlocks could not see through his pretence, and hence, concealing his spiritual force undulations and going forth to congratulate them was very possible.

.....

Fresh flowers filled the ground. This was Freya’s family’s territory.

As it was a noble family that had been passed down through generations, the range of their territory far exceeded that of his own.

The wealth of the residents was something that Leylin, who had only managed things for a hundred years, could not compare to.

Freya's castle was situated beside a snaking river, with a sea of flowers around it.

Diverse, splendid flower petals spilled all over the ground, Leylin even smelt a fishy smell amidst the fragrance in the air.

He extended an arm and immediately caught a five-coloured spotted snake under a plant.

The scales of this snake were giving off a magnificent luster. Complementing the flower petals all over the ground. It was basically impossible to distinguish them with the naked eye.

As if feeling the bloodline in Leylin, the flower snake did not dare resist. Instead, it tried to curl itself up as much as possible, looking rather pitiful.

"Looks like another result of crossbreeding!"

Leylin was speechless and released this flower snake which had toxins potent enough to break through an ordinary Magus' innate defensive spell back into the sea of flowers, shaking his head.

As bloodline nobility, it would be unusual not to concentrate on techniques on modifying bloodlines.

However, for Leylin, who had gathered precious experimental data from the Quicksand Organisation, these experiments were rather unsophisticated.

All the creatures which had been created were the type that he couldn't even bother catching another glimpse of.

In comparison, the castle at the heart of the sea of flowers was what interested Leylin the most.

The Ancient Blood Serpent Castle that Freya's family had inherited was not a mere place for commoners like Leylin's Onyx Castle. This was a true ancient Magus castle.

After the great effort of bloodline Warlocks across countless

generations, every inch of the land of the Ancient Blood Serpent Castle was completely soaked in the power of magic.

This created a very formidable defence that could defend against even Morning Star Magi for a period of time.

# Chapter 473: Banquet and Invitation

In the Ancient blood Serpent Castle were many phenomena that even their current leader, Freya, could not explain clearly.

As a result, when he first saw the crimson structure, Leylin quickly grew fond of the place.

‘This sort of ancient castle is what is truly fit to be the residence of a Magus. My Onyx Castle lacks these details,’ he thought as he sighed.

Freya’s family was rumoured to even have seen Morning Star Magi amongst their ranks in history, and it was naturally something that Leylin could not compare to.

Yet, Leylin was confident in himself. As long as he advanced to the Morning Star realm, he would not need a long time before the Onyx Castle would be comparable to this Ancient Blood Serpent Castle and be a true ancient Magus castle.

A large number of carriages were parked at the plaza of the castle, and in the area were many magical creatures.

A large number of guests entered from the main gate, and the entire area seemed very lively. Greetings were thrown around audibly on occasion.

For someone to come here alone was very rare, and Leylin immediately attracted attention for it.

Thankfully, he was famous to begin with, and many members of the organisation had seen him before. Even for those who hadn’t, there were definitely images and information regarding him. Naturally, he would not be mocked.

“Leylin, there you are!” After some disturbance at the gates, Freya who was dressed in glamorous attire, came forward to welcome Leylin.

Even though they had not met for a very long time, her face still looked childlike, and even though she had the might of a Crystal Phase Magus, she looked just like a little girl, a huge contrast to her mature and enticing



figure.

‘Calling me directly by my name? Am I that close to you?’ Leylin rolled his eyes internally, but still allowed Freya to affectionately hold his arms as they walked into the castle.

This was obviously a signal with an obvious implication.

Leylin knew very well that, in Freya’s heart, she probably did not have any intentions of giving up on him completely. She had always liked to show how close she was to him at public occasions like these.

However, he was just as happy about the situation. This way, there would be fewer female Warlocks coming to cause him trouble.

Only Miranda would have the guts to fight with Freya over a man. However, after being subdued by Leylin, Miranda had become a lot more down-to-earth.

“I’m very happy that you’re here today. I hope to be able to meet you privately after the banquet, and discuss some matters regarding our mentor!” She lightly whispered into Leylin’s ears, and tenderly hugged him before going to entertain other guests.

She was the main lead of the event today, and there were many distinguished high-ranked Warlocks who had made their way here. Naturally, she could not only accompany Leylin.

“Mentor?” Leylin stroked his chin.

From the looks of it, Freya had gained an interest in the rumours regarding the discovery of traces of Purgatory World. However, she seemed concerned as well, and this foresight set her apart from other Warlocks.

Leylin shrugged his shoulders, looked for a corner, and started to quietly enjoy the delicacies and wine.

As fitting of nobles with thousands of years of heritage, the banquet had very sumptuous food, which surpassed Leylin’s expectations.

“Haha! Leylin, do you like being here alone? Aren’t you going to dance?”

After sitting for a while on the sofa, Leylin saw a familiar face.

The aura of Robin's body was gloomy, and the black marking on his forehead had occupied almost his entire face. It made Leylin rather uncomfortable.

He was now smiling at Leylin, holding a crystal glass filled with grape wine. On the other end, many female Warlocks wearing revealing clothes shot coquettish glances over.

"Senior Robin!" Leylin smiled and nodded, "I have no interest in these things..."

"That's not what you said when you were dealing with Miranda previously..." Robin smiled and shook his head, and sat beside Leylin.

Evidently, he had just used the female Warlocks as a conversation starter.

"The aura on your body... has reached a stage where even I can't seem to see through..." Robin sized up Leylin and said with a laugh, a glint in his eyes.

After being watched this way, Leylin felt chills down his spine. The greediness Robin was concealing well was causing him to feel apprehensive.

"Senior Robin, stop joking around. I've merely mastered a few powerful spells recently..." Leylin smiled and declined. His skills at altering his aura typically could not be seen through by an ordinary Crystal Phase Magus, but Robin had managed to do so, which put him on his guard.

"Why haven't I seen Noah around?" Leylin immediately diverted the conversation.

"He..." Robin's eyes registered fondness, "Noah has already reached the important milestone in his spiritual force's advancement to the Vapour Phase. He has been staying back in the family..."

"I would have to congratulate senior in advance then..." Leylin smiled, but yet felt like things were not as simple as how Robin made it out to be.

Robin became silent, before issuing an invitation, “All of us have benefitted greatly from the previous expedition. I’ve recently obtained some new intelligence. What do you think? Are you keen on another one? I am willing to give you 40% of the benefits this time round!”

“Expedition? Where to?” Leylin seemed interested, as he tilted his body forward slightly.

“An ancient pocket dimension. I can confidently say it holds an ancient Morning Star Magus’ writings, and might even be related to the ruins of the Quicksand Organisation!” Robin slightly organised his words.

“Quicksand Organisation?” Leylin’s eyes lit up, but the alarm bells ringing in his heart had grown extremely loud.

After deliberating for a long time, he finally gave a reply, “I’m sorry, Senior! I’ve been conducting an extremely important experiment recently, and I’m afraid I will not be able to head out for long periods of time.”

The instant after he said this, he felt chills, as if he was being stared at by a ferocious beast.

“Oh! What a pity...” Robin sighed, then got up and left.

However, Leylin could evidently feel the fury Robin was trying to keep in, and many things that were hidden in the dark.

‘What a terrifying man!’ Leylin heaved a deep sigh of relief after seeing Robin’s back.

‘From the looks of it, the trip to the Quicksand Castle has caused a huge change in him...’ Leylin had a feeling that this Robin was an entirely different person from that passionate and positive man he’d known.

However, even if it were the old Robin who had came forth with the invitation, Leylin would probably decline it as well. Currently, he was not short of anything. Since it was very chaotic outside, going out and exploring now would obviously just be a death wish.

On top of that, Leylin did not feel at ease with the current Robin.

Banquets like those between the elites were relatively boring, at least in

Leylin's eyes. Many bloodline elites liked to flatter each other and flaunt their wealth, and eventually get themselves drunk.

Many good looking males and females would even cuddle on the stage, and then leave the banquet together and enter designated cubicles. According to rumours, the cubicles had relatively good soundproofing functions and even if the world were to crumble, the voices within would not be transmitted to the areas outside. The people in the cubicle were therefore free to do whatever they wanted without any worries.

The strength Leylin was displaying was that of a Hydro Phase Magus, As a Marquis of the Ouroboros Clan, many high-ranked Warlocks would naturally come forth to flirt with him. Even when he tried to hide in a corner, it was hard to get a break with all the coquettish invitations he was getting.

Normally, Leylin did not mind playing this game, but after the banquet, he had Freya's private invitation to attend to. Robin's appearance had also caused him to feel uneasy, and that had naturally been a killjoy.

It was not until Leylin felt like his facial muscles were cramping from him smiling that the majestic banquet was announced to have ended.

This was a celebration meant for just the high-ranked nobility. For the low-ranked Warlocks or peasants, they would get to rest for a weekend. Freya's clan would even provide white bread and rum free of charge.

From the looks of it, such an auspicious occasion had not occurred in her family for a very long time, hence the need for a large celebration.

Leylin did not bother with all of that. After the banquet had ended, under a maid's guidance, he entered the depths of the Ancient Blood Serpent Castle.

The materials that made up the castle had since experienced many changes due to it receiving the radiation from the many Magi that had lived there.

The walls were coloured a crimson that resembled that of human muscle, and even possessed the same elasticity.

The floor was covered with a red carpet, and large mouths emerged from time to time, swallowing the trash in one gulp before licking their lips, as if after a tasty treat.

There was not a single ordinary human in the castle. With the exception of the low-ranked Warlock maids who were leading Leylin, the majority were slaves of other races.

“Hovlin?” Leylin looked at the team of dwarf-like beings bowing to him in shock. Those dwarves were scrawny, but had very sharp ears.

“Yes, master! The Hovlin not only have long lives; they are also outstanding gardeners and chefs, qualified to perform jobs of varying degrees of intensity, and as a bonus, they have a high degree of resistance to radiation!”

The maid introduced the Hovlin to Leylin.

“I’ve naturally heard of the slaves used by noble families!” Leylin nodded his head.

In actual fact, during the construction of Onyx Castle, he had thought of purchasing slaves, but high-quality slaves like these were pretty rare. Only amongst bloodline nobility like Freya’s Family would one find this many Hovlin.

“Master has been waiting in the study room for you!” The maid respectfully opened a walnut wood door and stood by the side. Leylin adjusted his collar before walking in.

“Welcome! You haven’t seen my study room before, have you?” Freya had changed into a long loose robe, and had casually used a piece of fabric to tighten her robe. Her face was as youthful as ever.

“Yes. Your huge collection of books is shocking!” Leylin nodded his head, and pretended not to see Freya’s attempts at seduction.

He knew very well what he could afford to play around with. For girls like Miranda, it was okay to have sex with them. However, it was different for girls like Freya.

Leylin was sure that if he was not prepared to take responsibility after his actions, he would definitely be chased down by the Blood Duchess until he perished!

Freya's eyes registered a ray of disappointment, yet she still made a promise. "If you want to, you can flip through any of the books here!"

# Chapter 474: Obstruction and Ambush

"Thank you very much!" Leylin smiled widely as he expressed his gratitude.

Freya pulled on Leylin's arm as they moved to sit on a long sofa. Leylin's eyebrows furrowed, but not taking such intimate actions to heart.

"What exactly did you ask me to come here for?" Leylin thought Freya was not one to look for him because of a small matter— Miranda would be more likely to do that.

Once a serious topic was mentioned, all other expressions left Freya's face as she turned solemn, "Do you know about the events related to the Purgatory World?"

"As far as I know, the elders seem to have acquired some clues, and now they should be searching for the specific coordinates!" Leylin said with an equally strict expression.

"Actually, the search has almost been completed. According to my master's plan, I'm afraid we'll all have to go to the headquarters to participate in the experiments!" Freya added, smiling bitterly.

"This is a responsibility we cannot shirk!" Leylin seemed solemn.

"It's just that... I have a really bad feeling about this..." worry surfaced on Freya's face, "Even in the ancient era, the Purgatory World was a tremendously powerful world, so how is it possible that it would be so easily found? Even if it is found, how would anyone then go past the protectors to enter?"

"I'm sure the mentors have already considered these questions..." Leylin considered his own words as he spoke.

"Well, I sure hope so!" Freya breathed a long sigh, then suddenly remembered something else, "These days, the outside world does not seem to be at peace; you must be careful. These are for you..."

Freya pushed a box over to Leylin. Leylin opened it to find numerous glittering and translucent crystals neatly placed inside.

“Spiritual force crystals? Those that have had their markings completely removed?”

Leylin was taken by surprise. A Crystal Phase Magus could naturally store and preserve his own crystallised spiritual force, and leave these crystals for future use.

But for such a pure colour to appear meant that Freya not only washed away all the spiritual force inside her crystals, but she also eliminated all her spiritual imprints.

To a Crystal Phase Magus, this was no different from reducing their own spiritual force. Although it wasn't impossible to replenish them, it was still extremely troublesome.

Such crystals with their marks removed could be given to other Crystal Phase Magi to use, and could quickly replenish spiritual force. They were rare treasures, and had always been a top-class resource that was only circulated among Crystal Phase Magi.

For Freya, someone who had just advanced to the Crystal Phase, this gift was extremely precious to give.

Freya stopped Leylin before he could say anything. “Don't decline it, this is what you deserve. I have yet to thank you for the bloodline crystals from last time...”

Leylin remained silent for a while, but eventually, managed to speak to express his gratitude, “Thank...thank you...”

.....

A black horse-carriage slowly exited from the Ancient Blood Serpent Castle's main gate..

Inside the magnificent carriage sat Leylin. He was looking at the box in his hand, a bitter smile on his face.

“She's very considerate...” He sighed lightly. During this period of an unknown crisis, Freya was still able to remember him. This thought inevitably led Leylin's heart to flutter.



“In the future, if I have the means, I will definitely help you!” Leylin firmly decided in his mind.

“Are you certain the target is inside?”

Not far away, there were tremors felt on the ground surface. Two shadows dressed in yellow appeared. “It is confirmed, inside that carriage is the Ouroboros Clan’s Marquis, Leylin!”

The other figure had a scratchy voice.

“Hehe...this is the Magus who the Demon Hunter put a high price on... And he has Hydro Phase strength!” The person who spoke first immediately laughed coldly.

“Everything is already prepared. Once our target enters the ambush, we spring into action at once!” There was a hint of bloodthirst in that scratchy voice.

“Hmm?!” Leylin, who was just resting on the carriage, abruptly opened his eyes, revealing a cheeky smile.

“Someone wants to attack me?” Although he had not heard the conversation between the two shadows, the A.I Chip’s detection clearly showed that, in the forest not far away, there was a trap.

Even if the other party had already carefully set up three layers of aura-concealing spell formations, from Leylin’s point of view these spell formations were like sieves that were filled with holes.

Especially the radiation from the Magi hidden within— that was as obvious as a burning torch in the night.

“Julian!” He called in a low voice.

“What’s the matter, Lord Marquis?” the coachman from outside replied immediately.

“Maintain the speed, there’s a group of friends ahead of us waiting for a greeting!” Leylin spoke in a low voice, and he was certain the Magus had already understood what he meant..

“Yes, my lord!” Upon hearing this piece of news, Julian’s voice was still

ever so steady, like he was not in the least bit worried.

The grand horse-carriage proceeded at a constant speed, moving along on the road by the forest as if unaware.

A yellow fireball boomed as it crashed down on them, ruining the walls of the carriage and causing it to break apart. The giant rut and the wheels of the carriage flew out.

A waft of smoke rose just outside the area, isolating this piece of land from the rest of the world.

A few men dressed in black immediately pounced towards the carriage. One of them held a huge hammer up high, and smashed down on the carriage directly.

The land rumbled as the huge hammer mercilessly crushed the remains of the carriage and created a gigantic pit, as if by an earthquake that sent out strange ripples.

“Eh? There’s no one?” The person who spoke was someone with the voice of a child, and the body of a seven-or eight-year-old. Yet, he was holding a hammer that was bigger than his own body, making him look a little ridiculous.

“Blacksmith Mia? I don’t recall there being any grudges between us.” Several black tendrils covered the whole area, and Leylin carried the trembling coachman as they walked out of the shadows.

“Hehe! Do I need a reason to kill you?” Mia lifted her hood, revealing a face befitting the body. A face that should have been filled with the joy of a child was instead warped with bloodlust.

Blacksmith Mia was the central continent’s most infamous bandit, a peak Crystal Phase Magus with countless crimes to her name. Under the guise of a little girl hid a vicious, scary monster. She’d once used a metal hammer to kill an entire family of Magi. Male, female, old, young; no matter who it was, they were simply added to the mountain of flesh.

“And I reckon these people are courting death too?” Leylin looked around at the other few black shadows. Numerous elemental particles

transformed into shields and appeared before him.

“Assassin Hill! Brutal Bear Fein!”...

A few of the Magi reported their names successively. They were all characters whose names were known far and wide for their notoriety. And they all emitted waves of Crystal Phase energy.

“You sure do think highly of me...” Leylin said, smiling while shaking his head. Without warning, he sprung forth violently.

“Go to hell!” He whirled the coachman who was in his arms upwards, smashing him towards Mia as if he were a sandbag. The numerous potion bottles on him scattered outwards.

“Rank 3 potion combination spell, Divine Prairie Flames!” Burning flames immediately formed a wall of fire in front of him, isolating Hill and Fein to one side.

On the other end, the coachman who was thrown by Leylin changed in a bizarre manner. Mia, who was standing in front of him, whirled the heavy hammer without regard for anything, trying to smash the coachman into pulp.

He pulled out a golden dagger in mid-air, and his whole temperament instantly changed. The originally timid man turned sinister and crazy, as if a cowardly rabbit transforming into a tiger.

“Blacksmith Mia?” He laughed coldly. His whole body seemed to have become as flexible as a snake’s, and he moved his body in a way no ordinary person would ever be able to as he avoided the huge hammer. In the same instant, he stabbed the dagger right into Mia’s chest.

Weng! An aura of gold was emitted from Mia’s body, but even that was shockingly dimmed as it was stabbed firmly by the dagger.

Mia’s body went stiff for a split second before her innate defensive spell shattered into pieces under the dagger’s attack.

Swiftly after, the sharp dagger mercilessly slashed at Mia’s skin and its sharp blade entered right through her chest, ripping through flesh and

entering her internals.

Seeing the fresh red blood spurting out, the coachman's face instantly revealed joy. And yet, the moment he saw a crazed expression on Mia's face, his heart froze.

"Die!" Mia let go of the hammer. Holding on to a dagger, she crashed forward.

The sound of bones breaking came from the coachman's body. His face revealed his astonishment as blood flew from his mouth onto the street.

"Boneless Snake Julian?" Mia's body constantly wiggled, covering and repairing her internal organs and wounds immediately. She looked at Julian with eyes filled with hatred.

"As expected of the legendary Magus with body refinement, who soaked in the Corrosion Swamp! To think my strength and magic equipment isn't enough to kill you in one shot!"

Having been revealed, there were slight alterations to the coachman's face, and Hydro Phase waves were emitted from his body. He was a Magus as well!

Or rather, an advanced Magus who had already reached Hydro Phase.

The Boneless Snake, Julian, was one of Freya's family's most powerful warriors. He was notorious for assassination ability, causing enemies to be terror-stricken at the thought of his existence.

"Damn it, I knew those bastards' plan was not reliable!" Mia's face changed. "Retreat immediately!"

Hill and Fein glanced at each other, doubt surfacing on their faces.

Even if Julian and Leylin stood shoulder to shoulder, they were merely two Hydro Phase Magi. On the other hand, their group had a bunch of Crystal Phase Magi who had been famous for a long time, how could they run away from them with their tails tucked between their legs?

But subsequently, their facial expressions drastically changed.

"Psssst!"

A menacing Blood Serpent's shadow abruptly bombarded the surrounding haze. The whole spell formation was immediately breached.

Warriors wearing dark red Magus robes with Giant Kemoyin Serpent tattoos surrounded the area, and covered Leylin who had just been promoted to the Crystal Phase.

“Ouroboros Clan Warlocks?”

Hill cried out beneath his breath, knowing that today's business would be hard to handle...

# Chapter 475: Explosion and Encirclement

“You lot knew our plans from the very beginning?” As Mia looked at how they were heavily surrounded, her face turned grim.

The fighting strength of high-ranked Warlocks, especially that of Warlocks like Leylin and Julian, could without a doubt compare to ordinary Magi in the Crystal Phase.

The Blood Serpent Warlock Organisation was the elite force of Freya’s family, not something to be trifled with. They were actually dispatched all at once, and were even led by Freya herself, a Crystal Phase Warlock!

Due to the additional power from their bloodlines, Warlocks were usually stronger than ordinary Magi. Once they advanced to the Crystal Phase, they would immediately be able to compare to peak Crystal Phase Magi.

Given all this, it was no wonder that Mia’s face looked glum.

“All of you have been wreaking havoc near the territory of the Ouroboros Clan! How can we let all of you go so easily?” Freya wore a tight-fitting hunting suit, and looked extremely heroic. Of course, that was only if one ignored the childish face.

“River Agu’s warehouse robbery, the extermination of the Rolithe Family, and Count Oakta’s disappearance. Who exactly is the mastermind behind all these?”

Freya stared at the three Magi, and an extreme feeling of danger overwhelmed her.

To subdue and order three vicious Magi in the Crystal Phase was not something that could be done by any ordinary power. With the addition of the chain of events that had occurred recently, Freya had a bad premonition.

“Just the Ouroboros Clan?” Mia’s group of three Magi all registered smiles of disdain.

“Watch out! Lest they...” After seeing that smile, Leylin’s pupils shrank,

and he quickly gave a reminder.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Three other rays of black clashed with the Blood Serpent Organisation like lightning, overcoming the strong obstructions before arriving next to Mia's group.

"Three... Crystal Phase!" Freya grit her teeth, and she sounded bitter.

Little did she expect that the opponents had reinforcements, which obviously meant that they had made preparations with regards to the plan of hers.

She was already at the limit of her current strength in subduing three Crystal Phase Magi. But now that there were three more? Freya felt her heart sink.

"What now? If you don't wish for the elites in your family to perish here, then release us now!" Mia's voice had a tinge of complacency.

"That's not enough! He needs to stay!" The three Crystal phase Magi who'd appeared afterwards pointed at Leylin.

"What? Why?" Leylin touched his nose.

"The damage you've done to us is not light, and only the Demon Hunter's rewards can make up for it!" Hill shot Leylin a look before glancing at Freya.

"He is not a Warlock from your family. Miss Freya, I presume you wouldn't want to simply treat us as your enemies just for a member of your organisation?"

Leylin rolled his eyes internally. It would be impossible for discord to be sowed with such simple tactics. However, due to the fact that personal interests were involved, this could bring about more trouble.

Thankfully, Leylin had not planned to put his own safety in the hands of others, and had backup plans already.

"The Demon Hunter?" Freya muttered to herself. She had heard of how Leylin and a few others had offended that particular Morning Star Magus. If those Crystal phase fugitives were under the Demon Hunter's wings, it

would be understandable.

Many of the Warlocks thought of that point, and after hearing Hill's words they looked at Leylin in a different light.

Even though they belonged to the same organisation, and they'd had some friendly interactions before, Leylin was simply not important enough for them to offend a Morning Star Magus without hesitation.

Morning Star Magi in the central continent had power and status, and their dignity could not be infringed upon lightly.

Even though the two organisations were hostile, they hadn't yet completely fallen out with each other. As a result, many of the Warlocks thought that it was worth it to give up Leylin to get on Cyril's good side.

A few Warlocks immediately distanced themselves from Leylin. This included the very Julian who had been fighting at his side all this while.

Freya's face immediately registered a change. She grit her teeth as she looked at the numerous Warlocks from her family.

"Leylin is a Marquis of our clan, we will never hand him over!"

"Master!"

A clamour was started amongst the Warlocks. From their point of view, their family did not have to do so much for an outsider.

"My decision is firm! All of you, quickly get out of my territory, or else you'll come to regret it!" Freya said firmly.

"The one who'll come to regret it will be you!" Mia said furiously, and together with the five figures behind her, turned to leave.

"Wait a minute!" Just when the Blood Serpent Organisation had made a path, an ill-timed voice sounded that caused both parties to look around.

"Leylin, don't do anything rash!" Freya's voice betrayed her anxiety.

Even though they were related by bloodline, the Ouroboros Clan was divided into many factions that competed with each other. This was the most she could do for Leylin. Were he to go and provoke them without



discrimination, Freya would not risk the danger of her family's elimination to accompany him.

She looked at Leylin's back, and bit her lips.

"What? Youngster, you're lucky today to be able to hide under the skirt of a woman. Next time, you won't be so lucky!" Mia raised her giant hammer and threatened him.

"Three Crystal Phase Magi for the ambush, and another three as backup... this should be the limits of your strength!" A blue light shone in Leylin's eyes as he sighed, "Don't use the Hunter as a facade, he's not fit for that!"

"Hmmm? What did you just say?" Fury appeared on the faces of some of the Crystal Phase Magi.

"What I'm saying is that you have to stay here today. There's no escaping from that, even if you're using the name of a Morning Star Magus!" Leylin's tone was light, but seemed to emphasise his words. At the same time, a mountainous might instantly erupted from his body.

"Crystal... Crystal Phase! How long have you been..." Freya covered her mouth in extreme shock.

Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks would typically depend on the accumulation of time to make a breakthrough via their bloodlines. Freya's own breakthrough to the Crystal Phase at her age had deemed her a genius.

But Leylin? He was only 200 years old, and yet had already broken through the bottleneck to the Crystal Phase!

Freya immediately thought of the changed situation on the battlefield after Leylin revealed his strength.

The other party had a total of six Crystal Phase Magi, and Freya's side had two with the addition of Leylin Julian and the other members of her organisation could at most resist the attacks of three Crystal Phase Magi. Overall their strength was still lower than that of their opponents.

Of course, in that case, for the other party to want to cause great damage to Freya's team, their chances at succeeding would be greatly minimised.

With the small disparity in strength and the apprehensions about damages on both sides, ordinary threats would have no effects.

"I'll deal with these three Crystal Phase Magi! You can settle the remaining ones right?" Leylin had undone the pretense of the transfiguration spell, and had released his entire strength without any qualms as he pointed to Mia's initial group of three.

"No problem!" With Freya's Crystal Phase strength and the addition of Julian and the Blood Serpent Warlock Organisation's support, to annihilate the three Magi would not be a problem. It would only be a matter of time.

"But, are you sure you're up to it?" Freya glanced at Leylin, and in her eyes was worry that she could not conceal. After all, the enemies were Crystal phase Magi as well.

"Haha... Don't worry..." Leylin laughed, and numerous black flames shot out like arrows as they trapped Mia, Hill, and Fein within.

He actually wanted to, in one move, deal with three Magi that were similar in strength to him together.

"I'll grant your death wish! Just nice, my Bloodthirsty Hammer lacks the spiritual wailing of a Crystal Phase Magus!" Mia smiled coldly as she rushed forward with the metal hammer.

Bam! The heavy hammer rippled with terrifying amounts of energy, creating a huge crater on the ground.

"A lass who only uses brute force! I happen to detest beings like these lately!" Leylin's silhouette grew translucent, giving off a glow which swiftly appeared before Mia.

"I cannot stand you, but it's a piece of cake to subdue you!" Leylin's eyes registered coldness, a black ray slowly appeared from his hands.

"Fatality's Tip!" The black ray of death tunneled through the hammer

and the innate defensive spells, shooting at Mia's forehead like black lightning. When it exited, it brought with it a large amount of blood as well as brain matter.

Bang! It was not until Mia's corpse fell to the ground that Hill and Fein reacted to it.

What had they seen? The famed Mia who was known for her hammer, someone at the peak of the Crystal Phase, died at the hands of her opponent. The two had not even dueled for a few seconds.

'Could it be that he has already advanced to the Morning Star realm?'

All of a sudden, an idea that shocked the two appeared within their thoughts, which instantly caused their limbs to become colder.

Leylin himself had not expected the effects of the sudden attack to be so successful as well.

He had originally already reached the state of a rank 3 Hydro Phase Magus, and with his bloodline strength matured to an extent, he had managed to prematurely reach his limits now together with the help of the Lamia fingerbone.

Currently, he not only had a terrifying spiritual force, his other credentials had far surpassed that of ordinary Crystal Phase Magi by a huge margin.

This terrifying strength had the support of the powerful spell tailored for him by the A.I Chip— Fatality's Tip!

All the factors had come together, and perhaps with the help of Mia's complacency, he had managed to achieve such success. Even Leylin himself was grateful for this stroke of luck that arrived just in time.

"It seems as if I've a few adversaries in the Morning Star realm currently!"

Leylin looked at the venue which had instantly quieted down, and let out a sigh of relief.

"What are you looking at?"

Freya was distracted for only a short while before she instantly ordered the gathering of the Blood Serpent Warlocks. Leylin's terrifying outburst had allowed her to see hope for subduing and annihilating the opponents here!

The thought of her earlier humiliation seemed to have triggered the adventurer in her.

# Chapter 476: Invincible

“Surround them! Formation number 2!” Under Freya’s command, the Blood Serpent Organisation firmly trapped the three other Crystal Phase Magi in a formation.

With their own strength and the assistance of Julian’s expertise in sneak attacks, the three Crystal Phase Magi in the formation were immediately surrounded by danger.

“It’s your turn now!” Seeing that the three Magi had no hope of escaping, Leylin turned towards Hill and Fein on the opposite end, a brilliant smile spreading across his face.

To the two Magi on the other end, though, this smile was more frightening than that of a demon’s.

Upon seeing Leylin’s grin, they knew that he definitely would not let them off, and immediately rushed to take action first.

The moment Hill had that thought, numerous black thorns instantly appeared, bursting forth in the blink of an eye.

“Umbra Sting!” The many sharp thorns screeched across the sky and scattered down like a torrential rain of spikes.

“Useless!” A layer of dense scales emerged on Leylin’s body. All that the thorns could do on collision with these scales was make a loud noise before snapping apart, merely causing white specks to appear on the black scales.

Leylin’s physique had always been extremely shocking, and the current him could practically fight against any rank 1 or rank 2 Magus with his body alone. With the addition of the Kemoyin scales that strengthened his defense, even if he went up against a rank 3 Magus in the Crystal Phase, any spells used against him would have nearly no effect unless they were prepared over a long time.

In the middle of the black rain, Leylin seemed to have transformed into a giant savage beast, advancing while sheltered from the numerous sparks.

This ferocious posture instantly scared the wits out of the two Magi.

“What we do now? Quick, think of something!” Hill shouted at Fein next to him, cold sweat dripping down his forehead.

He was very clear on how terrifying the effects of his spell were, but the other party had unexpectedly resisted it with a mere layer of scales. How strong was his body?

Perhaps only the legendary Morning Star Magi, whose bodies had been transformed by soul force, could compare to him.

“Gaia’s Cage!” Fein did not waste any time either. A multitude of yellow crystals appeared around him as he muttered a long unintelligible chant without pause.

When he was done chanting, the earth shook, causing the soil to disintegrate and reveal a sparkling jade structure within.

A cage brimming with the resplendent radiance of a gem suddenly fell down on Leylin, covering him and trapping him inside.

“Earth Elves! Listen to my instructions, bury him completely in the abyss...”

A cheery look briefly appeared on Fein’s face before he hurriedly started casting more spells as numerous rays of dull yellow light flashed. Large amounts of soil coagulated to form an even bigger rock that buried him inside. The earth even started to crack apart, as though wanting to swallow up the cage deep into itself.

“Well done, Fein!” Hill, who was on the other side, immediately yelled excitedly, but then saw his comrade’s forced smile.

“Be careful! He’s struggling inside, I can’t control it any longer!” Following loud thumps that made one’s heart palpitate, the numerous rocks swelled and broke apart to form huge cracks.

The many cracks then connected to each other and broken rocks suddenly fell everywhere, as though there was a dreadful creature locked up inside that was struggling so hard with mere brute force that the entire

cage seemed to have gotten misshaped.

With every thump, Fein's expression grew a little paler, as though he was getting punched hard. By the end of his chant, he spat out large mouthfuls of fresh blood, and almost looked like he was dead.

"The... The seal!" Fein tried his best to say as blood gushed out in large amounts from the corner of his mouth.

Boom! The very mountains shook, and the huge cage of rock was sent into the cracks just before everything completely fell apart. The earth slowly closed up.

"Great!" Hill cheered, finally managing to let his guard down.

Thump! At this moment, he saw his comrade Fein faint, as though he had already used up all of his energy.

"Don't worry, buddy! I'll take you away now!"

Hill's eyes flickered in multiple colours. Peering over at the few black silhouettes belonging to the Blood Serpent Warlock Organisation who were not far away, he gritted his teeth and left quickly.

"Master?" Julian looked over at the location where Leylin had been buried, "Aren't we going to help?"

"Don't worry. That fellow has never been blocked by an obstacle, he definitely still has something up his sleeve!" Freya rolled her eyes, "Why are you speaking up for him all of a sudden? You clearly approved of the ceasefire previously!"

'That was when I didn't know that the other party was so perverse!' Julian secretly criticised, but did not dare to express it in words.

"Lord Leylin actually revealed his true ability and will likely be the biggest hope in our clan. It will definitely grant him a status much higher than before..."

The highest authority in the Ouroboros Clan belonged to the three Morning Star Warlock elders, followed by a whole bunch of bloodline Marquises among whom the ownership was split.

But Julian knew that above these ordinary bloodline Marquises were actually a special group of people!

They were young Warlocks— children who had already achieved the Crystal Phase and had hopes of advancing to the Morning Star realm! Such people were few and far between in the entire Ouroboros Clan. Their status was only lower than that of the few rank 4 Warlocks, and they were provided with the best resources, aiming for nothing less than advancing to Morning Star.

Although Robin was Gilbert's main steward, his actual position was previously lower than these seeds by a notch.

Of course, after getting some unknown profits, his strength had improved tremendously, and upon entering the Crystal Phase, Robin was on par with the others.

Now that Leylin had shown that his potential was not inferior to Robin's, exceeding it in fact, he would definitely receive more attention from Duke Gilbert!

"Now it seems that when Master met him for the first time, you had already discovered that he wasn't ordinary. Your foresight indeed exceeds that of an average person!" Julian expressed his respect sincerely, making Freya blush.

"You want to leave? Have you even asked me?"

Boom! The rock exploded, exposing a deep gaping hole in the ground.

A black figure forced his way out recklessly, causing rocks to fly everywhere.

"Ley... Leylin!" Hill gazed at Fein who had already fainted on the ground, but couldn't even bring himself to cry.

At the bottom of his heart, he had already cursed at the people in charge who initially made this plan. How stupid were they to have put their sights on Leylin, such a ferocious person?

But he didn't have much chance to think about it. Leylin, who was



exuding a brazen aura, had already appeared in front of him.

“My Lord! Spare us...” Hill’s voice distorted, and various accessories on his person exploded, forming many layers of radiant armor that floated around his body.

“When you dared to ambush me back then, you should have expected to be killed!” Leylin’s was callous. In a situation where Morning Star Magi would not appear, there were few things that could constrain him.

After all, since he was unable to continue hiding his strength, he had to ruthlessly display it and intimidate the rest who wanted to go against him.

Thump! A black fist attacked the outermost barrier of light, smashing it into pieces. The other layers of defence immediately started tottering, on the verge of collapse.

“My Lord! I am willing to reveal the mastermind behind all this!” Hill gritted his teeth and finally pulled out his trump card.

“Not interested!” Leylin really was not interested in probing behind the scenes. War was almost upon them, and it would be easiest to build an atmosphere full of panic by assassinations and by getting rid of the other party’s weaker troops.

He didn’t want to be implicated and end up provoking a Morning Star Magus.

Right now, as long as he firmly broke the claws that the other party was reaching out with, it would be enough!

After sorting out his thoughts, Leylin appeared even more apathetic, and was indifferent to the other party’s pleas for forgiveness. He eventually ripped apart Hill’s innate defence under his despairing gaze.

A sinister-looking head fell onto the ground with a thump even as the body it was previously attached to let loose a shower of blood. It looked like a red fountain had erupted.

‘As for this... I’ll leave it to her.’ Leylin instantly thought of Freya. Fein, who was still unconscious and lying on the ground, would still take some

effort to deal with.

Upon inspection, he discovered that Fein's spiritual force had been exhausted, and swiftly removed all of his spatial objects before forcing his consciousness shut.

With his magic equipment and potions all taken away, and his spiritual force sealed, even if Fein was a Magus in the Crystal Phase, he wouldn't be able to do anything.

Hiss... On the other end of the battlefield, in the spell formation formed by the Blood Serpent Organisation, the battle was at its most heated moment.

Although the Blood Serpent Organisation was comprised of the elites of Freya's family, who were also proficient in many types of formations, Freya had discovered to her surprise that the three Crystal Phase Magi were also experts in all kinds of terrifying secret techniques. Through combining their strength, those Magi had managed to survive the assault of her troops until now, even if they were trapped in a formation.

The three Crystal Phase Magi in front of Freya had now morphed into a monster.

This monster was thrice the size of a normal human, had three heads and six arms, and its body was covered with moving black runes. It looked as though it was a fusion of the three Magi.

The head of an elderly man placed right in the centre opened its eyes and issued its last warning to Freya. "Let us go! You don't want to pay the price for detaining us!"

"Don't trust him!" A corner of the spell formation split apart, allowing a ray of light to enter. Leylin stood beside Freya.

"Hill and company have already been completely destroyed, and you still wish to leave? Dream on!" Leylin naturally reprimanded his enemies without restraint.

Seeing that the fused Magi appeared to have made suspicious movements, Leylin immediately turned to Freya.

“You’re in charge of controlling the spell formation, I’ll take care of the front!” he said and then dashed away.

The spell formation of the Warlock organisation was not bad, but Leylin was clear that what it lacked was a pivot who would dare to fight against the other party head on.

His rays of death had been prepared long ago, flickering with a dreadful lustre.

# Chapter 477: Enforcer

Due to the sudden incident, Leylin's return was delayed and he returned to the Ancient Blood Serpent Castle to rest.

"Thank you so much for what you did this time!" Freya sat beside Leylin and personally poured tea for him, her face full of gratitude.

It was evident that the opponents had come for the Ancient Blood Serpent Castle, and attacking Leylin was only an afterthought. If not for Leylin's help, the six Crystal Phase Magi would have attacked together. The castle might not have been able to defend against such an abrupt attack, and there might have been colossal damages.

"That's nothing much. Friends should help each other!" Leylin smiled.

"Just friends?" A gleam of disappointment shone across Freya's face.

The sudden turn of the situation made Leylin feel somewhat awkward, and he tried to divert the conversation elsewhere, "Were any of the other guests present, they wouldn't have stood the savage behaviour of those fugitives either!"

During the battle the previous day, other than Fein who had been taken captive by Leylin, all the five Crystal Phase Magi had perished. The announcement of those horrifying battle results had rendered many people speechless, and had caused a lot of commotion in the Ouroboros Clan headquarters.

The only captive, Fein, was naturally sent back to the headquarters. In the meanwhile, Leylin would have the lion's share of the spoils of war.

Compared to Freya who had to look after her family clan, Leylin had much less pressing on his mind. Whatever he had acquired belonged to him alone, and he had indeed managed to get a huge sum. And there were even more surprises in store for him!

The only thing Leylin could not understand was why Freya did not invite the other guests to assist in subduing the opponents.

If only she had invited more high ranking Warlocks, Leylin would not

have to be forced to reveal his true powers.

"Them..." Freya smiled wryly, and actually looked pitiful. Upon seeing her expression, Leylin immediately went silent, guessing what had happened.

Freya had definitely discarded quite a few people in the past, offending them while under the wings of a strong, protective mentor. At this point in time, those people most likely hoped for her to mess up.

Furthermore, there were many factions in Ouroboros Clan, and recently there had been immense tension between them. The environment had given rise to an unstable situation.

Power conflicts tended to be more horrifying than battles. Freya could not find even a single person she was confident would aid her.

"Is the situation already that bad?" Leylin stroked his chin.

"Yes. You're the only one I trust now!" Freya's eyes became red as she leant her head on Leylin's shoulders.

"Wait a moment!" Leylin smiled wryly as he shook his head, "I can understand your need to rant. But what's the point of placing mistletoe powder in the candle?"

The mistletoe was a cherished plant in the Magus world. Seen as a symbol of making love and giving birth, its powder was commonly used to make enticing medicine.

For Magi, it even had the mystical power of increasing impregnation rates, and hence was in excessive demand.

Freya held her breath as she sat in a corner. Her face did not reveal any sense of embarrassment, but was only tinged with anger.

Since she knew that Leylin was a Potions Grandmaster, and had techniques that could protect his seeds of life that even Miranda was unable to do anything about, she would naturally not make a forceful move, and instead leave obvious hints.

And yet Leylin acted like a fool. It infuriated her so much that she didn't

want to be near him.

"Master, news has arrived from headquarters!" At that moment, the gates opened and Julian walked in, something that resolved the awkward situation.

"No one here is an outsider. Go ahead!" Freya nodded. In front of others, she had reinstated her prestige.

Julian shot Leylin a glance. A sudden realisation flashed across his eyes, but his face remained solemn.

"According to the orders of the headquarters, Sir Leylin is to become an enforcer of the Ouroboros Clan, and will be in charge of patrolling all the regions under our control! He has the powers to attack any royals under the rank of Marquis. Even if it's a Marquis, he has the rights to imprison them!"

"That..." Freya could not believe it, "They just want to put you in a spot!" She could see through the intentions of such an arrangement by the high ranking officials.

"But I have no other choice, do I?" Leylin shrugged his shoulders.

"According to the orders from the headquarters, Marquis, you have to accept the appointment as soon as possible!"

Julian bowed slightly. The powers of an enforcer of the Ouroboros Clan would naturally be great, but if he was not mindful he could potentially offend many people. This did not bode well for Leylin's future prospects. But since it was an order, it indicated that the internal affairs of the Ouroboros Clan were not too good, to the extent that they had to rely on Leylin to clean up the system.

'From the looks of it, I'll have to leave!'

Leylin got up and gave Freya a hug, "I'm going!"

"Mmm! I'll be heading over to the headquarters to find Mentor some time soon as well. Please be careful!" Freya's eyes actually did turn red this time round.

"Don't worry! There are few people who can scheme against me now!" Leylin laughed with confidence.

.....

Phosphorescence Swamp, within the Ouroboros Clan headquarters.

Gilbert's living quarters were small and narrow like before. The walls on two sides even had some green mould growing on them.

If he had not been to the basement, even Leylin would not have believed that this was the residence of a Morning Star Magus.

Leylin saw Duke Gilbert in the study room, not a single strand of hair on his face or head.

"Mentor!" he respectfully bowed.

"Mmmm! You've actually advanced to the Crystal Phase! Not bad, not bad!" Gilbert nodded his head, his gaze scanning across Leylin's body like a ray of lightning.

"I was just lucky!" Leylin obviously would not agree, and he pushed all the credit on to so-called luck.

Thankfully, Gilbert did not continue questioning him either. He held a goose hair pen and started writing on a piece of parchment paper, eventually leaving a marking on the paper using his own secret imprint.

"This is for you! From today, you are the enforcer of the Ouroboros Clan!"

Gilbert passed Leylin the freshly written appointment letter, and his face broke into a sarcastic laugh, "Our organisation has had some matters popping up internally lately. They require your attention!"

"Understood, Mentor!" Leylin let out a long deep sigh inside.

If this was in the past, Gilbert would obviously get to the bottom of things. Even though Leylin had prepared a corresponding response, he had not expected Gilbert to let things off so lightly.

looking at how Gilbert hadn't even taken his armour off completely,

Leylin's heart throbbed. He asked, "About the Purgatory World..."

"Mmm! We have already discovered its direction, and we need only spend a bit more time to get its coordinates!" Gilbert's eyes lit up, showing his celebratory mood.

"The thousand year search by the Ouroboros Clan will finally see an end! We only need to enter the Purgatory World before we Kemoyin Warlocks won't have to worry about the problem of our bloodlines declining. There's even the potential to break through the bloodline shackles and advance to a higher rank!"

Leylin remained silent and looked at his mentor who was beaming with joy, unable to bring himself to say a word.

He had the A.I Chip as his trump card, and the hopes of the Twilight Zone's Icy World. He naturally wasn't like the Ouroboros Clan Warlocks, who had a deeper understanding of the pains brought forth by the bloodline shackles.

From the looks of it, a thousand years of hope had caused Gilbert to finally drown himself in jubilation.

For the three Elders, all the battles were simply nonsensical. Even if the Ouroboros Clan was to perish, in front of the Purgatory World, it seemed to have no weight.

As a result, Gilbert had allowed him to pass the ordeal so easily.

"Alright, get down to doing it soon. You can seek help from Lucian and Robin if need be! I still have experiments to work on..."

Gilbert's experiment was obviously very pressing. Even during his short conversation with Leylin, the secret imprint on his hands had lit up quite a few times. He eventually chased Leylin out, certainly on his way back to the laboratory.

God knows why, but upon seeing Gilbert like that, Leylin felt a sense of pressure.

Greed drove one to madness before it drove them to death. This was a



maxim from his previous life, but one that was still applicable in the situation now.

Since war was about to break out, the few Morning Star Warlocks had actually couped themselves up at home, which resulted in their opponents brazenly taking up the offense.

Leylin smiled wryly internally, and yet had no solution to offer.

Since the Morning Star forces had chosen not to show their faces, it was hard for the subordinates to do anything, and now that Gilbert had actually passed on a portion of the authority to him, it was obviously a difficult task.

"Parker! Bring along my capable subordinates and rush to the headquarters quickly!"

Gilbert had only given him a position, but had not allocated any subordinates to him, which had rendered Leylin speechless.

Fortunately, within his own territory, he had nurtured a few talents, and now was the time he could put them to good use.

Kemoyin Warlock Marquises were like feudal lords in the Ouroboros Clan, and had many Warlocks seeking refuge from them. Should there be more time, Leylin could even build an elite Warlock team himself, which he believed would not be inferior to the Blood Serpent Organisation.

"As you wish, Master!" Parker's voice from the secret technique imprint was firm and determined. He had obviously received some news already.

"Very good. I'll be waiting for you in the manor!" After a few words, Leylin ended the call.

As a Marquis, he had a huge manor in the Ouroboros Clan headquarters. Even though the facilities could not measure up to that of the Magus Tower and Onyx Palace, it was sufficient for an ordinary high-ranking Warlock to use.

What's more important was that the facilities were all complimentary, and Leylin did not have to pay a single penny!

As a result, Leylin had kept the manor and treated it as his residence in the headquarters.

After sending away the two Warlocks who were looking after things, he went into his bedroom and entered deep thought.

A while later, he waved his arms and numerous objects appeared. Many of them had terrifying magic powers. In an instant, the entire room started to glow.

Those were all his spoils of war. The opponents this time round were a bunch of Crystal Phase Magi who were relatively affluent. It had given Leylin a pleasant surprise.

# Chapter 478: Annihilator

Glancing through the many pieces of magic equipment and precious materials, Leylin set his gaze on a pile of crystals.

These were all pure spiritual force crystals. On their surfaces, he could faintly feel the energy of elemental particles.

Crystal Phase Magi had the tendency to stockpile their crystallised spiritual force. In times of need, they would use them to replenish their own spiritual force, or trade them for something else due to their value.

Leylin's move had been quick and violent, leaving no opportunity for the opposite side to use such tactics.

Compared to the spiritual force crystals gifted by Freya, these crystals were obviously unclean, and had to be processed before use. "Crystal Phase spiritual force crystals..."

Leylin stroked his chin, and a tube of golden blood appeared in his hand.

"It's unexpected that I managed to gather these two items so quickly. I guess I'll just go ahead and carry out Quicksand's experiment!" Leylin sighed, and his eyes flashed with a dark solemnness.

His harvest from Quicksand Castle had been much greater than just the Lamia fingerbone.

After he finished deciphering the experimental procedures, the great amount of data became useful for his own bloodline research. Over the past century, he'd digested it all, and even improved on some of it. The technique of preserving his genes was just a marginal result of the experiment.

In fact, Leylin felt that his research into bloodlines was amongst the best in the entire Ouroboros Clan, just below that of the elders.

And one of his experiments involved a method of igniting a Warlock's bloodline to strengthen them.

Leylin had kept this experiment top secret, unwilling to perform it even

after he advanced to the Crystal Phase. The effect of the first ignition would be the best, and subsequent ones would progressively decrease in value. Hence, Leylin planned to use his first ignition to break through the bottleneck to the Morning Star realm.

Of course, one measly experiment would not be able to propel him to rank 4. Moreover, he was only at the beginning of the Crystal Phase, so he hadn't even reached the threshold for advancement.

There was an enormous gap between rank 3 Magi and those at the Morning Star realm. There was an abundance of Magi in the central continent, yet Morning Stars remained few and far between, their positions envied by all.

Igniting one's bloodline had the potential to boost one's strength greatly, and even that had slim chances of facilitating a breakthrough.

Still, this bloodline experiment wasn't the only trick Leylin had up his sleeve.

"My cumulations to advance to rank 3 have been progressing well! I have to start considering the next stage—Morning Star..." Leylin stroked his chin, evidently pleased.

The central continent was currently in a dire state, especially the Ouroboros Clan. Not only were there disturbances on the borders, many families had perished and core members had gone missing. These disastrous events were a bad omen for the future.

Amidst such chaos, the best defence one could rely on was their own ability!

"I'm sure Mentor Gilbert and the other two have already been alerted about the circumstances. Why are they yet to make a move?" Leylin muttered under his breath. Suddenly, he thought about his own appointment as an enforcer. "Perhaps they were aware of it and had secret plans of their own that I might have missed noticing it..."

Time crawled on as he waited in silence.

Later, Leylin welcomed the presence of his own bodyguards. Boosting his

own confidence was the presence of Lucian.

“Do you really wish to do that?” Lucian stood in front of Leylin, unable to mask his astonishment.

After finding out that the current Leylin had advanced, and was on par with him at the Crystal Phase, he sighed in his heart.

This junior only needed a hundred years to catch up to his level. His talent exceeded any member the organisation had ever seen even in Morning Star seeds. And yet, compared to the temperamental Robin, Leylin whose potential was much higher remained humble and earnest. Lucian found this extremely admirable.

“If we investigate further, the number of people implicated in this will increase... Although Mentor ordered me to assist you...” Lucian, after seeing the current Leylin, felt that this junior ought to have wholeheartedly entered seclusion, waiting for an opportunity to break through the Morning Star bottleneck instead of focusing on such small matters. He wondered what his mentor was thinking.

Thoughts about Gilbert made Lucian heave a big sigh.

To these high-ranking Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks, the allure of the Purgatory World was much too huge, and they couldn't help but be engrossed in their search.

Thinking about the recent situations and Leylin's terrifying military power, Lucian heaved another big sigh.

“I'm in charge of information in the clan. I can give you anything you need. My only wish is for you to not get yourself involved!” Lucian smiled bitterly, took out a translucent crystal ball, and handed over to Leylin.

“As an enforcer, it is imperative that I locate the rebels and all the disruptive elements hidden in the Ouroboros Clan and get rid of them!” Leylin smiled faintly, as if he was not affected by Lucian's words. But once his spiritual force entered the crystal ball, his face changed.

“The situation has deteriorated to such an extent?” He looked up in disbelief and glared at Lucian.

“Yes...” he answered after a heartbeat, “The chaotic power struggles are not confined to the border regions. Even internally, some ambiguous problems have cropped up. Some of the clans and families especially, their betrayal is pretty much confirmed...”

This top secret information was only available to Leylin because he currently held the position of an enforcement officer. If it were in the past when he only held the position of a Marquis, he wouldn't have access to such things.

‘What exactly is Mentor doing?’ The thought left a bitter taste in Leylin's mouth.

“There's no need for excessive worry. As long as we don't lose our main base at Phosphorescence Swamp, given the presence of the three elders, we of the Ouroboros Clan will never be vulnerable and weak.”

Leylin let loose a long sigh before he stood up.

“I want the list of confirmed traitors!”

“Alright, I'll ready them immediately,” Lucian promised, “What do you plan to do?”

“No matter what, since they have the audacity to betray the Organization, they will have to pay the price!” Leylin spoke with a steely voice. With his men behind him, he headed out.

.....

“The Stuart Family at the Stuart mountain range!”

Black fires were blazing furiously. A large number of high-ranking Warlocks were surrounding a huge mountainous brutal bear.

Behind the bear was a fort that was half-built into the cliffside.

“Enforcer Leylin, I demand an explanation for this!” In the middle of the castle, the silhouette of an old Magus appeared. It entered the sky, becoming a huge projection.

“Even though you are an enforcer, you do not have the authority to besiege the castle of a Marquis!” The illusory image of the old man roared

in his hoarse voice.

“Authority? Only the weak will abide by such rules and regulations while wishing that their predators would abide by them in this way too. By placing your hopes on such enforcements is truly foolish!”

Leylin sneered. Still, on the account of the other men that went on this mission with him, he decided to explain further, “If I have to give you an explanation, it would be your betrayal of the Organization. That is why all these Warlocks are out to kill you, and that is why you cannot escape your fate!”

“Rubbish...” Having his biggest secret exposed, the Magus acted like he knew nothing and was hearing it for the first time. Veins popped out of his flushed neck and he fumed with anger.

“True or false, we’ll know after you surrender.” Leylin’s face was emotionless. A brilliant ray of black ripped through the vast sky and streaked across the brutal bear’s head mercilessly.

Bang! The huge mountainous brutal bear’s head was cracked open like a watermelon.

“So long as they are from the Stuart Family, we have orders to kill them without exception. Property and assets will also be confiscated. We’ll be given bonuses of equivalent value!” Parker ordered clearly. Those Warlocks thirsty for achievements, and those who longed for the huge payout from the mission, howled and dashed forward.

Seeing Snoopy taking the lead and defeating one Magus after the other, some even dying on the spot, Leylin couldn’t help but nod his head.

The reason he’d taken on the job of enforcer, other than to acquire the huge wealth of the rebels, was for him to bring his men together for a round of actual field training.

The bloody battle of magic and death carried on for a short while. Ten or so minutes later, Parker grabbed the Magus that had been speaking from the fort, and pulled him out. With the matter settled, he stood in front of Leylin and reported like a loyal long-time butler.

“Except for this old man, all surviving members of the Stuart Family had been wiped out!”

“Well done!” Leylin looked at the high-ranking Warlock on the ground. The opposite party evidently had the Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline in him too, yet when he saw Leylin, he began to shiver.

“Do you feel resentment? Desperation?” Leylin stepped up, provoking the old Magus.

“Hopefully, the next time, before your soul is destroyed, you should use some brains!”

Thud! After Leylin was done speaking the chief’s head fell to the ground, staining it red.

“A total of three Giant Kemoyin Serpent Families have been wiped out, along with their supplementary small-scale families and other influences. I think we’ll have some peace for a while now...”

Standing at the edge of the overhanging cliff, Leylin glanced at the result of the destruction caused by many Magi, involuntarily heaving a sigh of relief.

“Only a while?” Standing by the side, Parker smiled bitterly.

After numerous episodes, Leylin’s reputation had spread everywhere. With his formidable strength that could even slay Crystal Phase chiefs, he’d immediately established his status.

Soon after, through the ruthless means of wiping out entire families and clans, Leylin’s fame as an enforcer became even more widespread. Thus, he was labelled ‘Annihilator’.



# Chapter 479: 3 Helpers

No matter what, with Leylin happily going on a killing spree, the internal affairs of the Ouroboros Clan stabilised despite the general unrest.

Leylin guessed that this had more to do with how the opposing Morning Star powers had yet to make their move.

Without these insider spies, it would take more effort to create chaos within the inner circles of the Ouroboros Clan which was currently already on the alert.

With these achievements, his reputation soared not only within the Ouroboros Clan, but even in the nearby regions.

‘After the Stuart family is destroyed, we can take a small break!’

Leylin sighed and asked Parker, “How is it going at Senior Robin’s side?”

After taking on his role as an enforcer, Leylin was stunned at the realisation that this senior of his had accepted the responsibility from Gilbert before him, and was leading his family and pushing down all rebellions.

In addition, there were rumours that Leylin’s senior had a large change of personality. Not only did he like to torture his enemies, he even enjoyed eating human flesh.

Upon hearing this, Leylin’s heart sank.

Though it was terrifying when bloodline issues acted up in high-ranked Warlocks, Robin’s behaviour had surpassed the pattern of any problems arising from bloodline.

‘Mentor might have wanted to capitalise on his insanity, which is why he arranged for him to purge the inner regions.’

Leylin took in a deep breath.

Compared to him, Robin was going too far. Leylin had merely destroyed families where there was conclusive evidence against them, but Robin went even further. If he had the slightest suspicion at all, the entire family

would be purged by him mercilessly.

Even a few bloodline noble families who had a deep connection with Robin's own thus lost their inheritance.

Through the list of families Robin had destroyed, Leylin made a discovery. Robin seemed to only to have an interest in pure-blooded families, and the higher the purity, the more pitiful their deaths were. Even their corpses were not complete.

Knowing all this, Leylin felt a chill as he put two and two together.

Though he knew he wasn't the best person in the world, he was still better than Robin. He wouldn't do anything so disgusting.

"Complaints against Robin are becoming more widespread. Who knows, we might need to stop him next!" Leylin smiled wryly at Parker.

"Robin is master's senior. I believe Duke Gilbert wouldn't do this," Parker consoled him.

"I hope so!" Leylin sighed. A distance away, many white dandelions fell down like snowflakes, flying freely atop the ancient castle that had already been ruined.

Night fell, and outside what had been the castle, Leylin's vassals set up simple tents. Iron pots bubbled with meat soup and large amounts of mushrooms, giving off a tempting aroma.

A merry atmosphere permeated the camp; the plan had gone quite well. Though Leylin planned to train his vassals this way, he still made his move when the casualties were about to be too high.

Hence, they had not suffered much, and instead reaped massive gains. For this reason, they were motivated to continue striving on.

Even the most ferocious Warlock was full of admiration when gazing at Leylin's tent at the heart of the camp.

They had been with Leylin for the longest period of time, and could be said to be the people who knew Leylin the best out of everyone in the Ouroboros Clan.

It was because they knew the terrifying strength of their master that they held reverence for him.

Of course, he did not put too much thought into this. As long as he maintained his crushing strength, these vassals would follow him for their entire life.

Within the tent, Leylin was half-lying on the ground, dressed in tight black clothing. His hands were held behind his back in a strange position.

There were a few strange runes written on his body with blood.

Buzzing sounds were produced from Leylin's lips from time to time, his entire body slightly moving along to a rhythm.

During this process, threads of mysterious energy seemed to be pulled from the air, disappearing into Leylin's limbs.

This process continued for almost an hour. Only then did Leylin stand up, taking a look at his hands.

A prompt popped up at this moment.

[Host body completed a cycle of Multilimb Strength. Vitality increased by 0.5, no changes to strength. Estimated that in 20 days and 13 hours, host body's vitality will increase by 6.7, and strength by 2.1...]

"This progress is not bad!" Watching his stats that were refreshed again, Leylin couldn't help but nod.

Multilimb Strength was a cultivation technique he had gathered from the race in the Blackrain World. Though the Morning Star realm chief had purposely left out a lot of things, the complete version of this path to strength was completely deduced, with the A.I. Chip organising the data and making inferences.

Toughening his body with this method, Leylin found that his body, which had already developed to the maximum, now held the possibility of advancing even further.

Though this increase was small, it was enough for him to be happy.

Furthermore, with Multilimb Strength, the toughness and coordination

of his body had increased by a whole level. He could even launch a physical attack similar to that of an ancient giant beast.

This coordination, when paired with the Knight techniques Leylin had previously learned, turned his body into a frightful killing machine.

Still, these were all just serendipitous. What Leylin focused on was the increase Multilimb Strength gave to his vitality.

The corporeal body sustained the spirit. If spiritual force was said to be water, then a Magus' body would be the cup. The larger and sturdier the cup, the more liquid it could contain.

Leylin was still unable to peep at the Morning Star realm, but after reaching the Crystal Phase, what he needed to do was continuously increase his vitality and accumulate spiritual force. Once enough had been gathered, his crystallised spiritual force would eventually condense to form point mass.

The point mass represented everything to a Magus. It represented their journey, bloodline, strength, and even soul!

Hence, this process was irreversible. The moment the ascension to the Morning Star realm failed, and the point mass grew unstable, a terrifying explosion might occur.

If a Magus encountered such a situation, they would be left without a corpse.

Historically, the Magi who failed to ascend to the Morning Star realm and fell far outnumbered those that had succeeded.

Wondering about his future path, Leylin's expression changed as he asked the A.I. Chip a question, "How is the simulation of information regarding the Morning Star realm going?"

[Simulation is 13.5% complete. Unable to process deeper calculations without concrete data] The A.I. Chip robotically answered.

If he could gain an understanding of the Morning Star realm now, it would be incomparably useful to Leylin's advancement.

However, it was difficult to meet with Morning Star Magi, and even more impossible to perform research on them.

It wasn't as if Leylin could look for Gilbert and tell him that he wanted to do an experiment, and ask him to be a specimen.

It would be a wonder if Gilbert did not destroy Leylin in that instant!

"Perhaps the corpse of the Scorpion Man in Twilight Zone will be useful to me!" Leylin touched his chin. The Scorpion Man was truly a Morning Star creature, and his corpse would definitely be useful as a reference for the A.I. Chip's simulations.

Immediately after, Leylin overruled his own thoughts. "There's not enough time. It isn't the volcano's dormant period. Furthermore, based on the predictions of the Coin of Destiny, rank 3 Magi will meet with dangers that cannot be predicted in the Icy Cave. Only those with Morning Star strength can be safe..."

Leylin steeled his expression and let the A.I. Chip continue research.

Leylin was counting on the Lamia fingerbone and the bloodline ignition experiment as well as the A.I. Chip's analysis of the Morning Star realm to advance.

As long as he did persevered in that regard, he would definitely be able to reach the threshold of Morning Star.

If he was a regular Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock, just obtaining one of those would be difficult. However, Leylin had everything, and even without assistance all these would increase his chances of reaching Morning Star by a lot when compared to other Morning Star seedlings.

Leylin had no doubt about this.

.....

Sha sha! The pendant at Leylin's waist suddenly emitted bright light.

Leylin's brows furrowed, and he tapped on a secret imprint.

"Is this Marquis Leylin, Sir Enforcer?" A low, hoarse voice was produced from the secret imprint.

This was the communications officer that the Ouroboros Clan had specifically allocated to him. He was in charge of contacting Leylin alone, and just by hearing his voice, Leylin could guess that something terrible had happened.

“I am Leylin. Is there anything wrong?” His voice was calm and steady, even causing the voice from the other side to become gentler.

“Headquarters has received a denouncement. Marquis Miranda is accusing Marquis Robin of attempting to kill her. There is also a large amount of evidence! Based on the information, something has also seemingly happened within Robin’s family.”

“Get to the point.” Leylin raised his eyebrows.

The voice on the other end hesitated, but still presented the news. “According to the order of the Elder Committee, Marquis Leylin is to head to Robin’s family immediately, and send Marquis Robin back to headquarters.”

“They want me to capture Robin? Do you know that he’s Mentor Gilbert’s student and my senior?” Leylin’s expression became serious.

“I know. This is Duke Gilbert’s order!” The voice was silent for a while, and then transmitted a black runic imprint.

This was similar to a person’s signature and could not be forged. This black rune was Gilbert’s own symbol, and Leylin definitely would not misidentify it.

“I understand.”

Feeling jittery, Leylin ended communications and fell into silence.

“Mentor, what are you thinking?” A long while later, a low voice was sounded in the tent.

# Chapter 480: Tease

Leylin didn't feel good the entire night due to the orders to capture Robin. Regardless of how things would unfold, it would still be disadvantageous to the Ouroboros Clan.

The disciple of a Morning Star Magus had shown signs of betrayal, which would be a fatal blow to the emotions of the Warlocks that had just settled down. But since it was Gilbert's wish, Leylin could only carry it out.

However, he somehow felt that things weren't so simple.

.....

"Leylin! Welcome!" Robin hugged Leylin and laughed heartily. He was full of smiles, and looked as though he wasn't affected by the news.

Robin still had the appearance of a very young male, if one ignored the numerous runes imprinted on his face.

Compared to the last time they met, the imprints on Robin's forehead were even more terrifying, and practically occupied more than half of his face. It made Robin's original facial features seem immensely sinister and horrifying.

"Senior Robin!" Leylin put on a stiff smile.

After making brief bodily contact with him earlier on, a quiver had run through his entire being and he'd felt every pore on his body contract.

Such a feeling was an indication of what a ferocious beast Robin had become, automatically putting Leylin on guard.

Leylin peered past Robin, and he scanned the members of his family behind him.

The family that Robin belonged to was known as the Parble Family. In the entire Ouroboros Clan, their bloodline lineage was one of the purest, and they were a long-standing noble family that possessed great influence.

On previous adventures, Robin could have dispatched fifty rank 3 Warlocks as he wished, and he even brought along a pure-blooded

nephew, which went to show how much of a standing their family had.

But now, the teenagers that followed behind Robin had gloomy expressions... Or more accurately, they had an air of death around them.

What made Leylin even more shocked was that behind Robin, there wasn't a single family elder to be seen, and there weren't many Warlocks who were at rank 3 and above. Even Noah was nowhere to be found.

"Such a situation must definitely mean that something huge has happened!"

Leylin's hunch was getting clearer, but his facial expression only became more sincere, and he said slightly apologetically, "I'm sorry, senior, according to Mentor's orders..."

"Oh! Rest assured, it's a total misunderstanding! I'll go to headquarters with you tomorrow to explain!" Robin seemed honest.

He then enthusiastically invited Leylin, "You haven't been to my castle and laboratory before, right? Stay here for the night. Your vassals are also my guests. I have prepared a sumptuous banquet for them, and I believe you'll like it here..."

What else could Leylin say when Robin was being so cordial? He could only check into the vacant room that Robin had specially left for him, just as his vassals that had rushed here with him did into theirs.

The oaken floor had an oily layer of gloss on it. The smell of incense filled the room, and the four walls were filled with portraits, armour and swords.

Although Parker had never specifically learned about assessments in this aspect, he also knew that this was surely one of the best rooms in the castle.

"It's just that... My Lord, you..." Parker didn't have the slightest interest in examining the helmet that was said to have been adorned with the feathers of multicoloured birds, but instead stood in front of Leylin with a worried look on his face.



“I know. You mean to say that I had received orders to apprehend Robin, but yet I’m now associating with him, and this will inevitably make people suspicious and cause them to attack...” Leylin lay on an armchair embedded with huge rubies, and interrupted Parker with a wave of his hand, brushing him off.

“But what else can we do? Robin is my senior after all, and before this matter has been fully investigated, we cannot make any rash conclusions!”

“Anyway, he has already agreed to return with us tomorrow, so we don’t have to demand anything else...”

Even upon hearing Leylin’s words, Parker’s smile remained bitter. This was, of course, the most normal scenario, but from his point of view, Robin seemed to be showing symptoms of insanity., and it was impossible to deduce his next course of action using logic.

Furthermore, it was hard to guarantee that he didn’t have plans to first numb them and then get rid of all his problems at once.

Among all the bloodline nobility of the land, they were undoubtedly the best, and even orders from the headquarters would sometimes be boycotted by them, openly or secretly.

Knock! Knock! Knock! Just as Parker was about to say something, a steady and rhythmic knocking sound came from the door.

A tender voice sounded from behind the door, “Respected Marquis! The banquet has begun!”

“You may enter!” Leylin nodded.

The door was promptly opened, and a girl dressed as a servant, whose face still had baby fat, appeared in front of Leylin and Parker.

The female servant’s face flushed with nervousness as though it was her first time seeing such high-ranking guests.

“How great it must be to be young...” Leylin pinched her cheeks, hardly standing on courtesy. This made her blush all the way to her neck.

He felt the aura of a pure Kemoyin bloodline from the girl. It seemed

that she shared blood with Robin, and they were probably weren't far removed.

From the bloodline, it seemed that this girl had a bright future, and might even be in the direct line of descent in Robin's family. But in order to greet Leylin, she naturally had to change into the clothes of a servant.

"What's your name?" Leylin asked, smiling. Parker stood aside, expressionless, as though he hadn't seen Leylin's gesture.

As a high-ranking Warlock, who also once had authority over a Warlock clan, he had become completely immune to such matters.

Even if Leylin did anything in front of him, he would still be able to stand as straight as a pine tree.

"Ed... Edda, Sir! The female servant's voice held a hint of a repressed sob, as though she was about to cry any moment.

At her age, she obviously knew a lot. If this high-ranking bloodline nobleman wanted her, there wouldn't be any objections from anyone, regardless of if it was an elder or her parents. They might even send her over with great joy.

Hence, although she was on the verge of tears, Edda held them back, trying to stay strong.

Luckily for her, Leylin stopped teasing her. He gently asked Edda, whose face was turning fully red, "I also have another close friend in the Parble Family by the name of Noah, do you know him?"

"Uncle Noah?!" the little girl cried out, yet shortly after she seemed to have remembered something, and raised her guard against Leylin.

It was alright, though. From her behaviour earlier on, Leylin became aware of many things.

"No need to be afraid! He and I are good friends, if anything has happened to him, I will definitely help!" Leylin acutely discovered Edda's hidden hostility, and plastered his kindest smile on his face.

"Uncle Noah... He has been locked up!" The little girl finally mumbled

after a seemingly long struggle with herself, and her voice was practically so low that it couldn't be heard.

"Got it, I will try rescuing him!" Leylin caressed her head and guaranteed.

"What do you think is the possibility of her telling the truth?" Leylin asked indifferently after sending the servant away.

"The possibility isn't high; after all, she was sent by them!" Parker shook his head.

"I think so too, but it's also possible that it's information brought to us by the other powers in the Parble Family..." Leylin stroke his chin.

He had a premonition that this trip to the Parble Family Parble Family was perhaps not as simple, and it was possible that more unexpected things were slated to happen.

The atmosphere in the drawing room was tense, but a few seconds later, Leylin's light laugh broke the silence. "Let's not think too much about this right now, and just enjoy the banquet!"

"Yes, sir!" Parker nodded and followed behind Leylin. He was decked in a black tailcoat, and wore a beautiful tie around his collar, appearing as if he had made preparations long ago.

While Leylin and company were enjoying the wine and delicacies made by the Parble Family, and even the female Warlocks that were brimming with enthusiasm, somewhere in the depths of the ancient castle an invisible darkness spread endlessly.

"Divulging the information to him on purpose? Your plan is really badly done..." In a dim and narrow room, a blue secret imprint hovered in midair, and the voice of a middle-aged man faintly sounded.

"Rest assured! I know him very well, once he knows about this, he definitely will give chase!" A silhouette shrouded in black gas was conversing with the secret imprint. Numerous squirming veins emerged from the black gas from time to time, and were densely packed, making one's scalp go numb.

“I don’t care about your plan, but Leylin has to be handed over to me!” The blue secret imprint spoke with gritted teeth, apparently harbouring an unforgettable hatred towards Leylin.

“We have been making deals and collaborating on many occasions, you don’t have to worry!”

The figure shrouded in the black gas was silent for a while, then continued asking, “Actually, these are all small matters. What I really wish to know is: when are you planning to take action?”

“Very soon... The elders in the Ouroboros Clan will soon become a thing of the past. Then, our plan can truly be launched. After all, the counterattack of three Morning Star Warlocks would be hard to bear even for a Radiant Moon Magus...”

The glow of the blue imprint completely dimmed down with the last words of the middle-aged Magus.

“Very soon...” The figure in the black gas muttered, and suddenly chanted a certain syllable. The gas dispersed, revealing a face all so familiar to Leylin.

Leylin, who was still at the banquet, naturally knew nothing about all of this. Now, he was like a huge butterfly, dancing gracefully among a cluster of flowers.

The enthusiasm of the female Warlocks of the Parble Family practically melted the many Warlocks, and those that Leylin had brought over were also immersed in delight.

“Feels like things won’t be that simple...”

Parker leaned against a pillar with a glass of wine in his hand, watching Leylin’s performance, yet a puzzled look flashed in his eyes.

# Chapter 481: Bloodline Detector

The excitement dissipated with distance from the banquet hall, and the sounds were inaudible from the castle's dungeons.

Dim light shone against the murky walls and reflected numerous shadows that looked like talons. The place reeked.

"We're getting there!" Leylin knitted his brows and sized up the rooms and walls of the castle.

The dungeons of Magus castles were, more often than not, laboratories or storage rooms. He had yet to discover anything of value.

Most of the preventive and detective spell formations were unable to discover Leylin, allowing him to strut through the castle without being realised.

And the Leylin that everyone perceived in the banquet hall was obviously just a clone. Anyway, nobody would want to provoke him, and with a clone and the abilities of the A.I. Chip, a double was no problem.

On top of everything, Leylin could move freely without obstruction in the castle due to his Crystal Phase abilities. He could weaken the effects of many detective spell formations, stopping them from locating him.

'Robin's sudden emotional outburst wasn't all that it seemed to be...' Leylin rubbed his chin in deep thought. 'Moreover, if the situation outside and this were linked, it would spell even more trouble...'

Robin, despite everything, was still his senior and cared a lot for Leylin when they first met. So it'd be unwise of Leylin to make a move before finding concrete evidence.

And Robin's attitude was upright. If Leylin continued to be so unwilling to spare him, his reputation would likely go down the drain. 'Biting the hand that feeds him' would probably top the list of derogatory comments that would be made against him.

'A.I. Chip! How's the progress of the scan going Leylin's figure was engulfed by the pitch black as he looked at the walls and questioned in his

heart.

[Blueprint of the castle established, spell array formation analysed: 58%, simulation in progress...] The A.I. Chip intoned.

A three-dimensional image was projected in front of Leylin, showcasing the structures of many castles.

The castle of Robin's family was comparable to Freya's impressive Ancient Blood Serpent Castle and there were countless spell formations and bizarre phenomena caused by radiation.

Robin himself might not even know all the secrets within the castle.

The scanning of the A.I. Chip undoubtedly took a while but if Leylin stepped in to explore himself, he would be pretty much familiar with the whole internal layout after walking around so many times.

As for those sections which were yet to be analysed, it was unfortunate that the current capability of the A.I Chip was unable to compute them.

But all this was enough for him.

Under the gigantic projection, Leylin saw another empty construction buried deep underground. And its outer layer was the most Leylin's A.I. Chip could reach.

The blank spaces were marked out by crimson symbols that prevented any forms of peeping, which surprised Leylin.

The core secret of the ancient castle must have been located there. Leylin followed the directions of the map and came face to face with a huge mural.

The mural depicted a grand historical scene—a horned demon skull was guillotined by armoured cavalry and robed Magi, bloodstains and burn marks painted all over their bodies as evidence of war.

It was realism at its best with a distinct sense of style. The 18 eyes of the demon were wide open and glaring at him, as if it was still alive.

'The existence of this cellar is barely brushing the surface of Robin's family's secret. The true secret is hidden behind this mural...' Leylin's eyes

lit up as he stroked the mural.

He felt like he could smell the stench of blood and fire as he moved close to the painting. It was as if he was facing the remains of an actual war, where the blood had yet to dry.

[Beep! Ahead is a rank 1 bloodline detector. After thorough scanning, it has been identified to be one that requires a specific incantation and bloodline to pass through.]

The database of the A.I. Chip as of now was as vast as the ocean, just a mere scan could send detailed information to Leylin's memory.

'Bloodline detector?' Leylin touched his chin in deep thought. Since they'd chosen such a defensive measure, it definitely required the bloodline of Robin's family, or even Robin himself, in order to get past it.

But, of course, Leylin was ahead of Robin in terms of his knowledge on bloodlines for he had dedicated more than one century towards the study of the bloodline experiments of Quicksand. His current situation might have been an unsolvable problem for other Magi, but it was a piece of cake for him.

[Beep! Data is being collected, probing for removal measures]

The A.I. Chip operated at Leylin's command, and numerous blue symbols floated before him, forming countless dots before entering the mural.

The whole mural began to quiver and buzz as layers of dust collapsed, distinguishing the characters and making them appear more realistic than ever.

Especially the skull of the demon; an eerie green light seemed to be projecting from its eyes.

"Under the ultraviolet rays, the approaching descendant bloodline will come together and return to its origins..."

Leylin chanted a medieval incantation and a strand of black hair flew from his hand.

It was something that Leylin had stolen from the maid, Edda, when they fooled around, and was specially saved for situations like these.

Warlocks possess the most in-depth knowledge with regards to the power of bloodlines and were thus the most confident as well. So, when they set up traps or other preventive measures, all this would be taken into consideration.

Leylin had thus collected a strand of hair from a direct line of Robin's family for his use.

Hiss! A ball of scarlet light wrapped the strand within itself under Leylin's incantation.

The hair disappeared as the light dispersed, leaving behind a droplet of purplish-red blood that possessed a savage aura unique to Giant Kemoyin Serpents.

"That's not enough!" Leylin shook his head vigorously and threw out a handful of crimson rocks. These rocks turned into a fine powder in midair and congregated with the droplet.

The powder transformed into a bright silver liquid upon contact with the droplet, helping it expand even as it diluted the colour of the blood to a washed-out red.

Leylin's eyes glistened all the more as he watched this.

The incantation sounded more mournful with time and the faded red had agglutinated to a dark red blood clot, emitting a dangerously powerful aura.

If the previous bloodline was only Edda's—a low-ranked Magus—then the current ball of blood had already reached the level of a Crystal Phase, and its aura was highly similar to Robin's.

If Robin had installed this bloodline detector, then the key to it wouldn't be as simple as the bloodline of a Giant Kemoyin Serpent. Otherwise, it'd be easy as pie for any Magus to uncover the secret here.

Surely, Robin would only use his own DNA as the key.



Therefore, Leylin was trying to generate a bloodline aura similar to that of Robin's through that of his relative.

Though the DNA couldn't be imitated, Leylin believed that it would be almost undetectable by the spells here given the supreme abilities of the A.I. Chip.

[Beep! Deduction completed for the removal of the spell!] The A.I. Chip alerted and Leylin's face lit up as he sang the incantation.

[Beep! Wrong aura, starting automated matching!] The deep red ball of blood underwent some changes before changing into the aura of another Warlock.

"This is.." Leylin was confused for a moment. He quickly shook his head and sent the blood ball straight into the mural causing the two to fuse.

A layer of red started rippling on the surface of the mural and it was frightening. The characters in the mural, especially, took an eerie turn and started changing under the crimson light.

Thin scales and cysts started getting embedded their bodies and some of the cavalry even had horns growing on their heads and enormous wings on their backs. The mural had transformed into one of monsters.

The demon head, however, still had a sinister smile painted across his face that made Leylin's hairs stand.

"There must be more to this mural, this seems foreboding.." Leylin muttered to himself and looked at the demon head again.

"A.I Chip, scan the mural! Find a similar specimen in the database!" Leylin ordered.

[Beep! Mission received, starting scan! Matching similar specimens in database...] The A.I. Chip replied almost immediately while scanning through the database furiously.

[Beep! Similar image found!] The A.I. Chip projected an oil painting in front of Leylin.

Within the painting was the huge image of a demon, its horns and eyes

shockingly similar to the one in the mural.

“What is this?” Leylin looked into the information of that particular section almost immediately.

[The year 2315 of the Holy Calendar, a night where crows wept, the clone of Beelzebub arrived in Verdant City and cause a holocaust before being eliminated by an unknown Breaking Dawn Magus...]

The information presented by the A.I. Chip was very simplified. It was a mere few sentences and the image had a few missing portions on the edge.

These were the defects on the ancient book scanned earlier.

“Beelzebub, who represents gluttony?”

Leylin covered his mouth in shock, “Even if it’s just a clone, the only people who could eliminate it were Breaking Dawn Magi!”

Though details weren’t mentioned in the ancient book, the marked calendar system belonged to the ancient era where Morning Star Magi reigned, and there were definitely some in the Verdant City too.

“Amongst those who were injured, exactly how many were at Morning Star or even Breaking Dawn...” Leylin sighed.

And right at this moment, both the incantation and bloodline were stimulated and a crack split the mural from the centre, revealing a passageway that led underground.

The bloodline detector was broken by an outsider in a situation that did not alarm the owner.

# Chapter 482: Prison Cell

Cries and howls sounded.

Indescribable noises echoed past Leylin's ears as he stepped foot into the passageway. The secret that Robin had kept so tightly was about to be revealed to him.

'There must've been something more to that expedition we did.' Leylin thought about other matters as he took note of his surroundings.

'Robin was evidently impatient when we last explored the Quicksand pocket dimension. And the information he held about the dimension was definitely not possible for someone who only worked internally. He'd probably known all the secrets within Quicksand Castle long ago, and went there specifically for it...'

Leylin's guess was confirmed by the mural.

'Robin's family clearly inherited something important, and it might even be linked to the Quicksand Organisation.'

As his journey in the long passageway came to an end, he found himself between two rows of small prison-like cells.

The walls in these cells were covered in complex runes—many of which were familiar to Leylin—that were identical to the bindings of his own Magus Tower.

"The number of cells is crazy," Leylin sized up the rows of cells that seemed to have no end to them, and caught glimpses of shadows within.

'Exactly how many people is he planning to imprison?' he thought as he came in front of a cell.

"Outsider detected, warning dispatched! Destroy!"

A deep voice masculine voice sounded as Leylin entered Shadow Stealth mode, the man was a formation genie in charge of this area, holding a position similar to that of his own tower genie.

"A.I. Chip," Leylin lightly called out.

[Spiritual force interface discovered, forcefully manipulating data!] The A.I. Chip replied mechanically, without an ounce of emotion.

The voice started to change in an instant, becoming hoarse.

“Invasion by outsider’s spiritual force! Activating first layer of defences!”

“Defence broken, activating level 2 firewall and alarms! Beginning self-destruction!”

“Invasion of outsider’s spiritual force into centre formation genie. Warning! Warning!”

“Destruction imminent in T minus 3, 2... Warning dispersed! Operation normal! Outsider’s spiritual force intercepted. No information has been leaked.”

Its voice that was initially submersed in fright and hoarseness became choppy. Light shone everywhere, illuminating the surroundings distinctly as it turned into a unique robotic one, that of the A.I. Chip.

An intelligence of this standard was nothing in front of Leylin’s A.I. Chip, it was only a matter of time before it was breached.

The administrator of this region had already changed from the formation genie to Leylin’s A.I. Chip.

After he successfully took it over, the place had become Leylin’s backyard. Even Robin would fail to detect him.

Of course, he had to thank his luck that he took care of the formation genie in a short time. Most formation genies would have self-destructed in time, and alerted their owners, landing Leylin in a heap of trouble.

Thankfully, Robin’s formation genie was of a lower rank. If it were a core formation genie set up by a Morning Star Magus, the A.I. Chip would have faced a lot of difficulties.

Now, Leylin was in control.

“Activate the observation window of cell 0023!” Following Leylin’s command, a white ray of light shone in the cell, ridding it of the darkness, the prisoner appearing in front of Leylin.

And the prisoner appeared in front of Leylin.

“Huh?! This is...” Leylin’s pupils dilated. “I’ve seen him somewhere...”

It was a Warlock; more accurately, a Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock.

This sense of familiarity between bloodlines was always accurate. The Warlock in front of him looked plaintive; not only was he almost naked—only clothed in pathetic rags—his whole body was riddled with large wounds.

Some granulation tissue could be seen squirming on the wounds, they were repairing themselves. It looked revolting.

“Don’t... Don’t come any nearer. You monster!” A low voice rumbled from the Warlock’s mouth.

“I’m not Robin!” Leylin cleared his throat and said.

“...” The Warlock raised his head and Leylin could see his goblin-like face. As if on cue, hope filled his eyes, replacing the dread and despair that existed before he saw Leylin.

“Sa-Save me! Please save me, Lord Leylin!”

He was like a drowning man that was grasping at the last straw as he crawled to the middle of the cell,

It was then that Leylin realised that both the legs of the Warlock were missing. He was completely disabled.

Though it could be healed using limb regeneration spells or other high-grade potions, Robin wouldn’t have been so nice.

“Tell me, what happened? Why are you here?” Leylin looked dreadfully displeased, and his voice was low as ever.

“It’s Robin! He captured me, my wife and my children and caged us here right after he attacked my family! He-He’s a demon!”

He seemed to have undergone an overly traumatic experience that caused him to stumble over his words.

“Master! Master! Take me away please, I’m begging you!” He shouted

himself hoarse as his eyes watered.

Leylin could only shake his head at this scene. Though the advancements of Warlock were largely a result of their bloodlines, making moving up the ranks easier, to see such low willpower from a Warlock was still very rare.

High-ranking Magi usually had tenacious spirits, and could compose themselves quickly even in huge events.

“Tell me, what exactly did he do?” Two rays of lights shot from Leylin’s eyes, and made the Warlock speechless.

“He-He-” The Warlock sobbed and hugged his knees close, coiling into himself as he trembled endlessly.

“He-How dare he eat my Gwen! Oh Lord, she was only 7...”

“And Hugo, and Ron...” He could not stop listing name after name and looked absent-minded. He ended up wrapping his arms around his head, refusing to think anymore.

“A drastic change in temperament, imprisoning people, rumours of cannibalism, a mural to Beelzebub, the prince of gluttony!” Leylin let out a long sigh. The pieces came together to form a complete picture in his head.

“Wow, this is...” He did not know what to say. Robin’s desire for power had already reached such sick levels.

Though Leylin didn’t label himself a good guy, he would never go as far as Robin had.

Just then, the A.I. Chip relayed a piece of information to Leylin.

[Beep! Scan of underground laboratory completed! 341 prisoners: 34 Giant Kemoyin Warlocks, 22 Rank 3 Warlocks...]

“Other matters aside, things will be over for Robin the moment he gets exposed...” As Leylin went further, he saw that the cells on both sides were full of all kinds of Warlocks. Most of them had portions of their bodies missing, and he even saw a few elders from Robin’s own family.

It seemed like the elders who disappeared were all captured by Robin and locked up here.

Upon seeing Leylin, all the Warlocks went mad; some were wailing, some were bellowing in fury demanding that Leylin punish Robin for his sins. Even the eyes of the elders from Robin's own family were filled with hatred and rage; they had evidently given up on Robin long ago.

"These Warlocks, most of them should be from the families that Robin eliminated..." Leylin sighed. Who would know that Robin would have the guts to seize his enemies and lock them up in a secret cellar like this?

And judging from their faces, Leylin bet they would rather have died on the battlefield.

Though Leylin pitied them, he didn't order the A.I. Chip to deactivate the defence in the cells and allow them out.

After all, there were still many prisoners here that could cause chaos if let out.

Furthermore, Leylin still had more tasks to be performed that needed to be hidden from Robin.

"The core cell! Who is the one imprisoned there?" At the end of the passageway was a large cell. A few sparks could be seen jumping along the blood red electrified cage every now and then, firmly caging a Magus inside.

[No information found within the formation genie's data, this place is marked top secret!] The A.I. Chip sent back.

"Who are you?"

Standing beside the cage, Leylin was curious about the shadow inside. As the criminal who was under the tightest form of imprisonment in the entire cellar, this person could not be simple.

The prisoner raised his head after hearing Leylin's voice, and Leylin's pupils constricted in an instant before he broke out in cold sweat.

"Ro- Senior Robin?"

The person in the cage possessed a face that was bewitching, but malnourished beyond recognition. It was as though all flesh and blood had been drained from him. Robin could only force a smile before calling out for Leylin.

“Leylin, you’re here?”

“What is going on? Who is that ‘Robin’ out there?” Leylin’s expression was dark.

He felt an unusually familiar aura from this Robin who was in front of him, his smile unforgettable.

When he’d first entered Phosphorescence Swamp, Robin wore this exact same smile when welcoming Leylin as he stood by the entrance to the Ouroboros Clan headquarters.

“You should be able to guess by now,” Robin was very weak and had to pause after every other word.

All muscles seemed to have disappeared, leaving Robin a sack of bones.

If not for his features, Leylin would have thought the person in front of him was a skeleton.



# Chapter 483: Rescue

“How is he outside?” Robin lifted his head and asked Leylin, hope in his eyes.

Leylin was silent for a moment but still ended up speaking, “He has advanced to the peak of the Crystal Phase, and the curse marks have taken up over 60% of his face. He doesn’t seem to be in a good state of mind.”

“The initial phase has ended. He is now undergoing ‘Flesh Immolation’, but is still quite a distance from the final ‘Gluttony’s Monarch’.”

Robin sighed, “Can you let me out or bring me before him? There are some things that I want to tell him.”

“I’m sorry, but the situation is very dangerous...” Leylin’s expression was grim, “Shouldn’t you give me an answer now?”

“What answer? Haven’t you guessed everything already?”

“Just a part of it. Why are you here?” Leylin asked.

Robin glanced at Leylin and began to speak unhurriedly. “Hehe... our ancestors once obtained some information regarding the ‘gluttony imprint’ and knew that it was within the ancient Quicksand Castle in the Forgotten Land. That was why we were so eager in inviting you all there...”

The gluttony imprint was a fragment of the consciousness of the sin of gluttony, Beelzebub that remained in Verdant City. It was said that Magi who obtained the gluttony imprint would awaken with a terrifying appetite, but at the same time gain several unique abilities.

This gluttony imprint had once brought great suffering upon the regions surrounding Verdant City. There had even been a situation where a whole city had been devoured.

Only with the work of numerous Magi was this chaos suppressed. Countless imprints were destroyed, leaving behind a few to be used as samples in research.

“My ancestor was one of the lower class members of Quicksand, and

there are records in his notes. The gluttony imprint was once collected by Quicksand and improved using large amounts of devouring-type bloodlines, achieving the effect of improving and purifying one's own bloodline."

The history of Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks was of course long, and extended to the ancient era. However, the Ouroboros Clan had yet to be established then, which was why entering a Warlock organisation like Quicksand was very common.

Only after the end of the ancient era did the remaining Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks set up the Ouroboros Clan, which had then lasted up to date.

"So you set your sights on that gluttony imprint?" Leylin's voice was cold.

"Yes. As long as I have it, I'm confident that I can purify our bloodline till it is comparable to the ancient Giant Kemoyin Serpent, and even reach the Morning Star realm!" Robin's eyes blazed for a moment before turning dulled once more.

"Looks like the one who initially obtained the gluttony imprint was indeed you, and the one who went up on the airship with us was you. If not, Mentor would definitely have noticed. The sudden change must have happened after our return..." Leylin continued on from Robin's words.

"Yes. The spiritual contamination from the gluttony imprint is much too terrifying. In just a few short months, I could no longer control myself. I lost control of my emotions quite a few times..." Robin smiled wryly.

"So you decided to strip it off and look for a guinea pig to reduce this property, And you picked Noah."

"No, Noah requested that I do that!" Robin roared, and collapsed spinelessly.

"He was such a good child! I still remember his gaze when we spoke, full of hope and resolution... At that moment, I'd thought that only Warlocks like him would be able to subdue the gluttony imprint..."

“I now know the consequences.”

Leylin nodded. Whether it was the large change in personality after receiving the imprint or some hatred originally inside Noah, Leylin had no wish to pursue this further. The situation was clear.

Noah imprisoned his own uncle and many elders, holding his family in his grasp. He had even arrested high-grade pure-blood Warlocks and, by devouring their bloodline, purified his own.

Recently, he had even set his sights on Miranda, and was met with a fierce counterattack from her.

“The remains of high-energy beings like that all cause a lot of trouble!” Leylin knew this well. Whether it was the original spirit of the Lamia bone or the spiritual force contamination from his interplanar experiments, this was always the case.

Thankfully, Leylin’s will was strong and decisive, and he could thus eliminate these dangers. If not, he’d be no better off than Noah.

“Using the sin of gluttony to improve his own bloodline?” Leylin touched his chin. This was a rather interesting topic, and the fact that the Noah outside had, from a newly-advanced rank 3 Warlock, broken through both the Vapour Phase and the Hydro Phase to arrive at the Crystal Phase in one go, it was obvious that this had a high possibility of working. All he needed to do was settle the issue of the spiritual force contamination.

“The situation now is very complicated. I can only save you first and see what headquarters says...” Even Leylin found this difficult to handle. Only the three Morning Star elders had the qualifications to make the final decision.

“A.I. Chip, open the core restriction room.” Leylin ordered.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! The blood-red electricity of the cage died out, and the binding runes in the room dimmed.

The A.I. Chip suddenly sent a warning. [Beep! Discovered foreign spiritual force, determined to be the remains of a spirit genie.]

“He actually set up a second spirit genie to mobilise only if the core restriction room is closed?” Leylin was shocked. Evidently, Noah had not completely lost his mind and was meticulous.

[Beginning eradication of spirit genie. Another party is forcefully interfering with transmission of data and sending out cries for help. Beginning interception.]

The A.I. Chip worked quickly, but with the preparations the opponent had made, it could not intercept the data successfully.

[Interception failed. Data has been transmitted.] The A.I. Chip’s robotic voice sounded.

“Shit!” Leylin cursed, and quickly left with Robin.

Meanwhile, the face of ‘Robin’ in the reception hall of the castle warped.

“What’s going on?” Leylin, who was holding his wine cup, smiled gently.

“Die!” Noah, who had received the information, could obviously tell that Leylin in front of him was just a puppet, and that he had been duped.

He instantly reddened in fury. Gauntlets of black crystal appeared on his hands as they were struck into the smiling Leylin’s chest.

Clatter! The glass cup fell to the ground, creating a clear sound. Scarlet wine flew everywhere.

The hall immediately turned quiet. The guests all looked in this direction, full of disbelief. Lord Robin had dared attack the enforcer at a banquet? Was this a rebellion?

“Ah!” An urgent, panicky female shriek sounded, and the time which seemed to have stopped in the hall moved once more.

The Magi present immediately moved. The Warlocks of Robin’s family gathered, while Parker protected Snoopy as he transferred his men over.

Two waves of Warlocks gathered amidst the stream of people like two giant reefs, unmoving in the confusion.

Contrary to their behaviour, the musicians, waiters, dancers, clowns, and

others were startled. They fled in their alarm, occasionally letting out piercing screams.

Based on this situation, it was obvious the Warlocks on both ends had not let down their guard and were prepared to become hostile.

Tss tss! Noah expressionlessly watched the Leylin in his hands. Now, this Leylin who was in front of him, had completely turned black. Droplets of black liquid flowed from the wound and onto the ground, producing white gas.

“I’m going out for a while. Kill all of Leylin’s subordinates!” Noah carelessly dumped the shadow puppet in his hands and turned into a black phantom that disappeared.

By the time Noah had left, the Warlocks confronting each other in the hall first quietened down, and then great amounts of spell rays lit up.

The flood of chaotic elemental particles drowned the hall...

“I wouldn’t be so stupid as to fight with an opponent in their nest, which they’ve operated in for thousands of years!” With one hand on Robin, Leylin crushed a few armoured knights blocking his path into bits.

Under the silver knight armours was only air. These armours, that were meant to just be ornamental, seemed to have received some order and suddenly began attacking Leylin.

Adding to his troubles, many long ash-black tongues filled the passageway behind him, sweeping forwards.

“These knights are ‘Silent Guards.’ Without attacking the core, it’s impossible to destroy them.” Robin, who was pressed against Leylin’s side, served well as a guide yet did nothing else.

Not only was he gravely injured, his spiritual force was in ruins. A large amount seemed to have been devoured, and his strength had fallen to that of a rank 1 Warlock. If not, Leylin wouldn’t be so at ease in bringing him along.

“Rather than the silent guards, you need to be careful of the tongues

behind you!” Seeing the forces behind them, Robin’s expression changed. “This is a passageway our family found by accident. It seems to have mutated and made a connection with a majestic existence above. The ash-black tongues are parts of that existence.

“Even a Crystal Phase rank 3 Warlock would find it troublesome if caught, and might even be devoured. A few seniors in the family have died from it.”

Due to the terrifying radiation, a few ancient Magus castles would mutate, giving rise to situations that even Magi couldn’t make head or tails of.

These strange phenomena were taken advantage of by their descendants, who used them as defences.

# Chapter 484: Cage of Gluttony

“Can you control them?” With regards to unforeseeable situations, Leylin was always more cautious.

He looked at Robin. After all, Robin was the clan leader and should have had some tricks up his sleeve.

“I’m afraid not! Noah’s taken away my authority. Moreover, once the Devouring Corridor is engaged, even the clan leader himself can’t control it...”

“Then what was the point of me saving you?” Leylin rolled his eyes and pulled Robin along, sprinting at a much higher speed.

Soon Robin proved that, as a clan leader, he was still very familiar with his castle. Under his guidance, after rushing through three rooms, Leylin managed to jump down from a window pane.

The moment before he left the window ledge, numerous tongues swiftly climbed forward and filled the entire room, but had not followed through their attack to the exterior of the castle. It was as if there was a chasm at the fringes of the castle that was difficult to pass through, or even barriers outside.

Only at that point in time did Leylin have the leisure to look at his secret imprint.

“Master... they’ve gone on the offensive! The situation here is extremely chaotic!” an impatient Parker transmitted even as the rumble of explosions from spells could be heard in the background.

“Today’s banquet is extremely lively!” Leylin looked at the ancient black castle. Through one of the windows in the living room, he could see explosions and flames being set off in the room.

“Put your own safety as the priority, and escape as soon as you can!” Leylin did not have the plans to return once more. After all, those still inside the castle were his subordinates. Subordinates fought to the death for their masters, not the other way around.

“Your nephew seems to be coming over!”

After they escaped, Robin’s head had been hanging low, his thoughts a mystery. Leylin indifferently set him down under an oak tree.

After hearing his tone, Robin raised his head and saw a black figure rushing down from the ancient castle, with a terrifying aura on his body.

That was the terrifying power of a Crystal Phase Magus. Coupled with the fact that he also possessed the ancient Gluttonous Desire, these had caused even Leylin to furrow his brows.

Boom! A figure landed in front of Leylin, and revealed a face that was mostly covered with runes.

“Noah!” Leylin let out a long sigh. Relatives Noah and Robin had very similar face shapes and auras. But with the influence of the gluttony imprint concealing and obscuring things, even Morning Star Magi might not have been able to realise the difference. However, there was no way Leylin would not be able to recognise him.

“Uncle...” Noah’s voice was low as he gazed at Robin who was seated on the ground. Complex emotions whirled across his face.

Shortly after, the black runes on his face started to move about, causing changes to its shape. His nose became sharper and eyes wider.

It took only a few tweaks for Noah to look drastically different, as he regained his original appearance.

“You’ve changed a lot...” Robin said after a moment of silence.

“I have not changed! Was this not always your wish anyway?” A vicious look flashed across Noah’s face. He bowed to Robin, his etiquette perfect to the point that nobody could nitpick about it. He was the perfect example of royalty.

“Very soon, the aspirations of our clan will be realised. I can feel it. Under the radiation of the sin of gluttony, my Kemoyin bloodline has been purified. I’m only one step away from becoming a pureblood Kemoyin Warlock!”



Mysterious rays shot out of Noah's eyes as he bit his own finger to show Robin and Leylin the pure purplish-red blood.

Immediately, he greedily sucked the same finger which he'd previously bit, even as his face was immersed in pleasure.

"Crazy! You've completely gone insane!" Robin grabbed his head in pain and regret, "I should not have allowed you to inherit the imprint to begin with... No, I shouldn't even have gone to Quicksand to uncover it!"

On the other side, Leylin looked at Noah proudly showing the purity of his bloodline, and was rendered speechless.

From what he saw, even though the Kemoyin bloodline of the other party was extremely pure, but compared to the first time Leylin had purified his Kemoyin bloodline, there was still an obvious difference.

Just based on the luster, if Leylin's bloodline was initially a diamond, Noah's bloodline was at most coal, or even worse than that.

And after having absorbed large amounts of radiation from the Lamia bone, his bloodline had been purified to an unprecedented level, and might even have surpassed the ancient Giant Kemoyin Serpent!

"I'm not crazy! For those trash to be the foundations to allow for our clan to flourish is definitely an honour for them!"

Noah lifted his hands in despair, his eyes bloodshot, "I have a feeling that if only I were to eat him, my bloodline would advance to an unprecedented level, and I could even advance to the Morning Star realm!"

Noah pointed at Leylin and his eyes widened, as if he was a plate of some delicacy.

That gaze made Leylin uncomfortable, especially when the other party started to contemplate on where he should start devouring him.

Leylin kept the Memory Crystal Ball that would be the evidence for later before he swiftly asked Robin, "Since he has already confessed, there shouldn't be a problem if I start killing here in my name as an enforcer, right?"

“...” Robin’s face looked pale, and he did not utter a single word, only waving his hand.

After getting Robin’s approval, Leylin had no more misgivings.

In actual fact, just based on what Noah had done previously, Leylin would not hesitate to kill him. Still, it would be better with Robin’s understanding.

After all, the other party was his senior, and he would have to take note of the potential aftereffects.

“Tsk ts! He actually dared to utter such words to me!” Noah licked his lips, and the imprint on his face went into action. “It’s decided! I’ll make sure you don’t get to leave this place, and I’ll slowly devour your meat, a kilogram a day!”

There were many ways for Magi to regenerate their muscles, a natural product of their high vitality.

As a result, even though the flesh might have been cut off, it would grow back in a designated amount of time. That was a characteristic that Noah had made use of when he imprisoned many Magi and left them in circumstances where they were better off dead than alive.

“Devour you! I’ll devour you!” Noah’s face warped as he went berserk, and he rushed towards Leylin like a beast. Black blood vessels rose from his body, and like tentacles, covered Leylin’s face.

At the tips of the blood vessels, needle-like structures appeared. Should it penetrate one’s skin, the bone marrow could even be sucked away in an instant.

“Gross!” Leylin shook his head, and a black ray erupted from his waist. The Meteor Sword brought with it the terrifying Kemoyin venom, and formed a black wall in front of Leylin.

Numerous blood vessels were immediately chopped off by the sharp edges of the Meteor Sword. The horrifying venom even started to corrode them, causing them to rot and fall loudly to the ground.

“Grrrrr...” Noah opened his mouth, and large amounts of saliva dropped to the ground.

The current him was already under the absolute control of the sin of gluttony, and he had become a beast that moved around merely based on instinct.

Robin had turned his head, and dare not look at the miserable scene.

Buzz! During the attack, Noah’s body had been shrouded by a layer of black light. After the light dissipated, numerous pieces of black armour could be seen on his body.

No matter what, Noah was still a Crystal Phase Magus, and Leylin would not dare to belittle his abilities.

“Shadowflame Plague!” He swiftly chanted, and black flames shot forth from his robes like an aura, aiming for Noah who was rushing over. The black flames burned the crystal defence, heating up the surroundings so much that the air distorted.

Noah yelled and, like a beast, rushed out of the sea of fire and appeared before Leylin. The movement was almost instantaneous.

“What a shocking physicality!!” Leylin squinted his eyes as he saw the other party’s injuries almost instantly recovering on their own. As he saw the skin patching up, he couldn’t help but feel a little fearful.

After which, without any hesitation, he held his Cross Blade and hacked down from Noah’s head.

Sharp sword rays were created with the action as the terrifying venom was dissipated carelessly.

Leylin’s Toxic Bile had far surpassed other rank 2 innate spells, achieving a horrifying power. It was an effect entirely brought about by the maturation of his Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline under the effects of the Lamia fingerbone.

“Crossblade slash!” Black light in the form of a crucifix slashed down upon Noah’s body, causing a large vertical wound.

“AHHH!” Noah’s face flushed with blood, but he actually grabbed the blade of the sword.

Large amounts of white mist were emitted as his hands started to rot under the horrifying venom. The scene made Robin feel uneasy.

But Noah instantly revealed a smile that suggested that he had gotten away with something, and his eyes were no longer bloodshot.

“You actually were sane all this while!” Leylin cried out. That astonished him more than Noah inheriting the gluttony imprint and replacing Robin.

“It’s too late now to realise it!” The injuries on his abdomen and chest were all covered by a layer of black blood vessels, and his aura increased exponentially to a peak.

“Arcane Art, Cage of Gluttony!”

A black fog engulfed Leylin and Noah, and Robin’s face changed as he heard the gnawing sounds from within.

“The Cage of Gluttony?” On the other hand, Leylin who was shrouded in darkness casually waved both his hands forth in a bid to size up the strength of the formation.

“This isn’t the energy system of our world. It must be a formation from the path of another realm, a result of the inheritance of Beelzebub’s clone!”

Even as Leylin spoke, numerous mouths with ivory teeth surrounded him.

# Chapter 485: Unexpected Developments

Leylin's indifferent tone instantly infuriated Noah who was hiding in the dark, and a sinister voice sounded, "I hope you'll still feel that way when you are under the attack of the Gluttony's Kiss!"

This voice seemed to come from all directions, making one unable to grasp his location.

"The weakness of such barriers lies in the one who casts them. Once he's attacked, they will immediately collapse!" Leylin continued speaking in a superior tone, as though he was commenting on Noah's spell.

"So what if you know its weakness? After undergoing refinement, my Cage of Gluttony now possesses a portion of the power of a Morning Star domain. A mere Crystal Phase Magus like you will definitely never see through it!" Noah's voice sounded again, but this time, he seemed flustered and exasperated.

Anyone who saw their own enemy being unconcerned when caught in their trap, when by all rights they should've been struggling in their death throes, would feel enraged.

With a command, numerous dreadful mouths with sharp tongues started to attack Leylin by gnawing at him.

"Scale Shield!" A multitude of black crystals appeared with a snap of Leylin's fingers, forming a shield covered in a layer of scales on one side. When the white teeth bit the shield, they produced jarring noises and a great amount of sparks.

Under the attack of the numerous teeth, the defence of the Scale Shield was in imminent danger, and it seemed like it would be smashed to smithereens within minutes.

"Haha... Haha..." Seeing this, Noah let out a carefree laugh.

"Even if you saw through it, what can you do? Won't you still be ground into mincemeat under the attack of my Cage of Gluttony? I have decided—I'll preserve your tongue well, and savour it slowly..."

Even though he was clear-headed, he still showed the symptoms of insanity under the influence of the gluttony imprint.

As he listened to Noah's declaration of victory, and as the Scale Shield around him shattered, Leylin shook his head.

"If it was just this barrier, it would practically be unbreakable by rank 3 Magi, and even I would have to spend a great amount of spiritual force to forcefully break out of it, but what a pity..." Leylin sighed, as though he was genuinely feeling sorry for Noah's misfortune.

"You shouldn't have collaborated with the Oakheart Clan!"

"How did you—" Before Noah could complete his sentence, a terrifying ray of death had already pierced through the numerous barriers and hit Noah who was hidden in the cracks of darkness precisely.

Fatality's Tip! This formidable spell that the A.I. Chip had specially designed for Leylin had the terrifying effect of delivering a fatal blow to a rank 3 Magus.

Pew! Pew! Pew! Under Fatality's Tip, Noah's defence was torn apart like paper, and even his innate spells were easily smashed apart by the ray of death, as if eggshells meeting a hammer.

"Gluttony! Gluttony! The almighty Beelzebub! You are the sovereignty of Gluttony, controller of Gluttony!" A voice resonated in Noah's surroundings, as if chanting yet also praying.

Amidst the prayers, the black runes on Noah's face flashed, and actually broke away from his face, taking the shape of a black seed that obstructed Fatality's Tip.

"Power from conviction? Or bestowed from a God?" Leylin was always apprehensive about the legendary world of the gods. Some of his knowledge attained in his previous world regarding deities and gods added on to his understanding of such higher powers.

Therefore, upon witnessing this form, Leylin immediately made an association.

But shortly after, he sneered, “If Beelzebub’s original body— or even his clone— was here, he would be able to crush me with just a finger! But now, a useless seed without the support of the spiritual force of the original body wants to kill me?”

Having conducted interplanar experiments before, Leylin naturally understood the weakness of such spiritual force seeds that descended from other worlds, especially those that had their connections to both sides cut off. It could be said that even if the other party’s original body was beyond rank 7 and they had already reached a terrifying realm, they would still be unable to provide any assistance to the spiritual force seed here.

In fact, this black seed was not even a spiritual force seed, only a product of the annihilated clone’s spiritual contamination, tainted with fragments of its memory.

The rays of death struck the black seed relentlessly, humming coldly.

Pew! After the black rays of light flashed, the spiritual force seed fell to the ground with a hole on its surface. As it slowly petrified, it took the shape of a stony rune.

Fatality’s Tip penetrated Noah, who appeared to have given up all hope. If not for Leylin who slanted his finger at the final juncture, Noah’s entire brain might have been fried completely.

But now, Noah lay on the ground like a dead dog, a gaping hole in his chest. He murmured in disbelief, “How... How did this happen?”

Leylin walked up and destroyed his consciousness ruthlessly, his voice cold as ice. “Speak! When did you start ganging up with the Oakheart Clan?”

“70 years ago. I once went to Azure Mountain City in search of a way to fix the Cage of Gluttony, and at that time the Oakheart Clan helped me find what was lacking...”

After losing the gluttony imprint, Noah seemed like a lost soul. He had regressed to a state where he was even worse off than an average human

after his consciousness was ruined, allowing Leylin to get answers out of him by using an illusory spell.

“You actually dared to collude with that clan! You’re really tired of living, aren’t you!” Having interacted with them before, Leylin understood the Oakheart Clan. They were a bunch of people without morals. It was a tragedy that Noah had looked them up.

It was also the Oakheart Clan that had aided Leylin in breaking the Cage of Gluttony in one stroke.

Although the Cage of Gluttony indeed isolated itself from all sorts of detection, such that he wasn’t confident even in the A.I. Chip’s scans, Leylin still discovered minute traces of stardust bug activity on Noah.

There were only a few such bugs, and they probably had concealment spells on them, which was why Leylin hadn’t sensed anything initially.

When Noah had completely burst and dragged Leylin into the Cage of Gluttony, Leylin immediately activated the atomic scanning function of the A.I. Chip.

He initially wanted to find a flaw in the Cage of Gluttony, but who would have thought that he would accidentally find traces of stardust bugs!

Leylin had roughly learnt how to deal with these bugs while at the auction. The fact that Noah actually had parasitic stardust bugs on him was as good as adorning himself with huge light bulbs, revealing his location to Leylin.

There was no doubt as to what would happen next. Leylin aimed his Fatality’s Tip and solved all his problems.

“The Oakheart Clan?” Robin’s expression changed. They were a powerful family with a Morning Star Magus as their backing. His nephew’s dealings with them were completely against his own interest.

“It seems that the recent changes in the Ouroboros Clan have involved the interference of the powers of Azure Mountain City!” Leylin stroked his chin, and decided to evacuate immediately.



He was now even more afraid of bumping into this clan. If the issue from before was revealed, the other party would definitely come chasing after him to the ends of the earth, even if he had the support of his Morning Star Mentor.

“Senior Robin! How about we put a stop to the commotion in the castle, then take Noah to headquarters to plead guilty?” Leylin looked at Robin, who was standing at the side, and asked respectfully.

“Of course we should!” Robin smiled bitterly. Did he even still have room to reject?

“Great, let’s...” Leylin was about to say something, but his expression suddenly changed, “Who’s there?”

Numerous potions immediately emerged from the pouch at his waist, combining to form a terrifying rank 3 spell in the air, ‘Death’s Blade’.

A glowing black arc cut across, instantly shaving out a huge plain. Everything in the way – stones, large trees, and even small hills– were halved by a thin layer of light, revealing flawlessly smooth gaps.

A few figures were forced out by Death’s Blade and projected in front of Leylin.

“Leylin Farlier! I finally found you!” The Magi present were all in the Crystal Phase, and their chief was a Magus whose terrifying strength was at the peak of the Crystal Phase. The person who spoke was a middle-aged man, with his gold hair up like flames. The hatred in his voice made Leylin’s hair stand on end.

“Leo!” Leylin bellowed his name. This robed leader was actually the chief of the Oakheart Clan. From his expression, it was clear that he knew about Leylin’s disguise previously.

“A prophecy?” Leylin thought that he had wiped out his tracks cleanly, but the other party had actually discovered his identity nonetheless. He must have prophesied his identity.

While the Azure Mountain King himself wasn’t a Prophet, as long as one was willing to pay a large sum it was still possible to enlist the services of

other Magi.

It was just that the speed of the other party's reaction, as well as their viciousness, far exceeded Leylin's expectations.

It was likely that, to predict Leylin's location, the entire Oakheart Clan had paid in blood.

But if one thought about the consequences that the Oakheart Clan would suffer once Leylin exposed their stardust bugs, it somehow seemed understandable.

"Kill!" Indeed, Leo cut to the chase, as though afraid that Leylin would expose him. He immediately got to work once they met, and didn't give Leylin any chance to speak.

Boom! Boom! Terrifying waves erupted from the Crystal Phase Magi next to him, and numerous black chains appeared around Leylin, wrapping him up.

A powerful binding force was exerted on him.

Leo unrolled a simple and unadorned scroll, and the energy waves that burst forth from it made Leylin feel suffocated.

"A rank 4 spell scroll? You really do think quite highly of me!"

Leylin's pupils contracted, and he immediately whispered to Leo, "If I die here, I swear the issue with the stardust bugs will instantly be revealed and spread throughout the entire central continent!"

# Chapter 486: Discovered

The threatening words only caused Leo's hands to tremble a little, and the scroll remained tightly in his grip.

Relationships were based on strength, and this was something even more pronounced in the world of Magi.

Why would anyone be threatened by an ant? These could affect Leylin even up to the Morning Star realm, and at this point?

Leo sneered, his spiritual force continuously seeping into the scroll. At worst, he could just kill the opposite party and invite his Master to take part as they slew the rest of the Magi who could possibly know the secret.

The only powers that could restrain the Oakheart Clan were those at the Morning Star realm and above. The current Leylin didn't even qualify to bargain.

Leylin understood this principle. What he sought was not a withdrawal, he just needed that moment of pause.

The moment Leo froze when Leylin's voice was transmitted, he sprung into action.

"Kemoyin's Scales!" "Toxic Bile!" "Intimidating Gaze!" Acting on the chant, all 3 innate spells immediately took effect.

Compared to the other methods of using spells or potions, a Magus' innate spell would take effect in the blink of an eye. Thus, in times of danger, every Magus would first choose to use their innate spells, and Leylin was no exception.

A layer of shiny black scales immediately enveloped his entire body. The two domains of poison and Intimidating Gaze was launched in his attack without any reservations. At this critical moment, Leylin had burst forth with all his power.

Without any apprehensions, the Toxic Bile poisoned Noah who was standing by his side. Thereafter, the ripples struck the surrounding Crystal Phase Magi, creating countless waves.

After absorbing the Lamia bone's radiation, the power of Leylin's Intimidating Gaze had swelled by a few folds. The pressure was immense even for similarly-ranked Crystal Phase Magi.

"Such strength of the domains? Even average Crystal Phase Kemoyin Warlocks are not this strong!" The enormous amounts of life force caused the iron chains to start trembling.

The surrounding Magi, numbers 1 and 2, immediately cried out in alarm.

"Fatality's Tip!" At such a juncture, Leylin did not show the slightest reservations. The black rays of death, aimed at the weakest link, number 3. It was like a vicious viper baring its ferocious teeth at its prey.

"Number 2, number 4, support!" Number 1 yelled immediately. As the leader of the team, he needed to help stall for time as Leo launched his rank 4 spell.

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Multiple chains appeared like a wall, blocking Leylin's advance.

"Cross Blade Slash!" Leylin held onto the Meteor Sword, its black blade dazzling. The iron chains started to break apart into pieces, dropping to the ground one after the other.

The remaining unbroken ones started to erode away, revealing multiple tiny holes.

Pak! The iron chain was split apart. The rays of death appeared before number 3.

"You want my life?" Number 3 looked like a kindly old man, and had extremely thin and long lips. At that moment, he lost all self-control and started howling as his face warped.

"Thunderstorm Shield!" Sparks of blue electricity danced around, forming a massive blue shield in front of him. On top of the shield were flickering multiple streams of current.

Rumble! The death rays clashed with the blue shield. Two different streaks of brilliance collided in midair.

Although the shield was showing signs of being unable to endure for long, it bought him enough time for backup to arrive. Seeing the support, number 3 broke out into a smile.

But the next moment, his face froze. With a flash of his body, another identical Leylin appeared in front of number 3 and dashed forward.

“Lightning Spear!” Number 3 waved his hand and two shafts appeared in his hands that were bathed in arcs of blue electricity. Following his command, the two long spears darted towards the two ‘Leylin’s.

Crackle! One ‘Leylin’ was pierced by the long spear, and the slight explosion caused darkness to fill the whole sky. The same happened to the other Leylin.

“No!” Panic washed over number 3 and he turned around.

Yet, it was too late. Leylin emerged from a crack in the darkness and dashed directly towards him.

“Multilimb Strength!” A strange, unusual image manifested behind Leylin. It was a huge, tall humanoid covered in green scales. It had three thick and bulky arms on the left, and four on the right. It gave off a thunderous roar.

Leylin’s muscles swelled instantly, bringing a kind of shiny luster to his muscular curves. Rays of green and black combined, forming a terrifying energy.

“Innate defense spell!” Number 3 revealed his last trump card. Numerous currents covered his whole body, forming an armour made wholly out of blue lightning.

“Break!” Bolts of lightning were flung at Leylin’s body. However, they were absorbed by the Kemoyin Scales. Leylin’s hands violently moved forward and grabbed the opposite party’s lightning armour, tearing it in half!

Zip! With his terrifying prime body quality and under the enhancement of Multilimb Strength, the lightning armour was torn apart like paper.

The wild electric current destroyed Leylin's defences, and branded his skin and muscles in a horrifying black. Yet, Leylin did not even bat an eyelid.

Although he had other ways of breaking through the other side's blockade, he was in a race against time to succeed. Thus, he believed the best course of action would be this that was simulated multiple times by the A.I. Chip.

His innate defences screeched as they were ripped apart, and number 3 turned pale, trying to flee. But how could Leylin let him do so?

With a huge earth shattering punch, number 3's head was cracked apart, sending splashes of red and white liquid all around.

"Number 3!" Number 1 and number 2 helplessly watched this execution. Now, with one member absent, their formation wasn't whole.

Numerous iron chains grouped up into a cage, but Leylin broke through easily with its instability.

The moment he escaped, horrifying white rays of light grazed through the entire region. A large amount of soil, rocks and even corpses were vaporised, forming a long, deep, ravine.

A rank 4 spell wasn't comparable to a Morning Star Magus' Arcane Art, but a Crystal Phase Magus would not be able to withstand it. If Leylin hadn't escaped in time, he would have perished under the horrifying white light.

"Garbage! You're all a bunch of garbage!" Seeing Leylin's silhouette disappearing in the horizon, Leo immediately chided number 1 and 2. They hung their heads low, with pain and sorrow in their eyes.

Leo was breathing heavily. It took a lot for a rank 3 Magus to use a rank 4 spell.

If it had been put to used by a rank 4 Morning Star Magus, things wouldn't have been so slow, and Leylin wouldn't have escaped.

"Get him!" Leo vented his anger. He brought along the remaining

Magi and gave chase.

“Do not let him get away!” Wild whistles and screams sounded from both sides. Leo’s eyes burned with an unmasked hatred.

This was the same Leylin that made him suffer a huge loss with that astral stone!

If it was just that one single incident, all that would happen would be a scolding from his grandfather and it wouldn’t be a big deal. What infuriated him was the fact that Leylin had discovered the secret of the stardust bugs!

My goodness! If his private collections were discovered, he would be brutally torn to pieces by the enraged female Morning Star Magi!

The methods Morning Star Magi used in tormenting others were unbearably cruel, and feared by even the most savage of devils. Naturally, Leo felt the same way.

Unfortunately, the opposite party had managed to destroy all traces, and Leo had been left with no leads to follow.

As such, his grandfather, the King of Azure Mountain, personally made a trip to locate a Morning Star realm Prophet. After paying an enormous price, they obtained Leylin’s definite identity.

As for the enormous price, his grandfather was still working on paying off the debt.

The prophecy showed that Leylin was just a newly advanced Crystal Phase Magus. Hence, the job of hunting him and silencing him fell on Leo.

In order to succeed, he’d brought along a large number of men. He even called upon his spy in the Ouroboros Clan, Noah.

Coincidentally, while he was in the Ouroboros Clan’s territory in the midst of discussions with Noah, Leylin showed up and bumped into them.

If the location had been Leylin’s Onyx Castle, with the presence of the Magus Tower, Leo and his men would not have been able to hide. Furthermore, without any insider help in the Ouroboros Clan’s core

territory, Leylin was sure Leo wouldn't have dared make any opposing moves. But now? They would never give up this golden opportunity!

Leo's eyes reddened with anger. At that moment, he noticed Leylin stopping. Watching Leylin descending on a bare rock on top of the hill, he and a few of his men immediately followed up and surrounded him.

"Why? With nowhere to hide, are you now seeking death?" Having surrounded Leylin, Leo raised his brows and jeered at him.

Leylin shook his head. He'd been secretly conversing with his A.I. Chip.

[Beep! Scan completed! Articles detected on the opposite side do not exceed the Morning Star realm. No other Morning Star realm undulations detected in the surroundings!]

Leylin was pleased with the conclusion and he secretly sighed a breath of relief, "No. You flies are disgusting, it's about time I cleaned up."

Previously, when he'd fled in disarray, what caused him more worry than the rank 4 spell scroll in the opposite party's hands was the possible presence of the Azure Mountain King.

However, thankfully, he hadn't appeared, only sending forth some Crystal Phase Magi instead.

With Leo leading a team of elite Magi and the use of the rank 4 scroll, it would've been no problem to deal with an average Crystal Phase Magus, even one from the Ouroboros Clan. However, Leylin wasn't your average Magus. Even Morning Star seedlings would be tossed around by him!

"Flies?" Leo's face swelled as he flushed red, "Wait till I catch you. I'll use a magic scroll and turn you into a red-eyed fly!"

'A.I. Chip! Probe the surrounding space and establish a model. Begin charting the best path for a massacre!' Leylin's eyes glinted with a dangerous light.

Since the opposite party had discovered his identity, there was nothing to hold him back anymore. This matter had to come to an end.



# Chapter 487: The Pursuit and The Appearance

Leylin was extremely offended by the attempt on his life.

Furthermore, Leo was the chief of the Oakheart Clan. If he was killed here, it would be a huge blow to the Azure Mountain King.

The chase with Leo previously had not been merely for his entertainment. It was for the A.I. Chip to gather vital data and create a plan.

Right now, with the data compiled, the A.I. Chip had come up with a large number of plans. It filtered through them continuously, leaving only the most feasible ones.

[Model establishment completed, simulated combat victory rate: 67.9%!]  
it reported.

“Enter supplementary mode!” Leylin’s voice was laced with a lethal aura.

[Target number 1 is condensing energy particles. Determined to be the rank 3 spell Aurora Beam! Dodge to the right by 3.7m immediately!] the A.I. Chip warned.

As per the simulation and the A.I. Chip’s deductions, target 1, Leo, activated a necklace of colourful gems in his hands. A powerful aurora burst forth, immediately attempting to swallow the entire area up along with Leylin.

Leylin dodged to the side in a flash at the same moment the enemy made his move.

“Aurora Beam!” Leo triggered the high-grade magic artifact in his hand. Immediately, a powerful multicoloured torrent drowned out the stone that Leylin was standing on, causing the terrain to cave.

[Target defined as Number 3 is undergoing transformation. Estimated to be a descendant of the Banu Tribe. Bloodline activated, morphing into a Barbarian Bear!]

“Aaaooo...” The moment the A.I. Chip ended the report, one of the men standing by Leo’s side let out a thunderous roar and started ripping his clothes apart. He morphed into a brutal bear with stiff white fur.

Countless shards of sparkling ice circled around its body, emitting a freezing chill that formed billows of white fog around it.

“Kill!” Leylin’s eyes gleamed blue. He danced gracefully, and lightheartedly managed to dodge from under the huge bear’s palm, sliding up in front of it instead. The Meteor Sword traced a beautiful arc as it flitted across the bear’s body.

The white fur was slashed apart, revealing bright red flesh and an outline of the internal organs. Blood splattered all around.

Unable to believe its defeat, the enormous creature howled loudly at first, but soon its voice tapered away until it fell silent.

The earth rumbled as the carcass of the white bear resembling a large mountain collapsed onto the ground, causing large amounts of dust to fly. The fur of the bear started to shrink back into its pores, and soon returned to its original form of a Magus.

“Number 4!” Number 1 and number 2 cried out in alarm, their eyes fixed on their dead comrade.

They clearly knew the abilities of number 4, and the fact that after his transformation, he would be able to resist a rank 3 spell easily. And yet, he’d died this quickly!

Number 1’s eyes darted towards the Meteor Sword in Leylin’s hand. His eyes narrowed and his pupils dilated, “Be wary of his sword! There’s something strange about it!”

The Meteor Sword was originally a high-grade magic artifact, but through multiple improvements and optimisations, its quality had improved to that of a piece of magic equipment. Additionally, with the supplementary power of Toxic Bile, the current Meteor Sword could be considered a big threat to any Crystal Phase Magus!

Leylin enjoyed handling foes like the bear, all brawn and no brain.

“Hocada Beast!” On the other side, witnessing Leylin’s explosive retaliation, Leo’s face hardened and he yelled for his trump card.

Howls rang out as a creature manifested out of thin air that had the upper body of a wolf and the lower half of an octopus. It landed right in front of Leylin. The countless suction pads on its arms looked like magnificent blooming flowers.

“It’s no use!” Leylin muttered in a low voice, his silhouette dodging in a flash, avoiding the multiple arms’ attack. He stopped in front of the Hocada Beast.

“Multilimb Strength!” The silhouette of a Multi-Armed Race member appeared behind Leylin, formidable power seeping into his body.

[Ding! Multilimb Strength in operation. Host’s power is increasing!] The A.I. Chip reported.

Leylin grasped his sword firmly, and hacked at the creature’s brain. The beast started cracking apart as fissures arose on its body as if it was breaking glass. They spread all over its body, before pieces of flesh began to simply fall apart.

By the end, the creature’s body had been sliced into ruin, eventually crumbling apart like dirt.

“Damn, ho... how are you so strong?” After executing the Hocada Beast, Leylin turned to look at Leo, the killing intent in his eyes causing the Oakheart Clan chief to feel a chill down his spine.

“You’re next!” Leo could faintly make out what Leylin mouthed, and could see the mockery in the eyes that were staring into his.

Having never experienced these circumstances before, it was a huge blow to his self-esteem.

“Number 1, number 2, follow me!” Leo roared ferociously.

“Stormwall!” A pale green whirlwind emerged from the short black staff in his hand. The huge whirlwind then formed a terrifying barricade that seemed to be made of sharp blades as it rushed towards Leylin.

Number 1 and 2 nodded their heads, and simultaneously cast their own spells.

“Water Elemental Rite!” A huge blue ball of water appeared on the ground under number one’s chant.

“Arctic Draft!” Number 2 summoned a huge bout of chilly air and had it adhere to the ball of water.

The icy wind sucked away the heat from the ball of water, causing a huge reaction as a frightening ball of ice was formed.

“Combination spell–Iceberg Torrent!”

The huge ball of ice was like a meteorite as it darted towards Leylin, smashing onto the ground.

“Impressive!” The blue light in Leylin’s eyes dimmed. His body was covered in frost, and yet the Meteor Sword did not deviate even slightly from its trajectory, forging ahead and crashing into it to open up a pathway.

The cold could freeze the average rank 3 Magus to death. To Leylin, though, all it could do was slow him down.

“Shadowflame Plague!” A huge amount of dense black flames clashed with the whirlwind that had now developed into a hurricane. The two clashed, each trying to destroy the other.

“Compared to combination spells, it’s wiser to rely on magic equipment. That way there won’t be anything to worry about!”

Leylin tore through the hurricane and stepped in front of Leo, his eyes glistened with a piercing chill that gave the other man goosebumps.

“Fatality’s Tip!” Black rays of death streaked across the vast sky, reaching Leo in a flash. Just as they were about to strike, a black wooden cross on his neck immediately flashed and formed a rune that represented new life and regeneration.

The barrier shattered as the rays of death dissipated. A majority of the attack had been blocked by the defensive runes, but even then it had only

diverted the attack as a thumb-sized hole appeared on Leo's body, bleeding profusely.

"How.... How can this be?" Leo glared at Leylin, the fear in his eyes palpable.

He let out an odd cry, turned his head and fled. Number 1 and number 2 fulfilled their duties as bodyguards faithfully, blocking Leylin from giving chase.

"Giving up after encountering such trivial problems, you certainly deserve to be called a descendant of a big family!" Leylin shook his head and laughed as his gaze on Leo was filled with mockery.

Seeing the blood-covered Leylin, number 1 and 2 both felt a chill down their spines. In their time accompanying Leo, they had seen their fair share of slaughter. Yet, this was the first time they'd met someone as valiant and ferocious as Leylin.

Both of them had cursed Leo umpteen times for provoking Leylin, but Leylin had what they needed, so they had no choice but to take action.

"Get out of the way, or else you will die!" Leylin drew his sword and pointed at them. Number 1 and number 2 exchanged glances. Determination in their eyes, they both shook their heads.

"Pity!" Leylin had no sympathy for the suicide fighters of large families. Moreover, these two from the Oakheart Clan had no means of defence remaining. Armed with the determination to die in battle, they stood in front of Leylin and blocked his path.

.....

"Damn it! Why? WHY?" Leo was fleeing madly, his heart in absolute turmoil.

Not only had he brought along a rank 4 spell scroll for this, he'd even brought with him a large number of potions and magic equipment. He'd even had four Crystal Phase Magi accompanying him!

With such power, to deal with a newly promoted Crystal Phase Magus

ought to have been a simple matter. And yet, the opponent was unfathomably terrifying, practically wiping out his entire team

Krrich! Suddenly, the sound of two crystals cracking was emitted from his chest.

After hearing the sound, the blood drained from his face and he panicked. He sped up as he dashed along. "Number 1 and Number 2 are also dead? Useless indeed!"

Soon after, he ground his teeth and retrieved a communication device. He punched some secret code on it and the message was sent from his hand.

"I still have a chance! I am the chief of the Oakheart Clan, so long as I make it back, grandfather will absolutely not turn a blind eye to..." Leo cut a sorry figure as he fled in disarray, speaking words of encouragement to himself.

"Got you!" a voice was suddenly transmitted from behind him. He turned his head, only to see Leylin rushing towards him at the speed of lightning, a brilliant black streak. At this rate, he would catch up in about a mere ten seconds.

The new blood on Leylin's body was obviously from number 1 and 2.

"No! You cannot kill me! I am the chief of the Oakheart Clan! If you let me go, I can give you whatever you want....." Leo ran madly, his voice turning hoarse as he yelled out terms of surrender.

"I only want your life!" Leylin knew promises made under such circumstances were not reliable. Hence, without emotion, his killing intent increased. He speed increased threefold, and he was but an arm's length from Leo and his petrified face.

"Die!" Leylin drew his black Meteor Sword.

"Stop!" An extremely imposing voice spoke directly into Leylin's mind.

# Chapter 488: Confrontation with Morning Star

‘This voice... a Morning Star Magus?’ Leylin’s pupils narrowed. If someone were to be named as the Crystal Phase Magus with the greatest knowledge of the Morning Star realm in the central continent, it would be himself. Through the A.I. Chip’s simulations and deductions, as well as previously collected information, he already had a deep understanding of the Morning Star realm.

The owner of this voice could not be disguised, the words emanated power and a slight aura of rules... This was not imitable by Magi below the Morning Star rank.

“Grandfather! Save me!” Leo suddenly smiled, and slowed down ahead of Leylin.

In the presence of a Morning Star Magus, Leylin absolutely could not harm him. He completely trusted his grandfather, as well as the strength of the Morning Star realm.

“Hmm?!” However, Leylin noticed something different. ‘Although the nature of the aura has not changed, its power is only at the Crystal Phase at its peak... Could it be a puppet... or some sort of clone?’

This was, after all, within the boundaries of the Ouroboros Clan. If Morning Star Magi from other clans stepped in, it would be seen as a provocation, leading to war.

But the restrictions on this kind of clone seemed unclear.

After all, it was very difficult for Morning Star Magi to create a clone of equal strength. Very few succeeded because most of them were limited to the strength of rank 3 Morning Star..

With Leylin’s sharp eyesight, he could already see a streak of blue rushing there from afar.

“Haha... You’re done for!” Leo laughed carefreely. But shortly after, his

smile faded as his surroundings swiftly shrunk and grew again. A scene swept across like a parabolic curve and he ended up looking at a patch of yellow ground.

“My head, my head was chopped off...” he said with the last of his consciousness.

Leo then fell into eternal darkness.

Space shook as a blue shadow suddenly emerged before Leylin’s eyes, looking at Leo’s headless corpse with an angered expression.

“I told you to stop just now!” His voice was deep. It seemed to carry an irresistible compulsion to obey every word of his.

This majestic aura could only be developed after obtaining absolute power and being in a high position for a long period of time.

Leylin was also analysing this Morning Star Magus. Although he had not seen the Azure Mountain King before, he had read up on him. The other party looked exactly as in the portraits— a head of blue hair with eyes that twinkled like stars.

Yet, those eyes were now blazing in anger. This was the rage of a Morning Star Magus! It was enough to burn Leylin to ashes.

Yet, Leylin simply shrugged his shoulders, “Sorry! I killed him!”

If this was his main body, Leylin would have no chance to flee. However, it was only a clone, and there was still hope for escape.

“Do you know who he is?” The Azure Mountain King’s eyelids drooped. Someone familiar with him would know that this was a sign of irrepressible rage.

“The chief of the Oakheart Clan...” Leylin shook his head and stared at the Azure Mountain King, “I don’t care who he is. Someone who has bad intentions towards me can only repent with death!”

“Then let me tell you something too. The last Magus who dared to offend the Oakheart Clan still has his ashes buried below the steps of Azure Mountain City!” The sparkle in the Azure Mountain King’s eyes had



reached a limit.

A circular mirror appeared in front of him, reflecting Leylin's figure.

"Strip!" The Azure Mountain King gently pointed to the Leylin in the mirror.

A hum sounded and, as if he had been rejected by the world itself, Leylin immediately felt the elemental particles that were in complete harmony with him previously leave him one after another, as if stripping him down to an ordinary person.

The domain of a Morning Star Magus displayed its terrifying power once again!

"That's not it!" Leylin was a Magus who had previously experienced a true Morning Star domain when he'd been caught by Demon hunter Cyril. He naturally noticed the difference between this domain and that of a Morning Star Magus.

The situation this time was much better. His connection with the elemental particles was still barely holding on. As long as he used more spiritual force than usual, he would still be able to communicate with them and invoke his spells.

This was just equivalent to his spiritual force being suppressed to a fifth of its normal amount.

A bitter smirk appeared at the corner of Leylin's lips. Even if the other party was only a clone whose total amount of spiritual force and magic power was around the same as his own, he was no match for him in the understanding of spells and laws. Even this simple suppression had immediately put him in a dilemma.

With over half his body's strength being suppressed, how was he to fight a peak rank 3 Magus? Leylin shook his head, feeling that he had been too optimistic previously.

'However, this is also an opportunity! An opportunity to confront a Morning Star Magus head on, and to gather data!' Leylin's eyes sparkled. If he wanted to advance to the Morning Star realm, he could not be lacking

in knowledge of it. Although the A.I. Chip had previously used the data he had to simulate some experiments, the lack of samples meant that its progress was still less than 20%.

And now, a Morning Star Magus' clone had appeared in front of him! He had no need to defeat it; he needed only to stall for time as the A.I. Chip gathered data that would be greatly beneficial to him.

'The A.I. Chip should be able to collect enough data from this fight.' Leylin's eyes blazed brighter. He pulled out the Meteor Sword, a metallic hiss ringing from the blade.

At the same time, a layer of dark Kemoyin Scales covered Leylin's body. The phantom of a huge Multi-Armed Race member appeared behind him as well.

'Since my elemental particle connection has been suppressed, I can only rely on my physical strength!' With Multilimb Strength in full effect, Leylin's entire body enlarged and numerous muscles swelled up as a dark green membrane emerged on the surface of his body.

Following a deep shout, Leylin's Meteor Sword emitted numerous rays of light that shot towards the Azure Mountain King like a rain of arrows.

"You actually dare to resist?" The Azure Mountain King frowned.

How many years had it been since such a low-ranked Magus provoked him? 200 years, 300? He had never encountered this situation since he'd advanced.

After a momentary daze, the Azure Mountain King was overcome by boundless anger. The sound of metal striking metal rang out as a translucent spherical film appeared around his body. Despite seeming like a mere bubbly layer, it actually blocked all of the black rays.

"Die!" Leylin's figure emerged just as the rays disappeared. He suddenly jumped up, and the Meteor Sword slashed across the void, bringing with it a ferocious wind that was aimed at the Azure Mountain King.

Black gases shot out of both sides of the blade, so corrosive that it seemed like even the surrounding void would melt. The ground was

continuously eroded.

Bang! The blade, which contained a terrifying poison, was blocked by an aged palm. Although this palm seemed extremely old, with green veins popping out of the skin, it was unmoving like a hill. Even the skin hadn't been pierced through.

The Azure Mountain King raised his right hand with a mocking smile, watching Leylin's expression change.

"Abandoning elemental spells and switching to physical strength, this method is not bad when under elemental suppression. Unfortunately, your tricks are too low-levelled..."

"Impossible, your body can't be this strong!" Leylin blurted out.

The Azure Mountain King chuckled, "Do you know what point mass is? And the meaning of the Morning Star realm? The power of the point mass, soul force, is the only power a Morning Star Magus has! However, it greatly surpasses spiritual force and physical strength, having achieved a terrifying qualitative change!"

A layer of crystal-clear light emerged above the Azure Mountain King's palm. With his right hand grabbing the Meteor Sword, he mercilessly punched the blade with his left.

The Meteor Sword howled out a sad cry as the blade cracked. The mere physical attack of a Morning Star Magus could actually damage the Meteor Sword, which was comparable to magic equipment!

"Although I don't specialise in physical attacks, as long as I have the amplification of soul force, my vitality will be able to break through the boundaries and ultimately allow me to attain the perfect body of Morning Star!"

"This strength of yours, and your spiritual force, will only collapse in front of soul force!"

As if confirming the Azure Mountain King's words, a large number of crystal-clear light blades appeared before Leylin, drowning him within.

The power of the point mass, also known as soul force, was the next evolution of spiritual force. Only Morning Star Magi could possess such a thing, and it was the first time it had shown its terror in front of Leylin.

As he watch Leylin being drowned by the light blades, the Azure Mountain King smiled.

The light blades, which were composed of soul force, were not only powerful in physical attacks. They could even attack the spiritual sea within a Magus' sea of consciousness!

Magi who were below the Morning Star realm, without a soul force defence of equivalent power, did not have the slightest chance of resisting these blades.

This was the reason Morning Star Magi had almost no enemies at rank 3. Soul force was just too terrifying!

Yet, the smile on the Azure Mountain King's face only lasted a moment, and his expression immediately hardened.

With his soul force, he sensed that Leylin might have sustained injuries all over his body, but he had survived the slashes from the soul light blades.

Soon after, the Azure Mountain King felt the weight on his hand fade as the Meteor Sword landed in them.

Bang! A dark green shadow rushed out of the sea of blades, its scaly body covered by a raging dark green film.

"Multilimb Smash!" Leylin had thrown away the Meteor Sword, and as the physical strength of his hands surged, he threw his fist at the Azure Mountain King's defence. The mere power of this punch could shake space itself.

The soul force of a Morning Star Magus surpassed spiritual force in terms of quality. Due to this enormous disparity in strength, most of the methods of Magi were rendered ineffective.

But Leylin was not limited to the methods of Magi. He possessed a secret

technique from another world— Multilimb Strength!

A large phantom of a Multi-Armed Race member appeared behind Leylin's body, growling into the sky.

# Chapter 489: Breaking Through The Defense

Spiritual force was fundamental to a Magus.

In the beginning, as acolytes, all Magi would start with meditation. They would begin to meditate in a willpower rune of their own, and construct a core spirit body, together with a sea of consciousness.

After advancing to the realm of official Magi, they would have a conversion of elemental essence amounting to 80% or more, in order to advance into rank 2.

After materialising spiritual force in rank 2, and then passing through the three stages of Vapour, Hydro, and Crystal in rank 3, the point mass would finally be formed.

The point mass was fundamental to Morning Star Magi. It was the path for everyone, even spirits! Once they broke past this bottleneck, the spiritual force in a Magus' sea of consciousness would sublimate to form soul force.

This was a threshold in ancient times, used to mark the difference in strengths between Magi. Only those who were capable of using soul force would be considered to have stepped foot into the world of ancient Magi!

As soul force had a horrifying suppressive power, low ranking Magi would lose their ability to communicate with the elements, and would end up disconnected from the elemental particles. Those who were suppressed would be unable to resist or escape. Many Morning Star Magi liked using this trick in their domains. Hence, over time, they successfully enhanced the prestige of a Morning Star Magus.

Since his normal powers had been suppressed, Leylin had no choice but to use another system of power instead. Luckily, he indeed had such a thing on hand, a terrifying secret from another world— Multilimb Strength!

Leylin had relied on the dark green membrane to avoid injury and death

when drowned in the sea of light blades.

A booming sound rang out, as if a tall mountain had collapsed to crashing waves. The phantom stood behind Leylin, performing the same moves as him.

Formless streams of air started developing a pressure as even the ground behind the Azure Mountain King started caving in. The wind continuously rolled in, coagulating to form a substance that was stronger than granite.

Po! The defensive layer on the Azure Mountain King deformed completely as a look of disbelief took over his face.

“Even for a Morning Star, you’re merely just that!” the blood-soaked Leylin burst out laughing. He then threw his fist forward, aiming for the Azure Mountain King’s face.

Boom! The Azure Mountain King slid across the floor like a train hurtling through, leaving long tracks on the ground.

“The skin of a Morning Star is thick indeed!” Leylin flung his clenched fist without any traces of excitement on his face.

He’d definitely felt it when his punch landed, A barrier with a starry radiance appeared on the Azure Mountain King’s face, blocking his attack. Hence, he was only shaken up slightly by the attack and did not sustain any major injuries.

“Soul force defence?” Leylin scrutinised the dull-faced Azure Mountain King as he stood up, secretly conversing with his A.I. Chip, ‘How much data has been collected on the target?’

[Data collection at 12.1%. Further interaction with target needed, it is suggested to break through the soul force defences!] the A.I. Chip responded.

‘You still want me to try breaking through soul force?’ Leylin smiled bitterly and shook his head. If it weren’t for the purpose of gathering intelligence, he would not be so silly as to clash with a Morning Star Magus in the first place, ‘Begin simulations, calculate a path of retreat!’

Seeing how things had turned out to his disadvantage, he immediately made plans to retreat. But at the current moment, it was no longer up to him to decide if he could leave. Leylin saw that the Azure Mountain King wasn't seriously injured. A huge amount of the blaze continued to surround him, burning wildly.

Traces of black smoke streamed from his nostrils, eyes and ears. He was really fuming mad. Morning Star Magi had always been placed on top of a pedestal, much like kings. At the current moment, he felt like a king who'd been bitten by an ant as he was walking down the street.

In the Azure Mountain King's eyes, as long as one had not reached the rank of Morning Star, their existence was similar to that of an ant. To be bitten by an ant, and even be humiliated by it, how could anyone bear it?

"You... How. Dare. You. Insult. Me..." The Azure Mountain King's face scrunched up, his rage-filled words staggered apart.

"Such plaintive whines of defeat, I've heard them too often..." Leylin did not give the opposite party a chance to rebuke him, dashing forward.

Even in a simple match of speed, Leylin would be lacking compared to the opponent. Therefore, the only way for him to escape successfully would be to slow him down by inflicting some degree of injury.

"I want to incinerate your soul for a hundred centuries!" The Azure Mountain King bellowed loudly, the imposing aura emanating from his body. Even the sky started to darken, revealing the sparkling of stars.

Only a Morning Star Magus could thoroughly grasp the power of a domain. In any case, the current Leylin had reached his rank 3 limits, infinitely nearing to a rank 4. Hence, he was able to portray a portion of the power of his domain.

Being enveloped in the Morning Star domain, Leylin felt like he had fallen into a swamp. Every single move was tedious.

"Soul Armour!" A layer of translucent, full-bodied armour appeared on the Azure Mountain King. Judging from his attitude, it looked like he was ready to take on Leylin with pure strength to erase the humiliation.



[Multilimb Strength operating, estimated remaining time: 3 minutes 57 seconds!] Noting the hint of the A.I. Chip, an unrestrained Leylin amplified his power to the maximum. He struck the Azure Mountain King head on.

The earth shook as a silhouette of dark green and another of translucent blue collided with each other continuously. Their every punch and kick seemed to rip the sky apart, creating countless tremors on the ground.

Sharp, ear-piercing explosions boomed continuously from where they struck. Once the dust was dispelled, an entire huge region would've been knocked off the map.

Bang! A translucent fist from the armoured body smashed Leylin's chest viciously. Multiple scales cracked and flew with explosive lights of dark green radiances.

Leylin's face turned red, and some black rays of light appeared on his hand, "Fatality's Tip!"

As if the reaper himself had descended to the earth, a terrifying explosive light sprang forth. With how close they were, even the Azure Mountain King did not even have the chance to dodge.

Although the other party had suppressed his elemental connections, he was merely a clone after all, and his main body was not on site. Thus, Leylin could still break through the opponent's soul force, forcefully converging elemental essence. All it required was a huge spiritual force consumption.

Leylin had held back on his trump card until now. Firstly, there had been no real opportunity to use it, and secondly, he was biding his time, waiting for the Azure Mountain King to take the bait.

As for the data on his opponent, he'd constantly kept that in mind.

"You did not abide by the rules!" The expression on the Azure Mountain King's face said it all. Leylin clearly understood what he meant, yet he didn't care. There hadn't been any agreements on the usage of spells in battle. Furthermore, the opponent was a Morning Star Magus who had

made the first move. In a matter of life and death, who would abide by rules?

Leylin's pretence of having supreme bodily strength had successfully tricked the Azure Mountain King.

The most terrifying thing about a Morning Star Magus, and also the fundamental of their power, was soul force spells!

Watching the flustered and exasperated Azure Mountain King getting ready to retaliate, Leylin almost couldn't hold back his laughter.

The rays of death reached the Azure Mountain King in a flash, clashing with the translucent armour.

"AAAHH....." The Azure Mountain King yelled, the void and stars behind him shook as a huge amount of blue light converged on his armour.

Explosions sounded as the A.I. Chip reported to him, [Multilimb Strength at full power!]

How could Leylin miss this golden opportunity? He immediately yelled, releasing all the power remaining in him. Feeling the steady flow of energy seeping into his body, Leylin charged wildly towards the defence of the Azure Mountain King.

An enormous iron fist landed on the armour mercilessly, and the translucent layer shook.

The Azure Mountain King couldn't believe his eyes as his armour cracked, blasting apart in a loud explosion. The black rays of death arrived at his chest, and pierced through him like arrows.

[Target's soul force defence breached, data being collected!] The A.I. Chip took the opportunity to collect massive amounts of data while it was available. Leylin too, had unknowingly absorbed some residual form of data from the Azure Mountain King.

"Shadow Prison! Dense Fog Frontier!" Watching the Azure Mountain King cut a sorry figure while retreating, Leylin continued to launch his spells.

A menacing black fog spread continuously, swallowing the Azure Mountain King up. The ground split apart as countless yellow bars extended upwards, forming a gigantic dungeon that sealed the fog inside.

“The doubled spell of dense fog formations with the addition of a secret composition makeup should be enough to delay the opposite party by at least three minutes!” Not in the least bit zealous to continue with the fight, Leylin turned around to leave.

Fatality’s Tip did not cause any major injuries to the Azure Mountain King. Adding the fact that he was a Morning Star Magus, he definitely had some trump cards hidden away. After multiple provocations, he could become hysterical, and if that happened Leylin didn’t want to face him head-on.

As such, his silhouette immediately morphed into a black shadow, and faded out rapidly in the midst of battle.

Rumble! About two minutes later, a huge blue sword streaked across the width of the dungeon, and it collapsed like a mountain that had its summit shaved off.

Dust flew and rocks flew everywhere. When the dust cloud dispersed, two bloodshot eyes appeared out of the darkness.

“Leylin! Leylin! LEYLIN! I’m going to KILL YOU!” he yelled at the top of his voice. When he couldn’t locate signs of Leylin, he started to roar furiously.

Following his hiss, massive blue energy waves swept forth, wreaking havoc on the region. Soil rumbled and stones rolled as the very earth split apart. It looked like armageddon had arrived.

Everything that had happened had nothing to do with Leylin anymore. After escaping to a safe distance, he’d immediately changed course, ordering the A.I. Chip to clean all traces and marks on his body.

After multiple rounds of purification, Leylin came upon a newly established cave.

“My Lord!” A ray of light shone in the middle of the cave. A beautiful

woman with a slender, proportionate body curtsied, behind her standing Parker and the other men.

“Hmm! Looks like you have successfully saved them all. Well done!”

# Chapter 490: Large Crisis

Naturally, this female Magus was Tanasha. As a Crystal Phase Magus from the Forgotten Land, she had a sensitive identity and served as Leylin's hidden force.

Tanasha also participated secretly in several battles. As soon as he'd noticed the sudden change in the Parble family, Leylin had sent her to rescue his Magi in the castle.

"Parker, how are the casualties?" Even so, injuries and deaths couldn't be prevented, although it was still better than being wiped out.

"Master, we lost two rank 3 Magi this time, one of them at the Vapour Phase..." Parker didn't look well, and the big loss this time could be seen on his face.

After listening carefully, Leylin sighed.

The Magus world was full of danger. Death was common in fights between Magi, so those who fought in battles seldom cared about it.

But as an enforcer, he couldn't say this out loud.

Leylin pointed three fingers to the sky. "I swear on the name of Leylin Farlier, every Magus who fights to the death for me will be adequately compensated."

His vassals followed him for different reasons. Some of them wanted to further improve themselves, but many worked for their families like Parker. Thus Leylin's oath successfully relaxed them.

"What happened in the Parble Family was very complicated. Prepare a room for me, I need to contact the headquarters." Knowing there were great dangers, it would be foolish to make further movements.

Leylin had his own forces to back him, and it was time he put them to good use. This clone was only rank 3, and this was his only chance to kill it.

He was very confident in the strength of his forces.

"Your room has been prepared, please follow me!" Tanasha led Leylin deep into the cave.

Although this secret base was temporary, it wasn't a big problem to construct several rooms using spells.

Parker looked at Tanasha whose face was covered by a black cloth, moving his mouth but finally said nothing.

Only now did he learn that another Crystal Magus served his master! Rich in experience, he felt an aura of danger from the cold-blooded aura of that Magus.

How many hidden powers did master have?

Although he was used to his master performing miracles, Parker felt like he was shrouded with another mysterious veil.

Of course, this was just his imagination, he would rather die than inquire about his master's secrets or even the woman's identity. This was how a subordinate should behave.

Not only him, the other Magi accepted the existence of Tanasha immediately as well, as if she had been with them all this time.

And with the help of Tanasha, their base was quickly tidied up.

When facing great danger, great power could give people confidence. This wasn't limited to ordinary people; even Magi felt the same way.

In a cave dug with earth elemental spells, Leylin found the secret imprint of his communications officer. He pressed his hand on the imprint, and soon the device was covered in black light.

After several minutes, Leylin's face turned dark, "It can't get through!"

He pressed down on the imprint once more, "Headquarters! Is anyone there?"

After several attempts, he couldn't help but admit that the liaison assigned specifically to him, who was expected to be ready for his message any second, had deserted his post.

Knowing this, Leylin frowned. He had no other backing in the central continent except the Ouroboros Clan, and he would be in danger if something happened in headquarters. The pressure from Azure Mountain City alone would force him to hide in the underground of society, with the dregs of the Magus world.

"What the hell happened?" Leylin searched the other pages. There was no feedback from Kesha. Lucian was there but he didn't say much, just that some accident had occurred and all outer-ring movements were cancelled.

"Cancelled? Now?" Leylin smiled coldly, directly ending contact with Lucian. Judging from his tone, something must have happened in the headquarters that caused them to lose their ability to react.

And from his secretive manner, he still didn't take him to be a core member, and was suspicious at this key moment.

It was too dangerous without accurate information. Leylin considered calmly for a moment, and flipped to another scale-shaped red imprint.

After a short while connecting, a response finally came in, "Is this Leylin?"

"It is!" Leylin spoke in a low voice, "Freya, are you in the headquarters now?"

"Yeah, I'm here. Leylin, it's now an emergency! You better come back immediately and not go out!"

Leylin was surprised about her panicked voice. She hadn't acted like this even when the bloodline of her own family was deteriorating.

"I have trouble here too. The Parble Family colluded with Azure Mountain City, and even the clone of the Azure Mountain King is here!" Leylin related the information he hadn't told Lucian just now.

"The Parble Family, a clone of the Azure Mountain King?" she cried out in surprise. Anyone would be nervous if a Morning Star Magus, even if just a clone, appeared in their hinterland.

"I knew it!"

"Knew what?" Leylin asked.

Freya seemed to notice her slip of tongue, and after a while she spoke in a low voice, "Are you in a safe place?"

"Absolutely safe!" Leylin moved his fingers, and black light covered the whole room.

"Wait a minute, I need to change into an encrypted channel!" As Freya's voice arrived, the light on that brand first vanished and then returned, now brighter.

"Things don't seem good..." Leylin listened carefully, he knew that what Freya was going to say definitely affected his life.

"We can't make contact with Mentor or the other two elders..." Freya's nervous voice came from the brand.

"Can't make contact? What does that mean?" Leylin was confused.

"My teacher said they were about to find the coordinates of the Purgatory World, and they needed to conduct detailed experiments and couldn't be disturbed! Thus, they cut off all connection with the outside. Yesterday, I found that the spiritual flame my teacher gave me was about to die out, so I broke into my teacher's lab...and..."

"What did you find?" Leylin's voice also became nervous.

"Nobody was in that lab, even the astral gate had stopped working!" Intermittent sobs laced Freya's words.

"The same thing happened in the labs of the other two elders!"

"I...I...I..." Leylin was about to curse, so he took a deep breath to calm himself down.

Experiments on the astral gate were very dangerous, and if you didn't return before the astral stones ran out of power, the Magi who passed through would be trapped in another world.

As Freya said, the astral stones had run out, and even the spiritual flame



was extremely weak; they were trapped in another world!

The three Morning Star Magi were the backbone of the Ouroboros Clan. Once they lost them, it wouldn't be long before the whole clan was destroyed. No wonder the headquarters was in a mess, and even Lucian was thrown into disarray.

"Are you sure?" Leylin felt his throat tighten, but he still held on to hope.

"We have tried everything to contact them, even projecting the spiritual flame. Nothing worked... My Mentor... I'm afraid they're lost in another world..."

On the other side of the brand, Freya couldn't restrain her choking sobs.

When someone was lost in another world, it wasn't as simple as not being able to come back. Big worlds always hated outsiders, and once you were unable to return in time, the Magi stuck there would have no good end.

Nibble away from the safety of the astral gate, and finally reverse the attitude of the world, that was the best way to seize another world.

Now, the three Morning Star elders were like ordinary people lost in the boundless ocean, surrounded by bloody sharks.

Nothing could be worse than this.

After she wept for a while, Freya's voice finally grew firm, "Do you know why the Azure Mountain King is here?"

"I have no idea, I thought it was for the Parble Family or me, but now I'm not sure..." Leylin smiled bitterly.

If it was just an experimental accident, there was still hope. But what if the whole thing was set up by their enemies?

Thinking about the omens of war recently, and the abnormal behaviour of the Azure Mountain King, Leylin thought this was very possible.

After thousands of years, why did they find the Purgatory World at this exact time? It made sense if this was their enemies' plot.

"Good job! Good job! One astral coordinate trapped three Morning Star Magi..." Leylin took a deep breath, if he was right, after the Morning Star Magi of the Ouroboros Clan disappeared, they would be dealt with as fast as lightning.

If they couldn't settle this matter, from now on, whether the Ouroboros Clan would continue to exist in the central continent was a question.

Cutting off the connection, Leylin fell into deep thought.

# Chapter 491: Obliterating Hurricane

What happened this time round was evidently a conspiracy, a huge conspiracy against the Ouroboros Clan!

First, it was the revealing of the world coordinates so as to attract three Morning Star Magi, which caused them to fall into enemy hands.

After which, the military controlled the borders heavily. First, they created trouble to sound out the situation. Upon confirmation that the three Morning Star Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks were all not around, they would proceed to exterminate entire family clans!

During that unstable period, Leylin, who was a rank 3 Magus in the Crystal phase, was considered a small and insignificant figure, and could potentially be exterminated at any time!

“I have to be a more prominent figure if I do not wish to be attacked. More so if I wish to even go against the tide!” After some contemplation, Leylin’s expressions revealed more determination.

“Those who are below the rank of Morning Star are considered insignificant figures, what about those who advance past the Morning Star realm?”

Leylin’s eyes shone, “Only upon advancement to a rank above Morning Star can I decide my own fate. Then, I will not be abandoned or destroyed at the wishes of others!”

“A.I. Chip, what’s the progress on the collection of data with regards to the Morning Star realm?” Leylin immediately asked.

[Beep! The Morning Star realm deductions are currently 34.5% completed!] The A.I Chip intoned.

Leylin had always been fixated on data in this area, but due to the lack of actual specimens, the progress was barely halfway through. The recent progress was all thanks to the Azure Mountain King’s clone, which had allowed for the progress to increase by quite a bit.

Leylin recalled what he had used when advancing to Morning Star, “The

Lamia fingerbone has already been prepared. The bloodline combustion experiment has also been tested multiple times, and there wouldn't be any errors. The only thing left now is the A.I Chip's deductions on the Morning Star realm!"

Those three factors were the key to Leylin's confidence in advancing to the Morning Star realm.

On the other hand, the A.I Chip which had to deduce the nature of the Morning Star realm was also a pivotal factor, "The current progress is insufficient. We need a progress of at least 50% and above to be able to avoid mistakes during the formation of the point mass!"

"A sample of the clone of a Morning Star Magus would be sufficient!"

A ray of determination shone across Leylin's eyes. He turned his palms upwards, where stony rune filled with holes appeared.

"If this still doesn't work, then we'll add this in..."

A Magi who had just attained Crystal phase and want to construct a point mass in order to be promoted to Morning Star rank would at the very least, take a couple hundred of years of accumulation and hard work. Leylin naturally knew that, but time was not on his side. Furthermore, he had many hidden trump cards, and had a deep enough understanding, which could surpass that of many Crystal phase Magi who had hundreds of years of accumulated knowledge!

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At the fringes of Parble Family's territory stood a starry-eyed Magus with long blue hair, his face red with fury.

The numerous high-ranked Warlocks and even larger numbers of common soldiers before him were too numerous to count.

Not far away, the outline of a giant city could be seen. Above it there were flames that had started to consume the city. The cries and sobs of the residents seemingly passed through the raging flames and arrived before the Magus.

The resentment, together with the extreme agony accumulated could cause a catalyst for a terrifying existence to be borne.

As compared to Leylin's previous life, in this world where the power of energy was more reactive, anything was possible!

But the Azure Mountain King had not once furrowed his brows. It was as if exterminating the tens of thousands of people was like swatting a fly, which had not stirred up any of his emotions.

"Seven cities have already been destroyed, and there're more than five million casualties. More than ten high-rank Warlocks have perished..."

The Azure Mountain King gave a cold smile: "To think that the Ouroboros Clan is still burrowing its head into the sand like an Ostrich. Looks like Gilbert and the rest have already fallen into the other realms..."

His visit this time round was obviously not just for Leylin, but more so to sound out the reactions of the Morning Star Magi.

If the other party was around, how would it be possible that they'd watch on as he wreaked havoc? Warlocks typically had very fiery tempers, and they might even have directly attacked Azure Mountain City. But now?

The other party's high-ranked military prowess was evidently held up, and even the reinforcements from the high-ranked Warlocks seemed chaotic. This was why they were so easily massacred.

"I had originally decided to just let my clone perish here. But from the looks of it now, I think I can get far more benefits..."

The Azure Mountain King's eyes shone with greed that could not be concealed. But he swiftly caressed his face and his expressions slowly became gloomy.

"Leylin Farlier!" He deeply called out the name of the man who had caused him to suffer losses to the extent that he had disgraced the name of his clan.

"I hope you'll continue living long enough to see the day that I attack the

Ouroboros Clan...” The Azure Mountain King laughed coldly.

In an instant, his brows furrowed, and his eyes widened. “This aura? He has the guts to appear here?”

Part of the Azure Mountain King’s facial muscles cramped up, “Since you have a death wish, I’m more than willing to help you with that!”

Boom! The entire body of the Azure Mountain King transformed into a blue ray, and in an instant he streaked across the sky and disappeared. It was not until half an hour later that a few cowering low-ranked Warlocks emerged from the sea of corpses. Their faces registered horror, and they did not dare to shoot a single glance at the direction the Azure Mountain King before they swiftly escaped from the area. What had happened today would forever be a nightmare in their lives.

West Sea Canyon.

This was a rank 3 danger zone in the Parble Family’s territory. From the depths of the crevices, a hurricane that could obliterate anything in its path would appear. Any being below rank 4 would not have a chance at surviving the hurricane.

Currently, Leylin was standing at the edge of the cliff. The strong winds caused his robes to flap in the wind.

Jiu! An ear-piercing explosive sound could be heard from a distance.

Pure energy waves led to a chain reaction. Large amounts of air were displaced, instantly forming a vacuum.

Thump!The Azure Mountain King’s body landed on the floor steadily. His brows were furrowed as he levelled a deadly stare at Leylin. It seemed as if he was afraid that the minute he was distracted the sly Magus would escape like he did the previous time.

“To think that you still dare to appear before me. Am I supposed to clap for you at your bravery?” After the scanning with soul force, and upon confirmation that there were no Morning Star Magi lying in ambush, the Azure Mountain King caressed his own face. Even though the part of his face where Leylin had attacked previously did not have a mark, the

humiliation still lingered on.

The humiliation could only be wiped away with Leylin's fresh blood!

"Why would I not have the guys to come?" Leylin laughed lightly, "You are but a clone who can't make a breakthrough to the Morning Star realm... Furthermore, I'm the enforcer of this region. The crimes you've committed must be tried by me!"

Obviously, Leylin could not divulge the news that all of the three chief Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan had gone missing. As a result, he skillfully used his status as a smokescreen.

As he was the enforcer of the region, after he had confirmed that he could not complete the task himself, the reinforcements from the headquarters took over.

The Azure Mountain King was not a fool, and there was no guarantee of deceiving him. However, as long as he could arouse the Azure Mountain King's suspicions, it would be considered a success.

If there was a possibility that there were still Morning Star Magi present in the Ouroboros Clan, the enemies would not dare to be too unruly.

The destructiveness of the killing tactics of a Morning Star Magus would definitely do both parties no good. Once a Morning Star Magus was pressured, he would disregard the peace treaties and begin to unbridledly utilise Morning Star Arcane Arts. The destruction that they could cause would be so immense that even Radiant Moon Magi would not be able to account for it.

In other words, even if they were to successfully attack the Ouroboros Clan, the benefits they got might not even make up for the losses that they would suffer from the Morning Star Arcane Art.

Magi were not fools, and if the battle would not bring about benefits, and even potentially cause them to suffer losses, they would not be willing to engage in it.

It was under such threats that those with the powers of a Morning Star Magus could peacefully co-exist in the central continent, which was also

why there were rarely any large conflicts.

From Leylin's understanding, a Morning Star Magus was equivalent to a nuclear weapon from his previous life. Countries with nuclear weapons could choose mutual destruction. As a result, they would tolerate each other, which was why the peaceful outlook could be sustained.

But now? If outsiders got wind about how all of the nuclear weapons in the Ouroboros Clan were missing, then a calamity would be imminent.

As a result, in front of the Azure Mountain King, Leylin presented himself as a high-ranking official who was very concerned about his honour.

Before he was certain that the problem could not be handled, he had not requested for reinforcements from the headquarters. That would explain, though barely, why there was no response from the Morning Star Magi.

He had done all that he could, and could not be bothered about how the Azure Mountain King would react to it.

Sure enough, the Azure Mountain King was only thrown off for a while, before a mocking smile appeared on his face.

"Do you think I would believe your nonsense?"

"It's up to you to believe it or not!" Leylin shrugged his shoulders, "But you will have to perish here today!"

Rumble! In an instant, as if to prove what he had said, the calm waves of the West Seas Canyon started to crash against the cliff.

As a royal of the Ouroboros Clan, Leylin naturally had access to a lot of reading materials. Since the geological conditions of the West Seas Canyon were not a secret, that piece of information would have naturally have been recorded in the database of the A.I Chip.

And Leylin who wanted to keep the Azure Mountain King's clone had immediately thought of the West Seas Canyon's unique environment and the obliterating hurricane.

His abilities were not on par with that of the opponent, and hence he



needed external aid!

After serious inspections of the area, and upon using the A.I Chip to stimulate the eruption process of the West Seas Canyon, deducing the concrete timing was merely a matter of time.

After which it was the selection of a suitable timing to attract the Azure Mountain King

Leylin believed that due to the hatred the Azure Mountain King had towards him, once he discovered Leylin's aura, he would definitely come forth.

Sure enough, everything had worked out as he had expected.

Howl!

The raging hurricane whistled like a giant black dragon, and it suddenly rushed towards the sky, spewing out its rage.

Leylin, who was standing in front of the raging flames, was like an ancient heroic knight riding upon a giant mystical creature.

# Chapter 492: Killing the Clone

“So you’re relying on this?” the Azure Mountain King laughed coldly, “Do you think you can control this hurricane? It may be possible if I came with my main body...”

Nonetheless, his face was full of fear, and he unconsciously took a few steps back.

“If you don’t try, how would you know?” Leylin chuckled, and suddenly rubbed the ring on his hand. A strange energy wave seemed to pass by at the speed of light.

Miles away, Parker looked at the communicator in his hands with a stern expression. He then ordered, “Activate!”

“Beginning operation! Preparing number 1 energy reactor!” Snoopy shouted immediately.

“The elemental particle gathering device is complete, beginning ground vibration!”

Many Warlocks, as hardworking as ants, began to get busy, and one by one, strange symbols were lit up on the surface of the huge pyramidal reactor.

Rumble! At this moment, the surface of the ground seemed to come alive as a large amount of energy was bound and transmitted towards Leylin’s direction.

This violent earthquake did not cause much trouble for the warlocks, as expected. Snoopy wiped away the cold sweat on his forehead and went to his grandfather’s side with an evident look of worry on his face, “Grandfather, will Mentor be able to succeed? I’ve never heard of this idea before... No! I wouldn’t be able to think of this even in my dreams! Once any node goes wrong, I’m afraid what awaits Mentor will be...”

Before he could finish speaking, a thick, muscular palm pressed down on his shoulders, “Snoopy! You have to believe in your mentor!”

Parker’s eyes did not mask his respect for Leylin, “He is the most

profound scholar and the strictest Magus amongst everyone I've met! Once the lord makes a decision, it will definitely be correct, we only need to follow and execute according to the plan devised by the lord!"

After interacting with them for more than a century, be it in force or knowledge, Leylin had long ago subdued these men of his.

"Yes!" Snoopy nodded repeatedly, and his previous worries disappeared immediately.

At another place, Tanasha was also doing the same thing.

A perfectly straight lightning rod, almost piercing through the horizon, stood firmly on a pile of black rocks.

Thunder roared and lightning flashed. Many blue electric waves growled and rushed towards the black needle, before diverging in all directions through the path that was laid out.

"Sir! I Hope you will succeed!" Tanasha grew a little excited in her heart, praying silently.

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"Preparations for node 1 completed, review of node 2 completed, preparing to charge node 3..."

Data kept pouring out from the A.I. Chip continuously and many fluorescent-blue information windows flashed past Leylin's eyes.

Rumble! The howling hurricane that was brewing in the sky seemed to be controlled by someone, and it slowly began to transform and pack together, converging behind Leylin.

The windstorm roared, dissipating the dark gas and silently turning the rocks and plants on the roadside to dust. It then wrapped the Azure Mountain King within.

"How... How is this possible? Why can you....." The Azure Mountain King's eyes almost popped out.

How could a mere rank 3 Crystal Phase Magus possess such enormous power?

After he came here, he had definitely tested with his soul force that there were no other Magi lying in ambush. There were also no signs of any spell formation!

“I am unable to hide anything from soul force scans, hence I did not plan anything here...” Leylin stood above the hurricane, as if he was a deity from another world.

“Thus, the closest spell formation that I’ve set up is 45 kilometers away. The underground hurricane is being manipulated through redistribution points and could be temporarily kept under control! I call this spell formation—farcast support spell formation!”

Using the superimposition of small influences from other areas, he ultimately gained control over the hurricane!

It was easier said than done. To do it, the calculations needed were terrifyingly complex, fit to be described as perverse.

Even if there was a slight error the data, there was a possibility that the hurricane would ultimately lose all control. As the one to bear the brunt of the damage, Leylin would be the first to die without any remains.

Such horrifying calculations, even the Azure Mountain King felt giddy from just simulating them in his head.

Leylin had done something even Morning Star Magi could not thanks to his A.I. Chip, a scientific chip from his previous world which possessed incredible abilities after numerous extreme transformation and advancements!

“The hurricane can destroy anything under rank 4, you are destined to die today!” Leylin’s expression was calm, his face showing no signs of sadness or happiness.

But the hurricane, which was under his control, suddenly screeched. A large gust of strong black wind surrounded the Azure Mountain King and began to spin around him, as if it wanted to drag him into the eye of the hurricane.

“No! I have not fallen yet!” The Azure Mountain King’s eyes flushed red,

and his facial muscles twitched as he suddenly growled.

Explosions rang out as the crystal clear soul force transformed into a defensive film on his body. Terrifying accessories, which had reached the level of magic artifacts, began to explode one by one.

The massive explosion caused a horrifying driving force, and even the hurricane was momentarily blocked out.

Using this hard-earned chance, the Azure Mountain King immediately dashed out to break through the barrier.

“You can’t escape!” The large Multi-Armed Race phantom thrashed and growled behind Leylin. The hurricane gathered in Leylin’s hands as he stood before the Azure Mountain King and threw out a sudden punch.

Boom! Like the roar of an ancient giant snake, along with the accompanying howls of the many hurricanes, a terrifying energy instantly extinguished the explosion from before, breaking through the Azure Mountain King’s body.

Even if it was soul power, under the the besiegement of the hurricane, it was exhausted too quickly. The protective film immediately crackled and broke.

Cracks began appearing one after another, and due to Leylin’s attack, the Azure Mountain King was once again pushed back into the eye of the hurricane.

While watching Leylin, who stood outside like a war god, a hint of despair surfaced on the Azure Mountain King’s face...

Rumble! It was as if the world exploded, reaching its end.

Among the many dark storms, a touch of blue light suddenly exploded. It immediately intensified, offsetting the dark storms persistently.

The terrifying energy waves dissipated as streaks of silver cracks in the space emerged endlessly.

The dark storms howled, but it also seemed to weaken under the blue radiance as time passed. At the same time, the blue radiance slowly began

to dim.

The earth rumbled, and after what seemed like a sky-shaking and violent magnitude 9 earthquake, everything finally calmed down. Only, the surroundings had already been destroyed beyond recognition.

Even a part of the West Sea Canyon was totally wiped out, becoming a large, ruinous rocky plain.

“Master!”

This was the scene that Tanasha and Parker, who had rushed over, saw. Their faces seemed to search for answers anxiously, until they saw Leylin who was standing on a large rock proudly. Their faces were immediately overcome with delight.

“Yes!” Leylin nodded.

Currently, he was in a very bad condition. Not only were there blue wounds all over his body that were bubbling and corroding it, there was also an obvious dent on his chest.

In his hands, there was an already prepared crystalised test tube, in which laid a piece of burnt flesh. Surrounding it were some squirming tentacles.

“I’m fine!” Leylin waved, stopping Tanasha and Parker’s greetings.

“I give you all an hour’s time, search this area immediately and look for bloody pieces of flesh like this! No matter what the outcome is an hour later, we will leave immediately!”

“Yes, Sir!”

Watching his men busy themselves, a bitter smile emerged on Leylin’s face.

The Azure Mountain King was indeed a Morning Star Magus, with an extremely determined mind. After he realised that there was no hope of escaping, he immediately cast some sort of secret spell, detonating his clone.

The self-destruction of a rank 3 Magus’ clone would cause major

damage.

Not only was Leylin's spell formation utterly defeated, he himself had sustained serious injuries. This could be said to be a loss for both parties.

'But as long as these things can be obtained, it'll be worth it,' Leylin put away the pieces of flesh safely, before his heart lightened.

Although the Azure Mountain King had self-destructed, losing him the opportunity to collect his complete body, the tissue structures of these bloody pieces of flesh and such were enough for the A.I. Chip to study for a long time.

And after obtaining these, the A.I. Chip's deductions on the Morning Star Realm would be able to advance to at least 50% and above!

"If it's like that, the conditions are more or less all set! We only need to prepare for the Azure Mountain King's counterattack!" Leylin stroked his chin.

Originally, he and the Oakheart Clan were prepared to give their lives to achieve their goals. Now, the other party's Morning Star Magus had lost his clone at his hands. Surely the Azure Mountain King would be going crazy.

'We cannot stay in this territory anymore, we must hurry back to the organisation and evacuate as soon as possible...' Leylin was stuck in thought.

Although it still seemed peaceful at his Onyx Castle in the core of the Ouroboros Clan, with Robin's Parble Family reduced to their sorry state, was it really?

Perhaps, as of now, only the area at the headquarters of the Phosphorescence Swamp could forcibly maintain stability.

Although they lacked Morning Star battle power, under circumstances where outsiders were still unsure, keeping it a secret for a period of time was no problem at all.

Furthermore, based on the Ouroboros Clan's arduous accumulation as

well as the spell formations, defence installations and such by the Morning Star Warlocks ancestors, hindering a certain Morning Star Magus for a duration was still not an issue.

What Leylin needed most right now, was time!

This was because the headquarters of the Ouroboros Clan was definitely a point of attack for many enemies in the future. Once it was confirmed that the battle powers of the Morning Star were gone, there was a high chance that they might face a siege from numerous Morning Star Magi.

By that time, the headquarters would be a deathtrap!

If they lost the other territories, without advancing to the Morning Star level before the Phosphorescence Swamp was attacked, all of the Warlocks at the headquarters could only accept death!



# Chapter 493: Distractions

“All in all, Phosphorescence Swamp is going to be the safest right now, but the most dangerous place in the end.....”

Leylin smiled reluctantly, “It’s just that... do I have any other choices?”

At this time, he was sure the Azure Mountain King was hot on his heels. Once he left the Ouroboros Clan, he feared he would not get to live another day.

Unlike his rank 3 clone, the Azure Mountain King was a famed Morning Star Magus! The disparity in power was too large for any strategies to be of use.

Thus, he was left with no choice but to take a gamble. Fortunately, he had already exterminated the opposite party’s clone, earning him and the Ouroboros Clan some extra time!

Otherwise, if they allowed the Azure Mountain King to continue to stir up trouble, word may leak out to other power-thirsty parties, that the Ouroboros Clan no longer had Morning Star Magi defending it! He could imagine them swimming forward like sharks towards their prey.

For now, since the Azure Mountain King’s matter had been settled by Leylin, he’d presumed Leylin’s strength was why Gilbert and the others chose to lay low.

This was what Leylin was striving for, a little of their apprehension!

“Morning Star realm! I must advance to the Morning Star realm!” Leylin clenched his teeth.

At this moment, Tanasha brought forward a transparent box, “My Lord, this is our harvest.”

Inside the box were some scraps of flesh and hair, and even some blood-stained clothes and other fabrics and such.

“Well done! For your contributions, I shall reward you in the form of contribution points later on. Right now, let’s go home.....” In front of his

subordinates, Leylin resumed the attitude of a master.

.....

“My Lord!” Back at his own Magus Tower, upon hearing the green tower genie’s greetings, Leylin felt as if he had been away for a lifetime.

His departure had started with a banquet, celebrating Freya advancing to the Crystal Phase.

Who would’ve thought that, within such a short time, so many drastic changes would take place. Even the entire Ouroboros Clan was in a crisis, and was almost destroyed.

The failed mission of Gilbert and the other two was something Leylin could never have predicted. Morning Star Magi’s failed mission on a whole, was something Leylin could have never predicted.

After losing the deterrence of Morning Star Magi, the Ouroboros Clan immediately showed signs of instability.

“Tower genie, backup the entire experimental data to the A.I. Chip. Destroy all original experiments, starting from the natural resources. Prepare to transfer!” Leylin drew a deep breath, and requested.

“Authorization confirmed. Spiritual force connected, data transmission in progress!” Compared to a human Magus, the tower genie’s level of compliance is as good as first class. Immediately, a link was formed between it and the A.I. Chip.

Leylin had always held the habit of backing up his important experimental data to the A.I. Chip. The amount the genie had was only a small part of the whole, and he took the time to patch up the holes in his database.

The most important step was to destroy the experiments themselves. For the past century, Leylin had secretly carried out many bloodline experiments. He had been fortunate to not leave any clues behind, otherwise he would have gotten into deep water.

Following the command of the formation genie, many secret paths and

doors started opening up, revealing the concealed spaces and storage facilities.

Inside, bountiful magic crystals and precious objects glowed in brilliant lights and vibrant colours. It was a feast for one's eyes. Leylin heaved a sigh and picked out many of the stored magic crystals.

He was sure he had provoked the Azure Mountain King to the maximum this time, thus he didn't have high hopes of being able to preserve the Magus Tower.

Compared with the main headquarters at the Phosphorescence Swamp, his Magus Tower would be the first to be ravaged. Since he had decided to seek refuge at the main headquarters, he didn't want to be taken advantage of and lose his magic crystals.

With these thoughts in mind, he turned to the experimental room where he absorbed Lamia radiation.

After complicated and meticulous verification, Leylin saw the brilliant milky-white bone in the center of the crystal ball.

"A.I. Chip!" Leylin's face contorted as he yelped.

"Begin compatibility scan, unscrambling data in progress..." A huge amount of data flowed in the form of blue streaks of light from Leylin's eyes, and seeped into the crystal ball held by a machine.

After two minutes of data transmission, a clear, distinct sound echoed, as a tiny pin-sized hole appeared on the surface of the crystal ball, slowly enlarging.

"This is what my advancement to Morning Star will depend most upon!" Leylin exclaimed and sighed. He drew out a box made of crystal and carefully kept the Lamia bone.

Prior to this, he didn't want the Lamia bone to be kept on him for fear of Gilbert finding out. But right now, there wasn't even a single Morning Star Warlock in the headquarters, so Leylin naturally had nothing to be afraid of.

“Mentor, are we really leaving now?” Before they set off, Snoopy looked at the black tower and Onyx Castle in the distance, his eyes filled with a look of unwillingness to let go.

Having stayed here for more than a thousand years, he had already developed feelings for it, hence his hesitance to leave.

Similarly, Kubler, Parker and the others who were behind Leylin felt the exact same hesitance and unwillingness, even though they had obeyed Leylin’s orders and packed all their belongings.

“We must leave!” Leylin’s reply was resolute and decisive. “You should know the situation and how things are right now. Except for the main headquarters, everywhere else is dangerous....”

Parker and the rest solemnly nodded their heads. They had not found out about the three missing Morning Star Magi yet. However, the chaos that had happened was enough to keep them on the edge for a long time.

Magi who were able to live past three, four or five hundred years were all intelligent, and the recent spate of events had made them realise that something unusual was going on. Hence, their support for Leylin’s decision was unanimous.

Glancing at his rather muddle-headed apprentice, Leylin shook his head and patted his shoulders: “We will be back! I promise!”

“Mmm. I believe you, Mentor!” Snoopy nodded his head passionately. Parker, on the other hand, forced a smile.

.....

Inside Phosphorescence Swamp.

Numerous sulphur-filled bubbles rose from the sludge, becoming green balls of flame as they escaped.

Erected in the center of the swamp, the Warlock City was as busy as always. In fact, the population seemed to have increased.

It wasn’t just one or two families that could feel the oddity in the air. In the early days, when there were instabilities at the border, many

Marquises and Counts had reallocated their families and servants over here, blowing up population and city.

As for the issues of their territories and such, they had no worry about that.

To the Warlocks at the top of society, commoners were like wild grass. After trimming them, come spring time and they would tenaciously grow again. So if the taxes were reduced for the people, in less than 10 years, the population would boom again.

Regardless of whether it was the invading troop or the defence troop , they did not need these commoners as resources, thus the commoners were able to lead a rather good life before and after the war with no major changes.

Compared to these commoners, the Warlocks' regrets would be losing their castles, Magus Towers and such.

Just like Leylin, who had built his Magus Tower in his own territory. He supposed that after the war was over, his tower would be gone too. And it did not matter who the enemy was, they would be ruthless and would help themselves to the structures. Also, once a tower genie discerned a master, she would never change. Thus, total destruction was the only way.

"Hehe... Leylin, it looks like the bad blood between you and the Oakheart Clan is serious. Looking at this latest intelligence report, your territory had been occupied by him and your Magus Tower has been demolished..." Freya smiled as she handed the intelligence report to Leylin.

"It is serious!" Leylin stroked his nose, "Even their chief died in my hands!"

In his heart, he silently added 'and a Morning Star's clone' next to it. Under such circumstances, if the opposite party were to be polite to him, it would truly be odd.

After moving to the Ouroboros Clan headquarters, over ten days had passed and within this time, many things had happened.

Every territory had its fair share of unceasing riots, and there were

multiple forces would invade these areas. Naturally, Leylin's territory was not spared .

Freya, too, had lost her territory. Hence, she teased Leylin with a bit of schadenfreude.

However, Leylin could sense the fear and restlessness beneath Freya's smile. This time, the power of the enemy had surpassed the expectations of many. The Azure Mountain Clan was but one part only, there were other more powerful ones yet to show themselves.

The Ouroboros Clan was strong in appearance but weak in reality, and everyone could see it. Hence the minor skirmishes at the borders had escalated to entire territories being taken over.

Even the outer regions of Phosphorescence Swamp were not spared. From time to time, scouts sent by many different powerful families were discovered. Warlocks from the Ouroboros Clan could only rely on the headquarters' defensive spells as a core, building an extremely narrow defensive perimeter and guarding it resolutely.

Anyone with a discerning eye could tell that if the Morning Star military strength did not make an appearance soon in the Ouroboros Clan, the entire clan could face imminent destruction.

"Over at the astral gate, how is the progress?" Seeing Freya's strong and obstinate persona, Leylin couldn't console her directly, as otherwise, he would have hurt her pride. Instead, he changed the subject and asked her a question.

The truth of the matter was, the root of all the problems were the three elders. If they could appear immediately, even if just one of them could show their face in public, not only would the Warlocks of the entire Ouroboros Clan gain confidence from their pillar of strength, the number of enemy scouts would reduce drastically too.

"Some of the Marquises from the technology department have been working for days in there..." Freya smiled wryly.

"But in the end.... Only someone of at least a Morning Star Magus status,

can open an astral gate. Otherwise, no one can support the crossover of the body. Forget rescuing them, we can't even find someone here qualified to open the astral gate..."

Seeing Freya, Leylin knew deep in her heart that she had some disagreements with the Blood Duchess Emma and the other two Morning Star Warlocks. But since she was a student of theirs, she couldn't say anything.

"You can't blame our Mentors, the allure of the Purgatory World is simply too huge..." Leylin sighed.

# Chapter 494: As The Dark Clouds Draw Closer

There was another concern bugging Leylin.

As compared to the factions that had shown themselves in Azure Mountain City, what worried him the most was still the Magus that had set the trap.

To be able to give up a world coordinate and also successfully entrap three Morning Star Warlocks, he was definitely not a simple person.

Furthermore, if Leylin's mentor, Gilbert, joined forces with the other two Morning Star Warlocks, they would have a terrifying strength on par with that of a Radiant Moon Magus!

Since the mastermind could successfully scheme against them regardless of that, it was only a matter of time before his actual strength would be revealed.

If the other party came at them openly, the current Ouroboros Clan would not have any strength to resist.

Fortunately, for reasons unknown, he had not taken any other action apart from setting the trap. No one knew what qualms he had, or whether there was something holding him back.

Leylin secretly guessed that perhaps the other party had suffered a violent counterattack when he'd plotted against his Mentor, and thus suffered a hidden loss. He was likely still in the midst of recovery, or else he definitely wouldn't have let this chance slip through his fingers.

Even so, the pressure the Ouroboros Clan faced was crushing. The tiniest bit more and they would collapse completely.

After parting with Leylin, Freya took a short walk and arrived at a small garden full of white roses.

A distorted human shadow appeared next to the garden. When the figure came into view, a Warlock dressed in a crimson Magus robe bowed



to Freya.

“Greetings, chief!”

“Mm!” Freya nodded, “The crisis that the Ouroboros Clan has met with will require the combined effort of many marquises, but Leylin’s team of vassals is really too weak, and they also suffered heavy losses in the previous suppression. I plan to let the Blood Serpent Warlock organisation take over some of their missions!”

After a long silence, Julian then spoke with a hoarse voice, “This... is not in accordance with the rules! Furthermore, the elders...”

“This is an order!” Freya’s voice turned cold, and an aura that was unique to Crystal Phase Warlocks surfaced on her body.

“Yes! Yes!” Julian quickly agreed, but let out a silent sigh.

Even he could see that his chief had feelings for Leylin, but the other party still showed clear signs of rejection.

It would be understandable if Freya had only lent a helping hand once or twice, but she had already done so many times. This problem had left many elders with authority dissatisfied. It was in stark contrast to how Miranda simply gave up on her pursuit.

In ancient Warlock families like Freya’s, even the chief could not go against the opinion of the majority, and had to take the entire family’s opinion into consideration.

Freya’s actions had already aroused a certain degree of discontent in the family, but was suppressed by her promotion to the Crystal Phase.

However, Julian had a feeling that if Freya continued, the accumulating dissent would one day burst forth.

Judging by her attitude, though, would it be possible to change her ways?

Julian shook his head and forced a smile, then bowed to Freya and vanished into the sea of flowers.

.....

In the depths of a white canyon, a team of Warlocks were hurrying through the steep mountains.

These Warlocks were all clothed in crimson Magus robes, with the Giant Kemoyin Serpent motif on their collars. A platinum-haired high-ranking Warlock led the way.

Shoom! At that very instant, a crooked shadow shot out from the side of the cliff like an arrow, right into this Warlock's hands.

"Be alert!" Kemoyin's Scales appeared on the bodies of the numerous Warlocks as a mode of defence. Assuming their various positions, they emitted an aura that was full of solemn determination; evidently, they were elites with rich experience who have been fighting for a long time.

"It's a shadow snake messenger from our family, cancel the alarm!" The platinum-haired high-ranking Warlock furrowed his brows and quickly shouted to the rest. The entire troop was tranquil again, and they slowly started to continue walking.

"They actually want us to offer support to Enforcer Leylin's vassals?" Upon recalling the content of the message, the leader of the Warlock team seemed gloomy. He was, of course, unhappy about his chief's actions.

But looking at the authoritative imprint on the back that reflected the family chief's position, the leader gritted his teeth and yelled out, "Turn around, we're going to the Teal Tusk Highlands, and fast!" He was still dreadful of the consequences of disobeying orders and betraying his family. Although they questioned why their leader suddenly gave such an order, their pleasantly compliant nature allowed this small team to make a full turnaround within a few minutes, and they continued to rush off in another direction.

"Hehe, found the Blood Serpent Warlock organisation!" At this moment, the immature voice of a young boy sounded out, causing the team leader's expression to change drastically.

"Who's there?"

The Magi under him immediately broke into formation, with many of

them already holding on to multiple magical items for attacking purposes.

Bang! The rock wall at the side blasted open, and a gigantic flowering plant emerged from within.

This flower was about 5 or 6 meters tall, its sepals full of sharp buckteeth. It suddenly spread open its petals, and with its huge mouth similar to that of a beast from the ancient times, it swallowed a Warlock who couldn't dodge in time.

"AHHH..." He let out a distorted, muffled shriek. The innate defence of the snake scales seemed to have no effect on the corrosive juices in the stamen. Through the translucent petals, the Warlocks could see their comrade's scales corrode, then quickly soften and reveal his skin and muscle tissue...

Bang! Bang! Bang! Before they could rescue their comrade, more carnivorous flowers suddenly emerged from the rock walls, and started attacking them.

"A military troop of carnivorous plants, it's..." The expression on the platinum-haired team leader's face changed drastically. Before he could even exclaim, a carnivorous flower that was more than 10 meters tall bore out of the ground and appeared in front of him in a flash.

On the stolon of this carnivorous flower was the face of a little boy, and it seemed that the voice from earlier was his.

"Innate spell— Toxic Bile!" The team leader gritted his teeth, and venomous gas immediately diffused out into the air.

"It's useless! We have already made special improvements through several mutations targeted at awakening the ability of self-control, just to counter your poison and scales!" A grin spread across the boy's face. The humongous carnivorous flower ferociously opened up and countless minute pollen grains scattered onto the ground.

The Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock's expression changed rapidly. He could clearly sense that the venom in the air had been neutralised by the pollen from the carnivorous flower.

Not only that, once a single pollen grain landed on him, his scales instantly started to soften.

“Haha... Kill! Go on, kill! After today, the Ouroboros Clan and the Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks will become a thing of the past!” The boy cheered, while more and more carnivorous flowers started to emerge from the soil and the walls, drowning out the members of the snake bloodline Warlock organisation.

The colourful lights of spells exploded, and finally, all was silent again...

.....

On the other end, in a small and prosperous town.

The shadows of many densely-packed sails appeared all of a sudden in the sky.

Numerous huge ships soared through the air like dark clouds, blocking out all the sunlight and casting large shadows on the earth, as darkness enveloped the entire town.

“What’s going on?” The Kemoyin Warlock in charge of guarding the place walked out and his jaw instantly dropped.

Boom! The gigantic cannon stowed at the front of the fleet started to rumble, and terrifying energy waves immediately wreaked havoc throughout the town.

In that instant, the entire city was filled with terrorised cries as blood and fire flooded the land.

The ever-plentiful city that had always been under the protection of the Ouroboros Clan was suddenly drowning in calamity. Those who could not escape in time turned into ashes under gunfire, average humans and low-ranking Warlocks alike.

After a round of bombardment, numerous silhouettes appeared beside the fleet, and descended to clear out the remaining few high-ranking Warlocks.

“No Warlock that belongs to the Ouroboros Clan will be spared!” A

crippled male Magus who was propping himself up with a wooden leg gave an order, his eyes boiling with hatred that he did not even bother to mask. His face was filled with numerous scars and was badly disfigured.

“Those damn bloodline bastards don’t even deserve to be alive...”

Following his command, the resistance in the battlefield intensified, but all that anyone could do was to struggle in the face of death.

After purging the resistance, it was time for a feast, one of plundering and venting their anger.

But even in a situation like this, the commander’s face remained cold and indifferent, as though he never saw it at all.

.....

Such scenarios continued to play out in the Ouroboros Clan’s territory, and even started to inch closer to Phosphorescence Swamp.

The atmosphere at headquarters was gloomy due to the huge war.

In one of the rooms in the headquarters of Warlock City, a faint warm glow flickered. A group of Magi gathered around a circular black medieval table.

They were all Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks, and the aura exuded by every single one of them was highly terrifying, even exceeding the threshold of the Crystal Phase.

Leylin was among them, scanning through his companions— there were more than ten of them.

These people made up the entirety of the Ouroboros Clan’s upper echelons, and they were of the highest ranks apart from the three Morning Star Warlocks. Their decisions would represent the entire Ouroboros Clan!

Lucian and Freya were also among them. Upon seeing Leylin, they nodded in acknowledgement, but anxiety was written across their faces.

A red-headed Warlock stood up, propping himself with his hands on the table, and roared loudly, “Only yesterday! In a mere 13 hours, the attacks

we have suffered have surpassed the sum of all the damage we have ever sustained! The Blood Serpent Warlock organisation, the Black Iron Warlock organisation and the castigators have all been razed to the ground! Even Greenflame City that guards our Phosphorescence Swamp has fallen to the hands of our enemy!”

He slammed the table, causing the tabletop to shake vigorously. Leylin could feel his wrath through the vibrations.

“It won’t take long until we’ll be able to see them within the vicinity of the city! Even small fry like the Arm of Vengeance will start hunting us down. Damn it! These were people I could have wiped out single-handedly in the past!”

With that, opinions started to fire across the table, rage filling the air.

# Chapter 495: Opening

Leylin watched the performance of these Warlocks, indifferent to it all.

In fact, it was very clear to them that small organisations like the Arm of Vengeance were being used as scapegoats by the hidden forces.

Were Gilbert and the rest to appear, they would just throw out these scapegoats to suffer their wrath, without caring for their life or death.

And even if these small organisations were to find success, they wouldn't end up with much resources. They could only give the majority of the resources to their backers. Thus, these forces could reap the benefits without getting their own hands dirty. It was a great deal indeed.

Although these Warlocks were completely aware of this, they only dared curse these small organizations that had gone insane in their desire for revenge, but did not dare touch the existence in the background. In the back of their minds, even though they lacked Morning Star forces on their side, they definitely did not have the guts to provoke those acting behind the scenes. To them, on their side, they would not have the guts to challenge the masterminds.

“Never mind that. This place is soon going to become a battlefield, so every one of us must take up our responsibilities. Do you all agree?”

“Agreed!” “Agreed!” “Agreed!” Numerous high ranked Warlocks nodded one after another.

“That's great, we still have the two Kemoyin Gargoyles and the spell formation left by the elders. We can still handle a Morning Star Magus if we activate everything... We just need to persist for a period of time, then the three mentors will be able to return from the astral plane!”

The red-haired Warlock was still trying his best to boost the morale, and hence he maintained the delusion.

After he spoke up to that, everyone's sight immediately shot to an old Warlock who was wiping his spectacles with a white handkerchief.

This old Crystal Phase Warlock was the head of their technical

department, Schadt.

Schadt put on his spectacles with a bitter laugh, “Our tests have confirmed that the elders really did open the astral gates and entered another world. However, we couldn’t confirm that it’s the Purgatory World. However, we’re trying really hard to calculate the coordinates. I just need ten days... No! Five! We’ll have it in five!”

The expressions of the numerous Warlocks dulled when the reply they got wasn’t the one they wanted.

The red-haired Warlock forced a smile and immediately began to assign missions as the leader, “Marquis Schadt, continue to study the astral gate. Headquarters will allocate resources to you as you wish. You have to rescue our three Mentors!”

“I will!” Schadt nodded. There was a great scholarly temperament to him as he still seemed like nothing had happened even in this kind of critical moment.

“Next, Marquis Lucian...” There was pride in the tone of the red-haired Warlock when he heard the other party agreeing to his orders.

Although he was the first disciple of the Grand Elder, his authority was not much greater than that of the remaining Marquises present here. But now, when the circumstances required the presence of a powerful leader due to both internal and external pressures, it seemed like he could try to take control!

“Very well! Next...” The Warlock started to assign missions to everyone. Finally, it was Leylin’s turn. “Marquis Leylin, it’s no problem if I leave you in charge of the defence of the West Zone of the city, right?”

“Sorry, I do!” Leylin raised his hand up. He’d heard from Lucian about this Warlock before, although he hadn’t met him in person many times. He was Faisal, and he had held power for a long time in the Ouroboros Clan. Right now, it seemed that even in all this confusion, his first thought was of grasping power.

Leylin was immediately fed up by this sort of thing. With their current



situation, perhaps the entire headquarters would be breached tomorrow, and everyone would be finished. He still wanted to scramble for power and profits?

“What?” Faisal wrinkled his brows. He’d met a challenger moments after he set up his authority. This triggered his immense dissatisfaction, so he decided to suppress the challenger ruthlessly.

“I have an extremely important experiment...”

“Experiment? Just for the purpose of an experiment?” Leylin was interrupted by Faisal before he could complete his words. “Did I mishear? You want to abandon your responsibility in this kind of critical moment just for an experiment?”

Numerous high-ranked Warlocks around the round table also started whispering to each other after they heard Faisal words.

“Let me finish!” Leylin pressed his hands down.

“The experiment I’m working on is an interplanar experiment. I’m confident in being able to find the coordinates of the Mentors in three days. Marquis Schadt can testify to this.”

Schadt, who’d been still as a statue from the beginning, also nodded, “Indeed. Marquis Leylin’s fundamental knowledge about astral experiments far surpasses mine. Especially in accurately searching for coordinates, he leaves me ashamed of my meagre ability.”

“Even so,” Faisal ground his teeth, “The defence of the West Zone...”

“I’ll take care of that as well,” Freya interrupted.

“You?” Faisal was a little astonished.

“Yes. Anyway, my own defence zone is not far from Leylin’s. It’s alright for me to take care of both, right?” Freya looked at Faisal challengingly. The other Warlocks had a knowing smile on their faces when they recalled the rumours about Freya and Leylin.

“You can if you say so, but what if your area has problems first...” Faisal dragged out his speech, looking at Freya who had an unyielding

expression. He thought Leylin was getting more and more out of hand.

Freya ground her teeth and stated stubbornly, "It'll be my responsibility!"

"Fine, I hope you remember what you said today!" Faisal nodded and sat back down.

The person involved, Leylin, sat foolishly at a distance from the beginning. Only after it ended did he respond and look at Freya. This woman had helped him over and over again, even at the expense of her own family's interests, and was already facing criticism from her elders.

He hadn't expected that she would be willing to help him to this extent.

Actually, this so-called important experiment was just to pull the wool over Faisal's eyes. With his knowledge, it was easy for him to convince Schadt by exposing a bit of his abilities.

If Faisal hadn't agreed even after that, he would've looked for an opportunity to shirk his responsibility.

However, Freya unexpectedly took it on for him. Leylin suddenly felt a bit of a headache as he looked at her.

"You don't need to do this, you know..." Leylin walked to Freya side and said softly after the meeting dispersed.

"It's my choice." Freya gathered her black long hair together and left quickly. She seemed stubborn and firm.

Leylin shook his head, then communicated with the A.I. Chip and took a look at the latest data.

[Progress on deduction of information about the Morning Star realm: 52.7%]

After more than ten days, the A.I. Chip had finally finished analysing the flesh of the Azure Mountain King's clone. His information about the Morning Star realm had crossed 50%!

With this, the final requirement for his advancement to the Morning Star realm had been fulfilled.

“The future seems exciting. I will look forward to it....” A smile hung on the corner of Leylin’s mouth. He then took a glance at the meeting place and at last moved his legs, leaving with incomparably firm footsteps.

.....

In an unknown place, several mysterious wills were communicating with each other.

“The attacks of the plant legion have had pretty good results! The progress this time is pretty smooth. The air force has also taken down Greenflame City. It seems like the Morning Star Warlocks are already lost in the astral plane.”

“Not necessarily. Gilbert and the rest are very cunning. It’s possible that they’re feigning weakness in order to bait us into exposing ourselves,” another voice immediately retorted, “The lifespan of a Morning Star Warlock is nigh endless. Even temporary gains and losses of territory are nothing to them. They can always expand their influence again in the future...”

“What you said also makes sense. We must consider this, and continue to test them. Try to attack their headquarters in Phosphorescence Swamp!” the previous voice said. A powerful stream of thought swept out, “Where’s that old Azure Mountain guy?”

“Hehe... he lost a clone to the Ouroboros Clan. With his main body settling a debt with Felix, I’m afraid he won’t be available for a period of time...” a woman jokingly said.

“His clone fell? It must have been at rank 3. Even then, who interfered?” The voice who spoke previously seemed sluggish.

“No one! Azure Mountain’s clone unexpectedly fell at the hand of a member of the younger generation without the interference of any Morning Star powers. It’s even someone who had just advanced to the Crystal Phase. I’m afraid he’ll feel too embarrassed to meet people before he thoroughly washes himself of his shame...” The female voice answered

“To have his clone killed by a member of the younger generation. It’s

simply a humiliation to all Morning Star Magi!”

“That’s right!” The numerous thoughts descended into chaos.

“Silence!” the first voice said with immense dignity behind its tone. It immediately suppressed the disturbance.

“Let Azure Mountain’s matter go for now. The area he’s responsible for isn’t that important anyway. The next test will be crucial in determining the existence of those three. This matter also concerns how we’ll be treating the Ouroboros Clan in the future, so we should be serious about it!”

The huge will stated and transmitted its imposing aura its huge dignity to here.

“We got it!” Numerous thought backed up a step as if expressing surrender.

“Great! The plant legion still needs to advance and push the battlefield forward. As for the air force, remain on the defensive for now. The defence abilities of the headquarters of the Ouroboros Clan are still decent...”

The most powerful thought immediately started to distribute tasks. Soon after, the thoughts in the secret space left one after the other, and the region quieted down immediately.

A deadly stillness permeated the surroundings.

After this meeting, the attacks that were originally planned against the Ouroboros Clan grew in intensity.

Among these, parties such as Azure Mountain City and Nefas broke apart all pretence and flagrantly dispatched their elite groups into the territory of the Ouroboros Clan. This resulted in a great slaughter.

The frontline also approached the headquarters of the Ouroboros Clan in Phosphorescence Swamp continuously. In moments, it was like a storm was raging in the region, which practically affected the weather of the entire central continent.

Numerous Morning Star Magi, Radiant Moon Magi, and even Breaking

Dawn Magi all diverted their attentions to the sky above Phosphorescence Swamp.

For the central continent which is in dire straits, any minute changes would be able to cause a huge variation.

# Chapter 496: Preparation for Battle

The chaos in the Ouroboros Clan was like a stone thrown into the peaceful lake that was the central continent, setting off ripples everywhere.

Due to the mutual deterrence of Morning Star Magi, such a large-scale war was rare.

The information about the current state of the Ouroboros Clan spread throughout the entire central continent like wildfire. Many spies, investigators, and idle Magi rushed towards Phosphorescence Swamp.

They had a pressing need to know how it all began, and what the final outcome would be. They would use this information for their own reference, and in the future would hand it over to the next generation.

“Storm clouds are brewing!”

Phosphorescence Swamp, Ouroboros Clan headquarters. Dressed in skintight leather, Freya stood on a high balcony and observed the huge Warlock City below.

“Even a peaceful, prosperous city like this will have to bear the brunt of battle?” Looking at the gloomy horizon in the distance, dismay clouded Freya’s features.

Seeing Julian and a few other elders heading towards her, her already cheerless self became even more depressed.

Disregarding the few elders, Freya asked Julian directly, “How is the deployment of manpower coming along?”

“They have been assigned accordingly, but...” Julian showed signs of hesitation.

“Let me explain. A while ago, due to your haphazard assignment of the snake bloodline Warlocks, our family suffered huge losses. And now we have to bear an even greater burden because of your decision to take over Leylin’s responsibility of the defences in the West Zone!” An elderly man with a pair of red eyebrows uttered with an icy tone, his face clearly

showing his displeasure. The others were the same, dissatisfaction written all over their faces.

“You must understand, our family barely has the ability to defend ourselves, yet you pile up more responsibility on us. We’re going to be short-handed, and when problems arise, our family might even be exterminated!” Another elderly woman exclaimed.

“Aunt... I know that, but...” These elderly men and women were all Freya’s seniors in the family. Many of them had known her since her youth. Even though her status as a Crystal Phase Magus was higher than theirs, there were still many matters that were not easy to bring up for discussions in the course of the conversation.

“I know. You have developed feelings for that fellow, right?” Another elderly man with a cyst on his face asked sarcastically.

“Uncle Ivanov! So what if I have?” Freya’s steely glare was levelled on Ivanov as she drew a deep breath, the tension in the air reaching the choking point.

The cyst on his face trembled and he backed up a few steps, his lips quivering and he remarked, “This is how you want to treat him? That playboy who not only had a fling with his own female senior, but even that slut Miran...”

“Enough!” Freya suddenly yelled, her face turning crimson. The other few elders raised their brows in shock.

Controversial relationships were common among Warlocks, especially when they were young. Leylin’s licentious lifestyle wasn’t that big a deal. But for Ivanov to bring up the subject, it was unsettling.

However, in hindsight, what Ivanov said made sense. If Leylin was really interested in Freya, they would have gotten together long ago. Right now, it seemed like a one-sided affair for their chief.

Freya’s worried aunt asked hesitantly, “Little Freya, you.....”

At this moment, another voice echoed, “Marquis Lucian is here!”

Everyone exchanged glances and immediately quieted down. Family scandals like this were best kept amongst themselves.

“We will take our leave now, will you reconsider...” the female elder shot a loving look at Freya before leaving with the rest.

With their departure, Freya sighed a breath of relief and stepped out to welcome Lucian.

“Hehe... Dreadful, right?” Lucian asked with a smile, two other Magi behind him.

“Just some minor inconveniences!” Freya fluffed her hair. Glancing over Lucian’s shoulders, she recognised one of the Magi as Leylin’s subordinate, Parker. As for the other female Magus who was wearing a veil, Freya couldn’t recognise her. However, the horrifying Crystal Phase energy waves radiating from her body were unmistakably strong.

Such power normally would not be kept under wraps. Even within the Ouroboros Clan, Crystal Phase Magi were few and far between. They could easily form an organisation with the highest authority and take control over everything.

“Allow me to introduce you to Parker, I am sure you already knew him!” Lucian chuckled, allowing Parker to make his salutations. He then turned to point at the other female Magus.

”This is ‘Shadow’, a Crystal Phase Magus Leylin subdued previously. Having a sensitive identity, she cannot reveal her true name. As for their intentions of being here, Parker!”

“Honourable Marquis Freya!” Parker bowed respectfully, “My Lord knows you have insufficient manpower, so he instructed Shadow and I together with our men to come forth and heed your orders!”

“That’s wonderful!” Freya beamed and her eyes lit up. She secretly heaved a sigh of relief.

In the beginning, when she agreed to take over the defence of the West Zone, she was indeed rendered short-handed. But now with the addition of Parker and his men, a big portion of her concern was put to rest.



Especially... Freya shifted her line of sight towards Tanasha's black veil. She tried to look through the veil, attempting to figure out her appearance.

Leylin had been keeping such a trump card hidden by his side all along?

A rank 3 Crystal Phase Magus was not easy to subdue. If Freya hadn't agreed to defend the West Zone, with the abilities of that female Magus and Leylin's men, they would have no problem defending it themselves.

Perhaps what Freya did was unnecessary... But, since the opposite party sent over their assistants, evidently...

Freya's mouth curved into a smile which persisted for a short while before she shook her head and abandoned that train of thought.

The current situation had deteriorated so much that no one knew if the Ouroboros Clan would survive to the next year. She could not let her thoughts shift to such superfluous issues.

After watching Parker and Tanasha leave, Freya turned around, "Marquis Lucian, the intentions of your visit this time was not just to send them to me, right?"

"Yes! There are other matters!" Lucian nodded his head.

"I knew there were more!" Freya rolled her eyes, "Spill!"

"According to Faisal's suggestion, I am here to ask you to hand over the authority of the tower genie that your family left at the headquarters!" Lucian muttered in a low voice.

"I think it is time to do that too!" Freya nodded in agreement and extracted a gold ring tossing it to her. "Take it, I hope their defence measures alongside the Magus Tower can impress me!"

"You will not be disappointed!" With the smooth completion of his mission, Lucian also heaved a sigh of relief.

"What else can I do except comply? Freya forced a smile.

The number of Magus Towers in the Ouroboros Clan headquarters was not small. From her vantage point, the whole area seemed to be packed with them.

These Magus Towers were built by high ranking Warlocks, and many of the towers were heavily subsidised by the main headquarters.

Of course, the main headquarters had their own agenda. In the core of every tower were inscribed defensive runes that were built to be combined with the rest. During a crisis, they would be able to activate all the Magus Towers to unite their defences.

Lucian's so-called taking over of the authority was just a formality to save Freya's reputation. Once Faisal shed all pretence of cordiality, he could immediately bypass all the locks on the Magus Tower and forcefully activate the Tower's energy to bolster the defence.

Leylin knew about this, hence his unwillingness to build his Magus Tower at the main headquarters.

Freya was part of an extensive family and they owned massive businesses. Not only did they possessed Magus Towers in their own territory, they even had some high-grade ones in the main headquarters that were used as experimental laboratories. What Lucian wanted was the authority to those.

"I am glad you understand!" Lucian nodded his head and his expression dulled. "Even at such times, there are some people who are unwilling to hand over control, not contributing to our Ouroboros Clan. They deserve to be damned!"

"Luckily, that is just a small minority!" Freya nodded in agreement, knowing those Warlocks absolutely did not deserve to die. After all, they were already dead.

After chatting for a while longer, Lucian took his leave. Given his hasty departure, Freya assumed there were some important matters for him to attend to.

With the impending great war, all the Warlocks were on their toes without rest. It was even more prominent for the core leaders, those at the Crystal Phase.

Snapping out of her thoughts, Freya looked to another direction, "Even

with our forthcoming demise, you are really at ease! If you cannot give me a satisfactory explanation, you will be in trouble...”

.....

Unknown to Freya, after elder Ivanov left, he locked himself in the room and threw a big tantrum.

“That crazy woman! She is completely sick! How could she be so adamant in betraying our family for an outsider’s benefit!” Ivanov roared in rage, his voice blocked and absorbed by the sound-proofing on the walls that kept the outside world from knowing what was going on inside.

“And Amasha is such an old muddlehead! How could she treat Freya like a child and give her more time... Damn it! Soon, our family will face imminent destruction!” Ivanov’s face flushed red with anger and his cyst bulged.

Hands on his back, he started pacing in circles.

“No way! I refuse to witness the destruction of our family’s ancestral legacy at her hands!” After a few rounds, he clenched his teeth and tore the sleeves off his shirt.

Branded on his arm was an impressive yet odd-looking plant imprint. With the injection of spiritual force, it immediately started glowing.

“Sha sha.....” After a wave of noise passed, a low, husky male voice emerged from the opposite end, “You have finally contacted us!”

# Chapter 497: Elite Group of Magi

“Yes! I’ve considered it thoroughly, I cannot sit back and watch my clan die in war!” Ivanov insisted, with an unexpectedly sanctified look on his face.

“Very well! Our targeted enemies are only those evil bloodline warlocks. You guys, who have awakened in time, are still a part of us Magi!” A voice echoed from the imprint.

“There’s no doubt about that! I’m honoured!” Ivanov said excitedly.

Immediately, he asked again with worry, “Is this communication channel safe? The headquarters of the Ouroboros Clan has very strict isolation and tapping capabilities!”

“Haha... Rest assured! This has already been encrypted personally! Our conversation will definitely not be leaked out!”

“Alright then, what do you need me to do?” Since he had already decided to betray, Ivanov was pretty much nonchalant.

“Very simple, you only need to...” The voice softened over time, while Ivanov nodded repeatedly.

The dim light slowly extinguished as darkness engulfed the entire place.

.....

It was only a matter of time before the attacks began.

By the time the Warlocks, who had gotten used to the martial law, discovered that the entire city had been surrounded by a patch of carnivorous plants, many of them felt a sort of relief.

Contrary to the previous uneasiness and tension, these visible enemies made them feel more secure. What followed next would be a great war—the winner would survive, and the loser would be doomed for all eternity. It was as simple as that.

Compared to open war, the oppressed feeling of the wait from before was what caused mental breakdowns.

But many Warlocks only felt relieved for a moment. By the time they saw the legion of airships all over the sky pressing in like dark clouds, even Faisal had a slight feeling that it was as if his previous efforts to fight for power had become a joke!

“Alert!” He shouted at the top of his voice, a slight tremble to his tone.

“Magus Tower authorisation complete! Constructing core defence system!” Contrary to him, those Warlocks with specific orders could still carry out their tasks orderly.

Buzz! A Magus Tower began to shake, and many runes emerged from the surface of the tower as they shot up into the sky.

All the towers in the city were in the same situation. The many runes, constructed of strings of light, converged at the heart of the city, taking the form of a bright sun.

A water screen surrounding the sun cascaded from all directions with a crystal clear glow on its surface, engulfing the entire city.

“Such a terrifying spell formation, it should be employing at least 50 to 60 elemental reactors and pools!”

In the centre of the enemy camp, a green-haired Magus sneered, “Pity, the other party was too impatient. We were only scaring him, yet he exposed his trump card!”

“Yes!” Another female Magus dressed in red covered her lips and smiled charmingly, “If the Ouroboros Clan’s warlocks are all of such quality, victory will definitely be ours!”

“In fact, as long as the other party’s three elders do not rush back, there will be no change to this war’s result. At most, it will be a matter of time!” the green-haired Magus corrected. As a high-ranking leader of the legion, the intelligence he possessed was far greater than that of ordinary Magi. He even knew about the disappearance of Gilbert and the others.

“Hence, what we need to do now is to try attacking...” The female Magus bit her lips, seeming rather playful.

In front of her, the male Magus appeared very confident, and he announced a little proudly, “There’s not even a need to test it. We can have the other organisations to help us with everything!”

“You mean the Arm of Vengeance?” The female Magus nodded, giggling immediately and stretching her body in a relaxed manner, “Since we already have them helping us, should we take this opportunity to do other things...”

Her voice was sweeter than the sweetest honey. The male Magus could not help but be intoxicated by it.

Faintly, two other soft voices echoed over, “Those Magi, are they reliable?”

“Just mere sacrifices. Anyway, when the time comes, they’ll be given up. What’s there to worry?”

“I’m still a little worried.....”

“At worst, I’ll hand over command to you. You just have to keep an eye on them for me...” In here, all sorts of conspiracies were gradually staged, yet they were completely hidden due to the many green plant legions.

The things that happened here did not attract any attention from the outside world.

Following the encirclement of the plants and airship armies, dark clouds of war immediately filled the region surrounding the Ouroboros Clan. The approaching storm made many of the Kemoyin Warlocks clasp their hands tightly. Just then, the candidate who was to serve as the main offensive walked down from the airship.

The Magus had a pockmarked face and a prosthetic wooden leg. He walked with a limp, and his face burned with the desire for vengeance. He stared at the city of Warlocks, and if looks could kill his gaze alone would’ve burnt it down.

“Ouroboros Clan! Kemoyin Warlocks! To think you’d face such a day too!” An ice-cold voice seemed to be forced out from the crevice between his teeth.

“Sir Lober! According to the orders of the alliance, you will command the first wave of attacks!” said a masked figure from beside him as he slightly bowed down. Even with his expression hidden behind the mask, his tone was oozing with contempt.

Robert clenched and relaxed his fists repeatedly several times, but still gritted his teeth and spoke, “I understand! Please inform the sirs that Robert will fulfil his mission!”

“Very good!” The masked man made a swift bow before his body vanished into thin air.

“Mentor! We’ve finally reached this point!” Another old man, his head full of grey hair, walked down from the airship as well. When he saw the already-surrounded city of warlocks, he could not control himself as tears streamed down his face.

The Magi who descended from the airship were mostly those who had a deep-seated hatred for the Ouroboros Clan.

Due to their vengeful desires, as well as the possible benefits, they did not hesitate to take up the role of the coalition’s vanguard. They even embarked on the bloody path of revenge in their own territories, cleaning it up in revenge for all the humiliation and hardships that their ancestors had been through.

And Robert, the chief of the Arm of Vengeance, was the leader elected by the many small groups.

On the other side, many Warlocks were observing the enemy from on top of a great tower. The only difference was, while the other side was quite free and leisurely, even able to pursue the pleasures of life, their situation was much more difficult.

Their expressions, Faisal’s included, were dark and filled with fear.

“Azure Mountain City’s Azure Rain Knights! And the Demon Magus Army from the Nefas!” Freya’s hands gripped the railing as she watched the other two armies who had distinct insignias. Her eyes were full of disbelief.

In the direction she was looking, a formation of knights that were armoured in blue with a bunch of giant feathers on their heads were standing quietly. So were a strange-looking group of Magi who possessed scaly bodies as well as claws and horns.

The mere energy waves unconsciously emitted from their bodies was enough to suffocate a rank 1 Magus. Even the allied army did not dare to stay too close, and kept their distance.

“The Demon Hunter and the Azure Mountain King have shed all pretence of cordiality; they actually sent their elite subordinates out to attack...” Compared to the other forces who were secretive, the Azure Mountain City’s and Nefas’ forces evidently did not have as many considerations.

This explained the other party’s vengeance and hate towards the Ouroboros Clan. It was to the extent that they were already confident that the three elders would not return, so they would give no quarter.

“The Azure Rain Knights are still alright, they are only counterfeits of the ancient Steel Knights, but these demon Magi...”

On the other side, Lucian also frowned, “They are all Magi who have communicated with the demon plane. Their bodies have been altered by demonic power, allowing them to possess a very special power. They even resorted to signing contracts with the demons to awaken all kinds of strange abilities! And only the Demon Hunter can completely subdue them and keep them for his own use. Often, their appearance represents destruction and death...”

“This was all caused by your Mentor,” Faisal sneered. “Moreover, even at this point in time, your brother Leylin still hasn’t appeared!”

Because Gilbert had forcibly snatched away many portions of the Forgotten Land’s resources from Cyril, the relationship between the two was never good. Faisal did not agree with the way Gilbert did things, hence he naturally had to use that as a pretext to make a fuss.

In fact, if he knew that the Azure Mountain King’s exasperation was caused by Leylin, he would probably go even crazier.



“What we decided originally, is the Elder Association’s decision. Furthermore, the three elders did this together, don’t say that you didn’t use those bloodline treasures at all!” Freya immediately rebutted.

Seeing her speak up for him, Lucian could not help but direct a kind smile to Freya.

“Ahem...” Upon noticing that the situation was descending into a cold war, another old man whose face had mottled snake scales immediately came over to mediate the dispute.

“Leylin and Schadt both have to deduce Mentor and the others’ coordinates. Now is the most crucial moment; it’s normal that they’re not here. We need to work together to overcome our difficulties right now”

Not only did this aged warlock possess Crystal Phase strength, he was also of a relatively high rank. Even Faisal could only display anger on his face, shutting his mouth after.

By this time, they had also noticed the other party’s movements.

Many small Magus organisations swaggered to the city’s borders under another Magus’ lead. They then began to set up a spell formation.

“Robert?! This bastard! He actually dared to come out!” A feminine Warlock licked the blade of the knife in his hand and said, “I should’ve given him a few more slashes that time!”

# Chapter 498: Confrontation

The Crystal Phase Magi who were on site held their breaths for a moment.

In the past, small organisations like the Arm of Vengeance could only be low-profile, as they would be attacked on site. When did they get the guts to begin a fight?

A well-built Warlock suddenly stood up and exclaimed, “I want to go out and kill them all!”

“Don’t be rash!” Faisal responded while holding the person back, “With the combined defensive spell formation already activated, attacking them now will only ruin our only chances to turn the odds around! Do not let your emotions cloud your judgement!”

Faisal truly was quite capable. At the very least, he was not a fool and could see through ordinary schemes.

But then again, looking at how the enemy was valiantly showing off in front of him, Faisal must have been filled with anger as well; he was only forcing himself to hold back and not act rashly.

“Once this ordeal is over, I will lead my team out again and have all these rats killed!”

“Guys, look at this!” Freya exclaimed, pouting out the window towards the troops.

“Eh?!”

At this point in time, most of the Warlocks had not realised that the massive spell formation that Robert had cast earlier was gradually activating.

Rumble! The earth shook repeatedly, giving rise to landslides that covered up the wetlands with all their sludge and sewage. The phosphorescence in the air rapidly dissipated.

After the phosphorescence disappeared, the large amount of steam that

evaporated from the wetlands turned it into a field of mud and soil. The soil became more compact, and eventually gained a rock-like texture.

These tumultuous changes occurred all along the spell formation.

“How dare they touch our base!” many enraged Warlocks started to cry out.

The Ouroboros Clan back then had decided to chose this area precisely due to the unique phosphorescent wetlands. The abundant amount of darkness elemental energy particles and fire elemental particles that were present there matched perfectly with the bloodline of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent.

Not only was the growth of the Warlocks boosted in this place, but it even enhanced the power of their spells.

However, the destruction of large swathes of wetlands meant that the darkness elemental particles and fire elemental particles were gradually diminished, to be replaced by earth elemental particles.

Even though the area affected was only this city, the impact it had on the high-level Warlocks was not small.

“Haha... Robert who was outside laughed out loud unexpectedly.

“Did you think we hadn’t planned out our revenge? What a big mistake! Even though we were chased all over the central continent, we never once stopped plotting our vengeance. This time round, we’ll uproot the entire Ouroboros Clan!”

“There is no other way!” Looking at how the city gradually turned into a wasteland, and how the concentration of earth elemental particles slowly outweighed the now-meagre amount of darkness and fire elemental particles, Faisal’s face turned pale.

“Alchemised puppets, attack! Work with the combined spell formation!” After he gave the orders, his face displayed a moment of shame. He had a sudden realisation that he himself actually initiated the entire defence spell formation, and all of this seemed too rushed.

Especially after giving his last orders, it seemed as though he was slapping himself across the face.

Upon seeing his actions, Freya and the other Warlocks could only sigh under their breaths. Faisal was relieved that they did not condemn him upfront.

“At least there are still some smart people around!” Lucian surreptitiously nodded his head. Knowing that they had reached a point of life and death, it was not the time for resentments and conspiracies.

From their common bloodline, it was already predetermined that these Warlocks would not obtain the mercy of the rest.

Crack! The translucent spell formation that once enveloped the city had split open to form a large opening that had a current of steel streaming out from it.

Clank! Clank! What appeared in front of Robert’s eyes was a giant troop of steel puppets.

All these alchemised puppets were at least three metres tall, with intricate runes covering the bodies. The barb wires and hooks that hung on their bodies stood out reflected chilling lights.

Furthermore, the massive barrels that hung on both sides of the puppets sent chills down Robert’s spine.

“Portable spell-casting barrels! The Ouroboros Clan is not only gifted in bloodlines!” A masked boy, who was in the corner observing the whole scene, started to record everything down immediately.

Simultaneously, he asked another observer behind him, “Have you recorded every movement that occurred since the activation of the spell formation?”

The young girl, who only seemed to be seven-or-eight years old and was wearing oversized spectacles and a massive red ribbon, replied formally, “Yes Sir! Everything has been recorded clearly and the energy nodes have all been marked! In the process of calculating the geographical locations of the pressure points and the core!”

“Very good! Continue recording it down! Such micronised cannon spells are still very useful. Remember to inform the rest of our people and I propose that we get this technology in our hands during the distribution of the spoils.”

The masked man waved, clearly in high spirits. To him, breaking through the headquarters was only a matter of time.

“Target locked on! Beginning fire!” The steel puppets that walked out from the city had lasers for eyes that marked a luminous red cursor on their targets. Robert and most of the Magi were locked on to. Just then, sounds of machinery could be heard within their bodies.

“Not good! Hurry up and hide—” Robert couldn’t finish his sentence before he was disrupted by the glow of a white laser.

Pew! The white laser beam swept through the area horizontally, disintegrating anything that stood in its path. Even the ground caved in where it passed.

“No!” “Sir!” urgent and sharp cries were heard.

A number of Magi did not even have a chance to speak before the laser burned them to ashes.

Even a rank 3 Magus like Robert was put in a difficult situation because of the lasers. His clothes had been destroyed, and his wooden leg had vanished into thin air.

“Initiate destruction!” a cold voice rang out once again, and the steel puppets reacted, firing towards the remains.

It took but a moment for chaos to ensue. Light flashed everywhere, and many of the Magi were severely injured.

The massive spell formation that had been operating till now was destroyed immediately, and the earth started to stabilise.

“Tsk! How dare such a small organisation provoke the prestigious Ouroboros clan!” Faisal laughed out.

“The real enemy hasn’t even begun attacking, and yet you’re satisfied

beating these mere distractions,” Freya said coldly while rolling her eyes.

It was indeed true that destroying the Arm of Vengeance was a piece of cake for the Ouroboros Clan. A simple slightly-powerful formation would be enough to send them packing, and even the heavens above would not be able to save them.

However, what worried the Magi the most was how these hostile forces could cold-bloodedly watch the members of the Arm of Vengeance die so easily. They did not seem to even consider the possibility of helping the battered and exhausted Robert out, which was why they stopped considering the option of initiating the spell formation.

“Sir! Why did...” Robert, who was seriously injured, shouted with a sore voice when he was finally saved. However, the rest of the members of the Arm of Vengeance were not as lucky as him; most of them fell at the hands of the steel puppets.

“Don’t worry. Your sacrifice will not be in vain! Now it’s time for us to avenge you,” A green-haired magus said coldly, sounding insincere. He had an air of steeliness about him.

Yet, he was sneering secretly, ‘It’s only a given that we’ll reduce your strength and manpower after we’re done using it. Did you really expect us to leave you with so many benefits after the war? Dream on!’

Not giving Robert, whose fists were clenched, a chance to say anything else, the green-haired Magus waved his hand, “Plant legion, attack!”

Swoosh! Swoosh! Swoosh! Many of the vines started moving and, within a moment’s time, a gigantic Man-eating Flower emerged from the mud and started moving towards the steel puppets.

“Targets locked! Beginning the second wave of attack!” In front of the steel puppets stood a gigantic black steel robot which was more than five metres tall. After its laser eyes marked its target, the gun barrels that were hung on either side of its shoulders begin to roar.

Pew! When the white lasers swept past the Man-eating Flowers, many of them fell and thick sludge started to permeate from their wounds.

“Even the Azure Rain Knights would find these kinds of lasers hard to endure. Fortunately for my plant legion...” Looking at this scene, the green-haired Magus displayed a teasing smile.

A large amount of spores started to shoot out from one of the Man-eating Flowers. Before these spores even reached the ground, they began to swell up into a giant ball, and within seconds another one emerged from the earth. The two intertwined, forming a gigantic one, at least ten metres tall, that swallowed the huge puppet from earlier.

The earth rumbled as a war of green and black, nature and machine played out. These two incredible forces were fighting head on against each other. The whole surroundings were filled with white rays and green sludge.

Looking at the scene outside, Lucian sighed.

“I’m afraid that they’ve already found out about our last defence system from their earlier experiments, even keeping their battlefield exactly one kilometer away which exactly reaches our boundary of attack.”

Faisal’s face turned black. Even though none of them said it out loud, everyone knew that this was his fault for initiating the combined spell formation too hastily.

At this moment, another Crystal Phase Warlock screamed, “Look at this!”

Gush! All the Crystal Phase Magi looked up. The sky was enveloped by the giant shadow of a sail that enveloped the place in complete darkness.

“Initiate warzone number 2’s all-over attack!”

Bang! Bang! Bang! Like shooting stars falling from the skies, bombs were thrown down from the giant ships above, wiping away the mess created by the Man-eating Flowers and puppets.

Under these terrible attacks, the original giant puppets became a pile of scrap iron.

# Chapter 499: Traitor

With explosions ringing continuously, the Warlocks fell silent as they fixed their gazes on the battlefield, watching the debris from the occasional fights between broken metallic limbs and vines of flowers.

“Their plant legion can obviously regenerate very fast. On the other hand, our steel puppets have complicated structures and use too much of the energy stored in our Magus Towers. This exchange is a huge loss for us...” Lucian smiled bitterly, his voice sounding raucous.

Outside the city, a sea of flowers lay above the ruins, numerous shoots struggling their way out of the earth. The army of carnivorous plants had reformed in a few minutes.

Not only that, the other military forces were closing in along with the Azure Rain Knights and the Demon Magus Army.

“Let’s focus on our own areas of defence! Although we have the protection of the Magus Towers, it will still be best if our Crystal Phase Warlocks attend to them.” Faisal smiled.

The images disappeared with a few snaps, leaving Faisal and a few others remaining.

Most of the people here were just projections of the other Crystal Phase Magi using the network of the Magus Towers. Due to their advanced technology, the projections were almost the same as themselves.

Faisal’s face turned dark, his thoughts indiscernible.

In the meantime, a wisp of dark smoke sprouted from the corner, forming a dark shadow, “My lord! Will you consider what I said before?”

Faisal frowned at his appearance, but he then calmed down. The people here were all his men, and he wasn’t afraid that they’d leak his secrets.

“What are you doing here?”

“Hehe! The Ouroboros Clan is about to vanish! There might be traitors among the people you met just now, my lord. Think about your future, and



the future of your family!”

The shadow said slowly and with a confidence derived from the chasm between their absolute strengths.

Faisal’s men grew angry, and even his own face showed some hesitation before he waved his hands.

“I... I need to reconsider this!”

“I hope you reply soon. Our offer only exists up to the city’s fall!” The envoy said patiently, then disappeared like a ghost.

“Ah...” Faisal sighed after he was gone. Something crossed his mind, and his eyes glowed with a strange light.

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West Zone. Freya smiled bitterly while looking at the approaching enemies, “Such bad luck. I have to meet these Demon Magi...”

The opponents in her area were the elites of Nefas– the Demon Magus Army!

All members of the Demon Magus Army were at least rank 2 Magi. And since they’d made deals with unknown demons, most of them had mysterious abilities or powerful skills.

What’s more, the Magi from Nefas were wanted men with bad reputations. They were tough and bloody, even more crazed than the uber-emotional Warlocks!

No wonder Freya was unhappy.

“Hehe! I didn’t expect such a beautiful woman to be my opponent!”

Below the wall, the head of the Demon Magus Army touched his chin with his left hand. A pair of horns were on his head, and his right hand was tied up in iron chains.

The Demon Magi around him maintained a distance out of fear and admiration. Many glanced at his right hand, their eyes full of dread. It was as if some horrible demons existed under the cover of those iron chains.

This leader paid no attention to the fear of his men, and instead waved his hands, "Attack!"

Many Magi roared at the sound of the command and their bodies began to undergo massive transformations. Some even grew black wings as they charged towards the city walls.

"Get ready!" Freya ordered with an emotionless expression. Many of the Warlocks couldn't help but get wound up.

The next moment, the attacks from those Demon Magi reached the defensive light membrane.

"The energy of the defensive matrix can't be consumed like this. We must attack!" Freya grit her teeth. A layer of black scales covered her body, and her pupils turned amber.

Swish! Her body disappeared from on the wall, and when she appeared again she'd already grabbed a Demon Magus and torn him apart. Blood rained down, interspersed with flesh, organs, and bones.

"Petrifying Gaze!" Every Magus below rank 3 she stared at turned into a stone statue. Even Magi at rank 3 would lose their minds for a moment, during which they couldn't fight back.

"Kill them!" Seeing their chief fighting outside, the snake bloodline Warlocks rushed out with red eyes, fighting the Demon Magi.

Relying on the defensive matrix of their spell formation, they didn't have to care too much about their own safety. Thus, they acquired many victories, and a lot of Demon Magi fell.

"I'm your opponent!"

Freya's attack crashed into a giant hand bound by iron chains as the chief of the Demon Magus Army appeared in front of her.

"Warlocks with the dirty bloodline of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent have no right to live in this world!" he said with an indifferent face as a weird energy sprouted out of his right hand.

"Dirty worms that make deals with demons! You have no right to say

anything!” Freya frowned. Her opponent’s aura made her feel discomfort, even fear. But since he was an enemy, there was no need for her to hold back.

“Throughout history, branches like the Branded Swordsmen, Elemental Bards, and Steel Knights have continually disappeared. Your bloodline Warlocks are meant to join them!” The head of the Demon Magi roared, turning into a streak of black as he crashed into Freya.

Scenes like this occurred all over the defensive perimeter of the Ouroboros Clan.

Magic shone in all sorts of colours, flooding the whole city.

However, under the joint defence of the Magus Towers, these attacks just left small marks on the translucent membrane which soon disappeared.

“It seems like the Magus Towers in the Ouroboros Clan’s headquarters have stored plentiful amounts of energy!” Seeing this, the green-haired Magus frowned.

“So what? Inform your guys, they can start their plans now!” A female Magus with red hair sashayed in, rolling her eyes at him.

“Okay!” The Magus nodded, “And that thing, let it out now!”

“You want to use ‘that’ now?” The female Magus with red hair covered her mouth in shock.

“We have to. I promised those lords that we could deal with the headquarters of the Ouroboros Clan within 3 days!” The Magus with green hair smiled, saying something to his envoy.

Something sinister flashed across her eyes as she watched the movements of the Male magus, and she followed him...

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“My lord!” Even though there was fighting outside, some important places were still under heavy guard.

And currently, two elites of the Blood Serpent Family were saluting to

Ivanov.

“Good!” Ivanov nodded. But suddenly, his eyes suddenly started glittering.

Schlick! Schlick! Two black daggers shot out of his sleeves like lightning, disappearing into the guards’ chests.

Their Kemoyin Scales were pierced through by the daggers in an instant, as if they were nothing more than a sheet of paper. The light in their eyes dimmed, before they crumbled to the ground.

“Hmph! You idiots. Even if they’re innate defensive spells, there are methods to pierce through them. How can you two defend against an elite of the family like me?” Ivanov sneered, and pushed open the wooden door they were guarding.

Behind the wooden door was a small sealed room, magic tools and spell formations lying everywhere. It was enriched with energy, and obviously working at full capacity.

“This seems to be one of the key points. As long as I ruined this, the defence of the city should be weakened by at least 20%!” Ivanov smiled proudly, and gave the formation genie an order, “Deactivate both the defence and alert mode!”

“Please input the code!” A robotic voice sounded from it.

“Long live the bloodline!” Since he was one of the elders in the family, he naturally knew the code. At this moment, he thought about Freya.

“Fools like you can die, because as long as I’m alive, our bloodline will be preserved...”

However, Ivanov’s expression changed at the next words of the formation genie.

“Wrong code! Intruder alert! Beginning annihilation!”

“What? What?” Ivanov murmured. At this moment, the image of a well-behaved and sometimes rebellious girl popped into his mind.

“You’re saying she was acting all along?”

But there was no time left for him to think. Blood-red lightning in the form of snakes appeared out of thin air, drowning him within.

Blood red light flashed, and Ivanov was slowly melted within.

After the lightning faded, the space in the room distorted to reveal a red figure.

“Traitor verified. Blood Serpent Family, Ivanov!” The voice sounded cold and chilling.

# Chapter 500: Duo Serpent Annihilator

“Have you decided, my Lord?” The black shadow couldn’t help but feel delighted in front of Faisal.

The satisfaction in being able to threaten the leader of the Ouroboros Clan, one of the largest clans on the continent, was something that could not be described with mere words. It was only furthered by the conflicted expression on the other party.

The rewards if he succeeded at this were so great he wouldn’t even dare to think of them before.

“Reporting in, my Lord!”

At this timing, a high-ranking Magus pushed opened the door. Ignoring the shadow’s existence, he began his report, “The operation was a success! We’ve captured seven traitors and killed twelve. The energy of the combined spell formation has been conserved, and we’ve only lost a mere 2.75%...”

“What is this supposed to mean?” the envoy questioned, his voice growing deeper and gloomier.

“What is this supposed to mean? It’s exactly what you think it is!” Faisal suddenly gave an empty smile as his body instantly appeared before the shadow, grabbing his neck and lifting him up.

“If you do this, the Lords outside will definitely not let you off!” Surprisingly, even at this moment, the shadow was calm.

“I’ll be waiting,” Faisal nodded his head as he said seriously, “If you think that I’m unable to deal with you just because you’re a spirit projection, you’re wrong. You’re very, very wrong.”

The moment he finished speaking, there was a visible change in the expression on the blurred face of the black shadow and he couldn’t help but give a cold smile, “It’s a pity, but it’s too late!”

Boom! Huge amounts of blue electricity rushed towards the shadow, blowing him to pieces.

Faisal sighed. "With such a huge stream of disordered data rushing in, even the main body would have its sea of consciousness suffer irreversible damage!" he said in an unhurried manner.

"My Lord, this is brilliant!" The Magus that had just entered immediately bowed.

"This is nothing, it's just a little scheme, and it definitely won't affect the general situation," Faisal said. He then exclaimed, "The Ouroboros Clan is my family and the pillar of support for all Warlocks of our Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline. I want to be in control of it, not let it be destroyed..."

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Thump!

The green-haired Magus who was standing outside the city fumed upon listening to the grievous news as he witnessed the death of one of his envoys.

"Release the Kyasha Beast immediately!"

"But, my Lord..." Just as he was about to continue, the attendant at the green-haired Magus' side was interrupted, "I know I have limited authority. I'll explain things to the other Lords later, but for now, I want those ignorant Warlocks to pay with their deaths!"

"Coo coo..." After the order of the release of the warbeast, the brave and blood-soaked Magi standing on the frontline heard a bizarre roar.

The roar resembled the beating of a broken drum, and carried a heavy pant with it. It created a sense of oppression that made one feel like they were suffocating the moment it fell on their ears.

Thump!

Thump!

The ground started to shake. How scary was it for only one creature to cause the entire city to shake with its mere footsteps?

Faisal couldn't help but feel uncomfortable in that moment, as he quickly ascended to the highest vantage point.

From there, he saw an incomparably large creature, a four-legged beast with a horn on its head. The creature was so huge and tall that in order to avoid it, the enormous airships in the sky could only wave their flags and ascend further into the sky, opening a pathway for it to walk through.

The earth rumbled under this creature's arrival, its enormous aura even causing Faisal's breathing to stop momentarily.

When it finally stopped right outside the Ouroboros Clan headquarters, Faisal thought he was seeing a mountain range instead.

The Kyasha Beasts roared in anger. A terrifying and violent wave of energy swept across the battlefield, causing everyone to lose their balance.

"Morning Star! It is a Morning Star realm creature!" Faisal's expression blanked out as he clenched his fists tightly. "I'm afraid the cleansing operation this time provoked the enemy so badly that he's using the deadly weapons that were used in the last big war. ."

On the other hand, the enemy who'd lifted the restriction on the warbeast didn't feel too good about it either.

"My Lord, is it okay to lift the restrictions now? After all, we haven't performed final adjustments on it... Besides, a lot of our soldiers will be injured by it as collateral damage..." One of the Magi smiled bitterly as he looked at the giant Kyasha Beast with a heavy heart.

This giant beast was absolutely not a natural creature. It was a precious experiment created by a Morning Star Magus.

When the creature was not in use, it would be sealed in ice. The Morning Star Magus that created it even warned that if they didn't provide enough food for the beast to eat, even a large troop of Magi would be eaten alive by it.

Naturally, despite such shortcomings, a Morning Star realm creature had its own worth. This was a beast that had a physique at the Morning Star realm. Together with its enormous body and terrifying defence system which included the ability to heal itself, the idea of battling such a creature was a joke.



Moreover, because its intelligence was sealed, even a rank 3 Magus could, albeit barely, control it. This resulted in a great increase in its worth.

After feeling embarrassed and insulted by the other party, the green-haired Magus immediately lifted the restriction on the warbeast.

The green-haired Magus, their leader, clapped his hands. "Don't worry! The other Lords have given me the authority to lift the restrictions whenever I want to."

"After all, this is the last experiment. The warbeast summoned by the other party has to be at a Morning Star level to be able to defeat this creature. Since we've already made the first move, it's up to the Ouroboros Clan to retaliate with their last resort."

The warbeast's roars shook the earth as it moved closer to the defensive membrane on its long legs. A large number of Warlocks were eagerly showering it with any spells that they could throw.

Bang! Bang! Bang!

Blizzards, lightning, flames, and acids were all aimed at the Kyasha Beast. Yet, they were unable to so much as slow the rate of its advance.

While a rank 3 spell occasionally broke through its defences, it was not enough to cause any significant damage in comparison to its enormous body. This left the Warlocks disappointed.

By the time it reached the defensive barrier, the wounds on its body had been healing so quickly that it appeared to never have been wounded at all.

The thought that this creature was invincible caused dismay among the Magi. Adding to the fact that it seemed impossible to wound the creature and they could only wait for their deaths, the Warlocks were extremely discouraged as they felt like the world was coming to an end.

The enemy's passion for battle increased greatly with the boost in morale brought by the warbeast. This further decreased the chance of the Ouroboros Clan winning the battle. The enemies depended on the

strength and ability of the warbeast, it was able to kill all Warlocks standing in its way.

“This won’t do. If this continues we might not even win against the enemy even if we use up all the energy within the Magus Towers...”

Faisal’s expression became gloomier as he snarled into his own secret imprint, “Activating Kemoyin Gargoyles, I need all of you to authorise me to activate it!”

“Agreed!” “Agreed!” “Agreed!” Immediately, Lucian and the rest could be heard as they brought out the runes specially designed for them.

“Two-thirds of the council has agreed, Kemoyin Gargoyles activated,” a robotic voice announced.

Following that, a large and powerful energy wave swept across the battlefield.

The numerous Magi and Warlocks were stunned. The large Kemoyin Gargoyles that were always standing in front of headquarters as if mere decorations opened their eyes, a ferocious glint revealing the huge amber gemstones within. Beams of light were emitted from those eyes, heating up everything in their line of sight.

The stone ‘skin’ on their bodies snapped off as if a huge jacket was being taken off. The statues grew rapidly, and within the blink of an eye had reached half the size of the warbeast.

“Hiss....” The Giant Kemoyin Serpents hissed as energy waves at the peak of rank 3 erupted from them.

“These two gargoyles that are peak rank 3 together have power equivalent to that of a Morning Star. Yet, this is not enough,” Faisal fumed, “Combine!”

Buzz! On top of the headquarters, the main defensive spell formation shook as it released a wave of energy, drowning the two heads of the giant snakes.

The two giant snakes hissed as they tangled with each other. A large

layer of black light wrapped around their bodies, and when the creatures rose up as one, the body had reached the same standard as the warbeast.

Rumble! The Kyasha Beast was no longer relaxed, and its eyes showed caution as it stared at the enemy that was just as strong as it.

The huge two-headed snake in front hissed, and both heads spit out their scarlet tongues even as their amber eyes emitted rays of light.

“It’s just like the rumours say. The “Duo Serpent Annihilator” is a capable puppet that has the power of a Morning Star. Indeed, this is the last resort of the Ouroboros Clan.” Freya looked at the double-headed black snake from afar as she showed a complex expression.

This ultimate move was actually used on the first day of the battle. Did this mean that the reign of the Ouroboros Clan would end? Just like this?

Freya and the other high ranking Warlocks suddenly had an ominous premonition.

Despite facing an enemy that was far larger than itself, the Duo Serpent Annihilator took the initiative as it whipped its large tail at the Kyasha Beast.

Thud! The large warbeast that looked like a mountain range was actually swept off the ground by the snake’s tail.

Rumble! It was almost as if meteors were falling from the sky. The moment the huge body of the beast came into contact with the ground, it formed a depression and created a magnitude 8.0 earthquake.

The allied armies that were unable to run fast enough were eventually squashed under the huge body of the Kyasha Beast, resulting in chaos.

Rumble The warbeast that was stuck inside the hole roared, and a large amount of glittering light gathered on its horn.

Hiss! The Duo Serpent Annihilator fearlessly fought the warbeast as it wrapped its long body all over it, layer after layer.

# Chapter 501: Timely Appearance

A wild blaze surged up as corrosive artillery shells created a blanket of lightning across the sky.

The glows of numerous attacking spells revolved around the Ouroboros Clan headquarters, unfolding in layers continuously at the Phosphorescence Swamp.

In order to protect their organization and their homeland, the formidable Warlocks went all out against their equally-powerful opponents. The earth was stained with blood and bones.

Outside headquarters, two behemoths roared ferociously in their entanglement. Every strike sent tremors through the land, as if forming an unending earthquake. This sort of remarkable battle was uncommon even in the central continent, and deserved to be recorded as a legendary one.

The intense confrontation had lasted a full day, yet not the creatures, nor the Magi nor the Warlocks showed traces of backing down. The Magi could bear the intensity of the battle, and the two giant creatures could do it even more easily.

On the other hand, Faisal wore a displeased look from within the command room.

“The East Zone is 37% damaged, the city walls 55%. The energy consumed by the Duo Serpent Annihilator is too large, 67% of our combined storage is already depleted. We can’t keep going much longer...”

How could there not be a price be paid for them to maintain a Morning Star realm combat strength?

The Kyasha Beast depended on a frightening amount of food as sustenance. On the other hand, the Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan could only use the stored energy from the multiple Magus Towers to power the Duo Serpent Annihilator.

Faisal understood that a puppet would always remain a puppet. Once the energy supply was terminated, the Duo Serpent Annihilator would

revert back to its original form.

The remaining energy was insufficient for them to continue holding the fort.

If this went on, with the exhaustion of their trump card, the Ouroboros Clan looked to be set for extermination...

“Mentor! Please come back as soon as you can!” It didn’t matter what Faisal thought previously. His pleas now were extremely sincere.

“For the Family! For the bloodline! For the glory of our Warlocks!”

At the battlefield at the West Zone, Freya was covered in blood from head to toe, multiple cuts all across her body. Yet, she fought on through sheer force of will and obstinance, directly blocking the Demon Magus ahead of her.

“Admit your defeat! You no longer have the protection of your Morning Star Magi, you are destined to fall...”

The Demon Magus chief’ was out of breath, as he spoke sentimentally, “There are few Magi who can sustain battle with me for over 30 hours...”

“...” Looking around at the messy battlefield filled with corpses of bloodline Warlocks, Freya shut her eyes for a moment. When she opened them again, they glowed with ferocity.

“I vow not to yield! The glory of the bloodline Warlocks cannot perish in my hands!”

“What a foolish decision!” the chief chided, “If it is so, I will not show any mercy!”

As if a seal had been unlocked, the iron chain on his right hand cracked apart, snapping off and dropping down in segments. Dark black flames rose continuously from the arm, and Freya’s previous sense of danger had increased tenfold.

“This Demon’s Arm is a precious treasure that I acquired after braving countless dangers...”

A terrifying arm, completely coated with scales and tipped with sharp

claws, was revealed as the chain broke. Compared to the transformation of the other members of the Demon Magus Army, the horror that this arm exuded was far more terrifying. This could be considered a true Demon's Arm!

"The Crystal Phase Magi that have fallen to this arm number seven. Today, you shall be the eighth!" The chief roared, swinging his arm towards the front. A frightening black blaze erupted, barricading the whole area like a cage.

With the allied army winning, a loud humph sounded, audible to the entire region. A Magus appeared in the middle of the battlefield.

With eyes of silver and brows as sharp as swords and a Magus robe, decorated with the images of tortured demons, draped over his body.

Although he just stood silently in empty space, his presence generated a strong domain that had the whole Ouroboros Clan headquarters engulfed.

In but a moment, the chaos of the battlefield had died down, giving birth to a deathly silence.

Even the Kyasha Beast and Duo Serpent Annihilator had stopped in the middle of their intense battle. They felt a huge, imminent threat from this tiny human body.

"It's Demon Hunter Cyril! Why did he show himself in advance?" the red-haired female Magus asked in disbelief.

"Cyril, it's said that you're a person who doesn't bother with reputation!" the green haired Magus looked unimpressed, "Seeing the positive circumstances on our side, you must have rushed here to forcibly take credit for it!"

"He's an exalted Morning Star Magus, why would he snatch anything from you?" The female Magus covered her mouth and sniggered.

"Hehe... Cyril's reputation amongst Morning Star Magi... You will find out soon enough..." the male Magus smiled bitterly. In the world of Morning Star Magi, everyone knew that Demon Hunter Cyril lacked all form of chivalry. He was overbearing and shameless, seizing the resources

and treasures of lower-ranked Magi.

“Are you not going to act anymore?”

“Me? How can I interfere?” The male Magus spread out his hand and gestured, “Everyone clearly has made some deals with the Demon Hunter. In front of a Morning Star Magus, I am but a slightly bigger ant, no more than that...”

Thereafter, he laughed at himself and continued, “No matter what, with the addition of the Demon Hunter, this battle will end soon.”

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On the battlefield, the Warlocks who had yet to reach the Hydro Phase were confined by the enormous pressure, and even moving seemed to be difficult.

Even rank 3 Crystal Phase nobles were helpless as they realised that their ability to gather elemental particles had been halved. Even activating their spiritual force proved to be extremely difficult.

Under the effect of the domain of a Morning Star Magus, all lower-ranked Magi were like ants.

“It’s over! It’s all over!” Faisal slid to the ground, witnessing the ruthless massacre of the Warlocks. His expression turned deathly pale as he felt the life draining out from him.

With the support of the domain of the Demon Hunter, the allied military immediately stomped out many regions of defence, even as the last bit of the defensive barrier was destroyed.

At the centre of it all, Cyril sneered in mid-air. A projection of huge sharp claws appeared and it reached out and attacked the source of energy at the city center.

Po! A colourful barrier appeared, blocking the sharp claws. Then, both the barrier and the claw in an instant before turning into ashes, disappearing into the emptiness.

“A rather good item! Pity that it could only block one attack at the

Morning Star realm!” Cyril laughed heartily, his body’s radiance growing brighter. Horrifying amounts of elemental particles coagulated once again, as if a tsunami had crashed into the bright barrier.

The membrane cracked, and the energy source was extinguished!

The huge defensive spell formation supporting the whole city had been under the attack of the army for an entire day. The combined Magus Towers, as well as the various spell formations, collapsed loudly.

Like a screen of water being dispersed, the membrane disappeared, and the entirety of the Ouroboros Clan headquarters grew visible to the enemy.

“No!” Two rolls of tears streaked down Lucian’s face as he cried out. An enormous carnivorous flower that was almost ten meters high devoured him completely.

Even though he’d suppressed the other party with all his might, after being weakened by the Morning Star domain he could only await his death.

“Is this it?” Freya’s jaws were clenched hard. She knew she wasn’t a match for her opponent. Under the attacks of the Demon’s Arm, she now cut an extremely sorry figure, collapsing on the ground after sustaining heavy injuries from the domain.

Seeing the sharp claw advancing towards her and the cold, ruthless eyes of the Demon Magus who owned it, Freya was dazzled.

In the blink of an eye, time seemed to slow to a crawl. Her life flashed in front of her eyes as if she was reading a picture book, flipping page to page.

In the end, her thoughts drifted to a young, black-robed Warlock. He smiled warmly at her, the passion in his eyes enough to sent the hearts of all female Warlocks fluttering. They would be attracted to him like a moth to the flame... Regardless of the danger of the blaze... Regardless, that attraction would end up fatal...

“Goodbye... Leylin...” A single sparkling tear slipped out of the corner of



her eyes.

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The sharp, scaly claw with its dark flames and terrifying energy brought with an intensely violent wind as it aimed at her body.

The Demon Magus across her was very confident in his abilities. He could handle a Crystal Phase Magus that was armed to the teeth easily, forget a Warlock who was seriously injured and suppressed.

He was even imagining the death of this female Warlock in front of him, the blood and internal organs spilling everywhere.

However, nothing was set in stone.

Suddenly, The chief felt like his hand had been trapped in an iron hoop, rendering him unable to take another step forward.

He looked up and was stunned. A Warlock wearing a black Magus robe stood in front of him. He had long black hair, an extremely handsome face and had traces of a demonic charm on him that could attract the attentions of all female Warlocks. He seemed to have appeared in a flash. His right hand gripped the Demon's Arm, and the other radiated a black serpent-shaped airflow which held Freya in place.

Freya's shut eyes popped open, and she saw Leylin. Unable to contain herself, she blurted out, "Ley... Sir Leylin! Am I dreaming?"

"No. You're not dreaming. You've exhausted yourself. Take a rest while I handle everything else!" Leylin's bright smile was soothing and it put Freya's heart to rest. Drowsy, she fell asleep.

"Who are you?" The chief was shocked beyond words. For someone to be able to remain calm under the Morning Star domain and even cause the chief himself to be helpless, this person must not be easy to deal with.

Besides, he couldn't even see through the opposing party's energy. The feeling was as if...

The Demon Magus shook his head, forcing his mind to abandon such thoughts as he didn't want to frighten himself. He was afraid he might

lose all confidence, kneeling and asking for mercy if his train of thoughts was to develop further.

# Chapter 502: Bloodline Ignition

Boom! Dark black flames exploded forth from the Demon's Arm along with sharp knife-like blades. It was obvious that the Demon Magus chief had definitely used everything he had up his sleeves for this attack.

Unfortunately, be it the flames or the blades, they couldn't even leave a scratch on Leylin's pure white palms. The flame was even extinguished moments after it burst forth.

"Morning... Morning..." This chief's teeth began chattering. He had a feeling that things were progressing in a bad way. Who knew, the entire alliance army's plan could have been hindered.

"Master! Save me!" At the edge of life and death, he immediately cried for his master's help.

"Looking for him? Too late!" Leylin shook his head, and a black blade of light swept across him.

This frightening magus, who was in the Crystal Phase and had an unfathomable strength with the addition of his Demon's Arm, was sliced into two just like that.

Be it innate defence or magic equipment, they were all like air in front of the black light blade, posing no resistance at all.

Even at the moment of death, the other party's face showed bafflement.

"Um?" Seeing his best subordinate killed, Cyril naturally had a reaction. By the time he understood the situation, an even more horrified expression emerged on his face. "Leylin!"

"It's me!" Leylin handed Freya over to his subordinates' care, and floated up to mid-air. His gaze fixed onto Cyril, showing not a trace of weakness.

Boom! As if an ancient beast had awakened, a mysterious yet powerful force field began to emanate from Leylin, rapidly offsetting Cyril's Morning Star domain.

To their relief, all the Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan felt like a load

was being lifted off their backs, immediately restoring their previously sluggish spiritual force to full capacity.

“You have already advanced to the Morning Star realm!” Cyril managed to squeeze out from the crevices between his clenched teeth.

“Of course!” Leylin laughed brilliantly.

With just those two words of his, everyone on scene was amazed.

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A while ago.

“I’ve left Parker and Tanasha at Freya’s side. There’s no need for me to worry!” Leylin, wearing a loose black robe, activated the last spell formation. A mechanical door dropped down, along with the activation of multiple layers of seals.

Vibrant runes wandered close to one another across the surface of the iron door. Leylin had used every bit of knowledge he had about defensive spell formations in this, and together with the A.I. Chip’s deductive capabilities, even a Morning Star Magus would take a while to force his way in.

The walls of the secret chamber were littered with aura isolation runes. This room could be said to be one of the best-hidden places on the continent right now.

There was no choice about it. This matter concerned his advancement to the Morning Star realm, and Leylin wouldn’t dare to be sloppy.

This was not his manor at the headquarters, but a cellar where he kept his secret purchases. The entire process was controlled by him alone, and to an observer, it would seem completely unrelated to Leylin.

In his own manor, he had set up the same defensive spell formation, displaying the facade that he was still there.

At such a critical junctures, Leylin was extremely vigilant. He even found it hard to trust some of his subordinates.

“As long as we make it through this, everything will be fine and all the

future holds for us is boundless open vistas...” Leylin sighed softly. As if he released all of his emotions, his eyes became clear and he calmed down.

He sat on the ground, and some items emerged in his hands.

A milky-white fingerbone with a few narrow cracks on it, a tube of golden blood emitting terrifying energy waves, as well as a messy pile of spiritual force crystals. These crystals were mostly from his spoils, while a portion of it came from Freya’s gifts and his own collection.

“The road to the Morning Star is vast and long. Many Crystal Phase Magi do not even have the chance to come into contact with this bottleneck...” Leylin held a solemn expression.

He had only advanced to the Crystal Phase not long ago, and he was already thinking of breaking through to Morning Star. If it was an ordinary Magus, it would be nothing but a dream!

But he was different. He had a lot of cards in his hand and abundant knowledge, so much so that even some Morning Star Magi could only wish for it.

Even with just the Lamia fingerbone, Warlocks who had been stuck for years would gain the possibility of breaking through.

“A.I. Chip, report my current condition!”

[Leylin Farlier, rank 3 Warlock (Crystal Phase) Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent Strength: 40 Agility: 35 Vitality: 55, Spiritual Force: 356.5, Magic Power: 356 (magic power in synchronisation with spiritual force)]

The A.I. Chip replied loyally.

After advancing to the Crystal Phase, his own spiritual force had increased only slightly. It was instead his strength and vitality that had gotten a growth spurt under the effect of the techniques of the Multi-Armed Race.

“Rank 3 spiritual force varies from 200 to 400. The first threshold for advancing to the Morning Star realm is for it to reach a critical value, filling up your entire sea of consciousness...”

Because the A.I. Chip had already deduced more than half the information about the Morning Star realm, Leylin currently had no doubts as to his path.

In fact, this was why he had to wait for the A.I. Chip's deduction progress to reach such a point before he could advance. Many times, the crucial reason for failure in advancing was exactly a lack of knowledge about the path to Morning Star, as well as the handling of the many real-life problems during the promotion.

The A.I. Chip's deductions on the Morning Star realm happened to make up for this, clearing any remaining confusions that Leylin had. To a certain extent, he also needed to thank the Azure Mountain King for this. If he had not anxiously sent a clone, the A.I. Chip probably would not have been able to progress in the Morning Star deduction to over 50%.

"My spiritual force now can only be said to have just reached the Crystal Phase. It's still far from the critical value. I'll need the help of bloodline ignition." Leylin picked up the test tube which was filled with golden blood.

This was the bloodline of the ancient red dragon, obtained from the Kobold Warlocks of the Forgotten Land. Although it was extremely pure, because Leylin's own bloodline had long before been fixed, there was no chance to use it. That opportunity would only arise after he completely analysed the ancient Quicksand Organisation's bloodline experiment results.

The bloodline ignition experiment, as its name implies, was conducted by burning various kinds of bloodlines to strengthen one's own power.

Its requirements towards the bloodline was very strict. One had to be a Warlock in order to conduct it, and the grade of the bloodline that was to be burnt could not be too low. If not, the entire experiment would not succeed and could even backfire. The bloodline of the ancient red dragon fulfilled this requirement perfectly.

As for the supplementary resource for the experiment, it was a Crystal Phase Magus' spiritual force crystals! Only the spiritual force fire

produced by such crystals could completely burn the ancient bloodline, and convert it into energy that would serve as the driving force for the Warlock's advancement.

A complicated, detailed spell formation was already drawn on the surface of the ground. Leylin inlaid the many spiritual force crystals one by one in an orderly manner, filling up the spell formation quickly.

The spiritual force crystal of a Crystal Phase Magus was a top-grade resource in many social circles. It could even be used as a currency on its own and was of high worth.

But now, a large amount of spiritual force crystals were laid on the ground as if they were worthless, radiating a pure, sparkling light.

The marks of the original owners of these crystals had naturally been erased by Leylin.

“The ancient red dragon bloodline is preceded only by that of the Sun's child. It's an extremely powerful bloodline that can at least reach rank 5! Frankly speaking, if not for the fact that my bloodline cannot be changed once absorbed, I'm afraid I too would not be able to resist the temptation, and would convert into a dragon bloodline Warlock.....”

Leylin sighed, taking off his Magus robe. He then smeared the golden blood all over his body, without missing a spot.

The golden blood felt viscous to the touch, and smelt like orchids. It was cool to the touch at first, but soon became boiling hot.

At the same time, a translucent flame rose from the spell formation below Leylin's body.

Streaks of crystal-clear light were pulled out of the many spiritual force crystals like threads. They then converged at a point, forming a translucent flame comprised of spiritual force!

Although this flame was not really hot, once it came in contact with the essence of the ancient red dragon's golden bloodline, it sparked a violent reaction.

“Ow!” Leylin groaned. His body grew rigid in a moment, and under the burning of the spiritual force flame, he could feel the strange transformation in the ancient red dragon bloodline. It even turned into a blood-red energy, passing through his pores and making it all the way into his bone marrow.

For an ordinary person, such pain was almost unbearable, but Leylin was just more focused on the A.I. Chip’s monitored information:

[Beep! Large amounts of bloodline essence has been absorbed by host body! Identified as the ancient red dragon’s blood, beginning bloodline ignition experiment!] [The curve of the spiritual force’s fire is stabilised, converting the ancient red dragon bloodline into energy...] [Beep! Bloodline energy absorbed by host body, spiritual force increasing!] The repeated prompts caused an expression of delight to surface on Leylin’s face suddenly.

He noticed the initial value of 356 for his spiritual force spiking suddenly, and at the same time, a large amount of blood-red energy was injected into his sea of consciousness, expanding its boundaries continuously. Black spiritual force crystals, faintly hued red, condensed in large quantities.

Even if his spiritual force was spiking suddenly, with the amplification of Multilimb Strength, Leylin managed to hang on without losing his consciousness. This gave him an opportunity to deepen his understanding of his own body.

His spiritual force rocketed up continuously, exceeding 370, then 380. It reached 385 before it began to slow down.

Shortly after, the value shot past 390, making its sprint towards 400, the limit of the Crystal Phase.

395, 396, 397!

At this value, it began to slow, with the swift change relegated to decimal places.

Pop! At this moment, all of the numerous spiritual force crystals were



sucked dry, and the spiritual force flame swelled! With the support of this power, Leylin's spiritual force began to rise again, all the way to 399 before it came to a stop!

# Chapter 503: Morning Star! Morning Star!

[Beep! Injected spiritual force reaching critical levels!]

With his sea of consciousness swelling up, and the reminder from the A.I Chip, Leylin realised that not only had his spiritual force reached the value of 399, even his sea of consciousness were filled with black—with a tinge of red in the centre—spiritual force crystals.

Inside his sea of consciousness, the three layers of the spiritual force core nucleus started to emit dazzling lights.

‘The results of the first time the bloodline ignition experiment is performed is the best, and they decrease over multiple uses.’ As he could still feel the strong surge of bloodline energy, Leylin ordered, “A.I. Chip, initiate the promotion to Morning Star!”

[Assignment received! Vital signs under observation, initiating Morning Star deduction, starting from the prototype of the point mass...]

Numerous amounts of data, both numeric and otherwise, relating to the construction of the point mass began streaming in front of Leylin’s eyes. If not for the Azure Mountain King’s clone, Leylin could never have gotten a hold of all this secret information about the Morning Star realm as easily.

“Lamia fingerbone!” Looking at the other bloodline treasure, he realised that it was actually his biggest gain from Quicksand Castle. If he were to use it then, he could have advanced immediately to the peak of Rank 3, skipping the Hydro and Crystal Phases.

Yet, Leylin was one who did not give in easily to temptations, forcing himself to control his impulses and merely using the radiation emitted by the fingerbone to slowly nurture his bloodline.

Even though the Lamia fingerbone could help him advance tremendously, but under comparison with the advancement to the Morning Star realm, he knew which one was more important. So what’s there left to think about?

Peng! The milky white fingerbone disintegrated into ashes, and one of

the rays of lights that appeared during the explosion pointed directly towards Leylin's forehead.

Hong! The Lamia fingerbone was absorbed into his body.

A terrifying change started to occur immediately. In Leylin's sea of consciousness, under an enormous compressive power, numerous amounts of spiritual force crystals moved towards the centre.

His face paled under the enormous pressure exerted at the heart of his spiritual force. It was so bad that his whole body started twitching.

The sea of consciousness was essentially the home of the soul. The moment that it experienced any damage, the Magus would be in deep trouble.

Under the immense pressure that the spiritual force was experiencing, sounds could be heard coming from the centre of Leylin's sea of consciousness. It wasn't a good sign.

"Construct the fourth innate spell!" Leylin commanded with red eyes.

[Beginning assignment. Supplementary work initiated, transferring atomic microscope!] the A.I Chip replied loyally.

Leylin's sea of consciousness consisted of three layers presently. The outer layer held runes for two innate spells— one for Kemoyin's Scales and the other for the Eye of Petrification. On the layer beneath was the rune for rank 2— Toxic Bile. The innermost layer held rank 3 spiritual force crystals, consisting of his rank 3 innate spell— Intimidating Gaze.

Under a sudden flash of red light, the three layers of runes perfectly combined, forming the exquisite image of a Warlock's rune. Yet, it was missing one final thing.!

At this very moment, a fourth layer of crystals started to appear in the centre of the third layer.

As the centre of the core nucleus had a unique structure, the crystals became smaller as one went closer to the centre, but at the same time, the details on each rune became more intricate and they grew much more

specialised.

At the centre of the fourth layer, even though it was a quarter the size of the first layer, it was still important that there be no errors when one was carving the rank 4 rune. That was an out-of-the-world request of a Magus' spiritual force manipulation abilities.

"It's no wonder that most Magi fail at advancing to rank 4. Even with the assistance provided by the A.I. Chip, this task seems to be too difficult ..."

With the help provided by the A.I. Chip, Leylin who had already initiated the atomic microscope had started to carve down the Kemoyin's Pupil innate spell on the fourth layer with the innate runes he'd recorded.

This was something every Warlock must choose and only in high-grade meditation techniques do innate spell models like these exist.

The attention to detail required to carve a rune in the sea of consciousness was much greater than carving a statue, and the act was much more difficult. Once Leylin completed the final stroke of the rune, his body almost collapsed due to exhaustion.

Under the immense pressure, it seemed like completing the fourth level rune properly was a big challenge. It took a while for Leylin's consciousness to stabilize.

Once the innate spell had been completed, his entire sea of consciousness started to tremble.

Boundless rays of lights started to radiate from the centre of his sea of consciousness. The four layers of intricate runes started to bind together in a picturesque order, much like a piece of artwork.

Once the centremost part was filled up, the entire crystal started to shake violently, strengthening tremendously within seconds and the immense pressure that was present previously had disappeared.

"This rune?" Leylin observed the rune that was a combination of all his innate runes. It represented all of his achievements so far, and hence he commanded the A.I. Chip to record it down.

Perfection! The first impression this rune would leave on a person was that of perfection!

A gigantic rune was created by the combination of these small runes, which circulated continuously and looked pretty much 3D. Regardless of how one looked at it, it was flawless.

“Is this... the path of my bloodline?” Leylin mumbled. At this very moment, he was almost moved to tears.

Rustle! Once the four layers perfectly crystallized, they started to crumble inwards, shrinking to a point that rapidly started revolving. Much like a black hole, it started to suck in everything in its surroundings.

The spiritual force crystals inside his sea of consciousness started to shrink as they got sucked into the black hole.

[Initiating the construction of point mass. Guidelines activated.] the A.I. Chip reported.

Leylin, too, started to construct his personal point mass according to his understanding and the information from his A.I. Chip.

Boom! An immense suction force could be felt coming from the mass point of the spiritual force. Not only were the spiritual force crystals sucked in, even the sea of consciousness was broken through and more energy, flesh and soul aura were pulled in.

Slap! Leylin's consciousness suddenly blurred. Time seemed to pass extremely slowly, and at times it felt like eternity was squeezed into an instant.

It took the sounds of glass shattering for Leylin to wake up again.

This time, his sea of consciousness felt empty. There was a dim light shining at the centre of the core, the result of shrinking the spiritual force a million times over such that the nucleus core's density and purity had reached an remarkable level. This was the point mass of a Morning Star Magus!

The source of the light shook, and the purified energy of the Morning

Star realm, the energy of the point mass that was also known as soul force, started to leak out into the entirety of Leylin's body.

At that point, he had entered the Morning Star realm!

[Beep! Host's Kemoyin's Pupil meditation technique has advanced to the fourth level. Host has advanced to rank 4!]

The A.I. Chip sounded out.

[Host's spiritual force has undergone a qualitative change. Data is inaccurate, recalculating...]

It was a long time for the new data to go up.

[Leylin Farlier, rank 4 Warlock Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent (complete form) Strength: 50, Agility: 45, Vitality: 65, Spiritual Force: 503.7, Magic Power: 503 (magic power in synchronisation with spiritual force) Soul Force: ???] [Due to a lack of information about soul force, it is currently not possible to calculate stats.]

Looking at the A.I. Chip's report, Leylin touched his chin and went into deep thought.

After advancing to the Morning Star realm, the original spiritual force would undergo purification and turn into soul force. This energy was on a whole new level compared to spiritual force! Yet, as the information and data that the A.I. Chip had on soul force was limited, there was too little knowledge in the database to display a value. It could only display numbers in terms of spiritual force.

He had to wait until the A.I Chip had collected sufficient data to thoroughly calculate his soul force statistics.

"The boundary of the Morning Star realm is 500?" Leylin felt the terror of having such strong energy and sighed, "This is nearly a hundred higher than a rank 3's spiritual force value. It is no wonder rank 3 and rank 4 are worlds apart.

"Soul force!" Something came into Leylin mind and a gloomy light appeared above his palm. This was the mutated spiritual force from the

point mass, it is also an energy of a greater level.

All Magi at the Morning Star realm and above used soul force. It was only when one reached this stage that they could find their own path in life.

“This is why in ancient times, Magi below rank 4 weren’t even deemed to have entered the world of Magi yet.”

There was a huge difference between rank 3 and rank 4, and the same was true between ranks 6 and 7. Leylin had no idea about what happened one reached rank 7, but after advancing he now clearly knew the differences between ranks 3 and 4.

“Magi at rank 3 and below mainly use spiritual force. However, once that is crossed, the Morning Star, Radiant Moon and Breaking Dawn Magi will have to come in contact with the soul force and pay extra attention to explore the potential in their soul”

Leylin couldn’t help but look at his own point mass. In the heart of his sea of consciousness, that small glow of light continued to spin around, forming a nebular spiral that pulled many of the energy particles around within, only to regurgitate them upon purification.

From this point forth, his spirit had been concentrated into the point mass, creating a truesoul. At the same time, due to the protection from the point mass, his resistance toward the previous spiritual force and soul attacks were largely maximised.

The point mass, with its extreme density, was the last defence of Leylin’s truesoul.

“My truesoul...” Leylin subconsciously remembered the last moment before he advanced.

In that instant, it seemed as though he saw the life and death of the universe, and also the rise and fall of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent clan. It was also at that very moment that his soul truly bonded with his bloodline to form one body, making him a true Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock!

# Chapter 504: Edges Of The World

A Warlock's path was one of a bloodline.

However, before a Warlock reached rank 3, the influence of the bloodline extended only to his body, and was not sufficient to affect his soul. Even if the two were linked, they were completely different.

But after advancing to the Morning Star realm, a Warlock's true spirit would have harmonised with the power of his bloodline, the two no longer separate.

'The reason this promotion went so smoothly... Is it that, besides my sufficient preparations, there was a great deal of help from the Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline?' Leylin contemplated while touching his chin.

'The Giant Kemoyin Serpent of ancient times was originally a creature that could reach rank 4 at adulthood. My bloodline is incomparably pure as well. After the complete fusion with the spirit and its maturation under the radiation of the Lamia fingerbone, my body can totally be viewed as a pureblood Giant Kemoyin Serpent. All these factors were key in my promotion to the Morning Star realm.'

Now, Leylin could obviously feel that his spirit body possessed a desolate and distant ancient aura. It even glowed a blood-red on the outside.

"The emotional instability of the Warlock bloodline can no longer pose a problem to me now that I've promoted to the Morning Star realm. It has integrated into me as my personal state of mind and emotions, instead of being under the influence of my bloodline."

Leylin forced a smile, handing over the bits and pieces of the memories he received about Purgatory World and Shadow World to the A.I. Chip for storage. Although these fragments of memories could be incomparably useful, they were likely to tempt the brutality in his heart.

However, as compared to the common bloodline flaw of a Warlock, this innate emotion was even harder to control.

Because of how pure his bloodline was, Leylin learned a lot of things



from his bloodline inheritance when he advanced to rank 4.

“My path as a Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock, has already come to an end?” Leylin stood up, feeling the strong power surging in his body. He couldn’t help but feel a little depressed.

He had already advanced to the peak of all Giant Kemoyin Warlocks. Those like Gilbert who were older than him had just accumulated more time at the rank. Essentially, there was no difference between the two.

Due to the limitation of their bloodline, rank 4 was the highest rank a Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock could reach. This was the shackle of the bloodline, and was a curse no Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlock could escape from.

Now that his future was bleak, Leylin felt lost.

No matter his bloodline or the A.I chip, they clearly told him that in his current state, the Morning Star realm was the limit! And this misery killed him.

This was the most difficult thing for Leylin to tolerate. He was determined to reach the peak of the Magus world.

“The stars are boundless, the numerous worlds were even more in number than stars in the universe. Some other world definitely has the solution to this. If not, I can always find the coordinates of the Snake Dowager through the Icy World of the Twilight Zone...”

Leylin comforted himself. His scope was a lot wider now compared to before, and he even had the ability to adventure through astral gates independently.

A Magus who advanced to the Morning Star realm could cross over to other worlds on his own. The knowledge and resources they could gain through this were incomparable to the rewards from using a spirit seed.

“Alright let’s do it this way. I’ll first lay low for a period of time, stabilising my Morning Star realm or even trying to reach the peak. Once that’s done, I’ll immediately adventure through the different planes...”

Leylin decided.

At this moment, an explosion sounded as what seemed to be the tremors of an earthquake made it through the multiple layers of defence, being transmitted to the room.

“This kind of effect even after being damped by my defences?” Leylin’s face grew heavy, “The situation outside has probably escalated to the extreme. The enemy might even have entered the city!”

“It’s time to go!” He waved his hand, and a luxurious black gown was automatically draped over his body. He then disappeared from the secret room as if a shadow.

If he’d failed to advance to the Morning Star realm this time, Leylin could only wait for the opportunity to escape when the city was destroyed by the enemy. Even that was not likely, because he was still being hunted by the Azure Mountain King.

But since he’d already been promoted to one of the most powerful existences in the central continent, he had the confidence to try and rescue the Ouroboros Clan!

.....

Looking at the genuine Morning Star domain being issued forth from leylin, even offsetting his own, Cyril’s expression turned extremely ugly, as if he was a dead person.

Morning Star! This was one of the highest-ranking powers in the entire central continent! It took the protection of a Morning Star Magus for an organisation to be called large-scaled, and such organisations could last for millennia.

And this time, only after seeing the three Morning Star Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan disappear did the allied armies set out to attack them. Their own side wasn’t irresistible. Once a Morning Star from the other side attacked, more than half their legion would definitely be dead or injured. This was why they were very cautious to the point of being timid.

Now that there is a fresh appearance of the Morning Star in the

Ouroboros Clan, undoubtedly it will strengthen this operation!

“He... What did he say? Morning Star? He is a Morning Star ?”

On the battlefield, Julian’s face grew dull looking at Leylin’s back view and was flabbergasted. He would never have guessed that the Marquis Leylin who had only recently advanced to the Crystal Phase would break through to the Morning Star realm at such a critical juncture!

“It’s mentor! Mentor has advanced to Rank 4!” On the other side, a blood-covered Snoopy grew so excited he hugged Parker in revelry. Tanasha smiled while watching from the side. She had always been optimistic about Leylin’s future, but she’d never have thought that this day would come so quickly.

Compared to them, the expression of another person was very complicated.

“Leylin Farlier? Wasn’t he searching for the astral coordinates? So it was actually a pretence for his secret breakthrough to the Morning Star realm...” Inside the main control room, Faisal felt the two large force fields counteract each other and stood up from the ground, his mood very complicated.

With Leylin’s protection, it was possible for them to survive this crisis.

And what made him feel complicated was that, be it his own painstaking effort or his persistence, it was still a joke in front of the sheer power of the other party. He was just like a soap bubble that could be burst by a mere finger.

“Duke Gilbert! Your student is excellent...” After a long time, Faisal sighed, covering up all his disappointment and loss. Shouting himself hoarse through the communications, “Ouroboros Clan! Strike back!”

Boom! Like a signal light, his command brought about an immediate change.

On the battlefield, the numerous Warlocks that had recovered suddenly burst forth and struck down the enemies that had come to invade until they drew back, shifting the battlefront to its initial location in no time.

Faisal surveyed the battlefield comprehensively without any cheer. He knew well that the key to their victory was not here, but instead, the confrontation with Demon Hunter Cyril.

‘Leylin is just a newly promoted Morning Star Warlock. Can he obstruct the other party?’ With a worried heart, Faisal moved his gaze up above, and saw an imposing figure blocking Cyril.

“How about just giving up this time?” Leylin started the conversation. Demon Hunter Cyril was an impressive existence among Morning Star Magi, not to mention the allies waiting for him.

Leylin felt the attention of several consciences watching him the moment he appeared. And one of them even had a scent of deep hatred and shock.

‘Not only Cyril, there are at least three or four Morning Star Magi observing from the outside. The Azure Mountain King is among them!’ He understood the situation after a sweep of his soul force.

“With just you?” Cyril jeered. It was not because he looked down on Leylin. But Leylin was obviously a newly promoted Morning Star Warlock while he himself was an existence who was well known for a long time in the Morning Star circles. It was impossible that he would be frightened by the words of the opponent. If he was, how could he mix in with the others afterwards?

Besides, he still had some impression on this young Warlock. They were the ones who caused him to fall at the last hurdle and lose a huge share of loots from the Forgotten Land the last time.

The new and old hate compounded, and there was no way he would cower! Besides, even if he himself agreed, the others behind him wouldn’t. This was a war that they had prepared for over a long time, and the hate had already been planted. How could they back down at his words alone?

“In that case...” Leylin shook his head and seemed very sorry, “I can only request that you die first!”

Crash! Leylin tried to attack first, striking like lightning. Powerful energy waves ripped apart the space and formed a huge rift. A silver spatial wave

rippled, swallowing both him and Cyril.

“They went to the edge of the world to battle! Let’s follow them!”

“This type of battle between those at this rank is very rare. If we record it, we can definitely sell it for a sky-high price.”

Several Morning Star conscients communicated, but another voice chimed in, “Although Morning Star Warlocks have the additional power from their bloodline, I still look down on that fellow. Although Cyril has a bad personality, his nickname of Demon Hunter was rightfully earned!”

“I also agree. I bet that Warlock will be defeated in ten rounds! What do you think, Azure Mountain?”

“I...” the Azure Mountain King touched his chin and recalled the loss previously. Although he wished that Leylin could just be defeated and even killed, he still didn’t speak out. “You guys need to be careful, that kid is unfathomable.”

“Hehe! I remember now. Wasn’t Azure Mountain’s clone killed by a Crystal Phase Warlock? Was it him?” Another voice sounded, making the Azure Mountain King’s face turn dark.

“Enough!” The largest conscients spoke, and the place suddenly became quiet.

“Watch their battle carefully. The result of this battle will be the basis of our next actions!”

A battle between Morning Stars usually lasted a long time and it was difficult to kill the opponent completely. Thus, Leylin’s strength would be the key to the upcoming battle!

# Chapter 505: Great War of the Morning Stars

‘Although the data paints a similar picture, the magnificent beauty of the edge of the world can’t ever be fully described by mere words and pictures...’

Leylin sighed faintly. Currently, he was in a mysterious space surrounded by darkness. Multiple silver rays of lights streaked across among the stars, and it was like the universe in his previous life, boundless and magnificent.

Cyril sat opposite him with gloom clouding his face. Subtle chaotic flows of turbulence struck him, but were rebounded by the layer of soul force on his body, unable to cause even the slightest of injuries.

All Morning Star Magi possessed the ability to survive in the crevices of space. They relied on it to pass through the different worlds.

Of course, it also depended on the grade of the crevices.

The one that Leylin chose was situated at the edge of the world. The space there was comparatively stable, and the slight spatial turbulence could easily be held off by one’s soul force.

If, by any chance, the space encountered violent turbulence similar to that caused by ancient battles, or due to the wild and violent storms occurring within the crevices of two worlds, leave alone Morning Star Magi, even Radiant Moon Magi were likely to succumb to the force, leaving just ashes. The Scorpion Man from the Icy World had met his death in that exact same manner.

Clashes between Morning Star Magi caused extensive damage. A battle between two could destroy the entire continent. As such, if any Morning Star Magi desired to take revenge, they would choose to settle scores inside these spatial crevices instead.

No matter how extensive the damage was, it would not affect the stability of the world.

The venue of the big battle this time was the Ouroboros Clan headquarters at Phosphorescence Swamp. If their clash had occurred there, regardless of the outcome Freya, Parker, and the rest would certainly meet death. In fact, the entire Ouroboros Swamp could cease to exist.

Leylin definitely would not want that to happen. Hence, he voluntarily dragged the opposite party here.

“You’re good!” Cyril raised his eyebrows in rage, traces of blue current circulating between them.

He felt insulted at being outsmarted by a junior. Even though he didn’t want to be criticised by the other Morning Star Magi for starting a battle in the main world, he felt he was entitled to choose another location as the battleground instead of being forced here by the opposite party.

“Cyril! This and he matter at the Forgotten Land, let’s settle everything today!” Leylin’s voice was soft yet strangely firm. He had not let go of his grudge from when he’d almost been killed in a single blow and was forced to take refuge in the main headquarters for over a century.

He’d shelved the idea of revenge then due to lacking power, but now the time had come.

“How dare you bring up the past?!” Cyril fumed as he recounted the interference of these fellows who took away a portion of the gains. If not for them, the natural resources at the Forgotten Land and the Quicksand Organization would have all been his.

He had also been suppressed by the three Morning Star Warlocks and been left with no possible means of escape.

“You have to account for your teacher’s sins too!” Cyril’s silver pupils shone with a sharp icy chill. A long black pike appeared in his hand.

Faint, yet audible demonic cries were sounding out from its tip, chilling to the bone.

“You’re a brat who just advanced to rank 4, just how much do you understand about the abilities of the Morning Star realm? Prepare to accept your fate of failure!”

Cyril's growl was steely, "Rank 4 spell– Demon's Wail!"

He tossed out the pike from his hand. Boom! The horrific scene was like history repeating itself, when the legendary giant Argyle threw the ahlspiess that destroyed the sun and killed the Sun's child!

Violent waves of torrential power descended, and the black pike transformed itself into a ray of black lightning, streaking through the turbulent space before arriving at Leylin.

Powered by a Morning Star Magus' soul force, the results of the spell were earth-shattering!

"Demon Hunter Cyril, you are indeed worthy of your name!" Leylin gasped in admiration, "Unfortunately, I too am not as weak as you think!"

He had prepared to advance to rank 4 for a long time. During this period, he had managed to acquire some badly damaged rank 4 spell models. With the A.I. Chip's simulations, he had managed to repair the content, and skillfully grasp them.

Besides, the numerous memories he'd inherited from his bloodline also net him a battle experience that was even marginally better than Cyril's!

The phantom of a Giant Kemoyin Serpent, with large amber eyes, smooth scales, and ferocious razor-sharp teeth hissed from behind Leylin.

"Complying with the ancient contract, I call upon the power of the bloodline, serve me now and transform into a resolute shield..." Leylin spoke with a delicate yet intense tone, similar to the hissing of a giant snake, as he chanted awkward-sounding ancient incantations.

With every syllable distinct and audible, Leylin chanted the incantations before the pike arrived, completing the spell's preparations and causing everyone an eerie sensation of time disorder.

"Bloodline Shield!"

As if an existence from ancient times, a black-scaled shield that had ferocious Giant Kemoyin Serpent images portrayed on it appeared out of empty space. Crimson lightning still bounced across its surface.



Bang!

Like a clash between the sun and the moon, or the impact of a star hitting the earth, the long devilish spike that had transformed into black lightning suddenly bombarded the shield. Blood red and coal black tangled, and the explosive aftermath was horrifying.

A huge spatial turbulence resembling the gushing of a tsunami struck from both sides. If it were the main world, one single wave could have left the entire Ouroboros Clan completely destroyed.

“No– No way!” Cyril yelled hoarsely from afar. From the connection with his soul force, he clearly witnessed the crimson point on his pike fade to its original dull colour. The Giant Kemoyin Serpent on the shield seemed to have come to life as it opened its mouth and ruthlessly chomped the tip off the pike!

The black pike cracked, and violently blew up.

Space itself rumbled as the turbulence started wreaking havoc. It created enormous sharp rifts that even Leylin and Cyril had to avoid temporarily.

“Shield Strike!” The huge shield collapsed like a mountain, taking aim at Cyril. With Leylin following closely behind, the attack was incomparably fierce.

“No way! No way! No way!” Cutting a sorry figure, a defensive Cyril yelled despondently, “You’re a newly promoted Warlock. Why...”

He was clearly agonising over his situation. Leylin was not like a newly promoted Morning Star at all, being extremely familiar with battling in spatial rifts. His ability to handle difficulties even exceeded that of Gilbert and the rest!

‘It looks like my inherited bloodline is indeed rare!’ Assessing his expression, Leylin understood his display of abilities had been too outstanding, even exceeding that of the three dukes.

“The exceptional purity of my own bloodline must have meant that the bloodline inheritance I received is more complete. As for Mentor Gilbert and the rest, what they’d received was much weaker...”

The inherited memories of a creature were always stored in its bloodline. Thus, if the descendant's blood was pure, the arousal of the inherited memories would be greater, and the inheritance itself would be richer, resulting in more benefits.

With the A.I. Chip having purified his bloodline and the Lamia fingerbone's supplementation, Leylin could potentially be the best of the Kemoyin Warlocks!

Suddenly, Leylin was clear about his fate and he had no intentions to be lax about it.

Crackle! Multiple black scales appeared on his right hand, morphing into a sharp blade.

The runes of the rank 4 Kemoyin Scales were even more simplistic and reflected only a minimal amount of light but still carried a uniquely daunting aura.

Swoosh! A layer of menacing black light surfaced on the blade, and Leylin mercilessly cut across Cyril's chest.

The soul force from both sides came into contact. With Leylin's formidable strength and the razor-sharp blade, he successfully broke through Cyril's innate defence. The knife-like blade left a huge wound across his chest, and blood splashed everywhere. It left a hole so large even the organs could be seen within.

"How... how can it be?" Cyril attempted to cover his chest while stumbling backwards, disbelief in his eyes.

"How can I lose? And to a newly promoted junior?" Cyril yelled fiercely, his face distorting with anger. The poise he previously possessed evaporated, and the fury tinged his silver eyes blood red.

"No! I have not lost! I have my last trump card!" Cyril suddenly looked up, his body filled with an extremely dangerous aura. "Leylin Farlier! Today I will show you what it means to be a true rank 4 Morning Star Magus!"

The halo of an innate spell appeared from his body before brightening.

“Rank 1 innate spell— Anarchic Forcefield!”

This was followed by the halo of his rank 2 spell...

By the end, Cyril’s aura had risen to the maximum, and four unstable rings revolved around his body.

This was the Morning Star Arcane Art! Forced to the edge by Leylin, Cyril he’d ended up brazenly using his final trump card!

“The Morning Star’s final technique...” The corner of Leylin’s mouth curved up in a smile. His old memories of witnessing one being performed had been refreshed, and it came to life.

“I have one too!” Restraining his smile, the brilliant red glow on Leylin’s body started twinkling.

“First, the rank 1 innate spells— Kemoyin’s Scales! Petrifying Gaze!” A fine layer of black scales covered Leylin’s body entirely, and his pupils glowed amber.

“Next up, the rank 2 innate spell— Toxic Bile!” A poison from the ancient times surfaced, swiftly surrounding him.

“Then the rank 3 spell— Intimidating Gaze!” After his promotion to rank 4, the dignified aura exuded by Leylin’s body had grown even more terrifying. His body had rightfully regained the power and influence of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent itself. He now radiated the aura of an ancient first-rate predator.

“Finally, the rank 4 innate spell— Bloodline Metamorphosis! Combining to form the ancient Morning Star Arcane Art— Kemoyin Serpent Transformation!”

The point mass in Leylin’s sea of consciousness started rotating violently, with his and his soul force spurred him on. The four innate spells synchronised with each other, with an amplification that caused a horrifying change.

# Chapter 506: Fall of the Morning Star

Hiss!

In the void that seemed to resemble the universe, a gigantic black serpent emerged. With a body more than ten thousand meters long, it looked like it could swat an entire star out of the way with a sweep of its tail.

It was a predator at the top of the food chain which only existed during the ancient times, and was only heard of in rumors and myths. The Giant Kemoyin Serpent had actually descended!

The huge black serpent occupying the void had large amber pupils that resembled stars, and the fine black scales on its body twinkled, reflecting its glossy texture.

This wasn't a phantom that was combined with his bloodline aura using spells; this was an actual living being, made of flesh and blood!

The Morning Star Arcane Art of Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks was indeed this Kemoyin Serpent Transformation! It allowed the Warlock himself to temporarily revert to his ancestral form, and turn into a terrifying ancient creature!

The ancient Morning Star realm creature was still completely under the Warlock's control, and he even retained his original spell-casting abilities.

With the terrifying strength of the corporeal body and great magical prowess, Kemoyin Warlocks at the Morning Star realm were definitely a nightmare for many Morning Star Magi!

Cyril broke out in a cold sweat when he realised that the large pupils were staring right at him, and the fear hidden in his deepest corners of his psyche suddenly burst out.

"No! NO! I still have a Morning Star Arcane Art! I'll give it my all!" At this moment, Cyril had also completed his own Morning Star Arcane Art. Splendid rays of light exploded forth from his body.

"Rank 1 innate spell— Chaos Forcefield!"

“Rank 2 innate spell– Meteor Force!”

“Rank 3 innate spell– Celestial Explosion!”

“Rank 4 innate spell– Rites of Turbulence!”

“Combining to form the Morning Star Arcane Art– Aerial Meteor!”

Bang! The void exploded, and an enormous meteorite that seemed like a star emerged, transforming into a streak that charged towards Leylin and fire flickered continuously in the space the meteorite travelled through.

The Giant Kemoyin Serpent hissed, greeting the huge meteor in a great clash, just like in the legends.

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Above Phosphorescence Swamp in the Magus World, numerous Morning Star consents were at a loss for words.

“How... How could it be... Why is that youngster’s Kemoyin Serpent Transformation so strong?”

After a long silence, the strongest central thought spoke up, “The strength of a Warlock’s innate spell is not only decided based on their rank, but also on the bloodline. The purer the bloodline, the more powerful the Warlock!”

“What you’re saying is that the purity of that fellow’s bloodline is even higher than that of Gilbert and the other two?”

“Yes, it’s such a regret that we didn’t discover him earlier and kill him... Now that we have allowed him to grow...” The central consent sighed, feeling that it was a great pity.

“Seems like Cyril is bound to lose...” Soon after, the numerous voices started making gurgling sounds like strangled ducks. Even the Morning Star Magi watching the battle were alarmed.

“You must be joking!” “How is this possible?”

They seemed to have seen something unfathomable happening before their eyes, and sank into collective despair.

Buzz! Above the battlefield, the void contorted. Leylin changed into his black Magus robe and proudly straightened himself.

Upon seeing him, the numerous Bloodline Warlocks below finally heaved a sigh of relief, yelling forth, "Leylin! Leylin!"

However, the shouting from the crowd suddenly stopped.

This was because Leylin had lifted up a head, one that didn't even have the chance to die a peaceful death with its eyes closed. It had thin lips and silver eyes—just that they had lost their luster. This was the head of the Demon Hunter, Cyril!

"Demon Hunter Cyril has already fallen in battle. Which one of you would like to be next?" Leylin stood proudly on the battlefield with Cyril's head held high, and looked around.

This rank 4 Magus had always been held in high regard for a long time, and was even seen as a Morning Star Magus. But now, he had actually fallen right in front of their eyes?

It wasn't just the Magi in the allied armies, but even the Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan who pinched themselves, unable to believe their eyes, and thinking that they were dreaming.

The battlefield fell into a deathly stillness for a moment. When the Warlocks regained their senses, they all started screaming wildly.

All this while, the burden they had been carrying in their hearts was too heavy. Now that they had the chance, they naturally unloaded everything off their chests, and they even seemed to have gone a little insane.

At the same time, Leylin was also communicating with other Morning Star Magi.

"You shouldn't have killed him!" A large conscient sounded.

"This is a war, an endless fight to the death!" Leylin refused to concede.

"Does this mean that you will fight us to death as well?" The other party was naturally not startled by Leylin's threat.

"Of course... Not! If you still decide to continue to battle, I will abandon

the Ouroboros Clan headquarters and flee, then attack your territory!” Leylin answered without a single bit of shame, and instead caused the other party to be caught in a dilemma.

The battles between Morning Star Magi usually lasted for long periods of time. If one could not subdue the other and let him escape, no organisation would be able to withstand the consequences if he came back for revenge.

Leylin had already proven with his military accomplishments that he wasn't your average newly-advanced Morning Star Warlock. He had great capabilities, even among those at the Morning Star realm.

His enemies, who were Morning Star Magi, would be able to defeat him if they joined forces, but they would have to pay a tremendous price. It would also pose a problem if he ran away after they suffered serious injuries!

The risk was not nearly worth the reward. And with the possibility of a hidden danger being present even Morning Star Magi would not attack head-on.

The many conscripts immediately started quarrelling.

“Are we going to let him go just like that? He killed Cyril!”

“Doesn't Cyril still have a doppelganger?”

“It is only at rank 3, what use does it have? Furthermore, Cyril has bad blood with many other Morning Star Magi, and they won't let this chance slip by. He's as good as dead!”

“No! We cannot let him go!” The Azure Mountain King bore the most hatred towards Leylin.

“Really?” Leylin's voice was transmitted to his mind directly.

“Dear Azure Mountain King, if the allied armies still decide to start a war in the end, I can guarantee that the stardust bugs will immediately be made known across the whole of the central continent!”

The Azure Mountain King's was startled. He glanced around his

surroundings. Seeing that none of the Magi discovered that he was communicating with Leylin, he spoke with less restraint. “Are you threatening me?”

“Yes I am!” Leylin answered without a tinge of modesty. “Now that I am already a Morning Star Magus, you can’t erase all traces of me. In comparison to you, how many people will choose to believe me?”

He even added another sentence at the end, which ruthlessly pierced through the Azure Mountain King’s heart like a dagger, “Also, I seem to have found some possibly disastrous items among your grandson’s belongings! So many interesting sketches... If they are leaked, I’m afraid...”

“Enough!” The Azure Mountain King’s tone went an octave higher, and he had no choice but to accept a compromise, “I promise you!”

Even as he said this, his heart was bleeding. He understood that with such an agreement, not only would he be unable to seek revenge in the future, he would also be subjected to Leylin’s threats.

However, he had no other way out. After all, his strength was not even as great as Cyril’s. If Leylin could kill even Cyril, using military force against him would just be a joke.

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“Damn it! How could such a thing happen?”

On the ground, in the command centre of the allied troops, the Bloodline Warlocks on the entire frontline were counter-attacking. This made the green-haired commander hysterical, especially with Leylin having just attacked and killed a Morning Star Magus.

“What do we do? What do we do?” Hesitation flashed across his face, and the green-haired Magus tightly clenched his teeth. “Order the Kyasha Beast to attack with full force, and self-destruct at the end. Even if we cannot reap the fruits of the battle, we have to make sure the other party suffers great losses! We have to at least get rid of that Giant Serpent puppet!”

The Kyasha Beast and the Duo Serpent Annihilator of the Ouroboros



Clan were both puppets; artificially manufactured products at the Morning Star level. Although they had partial Morning Star strength, they were unable to fully put it to use. They were not very intelligent either, and were rather rigid.

But even so, the terrifying damage one could cause upon self-destruction could not be looked down upon. If Leylin didn't pay attention, forget the Duo Serpent Annihilator, even the entire town of Warlocks would be reduced to ruin.

Just like how other Morning Star Magi were apprehensive towards Leylin, but did not take action. It would not be wise for Leylin to harm the green-haired Magus just because of the damage he caused. Because threats would always be always mutual.

The green-haired Magus then made a decision. He fished out a necklace from his waist pouch, adorned with emerald. He was about to issue an order.

At this moment, he was greeted with a fragrant smell. A figure that he was familiar with appeared behind him, and the smell of perfume lingered around the tip of his nose.

"Quit playing around, I'm doing something serious!" The green-haired Magus furrowed his brows, but didn't push the other party away. He knew this person all too well, thus he took no precaution at all.

All of a sudden, his face turned blank. He lowered his head, seemingly in excruciating pain, and saw the tip of a blade sticking out of his chest. Fresh, scarlet blood stained the knife, dripping down.

A gentle voice explained next to his ear, "The minister of the Dark Serpent department, Trelisse, sends her regards!"

"You... You..." Blood foamed at his mouth continuously. He had not been wary of that female Magus at all, and his innate defence was as weak as paper when faced with that dagger.

"This mission was completed successfully all thanks to you! Also, don't even think about using the life entrustment spell to reincarnate; I already

learnt of the location a long time ago... One last thing, your choice was a grave mistake. You really shouldn't have turned against us..."

The lady's voice seemed like the sweetest venom, entering the male Magus' body along with the dagger. His vitality trickled away unceasingly, and even his vision was starting to blur.

Soon after, a black ray of light flashed and the ring finger on his left hand was burnt to ashes.

As a high-ranking Magus, and also the commander of the allied armies, he had methods that he could use as a last resort to ensure his survival, the most important one being the life entrustment spell. This would allow him to transfer his soul to any part of his body; as long as that part still existed, he would be able to reincarnate.

But what a pity it was that the other party had already seen through it all.

# Chapter 507: Post-War

Boom! Upon pulling out the dagger, a beautiful red-haired female Magus grabbed the emerald necklace from the male Magus expressionlessly.

“Command: gklm...” After a series of spells, the aura of the gemstone necklace burst forth, as if a miniature war giant had emerged from its core.

“Get as far from here as possible, beginning self-destruct procedure!” After she coldly issued the command, the necklace in the female Magus’ hands immediately turned to ashes. Shortly after, her entire body was engulfed in a dark green flame, disappearing into thin air...

The headquarters’ allied army had been thrown into confusion. It instantly became a mess, and some of the soldiers had already chosen to retreat.

“Very good! Very good! The ‘Shadow Snake Department’ of your Ouroboros Clan has even infiltrated our main command post!”

The conscient in the middle gritted his teeth.

“How would I know?” In his heart, Leylin rolled his eyes. Previously, his position in the Ouroboros Clan was not one where he would be exposed to such things, but it did not stop him from improvising.

“War is always unscrupulous. Now, it’s your choice. With the current state of the allied army, I’m afraid that even without us attacking, it will immediately descend into chaos...” Leylin spoke very confidently, as if he was the one who had sent out the female spy.

The Kyasha Beast growled, abandoning the fight with the Duo Serpent Annihilator as it made a run for the outer regions, causing the ground to shake vigorously. The allied army soldiers in its surroundings became minced meat one after the other.

Big chunks of flesh fell off its body even as it ran. This was the activation of the previous self-destruct command.

Watching this, many of the conscients fell into a silence, then began to

talk to one another soon after.

Leylin smiled confidently instead.

Now, they were evidently carrying out an arduous but unrewarding job, and were in the midst of hesitation. And just now, the most stubborn Azure Mountain King had been changed from opposing him to being a supporter. With these changes, the strong force that had at least two votes had become the one to decide between the two previously evenly-matched choices.

Indeed, after a short moment, the large conscient emitted huge soul force waves, communicating with the many soldiers of the allied army.

After receiving orders, the Azure Rain knights, as well as the other numerous allied Magi, began to retreat gradually.

Only the Demon Magus Army, and a few other small organisations like the Arm of Vengeance, held their positions with a look of helplessness on their faces.

“You have won this time!” The large conscient spoke from opposite him.

“Thank you all! I only need to preserve the core territory, which is Phosphorescence Swamp. As for this war, pin the blame on the City of Sins, Nefas, and that Arm of Vengeance...” Leylin quit while he was ahead, speaking with a slight bow.

What he meant, was to maintain the current situation, make the opponent hand over all the territories they were occupying, and not to look into the responsibilities of other forces.

Leylin had considered things thoroughly. Because of the support of the 3 dukes, the Ouroboros Clan could originally hold such a large territory. Now, with him alone, the results of this war were considered a success.

Furthermore, with his current frail strength, forming rivalries with so many Morning Star forces was unrealistic. He could only assign a few scapegoats to settle the problem.

The Arm of Vengeance was originally a predetermined choice. With the

addition of Nefas, which had already lost its Morning Star protection, it was enough.

“Very well! You have made the right choice!” A hint of rare gentleness floated in the conscient’s voice.

“I believe in the future, we will become good friends...”

The interactions between those at the Morning Star realm was this simple. Once they realised they could not completely annihilate the other party, it was very normal to humble themselves to form good relationships.

Two great forces in heated conflict could sometimes bury the hatchet the next day. All of this was definitely not unlinked to the Morning Star Magi backing them.

If not for Leylin coming out of the blue this time, how would these starving wolves have been so easy to convince? Perhaps the entire Ouroboros Clan would have been swallowed up without any remains.

Swoosh! Many conscients disappeared, and only at this time did Leylin slowly heave a sigh of relief.

He knew that, at least for now, the Ouroboros Clan had crossed its predicament.

“Sir Leylin!” “Sir Leylin!” “Sir Leylin!”

On the ground, many of the bloodline Warlocks had injuries on their bodies. As they watched the allied army retreat, they could not help but rejoice. Especially upon seeing Leylin’s gaze, it was as if they had seen a deity.

Faisal, who saw the scene, could only smile bitterly to himself.

He knew that from then on, the entire Ouroboros Clan would probably fall into the hands of the Morning Star Warlock floating above.

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“Ugh... I... Where is this?”

Freya groaned. After waking up, she looked at the familiar ceiling with a little disorientation in her eyes.

Suddenly, the devastating great war, the blood and flesh flying all over, the appearance of a Morning Star Magus emerged one by one in her mind. At the end, was that pair of gentle eyes.

“The chief has awakened!” The two pretty maids at the side noticed Freya coming to and they immediately rejoiced, scurrying out.

After a moment, Freya who had regained her usual astuteness and capabilities, tidied up her clothing and sat by the bed. Listening to the many elders who had rushed here, as well as Julian’s narration, her tiny lips slowly spread apart.

“That means... Leylin! Oh no! Sir Leylin has already advanced to rank 4, to the Morning Star Realm?” Freya muttered, unsure of the feeling in her heart. Previously, it was because she had been driven by Leylin that she went into seclusion in order to cultivate and advance into the Crystal Phase.

She had originally thought that she had shaken him off, but little did she know that Leylin would display such great strength at the Crystal Phase after that, even advancing before her.

Now, he had even broken through the Morning Star bottleneck directly, achieving the dream of many of the central continent’s Magi—rank 4.

Furthermore, he had even killed Demon Hunter Cyril in one blow, and with a determined stance remedied the Ouroboros Clan’s perilous situation.

“So, without me even realising it, the gap between us has already grown so large?” Freya’s eyes grew hot, almost tearing up. However, after having trained for such a long time, she was able to hold it in by force of will, not exhibiting the slightest bit of emotion on her face.

“Yes! According to Sir Leylin’s previous diagnosis, your spiritual force is exhausted. You require more rest...” Julian looked at Freya carefully, making eye contact with most of the clan elders.

Deep in their hearts, they were extremely impressed by Freya's previous support for Leylin. Now that he had been promoted to the Morning Star realm, even obtaining the great power of making changes the Ouroboros Clan, he would definitely favour their clan in the future.

Even... some elders stole glances at Freya.

Because she was seriously injured, Freya's face was slightly pale yet it did not cover up her touching expression. It was a pitiful look.

If this clan leader could mesmerise Sir Leylin, wouldn't the clan be able to introduce a Kemoyin bloodline of the Morning Star rank?

Just the mere thought of it made these elders flush red, and their bodies trembled uncontrollably.

"No need, I'd like to see him!" Freya took the thick fur jacket, draped it over her shoulders, and walked out.

The physique of a Crystal Phase Warlock was beyond one's imagination. With only a short rest, Freya's body was more or less recovered, posing no problem for her to move around on her own.

Julian wanted to follow her initially, but was stopped by an elder with a strange smiling face...

The heart of the Ouroboros Clan's regime was originally a senate formed by the 3 Morning Star Warlocks. However, with Leylin as the only one left, he could naturally decide everything as he wished.

He no longer worked in his own manor, but in the most luxurious hall in the headquarters. Many high-ranked Warlocks bowed humbly, awaiting orders from the young Magus on the throne.

"Dark Serpent Section, the military, the technical department... 57 Marquises, as well as many Earls and Viscounts have announced their loyalty to your highness. They are all willing to follow your highness, and revere your highness as the highest veteran of the Ouroboros Clan!"

A smile of flattery hung on Faisal's face. Like the most loyal dog, his back was hunched almost 90 degrees as he reported to Leylin.

“Very good!” Leylin was now wearing a platinum robe embroidered with a fierce black serpent. In the vibrant lights and colours, even the totem of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent was on the robe. At the sides of the robe, many runes were sewed on with thin golden thread.

The robe itself was a low-grade magic artifact! And Leylin, who wore it, seemed much more majestic for it. Being on the throne was like being the central power of the universe, and it had him brimming with dignity.

As he watched Faisal and the other Warlocks giving him an abnormal amount of respect, a playful smirk curled up at the corner of Leylin’s lips.

Ever since the war ended, these Warlocks immediately crowned him lord, showing the utmost respect for him.

The strong rule, this had always been a fundamental truth!

Furthermore, with Leylin’s current strength and the reputation of saving the clan from its perilous situation, even if they disagreed he could force a massacre upon his subordinates. By that time, things would no longer be as simple as handing over power. Hence these Warlocks were very obedient, fearful of Leylin finding their weaknesses.

Thump! After Freya stepped into the hall, two rows of Warlocks immediately stared at her, giving forth a pressure that even she could not endure.

“Blood serpent Marquis Freya greets Sir Leylin!” Freya was also unsure of the feelings in her heart, and she just bowed respectfully.

“Everyone except Freya, leave!” Leylin nodded. The two rows of Warlocks immediately exited in an orderly manner, shutting the door silently to make space for Leylin and Freya.

“What’s wrong?” Leylin stepped down, watching the slightly strong-headed yet confused and fearful Freya, accurately capturing the trace of fear deep in her eyes.

“You... really are different now!” Freya muttered softly as she watched the heroic young warlock before her.



From his aura that was as calm as the ocean that had an extraordinariness to it, one could tell that he had really advanced to that far-fetched Morning Star Realm, and was probably even stronger than her Mentor.

It was just that, such a powerful Leylin gave Freya an urge to cry instead.

# Chapter 508: Taking Action

With a sweep of his soul force, everything regarding Freya was revealed in front of Leylin.

“Your injuries are pretty much healed up, though your sea of consciousness still needs nourishment. I recommend the Giant Serpent’s Spirit Potion! There are already very few Crystal Phase Warlocks like you in the Ouroboros Clan...” Leylin sighed.

After the great battle, the ten or so Crystal Phase Warlocks had dwindled in number to a pitiful seven or eight. Even Leylin’s senior, Lucian, had been unlucky enough to lose his life at the hands of the plant legion.

In a situation like this where there were few trump cards remaining, Leylin knew that even though he was in charge every single Crystal Phase Magus was a precious resource.

“Many thanks, my Lord!” Freya bowed, seemingly very solemn.

“Oh, right. One more thing. I hope the Blood Serpent Family can help me arrange for my Morning Star Ceremony.” Morning Star Magi had very high statuses in the central continent, especially since it was so difficult to advance. Every instance of it was a joyous matter worthy of celebration with a huge circle of friends, and was even a grand ceremony for the entire continent.

Based on conventional practices, each appearance of a Morning Star Magus meant that there had to be something like a ceremony. This was an announcement of power, which was even more important for the Ouroboros Clan, given its current state.

The bloodline Warlocks, who were in a state of chaos, were in desperate need of a burst of motivation.

“It shall be my family’s honour to do so!” Leaving it to her family meant valuing her. Whatever it was, this was beneficial to the Blood Serpent Family. As the leader, Freya could not reject them, nor did she have any reason to do so.

“I am also planning to release another piece of news during the ceremony.” Watching Freya, who was biting her lips with an odd look on her face below him, Leylin smirked.

“What is it?”

“After the ceremony, I shall organise a huge wedding and marry you into my family!” The words that left Leylin’s mouth were earth-shattering, leaving Freya completely stunned.

“Marry into your family?” Freya repeated it like a mantra, her child-like features perplexed. Leylin was a Warlock who had recently joined and basically had no support from any bloodline families.

“Yes, the Farlier family. Although there’s only me on the central continent for now, I believe we’ll become the first family of the Ouroboros Clan. We’ll even become the best of all bloodline families!” Leylin touched his nose.

Though he was the only Warlock in his family and it seemed pitiful, Leylin didn’t care.

After all, how could a family with a Morning Star Magus be common? With his pure bloodline, the chances of his descendants advancing were much higher than for other Warlocks. In no time, it would be capable of becoming the greatest family in the Ouroboros Clan!

The central continent was much too large. Though Leylin now held control over the Ouroboros Clan, he needed to develop an organisation that was uniquely his. How could there be anything that could beat a family he created himself? Others would have another layer of bloodline restrictions, and this would count as insurance for himself.

In addition, he who had already reached the Morning Star realm no longer had to worry about the leakage of information regarding the purity of his bloodline. He now held enough strength to protect himself.

Since he needed a female Warlock to spread his bloodline, Leylin naturally chose Freya. First of all, she was clean and honest, and treated him well. She looked pretty as well. What else was there to hesitate over?

“What if I... reject you?” Freya bit her lips, slightly unwilling. Though she liked Leylin, she didn’t want things to go this way.

“You can’t reject anyway. I rule the Ouroboros Clan!” Leylin’s tone could not be questioned. The rims of Freya’s eyes reddened, and she lightly grasped Leylin’s hands.

“I know you’re unwilling to do this because you’re hoping I’ll marry into your family instead of the other way around. Is that right?” Leylin completely saw through Freya.

Deep inside, Freya still hoped to bring Leylin into the Blood Serpent family, but this was obviously not possible.

The Leylin right now would definitely not agree to this at all. Even before he advanced, he would only get others to do as he wished, and there were never instances of others getting him to do something.

One had to acknowledge that Leylin was a male chauvinist. He would marry Freya of his own accord, and not because he was thankful towards her. And he would definitely not marry into her family.

“You know all this, but why...” Freya raised her head, face glimmering with tears as she protested.

Seeing her reacting this way, Leylin knew that she had pretty much made up her mind, and couldn’t help but chuckle, “Because I am stronger than you! This is what you’re destined to do!”

Strength ruled the Magus World. This was an undisputable truth.

Since Freya had completely given in, Leylin softened his tone and began to console her, “Don’t worry. I will naturally take care of your family. When we have many children, I can even send a son over to the Blood Serpent family...”

This was an attempt at pacifying her. Since Freya had done so much for Leylin, he had to pay her back. However, Leylin’s nature was such that he had to take the initiative, instead of being begged to act.

Upon hearing this guarantee, Freya nodded, finally at ease.

Leylin could tell that Freya had nodded slightly and agreed, and laughed heartily at that.

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The battle that happened at Phosphorescence Swamp swept through the central continent like a whirlwind.

In particular, Leylin's exceptional and powerful appearance, from how he had killed the Demon Hunter Cyril and caused his fall, increased the enthusiasm towards the situation till the extreme.

Demon Hunter Cyril was not a nobody, even amongst the Morning Star circles. Rather, his strength had been proven to surpass the masses, and as a newly-advanced Morning Star Warlock, Leylin had been able to cause his downfall. Such strength immediately led to the dread of other Morning Star Magi.

From the outside, it seemed like not only had the allied armies that had attacked the Ouroboros Clan completely withdrawn from key regions such as Phosphorescence Swamp, they had even drawn a certain line of isolation, seemingly wanting to avoid conflict.

After the fall of the main body of Morning Star Magus Cyril, Nefas, the city of sin, fell into a state of confusion. The Magi there weren't good people from the start, and mostly comprised of vicious bandits and those with death warrants for them. Without Cyril's suppression, the place grew rife with violence.

The areas surrounding Nefas gradually descended further into chaos as news about the death of Cyril's clone came in, confirming his fall.

In that period, spells flew everywhere in the city, and the architecture was engulfed in a sea of flames.

As many Demon Magi gleefully broke into Cyril's Magus Tower and were prepared to loot the place as they wished, a large number of elite Magus armies suddenly descended upon them.

Under the suppression of the Magus army, as well as with a Morning Star Magus' help, the chaos in Nefas died down.

After losing the deterring power of Cyril, the defenceless Nefas had basically turned into a giant gold mine, attracting the interests of many Morning Star Magi.

This was especially true for those few Morning Star Magi in the original allied army. In the name of their comrades, they dispatched forces and took over the city, making up for all their previous losses.

By the time the matter with Nefas had died down, an even more startling piece of news spread throughout the central continent.

The one who had caused Cyril's fall based on his own strength, and thus protected the Ouroboros Clan, the Morning Star Magus Leylin Farlier, had invited many friendly organisations to his Morning Star ceremony.

In response to this invitation, many large-scaled organisations who had intentionally kept a distance due to their disdain towards the Ouroboros Clan saw a chance to repair this relationship and sent people to attend.

Other organisations also saw the ceremony as a great chance to figure out the situation within the Ouroboros Clan, and to better understand Leylin's strength. They, too, sent out spies or envoys.

During that time, numerous Magi hurried towards Phosphorescence Swamp, causing the swamp to be bustling with life, a huge contrast from the normal deathly silence.

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Within the city headquarters, Leylin reclined on the couch comfortably, listening to the female Magus reporting from beside him.

"The messengers we sent out have mostly returned with positive replies. Most of the emissaries of those organisations have already set out. Recently, Phosphorescence Swamp has not been very orderly. Though preparations for the ceremony are completed, I think it's necessary to prepare a few emergency contingencies..."

Freya leant against the couch while holding countless files and wearing a pair of frameless glasses, seemingly very busy.

“Let’s do as you say!”

“Also, the bloodline Warlocks from Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair are about to reach headquarters. You need to take some time out to meet them...” After finishing her report, Freya laughed delicately and moved away from the couch, leaving quickly.

After she left, Leylin’s expression turned serious. He put on white gloves and produced a broken sword. This sword had the style of casting in ancient times. It was cold and sharp, and even time could do nothing to weaken its firmness. There were even traces of golden-coloured blood on the blade.

“I never expected for the bloodline of the Sun’s child and the Wing of the Sun to reach my hands...” Sensing the powerful bloodline strength on the sword’s hilt, a hint of a smile revealed about Leylin’s lips.

This broken sword was one of the treasures from the Azure Mountain auction. Cyril had shamelessly used his status and pressurised others so he could purchase it.

Leylin had really wanted to get his hands on it, but for one he did not have enough magic crystals. On top of that, he did not dare go head to head with Cyril. However, this was no longer an issue.

Even Cyril’s main body had fallen at Leylin’s hands. The items he had hoarded and brought along on his body had naturally been kindly accepted by Leylin. Besides many precious materials and countless magic crystals, what he’d really desired was this item.

[Beep! Top-grade meditation technique, Wing of the Sun recorded!] The A.I. Chip transmitted.

“Hopefully it’s useful for Kemoyin’s Pupil.” Leylin sighed, keeping the giant sword well.

Kemoyin’s Pupil was merely a high-grade meditation technique with the fourth level as the limit. It was impossible to progress further. For Leylin, this was absolutely unacceptable.

# Chapter 509: Celebration

Based on the traditions of the central continent, high-grade meditation techniques had a minimum of four levels, allowing Magi to enter the Morning Star realm. Top-grade meditation techniques needed to have six or more levels, allowing Magi to understand the path to the Breaking Dawn.

Kemoyin's Pupil had merely four levels and was considered the bottom of the pack among high-grade meditation techniques. Leylin naturally hoped the A.I. Chip could simulate the rest of the levels.

Leylin had been trying to solve the issue of the bloodline shackles since advancing to the Morning Star realm.

The simulation of meditation techniques was very important. The Wing of the Sun was also a meditation technique for bloodline Warlocks, and there were six complete levels. It would surely be extremely helpful in completing Kemoyin's Pupil.

Since he had the bloodline of the Sun's child as well, he could attempt to purify it. Though the Oakheart Clan had already confirmed that the bloodline had lost all vitality, Leylin still had some confidence that he could restore it.

The ancient Sun's child was a being that could reach rank 6 when it matured. It was even a fixed sun for multiple small worlds, and was, therefore, the best bloodline Leylin had gotten to date.

"With this, I can begin the bloodline experiments..." After advancing to the Morning Star realm, many ancient bloodline experiments, and things like the interplanar experiments, could be undertaken independently. Leylin was extremely eager to spend all his time on this.

However, he still took some time to meet the emissaries from Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair the next day.

It wasn't only the Ouroboros Clan that held bloodline Warlocks in the central continent. There were other organisations and families that had



inherited ancient bloodlines, forming a giant alliance.

However, the three Morning Star Magi of the Ouroboros Clan had disappeared all of a sudden, resulting in a drop in their value. Hence, no aid had been given.

Leylin understood this very well, since even when saving allies, one had to see if they were powerful enough. Otherwise, they would only be bringing trouble upon themselves.

Besides, the various Warlock organisations weren't exactly tight-knit. There were conflicts, and a loose alliance was basically as good as a nonexistent one.

Of course, things were different with Leylin's ascension. It was especially so after he displayed his strength. All these former allies rushed forth to mend their relationship.

Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair were the two largest bloodline Warlock organisations that the Ouroboros Clan was close to.

"Hehe... Sire Leylin is so young. This was entirely out of my expectations!" The moment they met, the two Warlocks were blown away by the plentiful life force brimming in Leylin.

Magi obviously did not rely on appearances to determine age. They usually had their own unique methods to determine it.

However, no matter which angle they looked at him from, Leylin was extremely young. He was not like those Magi who were approaching their end and looked young from the outside, yet held a rotting scent.

"Hehe... The two of you, please!"

Leylin was now dressed in a platinum robe that was a piece of magic equipment, giving him a more elegant aura. With his experience in controlling places like the Twilight Zone, he had already developed a distinct aura of a ruler in how he treated others, which made him all the more convincing.

Meanwhile, while the two emissaries were stunned at Leylin's age, Leylin

himself was also shocked.

He could feel the energy of the point mass on these two emissaries. In other words, they were actually Morning Star Warlocks as well!

“Looks like these two organisations are taking this very seriously!”

The smile on Leylin’s face became even more welcoming as he invited the two Warlocks to the couch in his room. Freya brought three cups of coffee over, bowing to the three of them unreservedly as she quickly left.

“By the way, I’ve yet to ask you for your names!” Leylin smiled as he spoke.

“Oh, look at me! I was so surprised when I came that I didn’t introduce myself. How impolite of me!” A Magus with countless tentacles on his face that looked like a giant octopus head palmed his forehead with a tentacle and answered, “I’m Paul, from Spirit Circle!”

“Sir Paul!” Leylin nodded in recognition, seeming serious.

The bloodline Spirit Circle had inherited came from a strange creature—the Spirit-sucking Oddity! It was said that this being not only had a unique spirit body, it even enjoyed sucking the brain juices of intelligent beings, and had the strange ability of peeking at someone’s spirit.

What caused countless bloodline Warlocks to rip their hair out in frustration was that this Spirit-sucking Oddity was no bloodline creature! However, the original Spirit-sucking Oddity Warlock had fused the ability of this creature into his own bloodline and passed it down, resulting in this strange branch of bloodline Warlocks.

This branch was named the ‘Spirit Warlock’ and had a very special strength. They were more partial towards attacks on the mind, and it was difficult to resist them.

At this point, Leylin couldn’t help but look into his eyes.

On the giant octopus head were a pair of dark eyeballs with no pupils, looking like a dead fish’s eyes.

However, the moment their gazes met, Leylin felt as if his heart was

being stripped and laid bare before him.

Weng! The point mass in his body rumbled, and soul force swept through. The discomfort instantly vanished, and Leylin immediately put on his guard even though he smiled at the other party.

“I am Philip of the Wind Wolf Lair. Greetings, Sir!” The other was a middle-aged, burly white man. His face and body were filled with hair, and his sideburns were very straight.

Compared to spirit Warlocks, Wind Wolf Lair was an orthodox bloodline Warlock organisation that had inherited the bloodline of the ancient Wind Wolves. They were exceptionally sensitive towards wind elemental particles.

On top of that, Wind Wolf Lair was a very well-known bloodline Warlock organisation in the central continent that maintained good relations with other Warlocks. They had very deep roots.

“Sir Philip, and Sir Paul!” Leylin nodded, “It is my honour for the two of you to attend my ceremony...”

Whether it was Leylin or the other two Warlocks, all of them were very satisfied. Though there weren't any deep discussions, this was a good beginning.

After that, however, Leylin could not bring himself to feel happy, as the two Warlocks brought him shocking news.

“Jupiter's Lightning?”

After unexpectedly finding out who was responsible for attacking the Ouroboros Clan, Leylin's expression turned grim.

Even if he hadn't been privy to the knowledge among the Morning Star circle before his own advancement, even he had heard of this organisation's fame in the central continent.

Compared to organisations such as Nefas and Azure Mountain City, Jupiter's Lightning was even more tremendous, and perhaps even surpassed the Ouroboros Clan.

It was a shadow that loomed over the continent, and was perhaps more similar to a bandit guild. It regularly took on assassinations, bounties, and the like, preferring to stir up chaos and exploiting it.

The reason why they were so fearless was due to the manipulator behind them. It was a Radiant Moon Magus!

A Radiant Moon Magus was also a great rank 5 Magus, and they were even rarer than Morning Star Magi, as well as much more formidable. In the entire central continent, there were probably less than twenty of them. It could be said that besides the few Breaking Dawn Magi there were, the rest of them split the central continent amongst themselves.

Hearing that Ouroboros Clan was being targeted by such a person, even Leylin couldn't help but break out in cold sweat.

Paul and Philip exchanged a glance and, noticing Leylin's peaceful expression, nodded.

"Don't worry. As allies, we will provide a certain amount of assistance, such that at least the Radiant Moon Magus will likely not deal with you personally..."

'Do you mean that if the other Morning Star Magi of Jupiter's Lightning attack, I have to take them all on myself?'

Leylin rolled his eyes inside, but his expression was that of gratitude, "Thank you so much."

In reality, he had serious suspicions that these two organisations wanted them to fight. Perhaps they had been the ones to provoke Jupiter's Lightning, and yet were now pretending to take the brunt of the damage for the Ouroboros Clan, and were insincere about sending aid.

Of course, he was no child and would not believe everything these Morning Star Magi told him. He would only trust them after performing his own checks.

This was a very simple matter. Though he was unfamiliar with the Morning Star's conscient, he had already recorded the aura fluctuations. With more Morning Star samples, he would be able to make comparisons.

He even had a spy like the Azure Mountain King, so information was not an issue.

At the thought of the Azure Mountain King, Leylin's gloomy mood was lifted, and he began to anticipate ascension ceremony.

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Boom! Boom! Boom!

Countless giant fireworks exploded in mid-air. The headquarters of Ouroboros Clan had been painted over, and now no longer had any traces from the battle. There were even fresh flowers and streamers along all the pathways.

The guests from the other organisations in the central continent all had sincere grins on their faces. Under the guidance of the Warlocks of Ouroboros Clan, they headed towards the heart of the city.

This was a palace that had been constructed in a hurry for Leylin, the location of the ceremony.

In order to curry favour with the only Morning Star Warlock in the organisation, as well as the husband of their family's leader, the Blood Serpent Family Warlocks had done all they could and arranged everything tidily. They had even gone out of their way and brought out lavish liquor and delicacies, many of which were unique resources in the Magus World that could increase spiritual force and the effects of meditation. There were so many that they seemed dirt cheap, and it resulted in looks of admiration and surprise.

Many guests were gathered in a hall, though they were separated clearly into tens of little circles.

Bloodline Warlocks and Magi had two large circles, and within those, another ten or so were formed based on various factors like power, ranking, level of intimacy and so on.

The Warlocks and Magi were like the ladies and gentlemen of high society, conversing courteously and occasionally toasting each other. The atmosphere was harmonious, and it was unthinkable that some of the

people here had been eager for the death of the other party just a few days ago.

# Chapter 510: Assuming the Post

“It’s time to start the ceremony!” Parker’s tone conveyed his high spirits and excitement. He was wearing the suit of a compere, and his hair was sleekly styled.

His previous investment at this time had gained him the most returns. Leylin was advancing at the speed of light, far beyond his own predictions. It made him feel like he was in a dream.

With unanimous joyous cheers, Leylin stepped on the flower petals laid out on his path as he entered the hall, wearing a magical robe with a gold crown on his head.

At the same moment, an overbearing and horrifying force similar to that of an ancient beast was slowly released from his body. From his eyes, one could faintly see the image of an enormous black serpent which was several tens of thousands of metres long.

Morning Star! The formidability of a true Morning Star made many Magi and Warlocks bow their heads respectfully to welcome him. Some of the sullen emissaries were also so overwhelmed by his aura that they too bowed, albeit rather unwillingly.

“In accordance with the rules, Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan who are promoted to the Morning Star realm will fundamentally acquire the noble title of a Duke! Congratulations to you, Duke Farlier!”

Faisal stepped up and ceremoniously handed a snake-shaped scepter embedded with jet black crystals to Leylin, who accepted it effortlessly and raised it up.

Numerous bloodline Warlocks stood up and bowed in salutation, “Greetings, Duke Leylin!”

This was a tradition of the Ouroboros Clan, something shared by many other Magus organisations. Yet, for Faisal himself to do it meant that Leylin had already succeeded in suppressing internal strife. Seeing this unfold, many influential emissaries were left in deep thought.

“The ceremony shall begin!” Parker yelled after Leylin was seated.

“The emissary from the Rustic Woodlands— Louis greets Duke Leylin!” An old fellow dressed in a red suit took the lead and saluted Leylin.

“The Lord’s promotion to the Morning Star is a grand occasion for all of us in the central continent. This is a gift from our Master!”

The entourage standing behind him lifted the cloth off a tray to reveal a rock shimmering with brilliance.

“An astral stone!” “Such a huge astral stone is rare indeed!” “The Rustic Woodlands is so magnanimous!”

The comments from the surrounding visitors were incessant.

Leylin nodded his head and smiled, evidently very pleased. Such opportunities to receive free gifts without obligations were always welcomed.

“I have just been promoted to the Morning Star, and my need for astral stones is undeniable. Thank your Master on my behalf!” Leylin expressed his contentment, and the emissary was delighted. He bowed again and retreated.

“Duke Leylin! I am the emissary from the Fallor Family, and I present to you a personalized private ride— the Colossal Serpent!”

Another emissary stepped forward and presented a core controller. In the middle of it, an image of a private airship could be seen. The detailing and ornamentation of the warship structure were vivid and thorough.

“That is very considerate of you!” Leylin nodded his head.

The Fallor Family controlled the entire airship network. They also had the support of the Monarch of the Skies, and gifting every newly promoted Morning Star their very own airship was their tradition. As such, Leylin voiced, “I thank the kindness of chief Fallor and the Monarch of the Skies...”

Perceiving Leylin to have understood their intentions, the emissary respectfully bowed and retreated. Almost immediately, yet another



emissary stepped forward....

The etiquette for this ceremony was complicated, but Leylin still had to receive them one by one and express his own goodwill. It would be extremely important and beneficial for the Ouroboros Clan.

Leylin was brimming with enthusiasm and was all smiles. He conversed casually with many of the emissaries with ease, showing no impatience.

At this time, a Magus with a head of brown hair who was wearing a silver robe stepped forward. Impressive undulations emitted from his body without restraint. He clearly lacked manners, and was disrespectful in front of Leylin.

“You’ve come with ill intentions!” Leylin’s eyes narrowed and he glared at the Magus.

“Greetings, my Lord, from Collins of Jupiter’s Lightning!” Collins straightened his back and looked straight into Leylin’s eyes without a hint of fear.

“Collins is one of the more able ones in Jupiter’s Lightning. He clearly wants to test Leylin’s strength as a baseline comparison...” Paul remarked from the side, smiling at Philip with a wineglass in hand.

“Collin’s abilities are not comparable to Cyril’s. Shall we give him a helping hand?” Philip rubbed his fist, his eyes glistening with ambition.

“There’s no need! Duke Leylin is very powerful, do not ever underestimate him!” Paul’s dead-fish eyes glimmered with a smile.

The atmosphere inside the hall didn’t seem right. All the emissaries’ eyes were locked on the confrontation between the two Morning Stars.

Since it was a celebration, Leylin and Collins did not go overboard. On the surface, it looked like they were just staring at each other in the face. However, a ruthless cross-sword fight between the spiritual domains had already unfolded unknowingly.

A few minutes later, the colour started to drain from Collins’ confident face, and beads of sweat appeared on it.

Witnessing the scene, the other Magi thought they had seen a ghost. Paul and Philip exchanged glances, and both broke out in smiles.

“Oh!” A moment later, Collins scathingly stumbled a few steps back. Although there were no differences in his expression, the imposing aura on his body had disappeared.

Leylin, on the other hand, continued to sit upright. No one could tell what he had in mind.

“This is a present from our chief!” Collins no longer dared to look Leylin in the eye as he presented the gift. Soon after, he left in haste.

All the Magi who witnessed this silent confrontation grew more fervent about Leylin.

The revelry lasted until midnight. After receiving bountiful gifts, Leylin began conversing about his experience during his advancement.

It was, in a way, his means of imparting knowledge. Many of those present were rank 3 Magi after all.

Leylin was forthcoming, pointing out mistakes made during the construction of the point mass, as well as other general tips. Many rank 3 Magi were intoxicated by this essential information, and even some Morning Stars fell into deep thought. When it was time to disperse, many felt reluctant to leave.

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After the banquet was over, Leylin chose not to rest, and instead, headed out to meet another guest in a private room.

“Distinguished Azure Mountain King, we meet again!” Leylin smiled calmly and sat opposite the Magus.

The person here was certainly the Azure Mountain King. He possessed the same appearance as his clone, with blue hair and a pair of starry eyes.

He had not come to this ceremony representing Azure Mountain City, and instead snuck in on the pretence of a diplomatic mission. He'd felt threatened by Leylin.

“You can call me Zack!” The Azure Mountain King spoke in a deep tone, without any further intentions of undermining Leylin.

“Alright, distinguished Zack, let’s talk about the compensation that you have to make with regards to my territory!”

Leylin leant back on the sofa, intertwined his hands. He was unusually relaxed. Opportunities for such extortion, where one took advantage of another’s weakness, were very rare.

“Sure! Your people, your land, and any other losses, I’ll pay you for it all. I’ll even pay double, as long as you promise not to leak the matter of the stardust bugs!” Zack said frankly.

He only yielded to Leylin as Leylin knew his biggest secret. If this information was leaked out, the entire Oakheart Clan would be faced with imminent disaster. Even his own life would be in danger.

Leylin was well aware of this. But he also knew that the destruction of the Oakheart Clan, and the fall of the Azure Mountain King, would not net him any benefits. On the other hand, such extortion had the potential for a lot of profits.

As such he didn’t mind letting Zack leave... as long as he paid his due, of course.

“Let’s not talk about the territory for the time being, you destroyed my Magus Tower. Shouldn’t you compensate me with another?” Leylin laughed with a hint of profoundness.

“Consider it done! I will build you one that is exactly the same!” the Azure Mountain King replied with a rich and overbearing tone.

“Oh! No, no, no! I think you misunderstood something...” Leylin swayed his finger, “What I need, is a Magus Tower that corresponds to my current status. Do you understand?”

“What...” Zack took a cold breath, and immediately blurted out, “Impossible! This is extortion!”

Although Leylin’s previous Magus Tower was of considerably high

quality, it was only fitting for a rank 3 Magus. In the central continent, anything that catered to the Morning Star rank would cost more, especially so for the Morning Star Magus Tower!

The construction cost of a Morning Star rated Magus Tower would be at least ten times more than that of Leylin's previous Magus Tower. Even if he were to sell his territory, it could not even cover the cost of building one level of it. Leylin's request was like a lion biting a huge chunk of meat off the Oakheart Clan's body.

Based on Zack's proposed bill of compensation, the Oakheart Clan wouldn't suffer a huge loss. But to build a Morning Star rated Magus Tower? Even if Leylin were to decline all the other compensations, this request alone would still be outrageous.

"Indeed, I am extorting you. Didn't you know?" Leylin mockingly laughed.

"Compared to the matter about the stardust bugs and the whole Oakheart Clan being erased from this world, I think it's a good deal... With the accumulated wealth of Azure Mountain City, there should be no difficulty in constructing one such Magus Tower, right?"

Being reprimanded by Leylin, Zack's face hardened as he gritted his teeth in anger, "... Fine!"

"That's the way!" Leylin smirked, obviously pleased. His expression immediately turned from one of hostility to that of friendliness, and this made Zack perplexed.

"Other than the Magus Tower, I have no other requests, so long as you assist me in building an astral gate..."

Having sensed the limits of Zack's tolerance, Leylin naturally and pursued further benefits without scruples. After all, Zack wouldn't suddenly appreciate him if he lowered his requests, so he could just as well get a hold of as many benefits as possible.

# Chapter 511: Attitude

After some haggling, Leylin and Zack finally reached an agreement.

The Oakheart Clan would bear the burden of building a Morning Star level Magus Tower, as well as provide him with all the resources for an astral gate. In return, Leylin guaranteed that he would never divulge information regarding the stardust bugs in any shape or form.

The two of them had even made an oath under the Trial's Eye, which was at the request of the Azure Mountain King. However, he did not notice the look of mockery in Leylin's eyes.

After that, Leylin got Zack to narrate the details of the allied army's attack on the Ouroboros Clan from start to end.

After receiving this information, his eyebrows furrowed.

"Jupiter's Lightning..." After sending Zack away, Leylin half laid down on the couch, massaging his forehead and sinking into deep thought.

"I never expected it to be them. Why would a haughty Radiant Moon Magus have any interest in the Ouroboros Clan?"

Before Gilbert and the others reappeared, nobody would be able to give him an answer. Leylin himself could only make wild guesses.

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Most emissaries had yet to leave after the end of the ceremony, when another monumental event occurred.

The Morning Star Warlock, Duke Leylin, had announced his engagement with the leader of the Blood Serpent Family, Freya!

Bloodline Warlocks were generally very picky when it came to picking partners. This would affect the passing on of bloodlines, and determined the rise or fall of a family.

The engagement of a Morning Star Warlock implied that new Kemoyin blood would spread, forming another formidable family!

Though there were only two people in the family, Leylin and his fiancée,

nobody could deny the strength of a family with a Morning Star Warlock within.

Based on some faint rumours, Duke Leylin's bloodline was unbelievably pure, and perhaps even surpassed that of the other three Morning Star Warlocks! His fiancée was also of a prestigious Kemoyin Family, and her bloodline was pure.

The emissaries and Warlocks could envision an exceptionally powerful Kemoyin family rising to power in the Ouroboros Clan.

Though they were cursing within, these emissaries all looked elated at Leylin's engagement, and gave their 'sincere' blessings to them.

Only after the engagement ceremony was over did the emissaries of the multiple organisations leave Phosphorescence Swamp. They had seen far too much at this celebration and ceremony, and needed to report back to their masters.

Leylin could finally relax, handling some miscellaneous work.

"Your Grace!" On the way, many Warlocks stepped aside when they saw him from afar, bowing to him from the sides of the road.

Leylin's expression remained solemn. At most, he sent a nod of recognition in the direction of high-ranked Warlocks, his movements revealing boundless dignity.

His status in the Ouroboros Clan made it such that he could move without obstructions. He headed for a building that seemed like a beehive, formed of countless giant laboratories.

This was the headquarters of the technical department. Upon noticing Leylin's arrival, there was a flurry of activity at the entrance. Schadt, who was wearing glasses, was escorted by Warlocks donning large white gowns as he welcomed Leylin. It made him feel as if he had returned to the research centres in his previous world.

"Your Grace!" Schadt bowed respectfully. He was extremely grateful towards Leylin. If not for his advancement, the Ouroboros Clan would probably have been done for.

“Mm! Bring me to the astral gate!” Leylin said indifferently after a nod. He then followed Schadt as they went in deeper.

After passing through the layers of isolation and detection spell formations, Schadt brought Leylin before a gate formed entirely of astral stones.

The entire gate emanated a starry radiance. The innermost layer actually possessed a stony surface and there were multiple bright runes, floating above the surface of the stone gate.

“This is Lord Emma’s astral gate. We’ve moved it here...” Schadt sighed as he took off his glasses.

“We’ve determined through multiple experiments that there is no problem with the gate itself. However, there was an unknown interference that stopped us from locating the coordinates, making the second attempt at finding the coordinates even more difficult!

“What level of power do you think is needed for this to happen?” Leylin’s eyes shone as he asked.

“I’m afraid...” Schadt’s temperament suited research perfectly. He explained things as they were and did not beat around the bush, “Only interference from a Radiant Moon realm Magus can cause the three elders to make an error in judgement!”

Radiant Moon realm! A great rank 5 Magus! The moment the words exited Schadt’s mouth, the rest of the researchers all trembled, evidently feeling weak.

Just a Morning Star Magus was enough for the Ouroboros Clan to be on the verge of being destroyed by the allied forces. What if a Radiant Moon Magus were to do the job himself?

The bleak future immediately caused these high-ranked Warlocks to tremble in fear.

“Don’t be so negative!” Leylin patted Schadt on the shoulder, “Just focus on saving Mentor and the others. You must work hard on this...”

“Understood, Your Grace!” A hint of shame appeared on Schadt’s expression as he lowered his head deferentially.

Initially, he had boldly bragged that he could find the coordinates within five days. However, multiples of that time period had passed, and he had yet to determine which world Gilbert and the others were trapped in.

Every time he was about to find the coordinates, he would be obstructed by berserk spatial turbulence, barring him from finding the real location.

If there was the slightest discrepancy in the coordinates, the two areas could be millions of kilometres away from each other, being two separate worlds!

With trouble both internally and externally, the Warlocks would definitely not dare have Leylin take the risk.

On top of that, they had no clue if Leylin would listen to them.

In actuality, even if they had determined which world Gilbert and the rest were lost in, Leylin might not aid them.

Since they had already determined the other world was a trap set up by a Radiant Moon Magus, how could he go in like a lamb to the slaughter?

Leylin was not so selfless as to take this risk.

“I should find a chance and take care of those Warlocks.” Leylin touched his chin, eyes glimmering with a dangerous light.

Those who had been urging him from the shadows to save the elders were not anyone else, but the many descendants and students of the three Morning Star Warlocks. Of course, they did not dare request anything of Leylin in the open, but as long as there was no evidence, they were bold in their discussions.

In Gilbert’s case, Leylin was one of them and they thus had the least complaints. With Emma, Freya was a mediator and they were less impatient. Only the students and family of the other Morning Star Warlock pressed him on, and Leylin was preparing to make use of them.

He was no saint, and would not save others and then give up his power



to be shared. And yet, Gilbert was his Mentor and had taught him much. Thus he would save him, but now was not the time!

Leylin was confident that with a bit more time, he could set up his own authority and spread his influence. By the time the three Morning Stars were back, they would not be able to affect his status!

Hence, he had to make use of this time. Though he could use his strength and force everything, Leylin did not want to end up with an Ouroboros Clan that was divided.

Schadt's report was exactly to his liking. This way, it was not because he was not trying hard enough, but that he was lacking information and had no way to do this.

Leylin had long since secretly determined their coordinates. But for his own purposes, he had kept mum until now.

After consoling Schadt and the other members of the technical department, Leylin returned to his castle. There, two precious guests needed to be attended to.

"Lord Paul, Lord Philip, sorry for the long wait!"

Leylin apologised to the two Morning Star Warlocks. After the other organisations had left, these two emissaries had stayed behind for some unknown reason. As they were Morning Stars, this was also good for Ouroboros Clan, which was why Leylin had no complaints and was so welcoming towards them.

"We only just arrived as well. Duke Leylin must have investigated thoroughly, right?" Paul grinned, the beady eyes on the octopus head seemingly able to see into the Leylin's soul.

"Yes, Jupiter's Lightning! They went too far!" Leylin clenched his fists, face flushing red and showing his anger.

Through the investigation of the Shadow Snake department as well as the Azure Mountain King's story, he had confirmed that Jupiter's Lightning was behind this.

In this case, he would not reject the good intentions of these two Morning Star Warlocks.

“I’m going to be frank with you. That Radiant Moon Magus of Jupiter’s Lightning has been finding us bloodline Warlocks an eyesore and caused conflicts with the union. Even the organisations backing us are in a cold war with them...” Philip said. The burly werewolf smiled wryly.

Leylin vaguely understood their meaning. The intentions of these Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair Warlocks was to seek external aid.

However, he would definitely not reject them. Radiant Moon Magi were not existences he could deal with as of yet. If he could pull someone else over to contend against them, the pressure on him would be slightly lesser.

For this reason, Leylin did not seem to even hesitate as he exclaimed, “If there’s anything you need me for, just say the word!”

While that was what he had said, Leylin would not be so stupid as to rush to the frontlines without any benefits.

Paul and Philip exchanged a glance and saw the elation in each other’s eyes. No matter what it was, Leylin’s attitude meant that this trip had not been made in vain.

# Chapter 512: Revitalisation of Bloodline

“Of course, we hope you can form an alliance with us. We wish to take on Jupiter’s Lightning together...”

Philip interrupted, “With your current status as Duke, you can definitely represent the Ouroboros Clan!”

“This... I need to think it over... After all, there are many seniors who I need to pacify...” When it came to proper business, Leylin seemed to draw back.

Paul silently cursed at Philip for being too hasty, and also Leylin, for not being willing to be more open until he saw benefits. He merely continued smiling, which was difficult enough with his octopus face.

“Duke Leylin, you don’t know this yet, do you? We Morning Star Warlocks organise a gathering every once in a while, where everyone will exchange information. Sometimes, we even have trade meetings...”

“This gathering is only for bloodline Warlocks, who must be at least at the Morning Star level. Someone even needs to vouch for them. A few elders from Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair will attend as well. How about we continue the discussion there?”

“Gathering?!” A gathering amongst Morning Star Warlocks was still very attractive to Leylin.

Furthermore, he was not worried that their leaving the Ouroboros Clan would bring any harm to them.

To be frank, the Ouroboros Clan’s safety all depended on him. As long as he was fine, it would be well fortified even if there was nobody here guarding them. If anything happened to him, the allied armies would immediately level the place.

In fact, if he managed to slip out of headquarters without being seen, it would put his foes under a lot of pressure instead.

With this in mind, Leylin answered, “Sure. When the time comes, please notify me!”

Seeing Leylin agree, Paul heaved a long sigh of relief before he laughed in answer, "I'm sure that our other comrades are eager to see an up-and-coming youngster like you!"

It looked like this gathering was a small circle where bloodline Warlocks interacted.

Watching his expression, Leylin nodded inside and began to anticipate the gathering more fervently.

Since everything was settled, Paul and Philip had no reason to stay longer. They chose to leave.

With how hurried they seemed, Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair had probably fallen on hard times. As important deterrents, they would not have been able to squeeze out the time to attend if not for Leylin's ceremony.

"We're rich, my Lord!" Within the hall, Parker's eyes glinted as he gazed at the account book in his hands, "Just the gifts from the other organisations is equivalent to dozens of fiefs..."

"But of course. You only ascend to the Morning Star realm once. And it's a good time for other organisations to form good relationships with them..."

Though Leylin seemed as calm as an ancient, unused well, he was actually very happy; he just kept it in. At the same time, he had gained a better understanding of the great status Morning Star Magi held in the central continent.

The destructive power of a Morning Star Arcane Art was far too high. If a Morning Star Magus were to let go of all qualms and act as they wished, the geography of the entire central continent would be destroyed. Radiant Moon, and even Breaking Dawn Magi would regret the damage caused.

As a result, every time a Morning Star arose, everyone would express their goodwill, and intent to be on good terms with each other. These were actions that large organisations were used to.

"The moment I stepped into this realm, everything changed..."

Leylin sighed to himself, the look in his eyes even more intense. “What would be the scenery be like after the ranks of Radiant Moon or the Breaking Dawn throne?”

In his eyes, rank 4 was far from the limit. His goals were on higher peaks, and he did not pay attention to even the shackles to his bloodline that had troubled bloodline Warlocks for many years.

Of course, he could overlook his opinions while strategizing, but tactics needed to be done properly. Hence, he sent Parker away and ordered for all his gifts to be stored. After handing over the important items, Leylin returned to his laboratory.

He was now the highest power in the Ouroboros Clan, and could mobilise all resources. The laboratory he used was the best they had, which was usually reserved for Gilbert and the other two. This was just another one of the many advantages.

That was not all. The treasury of the Ouroboros Clan was completely open to him, and the treasures accumulated over thousands of years by a large-scaled organisation such as this had Leylin’s eyes going green in envy.

The first thing he did was to take a pile of astral stones and keep them in his spatial pouch.

Though the Oakheart Clan had agreed to build him an astral gate, it was better to have more astral stones in reserve. After all, passing through planes required the usage of astral stones, which was why they were so highly valued. They had always been a strategic-class resource.

“Beep! Ascertaining identity! Welcome, Duke Leylin Farlier!”

After passing through the stringent aura detection system and numerous disinfecting procedures, Leylin finally stood in a room seemingly cast entirely in crystal.

The translucent crystals emitted beautiful light, and the area was spotless and unbelievably glossy.

Seeing the data the A.I. Chip provided, Leylin, couldn’t help but sigh.

“Though the strength setup is different, in terms of disinfecting and dust, it can achieve the same effect!”

Such an environment was extremely similar to the sterile laboratories in his previous world. Ancient Magi were no fools, so how would they not have noticed the effects germs and the like could have on research? Even without scientific methods, they could use magic to achieve the same effect.

Within a giant glass container at the heart of the laboratory, a broken sword was soaking in a translucent green liquid. This was the same blade that held the bloodline of the Sun’s child and the Wing of the Sun meditation technique. Numerous transparent air bubbles could be seen arising from the hole-filled dull blade, and only the area with the blood was glowing brightly.

He’d already recorded all the information about the Wing of the sun through his A.I. Chip. The only thing left of value was the blood, which he had yet to extract.

The golden blood was like warm light as it slowly grew on the sword, somehow moving automatically as if breathing.

“As expected of the blood left behind by a rank 6 creature. Even if all its vitality has been lost, a slight simulation from the external world allowed it to regain its instinct...”

Leylin was full of praise. The ancient Sun’s child was at the peak of Breaking Dawn, and was an existence he could only look up to. Just a single drop of blood could multiply, enough to form life.

If it placed its spirit branding inside, an almighty ancient being could definitely revive itself from just a droplet of blood. The bloodline of the Sun’s child was that terrifying!

Of course, confirmed by the appraisal of top-notch masters, the bloodline of the Sun’s child on the blade had long since lost its vitality and was impossible to stimulate. This breathing movement was only an instinctual reaction and not a display of full revival.

If the bloodline of the Sun's child could be made use of, the broken sword would not have been sold off at such a low price. Even if the Azure Mountain King, Zack, had to fall out with Cyril over it, he would definitely use force to keep the bloodline.

However, for Leylin who was an expert in ancient bloodline experiments and had the support of the A.I. Chip, it wasn't an impossible task to stimulate the revival of the bloodline.

He was now gazing at the broken sword in the glass container, a look of satisfaction appearing on his face. "The restoration is coming along quite well! I can begin the second phase..."

He, who had acquired the research data of the Quicksand organisation, had grasped the finest technology of the ancient era. This naturally included many methods to restore bloodlines.

At that point in time, due to his lack of strength, he could not display all his skills. Many of the methods required the coordination of soul force, and Leylin who had only been rank 3 at the time would only be working in vain. Now, however, this was no longer an issue.

"Soul Web!" Threads of black soul force brought with them a simple radiance as they shot out from between Leylin's brows, forming a web-like structure that disappeared into the green solution. Large amounts of fine runes with unknown functions emerged from the thin web.

The soul web seemed to have no effects on the broken sword and went straight through the blade. However, the golden blood seemed to be attracted, gathering onto it.

Minutes later, all the blood on the broken sword had been shifted to the soul web, causing it to turn golden.

Gulu! Gulu! As the last thread of golden luster left the blade, the metal immediately corroded into nothingness in the green solution, leaving no residue behind.

"It was only made of the plainest materials. Only because of the will of the Sun's child had it been preserved for over ten thousand years. The

moment the blood is removed, it instantly reverts to its original form!”

Leylin’s eyes shone, no longer focused on the sword. All his attention was focused on the soul web, as he manipulated the golden web to float over to another large breeding pool.

Countless loach-like long fish poked their heads out of the dim yellow pool, translucent bubbles being spat out from their lips.

These were blood-sucking loaches, and were rarely-seen bloodline creatures. All the reserves of the Ouroboros Clan were stored here.

“Go!” Leylin controlled the soul web until it was atop the pool. Drop by drop, the golden liquid fell, being devoured by countless blood-sucking loaches that were trying to outdo each other.

Water splashed everywhere in the cultivation pool, and Leylin watched the changes in the loaches without blinking.

Golden threads appeared from the stomachs of these blood-sucking loaches. Then, their eyes rolled back and they began floating in the pool.

“The bloodline of a rank 6 creature is too powerful for these loaches...” Leylin shook his head, but did not stop the experiment.



# Chapter 513: Morning Star Magus Tower

Threads of golden radiance emanated from the carcasses of the blood-sucking loaches and were then swallowed by other loaches which had not managed to get the blood the first time. This process was repeated as the loaches died.

Leylin watched on expressionlessly. After three rounds, where the blood-sucking loaches could hold on for longer and not die immediately, the golden bloodline seemed to have become more reserved and guileless.

“Looks like I can continue...” A look of excitement appeared on his face.

As long as this was successful, there was hope to stimulate the revival of the Sun’s child’s bloodline.

“Maintain this process and ensure there are no less than twenty blood-sucking loaches in the cultivation pool,” Leylin ordered the spirit genie.

Leylin knew this would take a long time. After observing for a while longer, he left the laboratory for his castle.

He now had many tasks to direct, and while troublesome it was the best way to exert his authority.

Though the students and families under the Morning Star Warlocks’ care all hoped Leylin would act as soon as possible and rescue their mentors and family leaders, they did not dare exhibit their wishes openly.

They were also extremely afraid of contradicting Leylin, all doing as asked to the best of their abilities. Even when Leylin took all the astral stones in storage, they did not say a word.

It had to be said that these Warlocks knew their place.

Even so, Leylin could not be bothered to bicker with them over trivial matters. Besides, with his current strength still inadequate to deal with Jupiter’s Lightning and Radiant Moon Magi, he needed to save the Dukes first to increase the strength they had on their side.

The issue of when this would happen would depend on him.

This was not just about gaining power in the Ouroboros Clan, but also to avoid the trap set up for them! If three Morning Star Warlocks could disappear, Leylin would not be an issue at all.

Leylin was well aware of this fact, which was why he did not dare make a move until he made sense of the situation.

“Your Grace, there’s a female Magus claiming to be from Azure Mountain City here. Also...”

Faisal bowed, with none of his high spirits from before. Humility had taken that place. Ever since Leylin had exited his secluded cultivation, he had been maintaining this attitude. He’d even been the first to side with Leylin, and Leylin relied on him heavily.

“Also what?” Leylin found the puzzlement on his face laughable.

“She also said... she’s here to help my Lord construct a Magus Tower...” Azure Mountain City used to be the Ouroboros Clan’s enemy. However, they were now coming over trying to get into Leylin’s good books. Faisal had lived for over six hundred years, but even he seldom met with such a situation, which led to his confusion.

“In that case, I don’t need to see her. Help me choose a good location in the headquarters. My Magus Tower shall be erected there!”

This had previously been decided upon with the Azure Mountain King, and he was merely going through with the agreement. Leylin did not pay much heed to these matters and waved his arms, sending Faisal away.

The reason he had not built the Magus Tower at headquarters originally was because he was afraid of being made use of. However, things were different now. He was the one ordering others to work, and nobody would come and bother him. Leylin naturally wanted the Magus Tower to be located in headquarters now.

“What’s wrong?” Leylin asked Faisal who stood in the same spot, eyes full of mixed emotions.

Though these were just a few simple words, Faisal felt cold sweat running down his spine. Leylin was now no longer a Marquis he had

jurisdiction over, but a great elder! He was the highest authority, the commander of the entire Ouroboros Clan, a Morning Star Warlock!

Every one of his titles was like a huge mountain weighing down on Faisal's heart. When all these identities gathered on a person, this person was someone he definitely needed to look up to.

"It's like this. Your Grace. My family, the Dose and Olka families, and the others are all willing to contribute to my Lord's Magus Tower..." Faisal gritted his teeth and spoke in a low voice.

From his perspective, it seemed that Leylin had accepted offerings from outsiders, which was a very dangerous sign. It signified that he had lost all trust in all these traditional, well-known bloodline nobles, which was absolutely unacceptable.

At this thought, he could not help but begin to reproach his own allies. Though saving the elders was extremely important, they could not be so hasty. As expected, it resulted in this terrible result.

Faisal could not help but begin to envy the Blood Serpent Family. As long as Freya was still around, Leylin's relationship with them was secure. There were even rumours that Leylin would have one child inherit the Blood Serpent's Marquis position, which immediately resulted in the envy of multiple bloodline families.

The bloodline of a Morning Star Warlock, and especially that of Leylin, who was unbelievably talented! His bloodline was said to be extremely pure and something many bloodline families did not dare hope to have. However, the Blood Serpent Family had gotten this so easily.

It seemed that in the next few hundred years, the Blood Serpent Family would definitely rise sharply. Of course, it would be under the lead of the Farlier Family.

Thinking this, Faisal could not help but sigh inside while simultaneously beginning to wonder if there were female Warlocks like Freya in his own family.

"Good! Go and discuss with Azure Mountain City!"

Since there were people in a hurry to send him money, Leylin obviously accepted it. With the cooperation of so many families, his Magus Tower would be built more quickly, and its quality could even be raised. Why would he have anything against this?

Watching Faisal fall back so fearfully, Leylin couldn't help but laugh.

"Only trying to mend relationships now?" How could sly old Leylin not know what he was thinking? He never had plans of having anything to do with those families, and this was the situation.

This peaceful life continued for a few months.

In these few months, the Ouroboros Clan's surroundings were calm. He had the few key regions in the Phosphorescence Swamp in his palm, while the allied forces seemed to have some worries. With both sides showing restraint, the region completely regained its peace, and the fires of war seemed to have been put out.

However, only Magi who saw things long-term could see the undercurrents under this calm surface.

In the headquarters of Ouroboros Clan— Warlock City, a giant and awe-inspiring Magus Tower was slowly constructed, full of dignity.

Many high-ranked Warlocks and Magi were all crowded around the tower whose structure had just been completed, and began work on the details.

Every lower-ranked Warlock would bow slightly as they passed by, eyes full of reverence as they glanced at the Magus Tower.

This was the Morning Star Magus Tower, where their pride lies, of the Morning Star Warlock, Leylin Farlier!

"Your Grace! The main body of the Magus Tower has been completed, and it has also been connected with the cores of all the other Magus Tower in the headquarters. It has the highest authority!"

Faisal tried to curry favour as he spoke, while Leylin had his hands behind his back, watching his own Magus Tower with interest.

Compared to the Magus Tower he had constructed himself, the resource consumption of this Morning Star grade one was terrifying. It could be said that the price could not be measured in magic crystals. If not for taking advantage of the huge reserves of the Azure Mountain King, as well as the generous offerings from the old bloodline families, this would not be so successful.

“How much more time will we need?”

Leylin watched the Magi that looked like ants floating at the sides of the Magus Tower, numerous runes flashing in their hands and entering the Magus Tower. He could not help but frown.

There was someone he knew among the ones working on the tower. It was the host who he had seen at Azure Mountain’s auction. However, Leylin had no intentions of going forward to meet the said one.

He now had a different status, and it wasn’t as if there was anything to say even if he went there.

Faisal produced a white handkerchief and wiped his cold sweat before he spoke.

“The main body of the Magus Tower is the easiest part to construct. As long as there are enough materials, work will be completed quickly. However, the embedding of the spell formations, and especially the construction of the energy pools as well as the design of the tower genie needs to be done by you personally. Just the preparation for that will take ten years, and that’s the fastest...”

“As I expected!” The blue rays vanished, and Leylin’s eyes returned to black, seeming warm.

“I will be out for a period of time. Handle the matters at headquarters with Freya and Parker. If there are major issues, the majority decides!”

Though secret imprints could be used for communication, they did not extend to a wide area and could easily be intercepted and listened in on, or even used to determine locations. Hence, Leylin typically did not like using them.

“My Lord, you’re leaving?” Faizal’s eyes widened, and he even forgot to wipe off his sweat.

“Yes. There is a bloodline organisation gathering for the upper class. Lord Paul from before invited me!”

There was nothing to hide, and Leylin admitted this easily. He also had thoughts of exploring the central continent. In the past, he had had too little strength, but after attaining Morning Star power, he could go to many places in the central continent.

“It’s very important to be on good relations with other bloodline Warlocks!” Faisal expressed his approval of this and spoke with some regret, “It’s a pity that we can’t be involved in interactions between Morning Stars, and can’t provide you with any useful information!”

Faisal was merely a student, and him knowing which organisations Ouroboros Clan was on good terms with was already a lot. As for which high-ranked organisations the Morning Star Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan were close to, or who their foes were, and who was only friendly on the surface— all that was a shot in the dark. At this crucial moment, he did not dare give suggestions, and Leylin could only make his own judgments. If not, if anything were to happen, he would not be able to take on the repercussions.

“Don’t worry, I will judge for myself.” Leylin nodded.

# Chapter 514: Phenomenon in a Small Town

The sun slowly sank beneath the horizon, the sky a brilliant blend of red and orange. With twilight looming, the town looked shabby and dilapidated.

At the only inn in the heart of the small town, a boiling cauldron of voices could be heard. The aromas of different wines and barbequed meat mixed with the musky smells of sweat and body odour as it permeated the air.

As the night was chilly, the hotel had long shut its windows and doors. Even the cracks were closed up, thickening the smell inside further.

But the drunk patrons with their flushed puffy faces and the exhausted travellers didn't mind it at all. In such weather, so long as there was a place to keep them warm, allowing them to enjoy some strong wine along with some barbequed meat, they would feel like they were in heaven.

"Master, your meal!" A heavysset kitchen lady efficiently brought forth a few dishes and served a customer. There was only one young man at the table and the kitchen lady only stepped away after stealing a glance at him, blushing with satisfaction.

"A Breaking Dawn Lord! Such a handsome man, he must be a noble lord!"

Leylin couldn't be bothered by the kitchen lady's thoughts. His eyes were fixated on the sumptuous meal set in front of him, yet his mind was wandering elsewhere.

After he'd given the orders, and made the necessary arrangements for the entire Ouroboros Clan, he had begun his own journey.

As he wasn't pressed for time and hadn't had the opportunity to venture far previously, he planned to take his time to explore the vast central continent, which was filled with a fascinating mix of various odd ethnicities and mixed bloodlines who coexisted with other humans. The

geographical landscape was also much more confusing. Coupled with the pollution of the radiation of some high-ranking Magi, it was no wonder that almost every location seemed bizarre and puzzling.

Abandoning the convenience of travelling by his airship, Leylin had to admit that with his current walking pace, to cover the entire central continent, he would have to use at least a century as his unit of measurement!

There were many bizarre scenes along the way. However, as Leylin had already been promoted to the Morning Star realm, his scope of vision was extraordinary. Thus, under the probing of his soul force, the number of scenes that he could not understand were greatly reduced.

His current urge to venture to this small town was to seek out a rumoured marvel.

Leylin's supposed leisurely ventures were not for recreation. He wanted to research these odd phenomena to strengthen his A.I. Chip's analysing capabilities by accumulating more information in its database.

Leylin pondered about his current situation:

[Leylin Farlier, rank 4 Warlock Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent (complete form), Strength: 50, Agility: 45, Vitality: 65, Spiritual Force: 503.7, Magic Power: 503 (magic power in synchronisation with spiritual force) Soul Force: ???]

After advancing to Morning Star, limitations of calculating soul force relatively based on spiritual force data started to surface. As the A.I. Chip lacked the necessary data on soul force, it could not successfully compute the soul force statistics, which somewhat frustrated Leylin.

"Before a Magus reaches rank 4, they depend on their of meditation technique to accumulate spiritual force. However, after rank 4, other aspects of the soul get involved. My Kemoyin's Pupil can't be regarded as an advantage anymore..."

Leylin sighed. His meditation technique was way too low-level, and the information that he had gathered was actually from the Wing of the Sun.



As compared to spiritual force, the training of one's soul force was complicated and profound. Even the Wing of the Sun was not able to completely elaborate on the details, let alone allow the A.I. Chip to reinforced to the highest standards.

As such, Leylin thought of his previous research into spiritual bodies. Through that, he could accumulate statistics and information on the power of souls in an attempt to complete his own database.

After some thought, Leylin couldn't help but scrutinise the two columns at the sides: [Kemoyin's Pupil meditation technique level 5 derivation progress: 6.92%. Soul Force database completion: 26.8%!]

"Ugh... Such a heavy burden with a long way to go..." Leylin smiled wryly to himself.

Aside from the derivation of the meditation technique, the Kemoyin's Pupil had only four levels to begin with. This was the boundary that many Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks failed to break through. Based only on the A.I. Chip's simulations, Leylin ambitiously wanted to challenge the uphill task of compiling his own fifth level with zero resources.

And the collection of the database on souls was even more difficult.

Once the point mass was condensed, one could purify and advance spiritual force into soul force. Looking back, Leylin's past research as an acolyte and a rank 1 Magus was such a joke.

The scientific law of life and death of one's soul was not easily identified. At many times, there would be a theory that ruled the system on one day, yet on the next day, it would become obsolete and be overthrown.

"The rules and regulations of developing one's soul are really deceptive!" Leylin was evidently upset. In fact, the souls that he met were not exactly souls, just some remnants and unwilling fragments of memories that were the result of energy transformation.

Hence, even if that information proved to be of some use, it could only be a reference.

Only after the promotion to Morning Star and acquiring soul force

would he be better equipped to start a further exploration of the soul. And that was what Leylin was striving extremely hard and advancing for.

All in all, the physiques of the humans in the central continent were much stronger than the ones in the south coast and Twilight Zone. Also, with the abundance of energy particles, the probability of dead spirits transforming into souls was greater. Coupled with the mix of radiations of many high-ranked Magi everywhere, this place gave off the feel of a very primitive and complicated place for spirits.

Whenever such an environment surfaced, Leylin would hit the town to collect data.

That was the reason for Leylin's presence here as well. "Every year during hazy winter nights, a 'Spirit Wave' phenomenon occurs at midnight..." he mumbled to himself.

At the same time, he acutely felt many pairs of eyes peeking at him, making him laugh to himself.

Seated alone with a huge spread of delicacies and yet eating none of it, he was attracting the wrong kind of attention.

After some thought, Leylin picked up his cutlery.

The central continent's standard of living had always been higher than that of the other regions. Even a hotel in a small town served food that was considerably more delicious.

Not only did they serve a glass of honeyed wine, they also served white bread and steak. The steak was tenderised with baking soda and a mallet, making it extra tender. Coupled with some honeyed wine, it tasted rich and mellow.

Observing that Leylin had begun to eat his food, the drunk patrons either shot him a glance or cursed him under their breath and thereafter turned their attention away from him.

A faint light glowed from the depths of his pupils.

Even at this small hotel, there were some Magi present! It seemed like

they had been attracted by the same Spirit Wave phenomenon.

With a sweep of his soul force, he was able to immediately identify a few black shadows in the corner. A pair of grandfather and grandson seated next to the counter also caught his attention.

“Hmm! A few rank 2 Magi, and another rank 3 Vapour Phase, not bad!”

As a Morning Star Magus, Leylin was now qualified to scan these Magi. And because he was able to restrain the energy undulations on his body to its point mass, Leylin was regarded by those present at the hotel as an ordinary Knight in training that had happened to set foot in this town. No other oddities were detected.

The pair of grandfather and grandson caught Leylin’s attention the most. After all, for a rank 3 Vapour Phase Magus to bring along his grandson for such an outing, there must be something important.

And if it was indeed related to the Spirit Wave, Leylin was even more interested in finding out about it.

The grandson tagging along with the elderly Magus looked to be about thirteen or fourteen years old. With a pair of wine-red eyes and golden blonde hair, he was very adorable. Judging by the freckles on his face and energy in his darting eyes, it was clear he seldom ventured outdoors.

‘All these Magi can’t be here just to view the phenomenon right?’ Leylin stroked his chin. Although the Spirit Wave was a magnificent sight, he was sure there were no other benefits. With the exception of idle individuals like Leylin, who came specially to collect data and check the Spirit Wave out, the number of Magi who came forth had greatly reduced in recent times, and highly-ranked ones like this old man were a rare sight.

“Hehe.... Spirit Wave is about to begin, I am going to strike it rich this time!”

“Mmm! That’s right, I have been waiting for this!”

Wearing shabby clothing, the drunk patrons were yelling at the top of their voices. Some of them were adventurers, some were mercenaries. Others were gold panners and such. They had all gathered to try their

luck.

Although the Spirit Wave had no huge instrumental use for the Magi, it was still considered a gold mine for the commoners.

And along with the huge amount of rubbish and remnants left after every Spirit Wave, there was bound to be some good stuff. If one could find it, they might very well have a windfall.

This was one of the reasons why the small town was still in existence.

Otherwise, although the Spirit Wave posed no threat, the commoners would have found it difficult to be neighbours with a mass of spirits. Other than Magi, no other would have such courage.

The oppressive, loud chiming of a copper clock rang. Many of the tourists were jolted awake. Even those blurry-eyed drunkards were nudged awake by their companions.

“The midnight bell has tolled!” “The midnight bell has tolled!”

Many adventurers called out in excitement as they started to wipe and polish their weapons.

These weapons had no effect on the spirits and were also not meant for dealing with them. In the face of such enormous treasure, the ones they had to be wary of would be one another instead!

“Let’s go!” The old Magus picked up a napkin to wipe his hand. His movements were elegant and relaxed, evidently having undergone training. On the other hand, the young grandson was still rather stiff.

Leylin followed the crowd and stepped foot outside the hotel.

At this moment, a full moon hung in the middle of the sky. A thin layer of fog surrounded it and blurred the moonlight, forming a silvery-white halo.

The chilly wind whistled. The northern air in the night was known to be bone-chilling. Gushes of white vapour could be seen emerging from the adventurers’ noses and mouths as they breathed.

Many doors in the small town suddenly slammed open and a crowd

started pouring in.

A majority of the crowd were well-built men. Some of them looked ferocious while others were old with multiple scars on them. They were carrying baskets or knapsacks, weapons in hand. In short, they were all well-equipped, one way or another.

# Chapter 515: The Tomb

The residents of the small town were evidently prepared to join the army of scrap collectors. This might also have been the reason why they decided to live here, or their aim in being here.

At the same time, they were very unfriendly towards the foreigners who stayed in the inn, casting grave and stern looks at them from time to time, clearly treating them as prey.

As compared to the residents, who were great in number, the adventurers and mercenaries were outnumbered and divided. They gathered together, and couldn't help but grip tightly onto the cleavers and swords they held.

Although they knew that the others did not harbour good intentions, these people who they could consider 'one of their own' made them feel more at ease in comparison to the sea of residents outside.

It was fortunate that although the two groups of people both shot glares at one another, they didn't land themselves in a more heated conflict before the Spirit Wave could begin.

At this moment, a bizarre energy wave spread across the town, sending chills down everyone's spine.

As for Leylin and the other Magi, the feeling was more distinct.

"It's beginning..." Leylin gazed at the haloed moon in the sky.

According to the A.I. Chip's readings, the intensity of a type of dark and cold energy waves was rapidly rising. So much that the region around the small town seemed to be enveloped in what seemed like a domain barrier.

'The Morning Star realm? No! Its intrinsic qualities slightly fall short, it can only be a force field belonging to rank 3 Magi at most!' The appearance of such a barrier made Leylin's pupils contract, but he relaxed soon after.

"It's... It's appearing..." At this moment, a voice sounded, trembling either due to dread or excitement.

Leylin followed the crowd. Numerous rays of light that resembled shooting stars converged into a long, glittering river, flowing slowly from the perimeter of the small town.

Brilliant rays with resplendent streaks splashed across the horizon. Leylin's eyesight allowed him to see the items in the rays of light clearly.

A single yellow leather shoe flew past, with tiny white wings on each side. The shoelaces were left on the side in a mess, yet the tip of the shoe was polished and shiny.

Behind the leather shoe was a black walking stick, likely processed directly from some sort of vine. Similarly, it was flying with the wings below its handle.

"What... Is this thing..." Leylin's looked baffled.

Soon after, he also saw a rag doll, a shabby table and chair, and other items fly past, such as the kind of flower vases that were usually placed on counters.

"Is this a gathering of dilapidated commodities?" He was speechless, but still commanded the A.I. Chip to record this scene and monitor the energy waves.

After the junk flowed away along the river, Leylin could no longer bring himself to laugh.

Right behind the flow of light, a faintly discernible white line gradually drew nearer.

When it came closer, he could see numerous unfeeling faces. They had long, jet black hair, and were clothed entirely in white, slowly walking over along the ray of light... Perhaps walking would be an inaccurate description, because a cloud of mist hung under their feet. Their entire beings seemed to drift forward continuously while suspended in mid-air.

Although the adventurers and mercenaries next to Leylin had long heard about such a phenomenon, their legs still trembled with fear. They couldn't even keep their jaws shut, and the sounds of teeth chattering could be heard as they shuddered.

In comparison to those people, the residents of this town ought to have gone through this before, and had experience. Although their faces were also deathly pale, they could still compose themselves, and were not humiliated.

The densely-packed silhouettes converged to form an enormous tide, which surged up violently next to the small town.

Leylin stood at the side, solemn, as his A.I. Chip frantically recorded the data. "There are so many spirits. Perhaps something major once happened in the vicinity, and it might be related to high energy radiation..."

In actual fact, many of the strange sightings observed across the entire central continent were caused by battles between high-ranking Magi or contamination by radiation. Such phenomena usually did not die out even after thousands upon thousands of years, and instead expanded outward unceasingly, vying over territory with the humans who lived there.

Hence, the prevention and cure of such contamination was a hot research topic for many of the large forces.

Numerous white phantoms squirmed towards a particular direction unhurriedly. Among them were males and females, children and the elderly, yet they were all expressionless. Their hair was let down, and covered their pupils.

Such an odd phenomenon made even Leylin's scalp tingle.

Souls have always been seen as something highly bizarre and idealistic. In his quest for more knowledge, he had no choice but to carry on.

"Huh?" At this moment, the grandfather and grandson he had been observing with his soul force suddenly made a move.

Upon seeing the wave of numerous spirits, the elderly Magus seemed excited, and fished out a yellowing notebook. He appeared to be making comparisons, and even left the town secretly.

On the other hand, the other rank 2 Magi exchanged looks, then went to their separate corners and took out various materials from their robes to display on themselves.



“They are likely trying to use the power of the Spirit Wave to alchemize the magic items that are coming through!”

Leylin’s alchemic skills were high enough for him to be a grandmaster. With merely a slight glance, he immediately found a clue. Feeling that it was beneath him, he snorted coldly and didn’t bother about it.

He thought of leaving a phantom at where he was, while he himself would slip into the cracks of darkness so that he could follow the grandfather and grandson out.

In the notebook that the grandfather had taken out earlier, Leylin had seen something incredible.

“If that’s really the case, it will be interesting!” A brilliant light flashed in Leylin’s eyes.

“Grandfather... Are we... Really going to be around these spirits?” The grandson was only a cowardly acolyte. Seeing the translucent spirits, he tugged the elderly Magus’ sleeve in fear, his face pale.

“These spirits are of the lowest level, and aren’t likely to attack, what’s there to be afraid of?” The old Magus reproached, seemingly feeling a little helpless.

Although his grandson had pretty decent innate skills, he didn’t have much courage to speak of.

“But... We’re about to integrate into the sea of spirits directly! Once they discover that something’s not right, they’ll definitely rip us into pieces!” The old man’s reassurance did not calm the young boy down, but instead made him more fearful.

“If we don’t integrate into the spirit channel, how will we get to the tomb and obtain ‘that’?” An unyielding look was written across the old man’s face. He grabbed his grandson’s arm, then took out a few scrolls and ripped them apart.

Buzz! Upon ripping open the black scrolls, the pair was enveloped in a dull white glow.

After the radiance dispersed, both of their figures started to become ghost-like, and they even emitted energy waves similar to those of spirits.

The hostile glares that the spirits had been shooting at the pair also vanished immediately.

“Done!” The elderly Magus, who was becoming translucent, patted his chest. “This is a spell that has been passed down our family for generations, which can make these spirits temporarily view us as their kind...”

Seeing this, the boy was finally at ease, and squeezed into the stream of spirits together with the old man.

“What an intriguing spell!” A ray of light flashed in the air, and Leylin’s silhouette appeared, “It’s unlike the traditional spells from the central continent, and instead has a style reminiscent of the astral plane!”

Although the spirits were rich in number, most of them were of very low rank. They were absolutely incapable of detecting any flaw if a Morning Star Magus chose to conceal himself deliberately.

It was only until Leylin integrated into the Spirit Wave that he finally felt different.

“Space! It’s the power of space! No wonder that guy called this place a spiritual channel!” Leylin muttered under his breath. And he realised the path that the spirits were taking was oddly isolated from the rest of the central continent, forming a special channel.

Here, even if something was visible to the naked eye, it might actually be as far as hundreds of thousands of kilometers away.

If one could grasp the rules of this channel, they would be able to use it to do things that many Magi would think unimaginable.

The old man ahead seemed very familiar with this place, and dragged the young boy along, advancing quickly. A blue light twinkled in Leylin’s eyes as he followed them closely.

“He’s using the spirit channel to hide something! I’m sure he must have

been a Morning Star before his death!”

The further they went down the path, the more serious Leylin became. There were many dangers here that even he would be unable to ignore. If not for the fact that there was someone leading the way in front, he could not be sure if he would make his way through successfully.

There were fewer spirits lingering around at the back of the wave. A silver ray of light had appeared on the ground, and the old man was walking on it together with his grandson.

The minutes ticked by, and when they finally arrived at a particular site, ecstasy spread across the old man’s face. “Found it!”

Leylin’s footsteps came to a halt. The elderly Magus in front of him was standing under a huge butternut tree. The enormous forks in the branches formed an eerie symbol with three heads.

Upon seeing this tree, which seemed like some sort of landmark, the old man choked up in agitation, even shedding a few tears, “We’ve finally found it! The ancestral tomb!”

“Right here?” The young boy looked at the forked and ostensibly demonic branches, as the silver moon shone with an oddly nefarious glow, making him shrivel in cowardice.

“Yes, right here!” The old man was so excited that he nearly broke into a dance. “Our family’s cemetery is almost always hidden in the spatial rifts. Only when the Spirit Wave hits once every hundred years can we pass through the spirit channel to get here...”

A blazing radiance lit up in his eyes. “In the tomb lies the meditation techniques and magical equipment belonging to our ancestor. Just these items are sufficient to revive our family...”

“If that’s the case... Why didn’t our ancestors just leave this behind?” The young boy asked doubtfully.

“I’m not too sure myself. Anyway, this tomb is our family treasure, that’s for sure!” The old man seemed a little baffled himself, but it would soon be replaced by an even greater madness.

# Chapter 516: Gargoyle

“All my efforts in coming here are for your sake.” The old man watched his grandson lovingly.

“You have the best talent in our family. As long as you have a high-grade meditation technique and magic artifact, advancing to rank 2 and rank 3 will definitely not be an issue. You even have hope of reaching Morning Star!”

The old man was so emotional that he trembled, on the verge of spitting froth.

This immediately caused Leylin, who was hidden, to roll his eyes. He was the most qualified to talk about the difficulty of reaching Morning Star, and this old man was just spouting nonsense.

If one could reach Morning Star with just better talent and a high-grade meditation technique, the continent would not have so many Crystal Phase Magi who had lived out their lives without being able to advance.

However, Leylin did not think them completely wrong. The many planes were so vast, and if their ancestor really had some method of reaching the Morning Star realm unimpeded, it could very well be possible.

“But...” The young grandson seemed to hesitate, seemingly not believing in this judgement. If not for the tomb of his ancestor, and his blood-related grandfather bringing him here, he might even have had plans of leaving.

“Awakening the ancestor’s spirit and honour with my blood and heading towards the door of success, with hell as the final destination...”

The old man took a silver-white dagger and sliced his wrist, dripping the blood on the roots. He continuously chanted something, as if conducting a solemn ceremony.

With the blood spreading everywhere, coupled with the eerie surroundings, the young boy shrunk back.

“Grandpa, look!” All of a sudden, his pupils shrunk and he tugged at the

old man's sleeves while beginning to yell.

Following his gaze, the blood on the tree roots had been absorbed by the soil and roots quickly. It was as if water had been sprinkled on a sponge.

"This is a defensive mechanism that our family set up. Only the blood of the descendants, coupled with the correct chants, can open it..."

The old man spoke slowly. However, Leylin's eyes lit up with suspicion, "A bloodline lock. A bloodline lock again! Could they be a Warlock family? They don't have any Warlock undulations on them though..."

Huala! After absorbing the old man's blood, the giant walnut tree's messy arrangement of branches began to tremble, and the trunk turned a bloody red.

Ka-cha! All of a sudden, the middle of the trunk cracked apart to form a hole, and a passageway that led downwards could be seen.

"Follow me!" The old man walked ahead, and the young grandson followed closely behind, hands tugging tightly on the old man's sleeves. He appeared terrified.

Leylin bowed his head in thought for a moment, but eventually followed behind them.

The passage was short, and in no time they reached a tomb.

The old man lit an oil lamp in the middle, and under the dim light the tomb presented itself to Leylin.

This underground room was very small. There were two gargoyles at two ends, seemingly standing guard over the place.

Between the two gargoyle guards, a stone coffin appeared before them, with sealing runes on the surface.

The young man's teeth began to chatter as he pulled at his grandpa's sleeves tightly, "This-There's nothing here at all. Let's leave as soon as possible. I have a bad feeling about this..."

"What are you afraid of?" The old man flung his sleeve in annoyance, and a stream of air began to flow. The light breeze blew over the lights

and darkened the tomb.

“Look closely!” The old man’s voice was hoarse and full of emotion that he could not conceal, “I lit the lamp just so you could see this...”

The young man could not help but widen his eyes, his pupils enlarging as well. Through the dark yellow flames, he could see a great number of coloured murals on the walls of the tomb. Through the murals, he could see the process of a Magus acolyte struggling ahead, from rank 1 to rank 3.

After that, there was a legendary battle. The Magus in the mural, who was also the owner of the tomb, seemed to have obtained something in the battle and reached Morning Star.

The young man’s eyes widened. However, other than a scaly monster with multiple eyes and arms battling his ancestor, he recognised nothing else.

“This is the most brilliant piece of our ancestor’s history. It only appears when this oil lamp is lit...”

The old man’s voice showed his pride, “If it’s an outsider who doesn’t know this mechanism, they will be attacked!”

Leylin had hidden in a crevice in the shadows. He was surprised by the mural on the wall. The monster that had eventually been killed was one he had seen before, on another mural. “We meet again, Beelzebub. Or should I say the Sovereign King of Gluttony?”

Leylin’s voice was light but resolute.

In ancient times, a clone of the Sovereign King of Gluttony descended upon the Magus world, causing large numbers of casualties. It was eventually killed, body split into countless pieces.

One of the pieces fell into the hands of the Quicksand organisation, becoming the cause of the Parble Family’s tragedy after Robin obtained it.

It seemed like the owner of the tomb had once been a participant in that great war, and had been extremely fortunate to obtain a gluttony imprint.

‘Then it’s obvious how this fellow advanced to Morning Star after

victory,' Leylin touched his chin, "With the power of gluttony, spurring on one's spiritual force to break through and reach the Morning Star realm is quite possible!"

He already had an imprint like this in his hands, and had even been prepared to use it to advance to the Morning Star realm. However, he had already made ample preparations and ended up not needing external support. Leylin had no wish to be connected to Beelzebub anyway.

This was someone who was probably at or above rank 7! Just a finger would be enough to crush the current Leylin. It was obvious why he would not want to have any connection with him. Even if something related to Beelzebub fell at his feet, Leylin would want nothing to do with it.

"Based on the records of the ancestor, his meditation technique, as well as the treasure that can help one break through, are all within the coffin, accompanying his long sleep..."

The elderly Magus' eyes shot out a piercing glare as he ambled forward slowly, arriving in front of the coffin.

A mechanism was activated, creaking sounds coming out as a red light shot out of the two gargoyle's eyes. They shrugged off their stone skin and pounced towards the old Magus.

Weng! A golden membrane suddenly rose on the Magus' body, separating the sharp claws of the gargoyles from his person.

A look of disbelief appeared on the old Magus' face, "I am his descendant and came with directions. Why am I being attacked?"

Creak! The gargoyles would not answer him. The two immediately let out piercing sound waves, and as the berserk waves swept through the acolyte immediately fainted.

"Blu!" The old man's eyes turned red, hands morphing into beast talons.

Ka-cha! He grabbed hold of one gargoyle and viciously ripped it into two. Great amounts of soil and rocks flew everywhere, and the other stood very still, the light on its body reserved. It began to emanate a violent energy.

“Want to self-destruct?” Light burst out of the old Magus’ eyes as he charged to the front. A thick layer of light, alike to the kind emitted by a Spear Spell, covered his sharp claws.

Pu! A single claw swept forward, and went through the gargoyle’s body like a knife through hot butter. With a twist of his hand, a giant mechanical heart was gouged out.

After losing its power core, the aura on the gargoyle crackled and disappeared, leaving it dead.

“Blu, Blu! Wake up!” The old man undid the transformation of his hands, and a green radiance that was full of vitality wrapped around the young boy.

Minutes later, the young boy came to, looking dazed.

“This is probably not the ancestor’s tomb, but a place sealing some terrifying thing. If not, why would this sort of guard be around?” The first thing the young man did after waking up was warn his grandfather.

“I’m not willing to leave just like this!” The old Magus’ eyes turned red, and he looked stubborn, “Perhaps, those two protectors were a test by the ancestor, or a joke on the younger generation...”

Even so, even he himself could not believe his words.

However, his perseverance and the cry in his heart were urging him to open the coffin and obtain the things within.

“I’ll take just one look, I promise! Then we’ll seal this place and leave immediately!” The old man’s eyes were distant as he approached and pushed the cover of the stone coffin away, revealing the items within.

“Hm?!” Leylin, who had been watching at the side, suddenly had a change of expression.

What was inside the giant coffin was indeed the remains of a Magus. His body was rather thin, but his hair and eyebrows were still present. He looked lifelike, and the imposing aura of a Morning Star emanated from his body.



Though his eyes were tightly closed, his features were extremely sharp, with a steadfast resolution and strength. His hands were folded before his chest as if holding something.

With Leylin's eyes, he was able to see a stone rune without any trouble. Though it was different from what he had, this was definitely a true gluttony imprint!

"I told you there's a treasure!" The old Magus was in a bad situation. He looked dazed, as if he was being controlled by something. He went forward, hands reaching for the rune.

"Grandpa!" Just as his fingers were about to touch the rune, the young boy's cries pulled him back.

"What's going on? Why am I here?" The old man was bewildered, but immediately after, a stranger situation occurred.

With wailing that sounded like hell reappearing, multiple black shadow fingers appeared within the tomb, threads of black gas being dispelled from the old man's bosom.

# Chapter 517: Killing The Clone's Projection

“Why is the temperature rising at this rate?” The old man swiftly took out the black notebook from his chest. Not only was the notebook heating up, traces of black currents swirled around it.

Buzz! With a sudden spike in the book's temperature, the old man scrunched his face up in pain as he subconsciously tossed it from his hand.

A big patch of the old man's hand was scalded from the momentary contact. White blisters started forming on its surface.

Even with a Magus' physique and the protection of his innate spell, he was still injured this way!

Woo woo...

“The almighty Beelzebub, you are the king of hell, the darling of the original sins, with the control over gluttony. The desires for all cuisine lies in your hand....”

The phantom became more intense as the chants and songs of praises filled the entire tomb area.

Leylin had seen such situations in the past, hence he immediately became vigilant. As for the old man and his grandson, they huddled together in a corner with looks of regret on their faces.

A black ray of light swept out from the notebook, and like a remnant of an illusion seeped into the stone rune on the coffin.

After the flow of light had dissipated, as if it had completed its mission, the notebook burned to ashes in front of their eyes.

Colourful light flowed out of the stone rune, and traces of this light started connecting with the Morning Star corpse.

Like lightning, the ray scanned through the tomb as the Morning Star corpse opened his eyes and once again descended upon this world!

“I... I... Am I Ezekiel? Or Gordius?”

“No! I am Beelzebub! Sovereign King of gluttony, Beelzebub!”

The Magus' eyes looked lost in the beginning, but they soon glowed brightly. His Morning Star domain had apparently descended, and both grandfather and grandson fell to the ground.

“Morning Star! It's our Morning Star ancestor!” By now, the corpse was sitting partially upright. The old man was ecstatic and was about to speak when a flash of ruthless light sparked from the corpse's face.

A ray of crimson red flashed across the old Magus and he disappeared immediately without a trace.

“Mmm! A pretty good supplement! And it appears to be a direct descendant of the corpse too!” The red glow in the Morning Star Magus' eyes intensified. He stroked his belly and darted his eyes towards the young teenager.

“Ah...” The scene a moment ago left the young teen on the verge of collapsing. He opened his mouth and attempted to speak, but could only murmur some incoherent words as his body froze up and stiffened.

The gaze from the Morning Star Magus did not linger for long on the young teen, as it swept its line of sight behind him instead.

“Eh....” Following an indistinct sigh, Leylin's silhouette emerged from the crevice.

“Morning Star Magus?! You're the kid from before!” The words spoken by the corpse in the coffin were filled with much astonishment, and a lot of deep seated hatred.

“That's right! It's me! I'm a projected clone of Beelzebub!” Leylin admitted his identity magnanimously.

With the opposite party's gluttony imprint on him, Leylin couldn't deny the facts. And by now, he should have been able to discern all that had happened anyway.

During ancient times, Beelzebub's clone died and the remains had

transformed itself to become a huge rune of gluttony, and thereafter he attempted to invade the different coordinates of the world of Magi.

Magi who attained the gluttony rune would have been tainted by the sin of gluttony, and hence have their appetites awakened. They would also get the ability to advance beyond their realms, and additionally with the power of gluttony in their body, they became potential host bodies for Beelzebub himself!

The Magus buried here was lucky to have obtained a remnant. And after his own Morning Star breakthrough, he seemed to have noticed something amiss and hence sealed himself in and isolated himself from the probe of Beelzebub.

Unfortunately, the notebook that he regularly carried around had been tainted over a long period of time, and it was even entrusted with by of spirit fragments.

After a very long time, his grandchild, bewitched by the notebook, had come forth to open the coffin and release the clone.

“Unexpectedly, you have advanced to Morning Star!”

The Magus possessed by Beelzebub looked extremely imposing. Every single move was filled with an imposing aura, and behind him the image of a huge demon appeared that vaguely resembled the king of hell.

“How do you intend to compensate for my previous losses?” It was odd that this clone did not pursue the matter further, and instead hinted at settling it.

Leylin looked even more baffled as he stepped up to the clone. He looked it right in the eye, “Do you take me for a fool?”

Once the words were spoken, the clone immediately changed colour. Leylin continued, “As you are now, you aren’t even a clone, but just a fragment of a spirit with some power of projection! Besides, this Morning Star Magus corpse’s point mass has followed its spirit and returned to the astral plane. While this high-quality body has been contaminated by the power of gluttony, with your current reliance on this Morning Star body,

how much strength can you exhibit?”

Buzz! As the darkness loomed in, the earth looked like it had been isolated them from the outside world. Silver radiance filled the whole sky, and the stars scattered all around.

A real Morning Star domain had descended! Once the clone's domain came into contact with Leylin's it immediately shattered.

Witnessing the outcome, the expression on the clone was hideous while Leylin heaved a sigh of relief.

His previous prediction had been accurate indeed.

Of course, he could have stopped the old man, but he wouldn't have been able to deal with the Magus inside. Allowing both dangers to happen simultaneously and dealing with both issues at once was Leylin's preferred style.

After all, he did incur some hatred from the Sovereign King some time ago, and he naturally couldn't let the matter rest and allow the opposite party to develop their plans.

Even though this was just a projection of a clone, it wasn't wise to ignore him. He could have gone out to replenish himself well, and someday might even become an uncontrollable threat!

Leylin definitely wouldn't want that to happen, yet letting it go was also not an option. The best course of action then would be to destroy him completely when he was at his weakest.

“You.....” Beelzebub's clone was a mess, with strands of hair standing on end, exhibiting his extreme anger.

“Goodbye!” Disregarding his opponent's rage, Leylin waved his hand. Terrifying energy condensed into his palm, forming a red flame that then morphed into a huge blazing serpent that coiled around him.

Under the terrifyingly high temperature, the original stone coffin immediately turned to ashes. Leylin eyed the blaze indifferently.

A black radiance appeared, gradually glowing as it sucked in all the fiery

blaze. After the fire died out, Beelzebub could be seen opening his mouth wide and swallowing the flames.

What was even more bizarre was that after swallowing them, his aura seemed to have grown stronger.

“Devouring capability! Your understanding of the power of gluttony has reached the level of laws!” Leylin clapped without flinching. Based on the power of the opposite party’s body, attaining this level was no big deal.

“It’s a pity, though. Your foundation is too weak. How much more energy can you absorb?” Leylin’s words angered Beelzebub so much that his face contorted in rage.

Any absorption of power would have a limit to it. And since the opposite party had no mass point belonging to the Morning Star, there was an obvious upper bound to it. Leylin focused on this point and attacked him mercilessly.

It was advantageous that the opposite party was currently weak. It wasn’t likely that Leylin would have such opportunities in the future.

Boom! A torrential blaze, like a huge wave, swallowed Beelzebub. He became unsure, not daring to swallow any more. Uncountable black tentacles appeared on his body, wrapping him up.

Upon contact with the scarlet red flame, the black tentacles immediately started dissolving. Counteracting each other, the attacks from both sides gradually weakened.

“Ivory Devourer!”

Ferocious black teeth, that seemed to have melted in the void, surrounded Leylin. Yet, it was blocked by a red shield that had Giant Kemoyin Serpents carved on it.

“Indeed, how many more attacks can you sustain?”

The huge black teeth grazed across the surface of the shield, leaving deep grooves and creating big sparks. At this moment, Leylin’s looked like he had a plan in mind.

“You...” Bundled within the black tentacles, Beelzebub could only blurt out a single word and was soon enveloped by the fiery red blaze.....

“This..... What is happening?”

The teen lying on the ground looked up and saw what looked like the aftermath of a big battle. At long last, the Magus with a head of black hair appeared and stood among the stars in the sky. He looked like a God descending onto the earth, moving the fiery red blaze to swallow up the strange creature in the coffin.

A long time later, the shimmering stars started to dim, and the black hair Magus came before the teen. His face looked tired but was filled with delight.

“Your name is Blu?” Securing the other gluttony imprint well, Leylin smiled.

Leylin obviously would not want to keep the consciousness of the opposite party. To deal with a rank 7 and above, one could be drowned in their layers of crafty schemes. Unwittingly, the radiation contamination would have become a handful, similar to the example of the old Magus and his ancestor.

However, these gluttony imprints were very much worth researching. And the laws themselves were of much importance!

The power of laws! It was like a door separating rank 6 and rank 7. Only after attaining the necessary power of laws could one be promoted to the Breaking Dawn realm and above. As such, Leylin showed no traces of politeness and kept the gluttony imprint to study thoroughly later.

Although at the present moment, his rank was considerably low, he would definitely come into contact with it in the near future.

“Yes, Master. I am Blu!”

The young Blu bowed respectfully to the Morning Star Magus. It was the kind of respect that the whole central continent would give to one!

# Chapter 518: Creevey City

Violent winds howled as a huge airship broke through the airflow and cruised through at supersonic speed.

In a comfortable cabin, Leylin gazed at the copious amounts of books that he had, satisfied.

On this trip to the town, not only had he managed to record the Spirit Wave data, he had also ended Beelzebub's conspiracy, and got rid of that hazard. He even got hold of a gluttony imprint! It could be said that he had reaped huge rewards.

He even obtained the research notes and experimental data from the acolyte, Blu. Those used to belong to Blu's Morning Star ancestor.

In return, a few spiritual force potions were sufficient to make the other party shed tears of gratitude.

The research and insights of that Morning Star Magus inspired Leylin greatly.

As he hurried off, Leylin did not forget to command the A.I. Chip to record all of this information and enrich his database.

After settling the matters regarding the Spirit Wave and Beelzebub, Leylin boarded the private airship gifted by the Fallor Family— the Colossal Serpent. It was about time for the appointment he had arranged previously, thus he decided to abandon his more leisurely mode of transport.

As it was an airship custom-made for a Morning Star Magus, the Colossal Serpent had a comprehensive list of functions. The slightest tremor would not be felt even if it were to be caught in a thunderstorm. At the same time, all the flight paths and supply points across the central continent were open to the Colossal Serpent, and provided free maintenance services. This caused Leylin to be more impressed by the Fallor Family.

Of course, this might also have been the actual intention of the Fallor



Family and the Monarch of the Skies.

Even though it was an industry under the control of a Breaking Dawn Magus, it still dominated the air freight business across the entirety of the central continent, and had to spend their money somewhere else.

As compared to trading in various aspects, this amount spent on currying favour with a Morning Star Magus was nothing.

The Colossal Serpent travelled at high speeds. At full speed, it only took Leylin less than half a month to arrive at his destination— Creevey Highlands!

This area was jointly protected by numerous Bloodline organisations, and was equivalent to a meeting point that was specially open to all Warlocks. It housed many hybrid races, Warlocks and those whose bloodlines had been contaminated.

Rumour had it that as long as one had the bloodline of a Warlock, or had any associations with bloodlines, they would be taken good care of here.

Thus, in the central continent where the Magi oppressed numerous races and the humans thrived, Creevey Highlands was like a paradise for those of the other races and mixed bloods who were cast out by both sides.

A private exchange would be held between Morning Star Warlocks in Creevey City, the biggest city in the heart of Creevey Highlands.

Paul and Philip had also tried their best to invite Leylin here to interact more with the other high-ranking Warlocks. This, of course, was naturally what he wanted, and he'd immediately agreed.

As he didn't want to attract too much attention, Leylin did not head towards the airship berth next to Creevey City, and instead, landed in the countryside. He put the Colossal Serpent aside and proceeded to Creevey City by foot.

The road was bustling with activity—carriages, gold-smelted vehicles, enchanted flying carpets and other means of transport. Numerous Magi from all walks of life formed a vast stream of people who came and left

through the main gate.

There was a characteristic that most of these Magi shared, and that was the immense saturation of their bloodline aura. Regardless of whether they were Warlocks or people from other races, or even those whose bloodlines were contaminated, none of them were discriminated against like they would have been in the outside world.

Upon passing through the city gates, Leylin intentionally scanned the guard at the side.

He was of a humanoid race, and stood at two metres tall. He had a long dog-like nose and ears, but otherwise, the rest of his body apart from his head was similar to a normal human being's, just with more fur.

'A Canine Militant?!' Leylin immediately thought of the Kobold's close relative. While the Kobold was rumoured to share the same lineage as the ancient giant dragon, the Canine Militant was certainly a species of bestial humans. However, the people of the central continent widely classified them as close relatives, or even considered them as belonging to the same race as Kobolds.

Having purified the bloodline of the ancient red dragon before, Leylin understood clearly that the Kobold really did share the same lineage as the dragon race! Yet he didn't feel any dragon bloodline aura exuding from these Canine Militants at all, not even the slightest bit.

'If I write a paper with this as the thesis, perhaps my name will be made known across the entire continent, although it won't bring me any benefits...'

Leylin's mind wandered off, but he immediately trashed this idea that would only bring him endless trouble.

"However, the average strength of these Canine Militants is actually similar to that of the Kobolds. On top of that, they share similar appearances, no wonder the people of the central continent confuse the two!"

Sensing that these Canine Militants had the average strength of a rank 1

Magus, Leylin couldn't help but regard highly the strength of the Warlocks in control of this city.

Individually, they had outstanding levels of strength, and furthermore, they possessed remarkable tracking and scouting abilities. Just these Canine Militant guards alone were enough to intimidate unlawful people who were waiting for a chance to cause chaos.

"Welcome to Creevey City! This is a Warlock city, please abide by the bloodline rules and respect the other races. Please choose the district you wish to proceed towards from the following: Lava Terrains, Great Woods, Heart of the Ocean, Tomb of Darkness, Central Core..."

Upon entering the city, a prompt sounded in Leylin's ear. Five huge teleportation formations surfaced in front of him, taking in large amounts of people as rays of light flashed periodically.

The entirety of Creevey City had been divided into five major districts, according to the four creational elements: earth, fire, wind and water. They were split according to the concentration of the elemental particles.

Among them, the Lava Terrains was a blazing district made up of a large amount of magma and soil. The concentration of its earth and fire elemental particles was almost at its maximum.

The Great Woods was actually a humongous ancient tree. All sorts of Magus buildings were constructed on its leaves, where many Magi lived. The wind and plant elemental particles were the highest here.

The Heart of the Ocean was a gigantic building complex that floated on water, surrounded by vast seas and sandy beaches, exuding strong tropical vibes.

As for the Tomb of Darkness, it was where the darkness elemental particles were present in the highest concentration, and was also the place where one's aura was the most suppressed. As there were many Warlocks who chose darkness, this location still occupied a firm spot in the city.

If one looked from a bird's eye view, he would be able to see that the entire city had a golden central district at its core, the rest of the town

being equally divided into four parts.

The azure blue sea, the fiery red magma, the lush green of the giant tree, and the darkness with all things wilting; these four districts each presented rich colours, yet were distinctly separate. Dazzling and uniformly distributed, none of the colours bled into the other.

The central district at the heart of it all was naturally the place where the interaction between these four districts took place, and also where the public facilities were located.

Here, the enormous yet complicated geographical landscapes were forcibly mashed together by the power of the Magi, forming a marvel that was a rare sight in nature.

‘In order to balance such a huge wave of elemental particles, and maintain the stability of the environment...’ A blue glow flickered continuously in Leylin’s eyes.

‘At the very least, it requires setting up a gigantic spell formation under the entire city. The sheer number of magic crystals spent on just operating and maintaining it alone would amount to an astronomical figure...’

Leylin gained a deeper understanding of the strength of these high-ranking Warlocks.

Glancing at the people around him choosing which district to be teleported to, Leylin tilted his head in thought. He decided not to head towards the central core and the Tomb of Darkness, but instead walked into a turquoise teleportation spell formation, being transported to the Great Woods along with other Magi.

Rays of light flashed, indicative of the teleportation process. Leylin no longer felt uncomfortable when experiencing spatial changes during such a short journey. After all, his current body was now able to withstand teleportation across different planes through the Astral Gate; this was like peanuts to him.

While the other Magi were still feeling giddy from the residual effects of teleportation, Leylin had already walked out with both hands behind his

back, and started sizing up the Great Woods.

The place they had been transported to was evidently a crossroad. When Leylin arrived outside the teleportation spell formation, the first sights he saw were the humongous leaves and numerous Magi structures.

He walked to the edge of the path before realising that the wide road he was walking on was actually just a twig of the giant tree. Sunlight shone through the gaps between the leaves, casting mottled shadows on the earth.

As the crown of the tree was too large, the rays of light were very dim. One could see the glow of numerous Eternal Light spells and eternal flames in front of the Magus structures.

“Whew...” The Great Woods could just be the highest place in the whole of Creevey City. Perched on the giant tree, one had a panoramic view of the other districts. Leylin took in the sights of the fiery magma, the sky blue seawater, and even the huge gloomy tomb.

It was only the central core district that was shrouded in a layer of haze, and it couldn't be seen clearly.

‘Indeed, that area is an important strategical location, controls must be put in place!’ Leylin thought as he wandered along a branch.

Most of the Magus structures in the Great Woods were built on tree leaves, and were evenly distributed all the way to the top. If any Magus wanted to cover the entire district completely, he would have to scale the tree endlessly.

On the way, a few yellow and green and birds flew past Leylin from time to time, occasionally resting on high twigs and tweeting, which was pleasant to the ears.

Under the effect of the gigantic purification towers, even normal creatures could withstand the radiation contamination unintentionally emitted by Magi, as long as it was not too much.

Hence, average humans and other animals were able to exist in many Magus cities across the central continent.

“Such an environment seems to be what the Elves would like best!”  
Leylin couldn’t help but check out the passers-by on both sides.

In Creevey City, most of the population was made of Warlocks and other races. However, in the Great Woods district, the most commonly seen race was the Elves, who had pointy ears and tall and slender figures.

One had to admit that the appearance of the Elves possessed many special characteristics unique to Warlocks. If not for the difference in their aura, and the ears which gave them away, many Magi would likely mistake Elves for Warlocks.

# Chapter 519: Picking up Scraps

“Lily’s Cosy Cottage?” Leylin looked at a shop’s signboard made of oak leaves and written in both the continent’s characters and elven language.

Compared to all the other shops, this shop was evidently more attentive to details. Even the corners had greenery with plants and flowers sprouting, emitting pleasant flora scents.

“Welcome!”

As he stepped foot into the shop, a boyish-looking elf greeted Leylin genuinely with respect and a smile, “Respectful customer, how can I be of service to you today?”

“Oh, I am just looking through, I see you sell many miscellaneous things here?”

Leylin’s eye swept over to the sales counter. There was a huge clutter of spell materials like ore, furs from living creatures, scrolls and other handcrafted articles. There was great variety, but almost all of them were without tags and placed haphazardly. And despite that, it looked like an organised mess.

“Yes, from the islands of the south coast to Sky City, everything in existence can be found here!” The elven shop owner beamed and replied proudly.

“Really?” Leylin plastered a smile on his face. These days, the number of objects that could garner his attention had been dwindling. However, from his observations a moment ago, he did notice some valuable materials on display. For a tiny shop like this, it was rather rare.

“Eh?!”

Leylin was about to exit the shop when an item in a corner caught his attention.

“Is this item for sale too?” Leylin casually picked up a spell scroll.

It was a very old scroll covered with dust and marks of damage.

Wrapped up between both the horizontal axles was not common spell paper but some kind of beastly skin, with a hint of glossiness in the texture.

Leylin unfurled the scroll and saw the records of a rank 2 spell model. It looked like it was well used as the content had become very faint.

Magi could use their spiritual force to break and extract the knowledge and spell models within scrolls, and many methods of learning included the use of them. When a scroll was repeatedly used for study, it would eventually deteriorate to this state.

Magi required the spell model's structure to be stable, and would thus demand extreme precision and quality. Hence, a scroll in such a condition would have totally lost its value.

Afterall, an unstable spell model could prove to be fatal!

As such, this old scroll had just been left there, unsold for a long time. Thus, seeing Leylin pick this up, a light of puzzlement flashed in the elven store owner's eyes.

"This is the spell model of a rank 2 spell— Hand of Illumination. The original price was five thousand magic crystals, but since it is your first visit here, my offer is three thousand magic crystals! Just three thousand magic crystals and it will be yours!"

"Is that so?" Leylin gave a smile that was not a smile and looked at the elf till he felt somewhat ashamed and hung his head down.

The price quoted had exceeded way past the original value of the scroll, causing the usually noble and elegant elf a little embarrassment. However for the sake of his livelihood, he had to do it.

"You are a wind elf, right?"

Leylin could feel the wind elemental particles hovering around the opposite party. It was unusually light and graceful, so Leylin couldn't help but ask.

"Yes! Yes, my Lord!" The middle-aged store owner lifted his head. There



were many Magi who could recognise him as an elf, but not many were able to specifically identify him as a wind elf.

“The wind elven tribe is rumoured to be close to going extinct in the continent. I didn’t expect to meet one here!!”

Leylin smiled and rolled up the scroll. He picked up a black ore from the sales counter, “Including this item, a total of three thousand magic crystals!”

The elven store owner scrutinised closely and upon confirmation that it was just an ordinary ore that wasn’t particularly valuable, he nodded his head in agreement.

Noticing the shame in the elf’s eyes, Leylin did not criticise further. After settling the transaction, he left the shop.

“Sigh... even a graceful and elegant elf cannot escape from nature’s laws...” Leylin turned around to take another look at the exquisite door of the shop.

According to ancient legends, the elves had migrated here from the other world and had many different branches elsewhere.

Among the elves, the moon elves, gold elves and wind elves possessed the highest grade of bloodline, similar to the nobles of the human race, possessing high prestige and good reputation. They were also regularly depicted as protagonists in the works of many poets.

As for the dark elves and such, they were regarded as the odd-one-outs among the race, hence not comparable to the rest.

And so, for a noble and elegant wind elf to fall to this stage, Leylin couldn’t help but sigh under his breath.

“But, since you are the one who started this, you can’t blame me.....”

Leylin laughed as his palm stroked the cover of the scroll. The strange texture of it made him gleam with joy as his eyes lit up.

[Beep! After the database comparison, item confirmed as the epidermis of an ancient creature— Horned Rhinoceros!] the A.I. Chip reported and

Leylin's mood lightened.

Although the spell template on the surface of the scroll was not very useful, the material used was remarkable. An ancient living creature, the Horned Rhinoceros was similar to the Giant Kemoyin Serpent. Both of them could reach Morning Star in their adulthood. The epidermis contained a high level of spell resistance and was a necessary material for many Morning Star Magi equipment.

For Leylin, being able to obtain this for a mere three thousand magic crystal was indeed a fabulous deal.

Not only that, but the ore he'd picked out was also made of a high-grade material— secret silver! Although it was embedded under layers of ore, Leylin's A.I. Chip was still able to detect it.

'This small shop made a huge loss from our transaction, their two most valuable items had been bought by me...' Leylin sniggered silently.

After his promotion to Morning Star, and after attaining the supplementary assistance of soul force, his A.I. Chip's probing capabilities had increased by leaps and bounds, and could be considered unprecedented in history.

Very few items could hide their true form from its scans at this juncture.

As such, his current advantage was too huge. Even if he did nothing substantial every day and just browsed the multiple shops casually, he might be able to pick up items that were needed for his Morning Star research and breakthroughs.

'It's just...' Leylin stroked his chin, 'Doing so would be too pompous and would attract the wrong kind of attention. If the secret of the A.I. Chip is leaked, there might be more trouble...'

"Besides....." Leylin's pupils sparkled.

He helplessly shook his head and arrived in front of a teleporting spell formation at a crossing, where two Magi were waiting.

These two Magi had obvious characteristics of a different race. One had

a head that resembled that of an octopus while the other's body was covered with wolf fur.

Leylin walked up and gracefully made his salutations. "Lord Paul, Lord Phillip! It's been a long time..."

"We hope we are not imposing on you, Lord Leylin!" Paul laughed and pointed at the ore Leylin held in his hand, both exhibiting a tacit mutual understanding.

"Morning Star Magi are indeed not easy to deceive, your soul force's probing ability is commendable, detecting the secret in this ore so quickly!"

Leylin rolled his eyes silently but did not mind it much.

After all, the probes by his own A.I. Chip were usually done covertly and until now had not been discovered. Other Magi would have thought that he had depended on his acute soul force to uncover the treasures, and so it wasn't considered a big deal.

"Yes, we apologise for interrupting your leisure. Our social gathering is about to begin, come..." Philip courteously replied.

Leylin didn't reject him, "Sure, please show the way!"

He was absolutely sure that the entirety of Creevey City had a specialised spell that was used for detecting Morning Stars. However, he did not use any spell to alter his own appearance and energy waves, as he was confident in his abilities and was certain he would not be easily discovered.

After some careful consideration, he concluded that it was understandable.

Creevey City was the main headquarters of the entire Warlock Union, it held a lot of symbolic importance. They'd provoked their fair share of Morning Star Magi already. If they didn't have an increased alertness and powerful warning system, the prosperity of the city was going to short-lived.

Leylin unenthusiastically thought about this as he followed Paul and Philip to the front of the teleporting spell formation.

These two made no attempt to conceal the energy waves on their bodies, and caught many looks of reverence. The Warlocks voluntarily stepped aside and left a wide berth for the huge teleporting spell formation, so much so that only the three of them were left using it at that moment.

No matter where they were, Morning Stars carried a terrifying amount of prestige.

Rays of silver light flashed, and when the scenery was visible again Leylin found himself at an unfamiliar place.

Every building was short, and the concrete slabs on the road had many depressions on them, appearing very shabby. Even the density of energy particles in the air appeared to be very weak, similar to the rest of the central continent.

“Surprised? For the core area of the Creevey City with its four elements to be so simple and crude is unexpected?” Paul remarked as he led Leylin onto another path.

Ka-cha! When Leylin stepped foot on one of the slabs, it seemed to come alive, floating up and carrying Leylin forward at the speed of lightning.

“A little, yes!” Leylin nodded his head in agreement.

“To the core of the castle!” Paul spoke to the concrete slabs and all three accelerated.

Once that was done, he looked back at Leylin, smiling as he explained, “Due to the limitations of our bloodline, we Warlocks in the central continent have experienced a long period of darkness. As such, many of the Masters suggested during the construction of the city that the core shouldn’t be too extravagant, and needs to be equipped with a good sentry system.”

“I see!” Leylin nodded.

# Chapter 520: Warlock Gathering

Bloodline Warlocks could make use of their bloodlines to advance rapidly, experiencing no real bottleneck at ranks 1,2, or even rank 3. All they had to do was wait for their bloodline to mature. They left regular Magi far in the dust, their rate of advancement extremely terrifying. However, there was an obvious disadvantage.

Bloodline shackles! This curse hounded bloodline Warlocks eternally, causing them to be forever unable to surpass the power of the source of their bloodline!

It was impossible to notice this disparity at the lower ranks, and wasn't especially obvious even at the Morning Star realm. However, once one entered the circles of the Radiant Moon realm, there were few Warlocks who had the bloodline to advance that far. Hence, Magi were superior to them at that point.

Once the terrifying Breaking Dawn Magi came into the picture, the gap between the two was made even more apparent.

Due to the emotional instability from their bloodlines, they were rash and quick-tempered, often offending many Magi. On top of that, many of their bloodline experiments were considered taboo, which resulted in the discontent of many.

As a result, when the Warlocks fell, the Magi joined forces and held them down.

Under these conditions, the original Warlocks in the south coast and Twilight Zone died out.

The situation was slightly better in the central continent. Just as the Warlocks were pressured to the point that they were practically at death's door, the reopening of the astral gates helped the Warlocks bring in new blood.

In the ancient era, the splendour of Warlocks had come from the support of bloodlines from other planes.

Though they had not completely regained the glory from the past, there were a few Warlocks who had successfully reached rank 5 and therefore preserved the inheritance of Warlocks.

Creevey City had been built under those circumstances.

Even the core region was made of buildings passed on from ancient times, and had not been altered. It held traces of the progress in its history.

“The glorious efforts of every bloodline ancestor should be studied and revered...” Leylin couldn’t help but praise from the bottom of his heart.

If not for the perseverance of the high-ranked Warlocks in the past, all of these traditions would have been destroyed. His environment would be millions of times more difficult to endure than it was now. Hence, Leylin was full of sincere gratitude towards them.

Click! While they were in the middle of their conversation, the three concrete slabs landed in a depression within the square of a simple castle, setting themselves inside steadily. They seemed to fit perfectly, with no gaps at all.

“This is the core of power in Creevey City— The Blood Stronghold!” Paul presented to Leylin. The three Morning Star Magi left the square, approaching the gate to the castle.

Leylin naturally began to size up this ancient castle. Its black walls were mottled, bringing about with it the aura of ancient times. Though it looked shabby and was not even comparable to his previous Onyx Castle, the powerful energy undulations and the ancient aura was something that his castle lacked.

“Haha... welcome, welcome! Lord Leylin, we’ve been waiting for you for a long time!”

Outside the gate to the castle, a middle-aged Caucasian man with silver hair had been waiting for a long while. After seeing Leylin, his eyes gleamed as he immediately went forward to shake both of Leylin’s hands.

His palm was extremely thick and warm, full of power. It was akin to the

stream of water under a layer of ice, the strength buried within the depths by the layer of ice.

His starry eyes seemed as clear as spring water, and there seemed to be a sense of affinity between them that affected even Leylin.

‘Is he really taking me in sincerely? Especially since we’re meeting for the first time?’ Leylin revealed a smile, looking extremely touched, while he was astonished. Though he was also a Morning Star Warlock, the other party was probably overdoing it by being so enthusiastic.

At this thought, he silently commanded the A.I. Chip, ‘Scan!’

With the bonus from his attaining soul force, the A.I. Chip’s capabilities at energy scanning had become even more outstanding. It could even catch hold of some information from Morning Star-ranked Warlocks.

Under the scanning of the A.I. Chip, the human form before him turned into a 3D image and was projected in front. Data constantly updated itself at the side.

As expected, even if the other party was a Morning Star Warlock, they were still unable to discover the undulations from the A.I. Chip. Leylin, who saw this, could now completely relax.

[Target is a Morning Star Warlock! Determined affinity to be with illusory elements.]

The A.I. Chip’s first conclusion allowed Leylin to make some guesses.

[Beep! Energy undulations have been discovered, determined to be passive illusions. Target can automatically form an illusory force field around his body, causing all beings in the vicinity to develop favourable opinions of him.]

‘As expected. An illusory ability due to his bloodline? It’s even able to affect Morning Star Magi. how terrifying...’ Leylin silently put up his guard even as he put on the sunniest smile he could. He acted as if he now had an even better impression of the burly man.

Upon seeing this, Paul and Philip exchanged a glance, laughing as if they

had reached a tacit mutual understanding.

This burly man had inherited the bloodline of the ancient Illusory Crystal Scorpion, a creature whose formidable illusory abilities entered the realm of the terrifying. Even Radiant Moon Magi had previously been affected by his illusions.

Besides, he hadn't even unleashed all his abilities, merely his automatic force field. Even if Leylin did discover this, he still had an excuse.

It was impossible to use just these illusions to manipulate a Morning Star Magus, but if he could influence someone secretly and give hints to the other's mind once in a while, the other party would unknowingly work in his favour. That was very much possible.

At this thought, the grins that Paul and Philip had on their faces became even brighter.

For young Warlocks, this was a test to enter the core area. At the same time, it was a test of loyalty. It couldn't be helped, since after the attack by the Magi, these Warlocks were now paranoid.

"I'm Leylin. Leylin Farlier. It's an honour to be able to meet you!"

Leylin snickered in his heart, though his expression looked strangely sincere as he bowed with a noble's etiquette.

"Haha, we're all bloodline brothers. Just call me Jalon."

Jalon and Leylin began to discuss things affectionately, and he secretly sent Paul a gaze that told him he could relax. After the assurance, Paul and Philip could put their hearts at rest.

"You were the only ones left for the gathering. Come in!" Jalon stood by the gate and invited them. The three immediately entered.

Po! As if having passed through a formless layer of water, Leylin immediately felt the excitement boil in his blood once he entered the ancient castle. It was as if he had reached a very comfortable area, his body unconsciously relaxing.

"This..." He revealed a look of astonishment. This was practically a



heaven for bloodline Warlocks!

“You must be surprised,” Jalon said with pride. “The bloodlines of all Warlocks will resonate with the Blood Castle, to the point that their bloodline will even mature faster when here!”

There was no need for any more words. Leylin immediately understood how important this place was for lower-ranked Warlocks. It was a godly place that could halve the time one needed to advance!

The Blood Castle was huge, but there was no such thing as a servant here. It seemed rather empty, with at most a few puppets and shadow servants. The barrenness surprised Leylin.

Jalon brought Leylin and the other two deep inside the castle and opened a giant golden door. He then loudly informed the many Warlocks inside, “Come! Let us welcome our newest comrade— Leylin Farlier of the Ouroboros Clan!”

“Welcome! Welcome!”

“Come on. Cheers!”

Behind the giant golden door was a large ballroom. There were giant crystal chandeliers all along the ceiling, gemstones glittering with kaleidoscopic light.

The many Warlocks in the ballroom were separated into their own little cliques as they spoke in low voices. Occasionally, one of them would go and lead a few dances.

A few musicians that had been summoned as slaves through necromancy were seated in a corner, performing elegant and graceful music.

When Jalon interrupted them, the ballroom first lapsed into silence. It was short-lived, however. The Warlocks’ gazes flitted over to him, and they began to cheer for the entrance of another comrade.

Leylin immediately felt a twinge of fear, but ultimately relaxed. ‘The number of Morning Stars here nearly exceeds the total number I’ve ever

met before. Looks like this is a circle that one can only enter once they have a certain amount of power...'

Leylin returned greetings every once in a while, and he couldn't help but sigh ruefully when looking at the number of Morning Star Warlocks here.

Warlocks who could advance to the Morning Star realm clearly had bloodlines that surpassed the bloodlines of ancient creatures of the Morning Star realm. This fact was pretty obvious.

Leylin carefully distinguished between the mess of tyrannical auras in the hall.

'The Savage Rhinoceros, Water Monkey, Ancient Velociraptor... There are too many. There are still many completely foreign bloodlines as well! These must be bloodlines of Morning Star creatures from other planes.' Leylin looked around politely, but he was completely startled inside.

Like every other Warlock, most of those present here looked incredibly stunning. Even the unique characteristics of their Morning Star bloodlines had no effects on their external appearances, and instead added a feeling of natural strength.

"Come, Leylin, let's go sit! We need to discuss Jupiter's Lightning." Paul brought Leylin along to greet each circle individually, and then pulled him into a corner.

Jalon had long since taken his leave. Here, multiple long sofas had been shifted to form a circle. The Morning Star Warlocks seated here had frightening energy waves coming off their bodies.

These Warlocks had very distinct features.

Among them, some had octopus heads, clearly Warlocks of the Spirit Circle. Besides them were a thin old man and young girl, who had the traits of ancient Wind Wolves.

# Chapter 521: Transaction Plane

It was obvious that all the Morning Star Warlocks in this group were from Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair.

If this was in the past, Gilbert and the other two were likely to be part of this company. However, currently, Leylin was walking up there alone.

“Lord Leylin, let me introduce you!” Paul and Philip pulled Leylin down to sit, before Paul started the conversation.

“These are the two eldest Warlocks in Spirit Circle, Lords Blair and Brunn!”

“It is my pleasure to meet you two!” Leylin said while bowing respectfully. The appearances of spirit Warlocks were so eccentric that even Leylin could not figure out whether those two were brothers. Their octopus heads made it much harder to differentiate between the two.

Philip also introduced a few others to Leylin. “This is the eldest Warlock of our Wind Wolf Lair, Lord Cybel. Beside him is his granddaughter, Palesa!”

“Greetings, Your Graces!” It was obvious to Leylin that the conversation here would mostly centre around Cybel. After all, even his granddaughter was of Morning Star status, showing that he was not a simple fellow. The aura of his bloodline was so concentrated that it caused even Leylin to feel fear.

Only such a bloodline could produce offspring who were also Morning Stars.

“You’re Leylin? Gilbert’s student?” Cybel slowly opened his eyes, seemingly from a long period of rest. This contrasted with Palesa who was looking at him from the side, her gaze full of curiosity.

Leylin seemed to be too young even for a bloodline Warlock.

“Yes!” Leylin admitted.

With a Morning Star mentor as their leader, there was no doubt that

Leylin would benefit greatly from joining their team.

“Since you are Gilbert’s disciple, you’re no stranger to us,” Cybel nodded his head, “Philip, pass him the astral coordinates!”

“Yes, Sir!” Philip solemnly passed Leylin a ball of light that resembled a star.

“What is this?” Leylin exclaimed. His pupils shrunk, and the A.I. Chip immediately started analysing it.

[Beep! Discovered astral coordinates. Recording information in astral experiments database.] The A.I. Chip responded immediately.

“This is an astral coordinate, one that is attached to a miniature plane. Do you know what a plane is?” Cybel’s explained slowly.

Leylin recalled a description in an ancient book he’d read as he replied, “It is a place that is not high enough in rank to be called a world. It is a tiny space where the rules are fragmented and incomplete, but the worth of any plane greatly exceeds that of a pocket dimension.”

The difference between a plane and a pocket dimension that could only be located within a world was that a plane could directly take root in a turbulent dimension, and also had the potential to grow into a world, just that it was extremely rare.

Some planes had absolutely no signs of any living soul, but some others nurtured the existence of many powerful beings, and were not much different from worlds, just like the plane the devils resided in.

“That’s right! This is one such plane. It’s the plane where transactions take place between Morning Star Warlocks!” Cybel exclaimed.

“A transaction plane?” Leylin’s pupils shrunk.

“Yes. Don’t you find it extremely troublesome that every time we gather, we have to travel such long distances, especially when a specific material is required for the transaction? A few Radiant Moon Magi thus gathered to create a miniature plane right next to the Magus World, as the headquarters and base of transactions for Morning Star Warlocks.”

Cybel slowly revealed what was going on behind the scenes. Were it not for his being a Morning Star, and also a bloodline Warlock, Leylin would never have the opportunity to obtain this information.

“However... even if it is convenient to have a transaction using an astral gate, the energy it uses up...”

Astral gates opened up passages to a different plane. The energy they consumed to make this possible was extremely overwhelming, especially if an object or even a living organism had to pass through. The amount of energy required might even exceed the value of the object itself, which was shocking enough to make any Magus puke blood.

“Hehe... that’s only when we connect to distant planes...” Cybel shook his head, “The amount of energy required to connect to a plane naturally increases with distance. Forget transactions of goods, even the cost of exchanging spiritual force messages will not be worth it. However, a transaction plane is a different deal. It’s located right at the edge of our world, so the energy required to open a gate to the place is so little it’s practically negligible. Were it not so, we wouldn’t have used such a thing either...”

This explanation was very logical, and Leylin nodded his head in agreement. But on the inside, he was shocked by the Warlocks’ magnanimous gesture.

To forcefully seize a plane and hook it up at the edge of the Magus World as the core of transactions impressed Leylin quite a bit. The strength and spirit of these Radiant Moon Warlocks was amazing.

“Once you set up your very own astral gate, you can use these coordinates after branding them on. What you’ll find inside will definitely be a good surprise...” Cybel was speaking extremely slowly, as if he’d fall asleep at any moment. Yet, Leylin nodded seriously, “Thank you, Your Grace!”

Judging from how one needed to be at the Morning Star realm to even participate, the things he could find there would definitely not disappoint him. Furthermore, it would definitely suit bloodline Warlocks especially.

On top of that, the mode of transaction was very convenient, and one could even complete the transaction from within their own Magus Tower, which would be incomparably swift.

Were Gilbert still here, Leylin would have acquired these coordinates the moment he advanced. But he wasn't. Cybel granting him these coordinates was no small matter, and hence Leylin sincerely expressed his thanks.

Cybel closed his eyes with a grunt of affirmation before moving on, "Paul, it's time to talk about Jupiter's Lightning."

Just the mere mention of the name turned all the Warlocks present pale. The deterring power of a Radiant Moon Magus was truly terrifying.

"I do not understand, what is it exactly that Jupiter's Lightning has against my Ouroboros Clan? I apologise for my lack of knowledge, I spent all my time before this focusing on my promotion, and rarely participated in such affairs..." Leylin's question revealed his own shortcomings.

"We understand. Breaking through to the Morning Star realm does take up all of one's time and energy. It is fully understandable that you didn't take notice of anything else. Let me explain the situation." Leylin's specious response and overly young age immediately made Paul think that he had gotten an answer out of Leylin. He told the story from the very beginning.

"You can see for yourself that this so called union is only a very loose alliance. There's actually a lot of smaller circles within it." Paul took a sip of the green beverage on the table and pursed his lips.

"Yet the three of us—Spirit Circle, Wind Wolf Lair and your Ouroboros Clan—have always been collaborating with each other. Exactly three years ago, we took control of a region that we had been coveting for, banishing the small Magus organisation already present there!"

"We originally only thought that they were a small organisation, and we didn't expect that they actually had the backing of Jupiter's Lightning. This was how we invoked their wrath..."

Even though Paul's explanation seemed simple and direct, Leylin felt there was more to it. There was likely to be something in that region that neither side would want to give up on, perhaps some top secret or some other substantial benefit.

Magi were shrewd people. If not for such a thing, they would have solved any dispute long ago. It was impossible for something so minor to become such a big deal.

"After that, we surrounded that region and began our attack on Jupiter's Lightning. However, they, too, struck back, ambushing the three elders of your clan..." Paul's expression was gloomy. One could easily tell that their clan hadn't had an easy time either during the series of attacks.

"Jupiter's Lightning has a Radiant Moon Magus. How exactly did we manage to endure their attacks?" Leylin finally asked the question that had been stewing in his mind for ages.

"We'd managed it due to the alliance between the three Kemoyin Dukes and Lord Cybel. The three Kemoyin Dukes were already accomplished enough to match up to a Radiant Moon Magus. With the addition of Lord Cybel, we even held the advantage..."

Paul sighed before he continued, "However, now..."

Leylin's expression sank. He realised that with the loss of three Morning Star Warlocks, they were currently in a precarious situation.

"What would you want me to do about the impending war then, my Lords?" Leylin was cautious, already prepared to immediately reject them if they asked him to do anything dangerous.

The moment Cybel, who was sitting in the centre, opened his eyes, it was as though a ray of lightning had streaked through the place. The glow was so bright it hurt Leylin's eyes. "Even though Jupiter's Lightning has harmed three of our comrades, we will never admit defeat! We won't let them off!"

"I've already sacrificed quite a bit to invite a Radiant Moon Warlock to help us suppress the Radiant Moon Magus on their end!" He exclaimed,

giving them some extremely important information.

“A Radiant Moon Warlock?!” Leylin cried out involuntarily.

A Rank 5 bloodline Warlock was one of the highest ranking Warlocks in the entire continent. And a rank 5 Warlock could even defeat Breaking Dawn Magi! That sort of person was extremely rare, and none of them had even shown up for the gathering. For Cybel to be able to acquire one's assistance caused Leylin boundless surprise.

Due to the reinforcement by the Warlock's bloodline, he would definitely far exceed a Magus of the same rank. Jupiter's Lightning's Radiant Moon Magus would be no match.

With the amplification by the bloodline, the best Radiant Moon Warlock would make even a Breaking Moon Magus wary of them. This ensured that the heritage and status of Warlocks was passed down in the central continent.

Such characters were the foundation of every Warlock organisation's strength. It was not easy to ask one for their assistance. And yet, Cybel had managed to do exactly that. This made Leylin wonder what sort of conditions he'd offered to make that deal.

Leylin rubbed his chin as he looked at his surroundings. Even though this was not the first time they'd heard this news, all the Morning Star Warlocks had excitement written on their faces.

Cybel turned fierce. “Our mission is to join forces and eradicate all the remaining Morning Star Magi in Jupiter's Lightning at once, and then seize Crystal Mountain completely!”

“Agreed!” “Agreed!” “I have no objections!” The Warlocks present at the scene all nodded simultaneously in agreement. Afterwards, all the attention was placed on Leylin. It was time to hear his stand on the matter.

“If it isn't too dangerous, I'll agree. However, first, I'd like to take a look at the memorandum and crystal records!” Leylin's face was filled with gloom, but he still eventually agreed to it.



# Chapter 522: Changes in Contract

After the banquet ended, Leylin decided to stay at the Blood Castle for a while. During this period, he constantly received intelligence about the situation at Crystal Mountain.

The Crystal Mountains was the main area where the conflict with Jupiter's Lightning happened, a mountain range that was located near the aisle of Arcelor. The Crystal Mountains were named so because of its production of a type of high energy crystal ore.

This ore could, to an extent, replace magic crystals as a power source for puppets, or to build formations and artifacts. This led to a decent demand for the ore, which kept the prices high.

It could be found everywhere on Crystal Mountain, even on the surface. This made extracting the ore easy, causing the place to be regarded as a natural source of wealth.

Of course, even so, it could only entice weaker Magi. It wasn't nearly enough to draw the eyes of Morning Stars.

Ore mines of such quality were already present in Jupiter's Lightning, Spirit Circle, and even within the Ouroboros Clan. It wasn't worth a fight between Morning Stars.

The real worth arose from a rumour about the place. Legends recounted that this was originally the headquarters of an ancient large-scaled Magus organisation— Scarlet Crescent. During the war, the ancient Magi had peered into the future and decided to conceal the entire region with spell formations. They left their heritage there, and it would only appear when it was time.

Many Magi had brushed this off in the beginning in mockery, calling it nonsense. But on-site inspections by Cybel and the others revealed that those remains indeed existed, and even hid enormous wealth!

Jupiter's Lightning had learned of this information at the same time. As such, there was a disagreement about the ownership of Crystal Mountain.

Battle soon ensued.

Both sides had shown restraint in the beginning. The battle was restricted to a small spatial rift, and only involved those at or above the Morning Star rank.

But when the Radiant Moon Magus found himself at a disadvantage against the combined forces of the three Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks and Cybel, he felt extremely embarrassed. Thus, this matter abruptly intensified.

What followed was the three Dukes being lost in the astral plane, and the allied armies besieging the Ouroboros Clan in the midst of trickery.

Were it not for the unexpected factor called Leylin, the Ouroboros Clan could possibly have been annihilated in this tempest, ending the legacy of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks in the continent.

‘You merely had a small disadvantage, and your revenge was already so vicious...” Leylin had already formed an image of the Radiant Moon Magus of Jupiter’s Lightning. He was a cruel, petty man. Normally, such characters were not to be feared, but once one fellow possessed such enormous abilities, Leylin would dread meeting him.

“According to rumours and the data collected by mentor and his team, the surfacing time of the remains of the Scarlet Crescent would be when the sun, stars and moon converge and when the arc of Oake appears...”

Leylin put down the ‘top secret’ documents, and the A.I. Chip began calculations.

[Time format identified to be from the ancient era. Converting into the calendar used by the central continent, date is approaching soon...]

Leylin stroked his chin, “No wonder the struggle got so violent that they even wanted to get me involved...”

As for the intentions of Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair, he was very clear on what they wanted. They might have made some pact with the three Morning Star Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan previously, setting regulations about the distribution of the spoils.

The other party in the pact had disappeared, but the contract still stood. And yet, they were unwilling to just transfer these benefits to him.

As such, getting him involved and having him represent the Ouroboros Clan, they wanted to rework the pact imminently. If they didn't they'd have to share all the benefits they painfully acquired with Leylin, and it was not a welcome thought.

However, even Leylin agreed with this matter. Simply put, the benefits were meant to be for the three Morning Star Warlocks. And now, although the benefits had been reduced by a little, they were meant solely for him.

He was, after all, the sole representative of the Ouroboros Clan, possessing the right to negotiate on their behalf. Thus, it was understandable that they'd give up a few things to garner his support.

In this scenario, the gains of the Ouroboros Clan, on the whole, would reduce, but he would have good profits himself. With that being the case, why wouldn't he agree?

"Lord Leylin, are you there?" Paul's voice suddenly sounded from outside.

"I'm here!" Leylin replied as he opened the door.

"If you have made your decision, we can proceed with the contract alteration ceremony!" Paul smiled as he conveyed the message.

"Certainly!" Leylin nodded his head and followed Paul to the hall.

Those present numbered five. Along with two spirit Warlocks were Cybel, Palesa, and Philip. In the centre of the tiny hall was a long table dressed with a red tablecloth. On it was the contract, along with a goose-feather pen and ink.

Leylin trembled the moment he stepped foot into the hall. He felt as if he'd entered a boundless domain, one filled with an air of righteousness.

"This is the domain of righteousness! This place was the witness when we signed the contract with the three duke the last time too..." Cybel explained.

Contracts made among Morning Star Magi could not be broken. With the included effectiveness of this binding, the pact was absolute. No wonder Cybel, that old monster, still had no choice but to follow the rules and make allowances for Leylin, getting him to alter the contract.

Leylin walked towards the table, scrutinising the slight differences between the old contract and the new.

The new one halved the Ouroboros Clan's benefits, causing Leylin to knit his brow. But under the column that noted the beneficiary, the name had been changed. The names of the three Dukes had been replaced with Leylin Farlier.

The three Dukes had placed the condition upon Cybel that, were they to die, the benefits would be transferred to the Ouroboros Clan. Now, it was all being handed over to Leylin.

"How is it? If there is any problem, feel free to tell us. We will address it and make the changes right away!"

The urgency in Cybel's tone was evident; the time for the revelation of the remains was drawing near, after all. If they hadn't even solved internal issues, how were they to vie over other things?

Leylin closed his eyes for a second as he pondered before asking, "The contract states that additional spoils will be distributed on the basis of military strength and contribution. Exactly what are the criteria?"

"Of course, it will be based on the achievements of the Morning Stars!" Cybel answered without hesitation. In his opinion, the troops below the Morning Star realm weren't even worth consideration.

"Very well. I wish to add another clause, regarding emergency evacuations. In the event that one encounters an irresistible strength, namely an opponent at the Radiant Moon realm, we are permitted to use any methods we wish to exit the battlefield. This will not change the distribution of the spoils. Any objections?"

Leylin presented himself like one who specialised in law and litigation. Cybel and the others were stunned and they exchanged glances with one

another.

“If that is what you wish, sure!” Cybel nodded his head, and Philip immediately stepped forward, making the alterations with the goose feather pen. “I have no other issues!” After ironing out some disputes, Leylin finally nodded his head in agreement. He took out a seal from his chest and stamped on the contract. Weng! After the seal was stamped, an image appeared on the light yellow paper. It was that of a black snake biting its own tail swivelling around unceasingly.

This was the official seal of the Ouroboros Clan. It was originally held and controlled by the previous three Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks, and now it was in Leylin’s hand.

Fortunately, due to some unknown reasons, the three dukes had signed the contract under the Ouroboros Clan’s name, otherwise, Leylin would not have been able to make the amendments.

After the last seal had been stamped solemnly by the last Morning Star Warlock on the contract, the power of righteousness in the hall rose to the limit.

The new contract gradually floated into the air, glowing a beautiful golden yellow as the old contract silently turned into a pile of ash.

“Alright, let us discuss the next arrangements...”

With the contract successfully altered, Cybel and the other Morning Star Warlocks seemed to have been refreshed with confidence and started to develop positive feelings for Leylin. Cybel impatiently urged everyone to begin planning battle strategy; he clearly couldn’t wait.

Leylin plastered a smile on his face, but deep inside he rolled his eyes.

‘How could I not alter it? I’m alone, unlike the three mentors. If I’d persisted, I would end up with nothing in the end, even attracting the malice of your two organisations...’

Weighing his options, Leylin had ultimately chosen to alter the contract. It was the best option under his current circumstances.

He believed that even if the three Dukes were to return from 'Purgatory' they would not be displeased by his decision.

"Within Jupiter's Lightning, other than the Radiant Moon Magus, there are over ten Morning Stars..." In the middle of a room that resembled a command center, Cybel slowly explained the details of Jupiter's Lightning, and Leylin was finally exposed to their strength.

"The other party's leader will be pinned down by the Radiant Moon Warlock on our side, don't worry. We just need to take care of the remaining ten plus Morning Star Magi.

"Many of Jupiter's Lightning's important territories and missions required Morning Star Magi to oversee them. As such, I suppose not more than nine Morning Star Magi will be at Crystal Mountain!"

Cybel seemed to be very familiar with information about Jupiter's Lightning. He either had a specialised channel of information, or managed to ambush a spy.

"Spirit Circle can take care of three!" Paul remarked with surety.

"Very well, Palesa and Philip will hold up two of them. That means we are down to four Morning Stars!"

# Chapter 523: Plan and Operation

Cybel glanced at Leylin.

“I can take on three. It won’t be a problem to take care of the remaining one, right? After all, you managed to kill Demon Hunter Cyril. I look forward to witnessing you opening the battle with your great skills, hopefully ending quickly and assisting others!”

“No problem!” Leylin stroked his nose.

Cybel seemed to be at the peak of the Morning Star realm and could even take on three Morning Star Magi at the same time. No wonder the other Warlocks respected him so.

After the deployment had been settled, Cybel heaved a heavy sigh, his tone tinged with regret.

“Actually, Leylin, if your mentors were present, we would be at a great advantage. Pity... But it’s all too late now! Besides, you and you alone can take care of this matter, we can only furnish you with logistical assistance!”

“It would be good enough to have all of this!” Leylin quickly declared.

It was fundamentally impossible for one organisation to interfere and provide military support to another. It was an extremely easy way to seize power.

In the event that Cybel had deliberately tricked Gilbert and the rest, causing them to perish in their search for ‘Purgatory’, it would be too late for the Ouroboros Clan to even shed tears.

Although the possibility of this happening was slim, prevention was better than a cure.

As such, Cybel and the rest had to remain low-key to avoid attracting suspicion.

“Alright! We’ll set off immediately, and head towards the Crystal Mountains. This time, we need to get our hands on the historical remains

of Scarlet Crescent!” Cybel waved his hand in the air, emanating a heroic spirit.

The other Morning Stars’ eyes gleamed with a thirst for success.

.....

At a Magus military base.

The entire place was covered with detection towers and barriers, sinister-looking steel puppets and bio-beasts alongside fangs and cannons.

From time to time, spiritual force undulations of Crystal Phase Magi could be felt as they swept through the area on patrol. In fact, there was even the terrifying aura of an occasional Morning Star Magus, causing the most ferocious of mutated beasts to be petrified and whimper in fear.

“We do not know the concrete location of the historical remains, though we do know that there are a total of thirteen likely sites. Five of them are in our hands and the rest are with the opposite side. This place is one of their military bases. The ones keeping watch here are the hunter Borick and the Marine Giant Siebel...”

The silhouettes of Leylin and Philip appeared at the heavily guarded military base.

“The convergence of the sun, stars and moon and the appearance of the Oake’s arc is very soon!”

Leylin’s eyes sparkled. With the help of the A.I. Chip, his calculations of the star’s trajectory was much more advanced and accurate than the many astrologers on the continent.

The lower right corner of the A.I. Chip’s interface stated the time clearly: 1 hour 24 minutes!

Ridiculously, Cybel and the others believed that the historical remains would appear in these two days and they were seizing the military bases everywhere.

It requires a huge amount of calculating and researching to determine where the remains would appear. Even Jupiter’s Lightning along with



Cybel and his men could only conclude that these thirteen locations were likely.

As for Leylin, he was certain that this base was more than 80% likely to be the location!

This was due to the amazing processing power of the A.I. Chip. With him joining the union, Cybel had revealed all information associated with the place. Thus, unknown to him, Leylin was able to determine both a time and a place for the reappearance.

Leylin guarded the secret of the A.I. Chip fiercely and would obviously not reveal anything. He only fought for the opportunity to be bestowed this mission and then watched Cybel assign the subsequent missions.

“It’s almost time to start!” Philip looked at the pocketwatch in his hand.

Leylin turned to look at the Wind Wolf Warlock. According to his calculations, this location looked to be the entrance to the historical remains, and Philip along with himself would, unfortunately, be the first Magi to enter and explore.

‘With him here, Cybel and the others will be attracted to come over. I will have no need to worry about being a lone soldier...’

Leylin was very generous. Besides the point that it was mentioned in the contract that one should not attack their own ally, he would not be able to pocket such huge portion of historical remains alone.

The starting time Philip spoke about was the time they’d agreed on to launch their combined offensive. Before the Radiant Moon Magus from the Jupiter’s Lightning was pinned down, no one was willing to make the first move.

At this moment, a wave of frenzied energy passed through the area. It was close enough to hear the rumbles from where it passed.

Leylin could faintly see the image of a three-headed golden-yellow lion appearing, dragging a Magus whose body was covered in lightning images into a struggle.

“This is the power of the Radiant Moon?” Leylin looked at the golden lion and his face revealed a faint sense of loss.

This was a rank 5 Warlock, someone who walked the path of the bloodline as well! The guidance he could get from this was incomparable to anything else.

“This is the clone of Lord Wayde, the ‘Golden Lion’!” Philip’s tone was filled with respect, and Leylin’s eyes opened wide in amazement.

“What?” He pointed at the lion’s golden heads in disbelief; they were spouting fire, ice, and lightning at the same time. “This is just a clone? How formidable is his true form?”

“We Warlocks are rightfully much stronger than the Magi!” Philip proudly declared, “Lord Wayde is one of the main pillars of support of the Warlock Union. His true form is feared even by Breaking Dawn Magi. One clone is enough to deal with a mere Radiant moon Magus.”

During their conversation, Leylin saw that the aura that emitted from the phantom of the three headed lion formed a lightning cage that dragged the Radiant Moon Magus into a spatial rift.

“Damn! Be careful, I’m sure they have more cards up their sleeves!” The moment the rift began to close, an unwilling violent yell was transmitted that echoed throughout Crystal Mountain.

The men at the base Leylin was at had been initially woken by the strong energy undulations. Now the uproar was even more direct, and two streaks of strong Morning Star undulations appeared.

“To draw away the enemy, we will have to expose ourselves, this is an inevitable price to pay!”

Philip heaved a deep sigh, “It’s our move now!”

“Indeed!” Leylin nodded his head in agreement. Soon after, he saw the image of an ancient Wind Wolf the size of a mountain manifesting behind the other Warlock.

This enormous green wolf’s body was covered with a layer of spike-like

fur, all standing on end with a steely lustre. Its eyes were glowing with a bloodthirsty aura, and a huge storm covered it, forming a bizarre form of armour.

“Rank 4 spell— Storm Annihilation!”

Philip’s voice was deep and gloomy. He did not have the courage to use the Morning Star Arcane Art in the central continent, however regular rank 4 spells were not off the table.

The phantom wolf howled in sync with Philip.

The distant and gloomy howl was extremely piercing and travelled far. Huge wind elemental particles violently came together forming a strong convection current and finally creating a strong violent storm.

Storm Annihilation! This was exactly what Leylin had employed at the West Seas Canyon to destroy the Azure Mountain King’s clone. It had appeared here once more, this time at a much larger scale.

“Stop it!” A flustered and exasperated voice emerged and two streaks of light shot over.

“Haha... It’s too late...” Philip laughed heartily, hastening the effect of the Storm Annihilation to mercilessly crush the military base.

The violent winds whistled. In the face of a storm that had the ability to destroy anyone below the Morning Star realm, the heavy guard of the military base was a joke.

Countless puppets and the mutated beasts turned to dust, followed by a huge number of Magi and buildings runes etched into them.

“Stop them, don’t let them rescue the others!”

Philip and Leylin firmly obstructed the way of the two Morning Star Magi, stopping them from helping the others.

Soon after, the black storm was over, the original military base razed to the ground. The ground itself had sunk down a few layers.

In front of a Morning Star, everyone else and any spells cast were as good as nothing!

“You... “ Two silhouettes emerged, glaring at Leylin and Philip.

One of them was a dwarf with a huge wooden bow on his back, the other a blue-skinned brute who was over three meters tall.

An enormous amount of pressure was released from both their bodies.

“Hunter Bolix and Marine Giant Siebel!” Philip gave a wide smile, revealing the sharp teeth in his mouth, “I want the Hunter, you can have the Marine Giant!”

The dwarf with the wooden bow smiled sarcastically as dark green whirlwind sprang forth from his body. He was a Wind Element Morning Star Magus and had been dissatisfied with Philip for a long time.

“No problem!” Leylin moved a few steps to the side and obstructed the way of the blue giant.

“Let’s change the battlefield, shall we?” Philip eyed the opposing dwarf with provocation in his eyes. The huge phantom wolf exposed its sharp teeth.

“Humph!” The dwarf opposite him snorted coldly, grabbing the huge wooden bow from his back.

Space cracked apart in the between them, forming a huge rift. The spatial ripples were as if a curtain that was being drawn, and Philip and Bolix were gone in the next moment.

“We do not need to change location, let’s settle it here!” Leylin locked eyes with the giant in front of him and smirked.

As the damage from clashes between Morning Star Magi was great and extensive, they usually made their moves in spatial rifts to prevent harming the Magus world.

With Leylin’s words, Marine Giant Siebel’s face hardened.

For a Morning Star Magus to dare to fight in the open, they were either crazy or absolutely confident in their power control. Evidently, this Warlock was of the latter category.

# Chapter 524: Marine Tribe's Original Form

Leylin chose to battle here right away. He was confident in his energy control, and on top of that, he didn't want to move too far away. It would be too tragic if he failed to be the first one to detect the reappearance of the remains.

He was also prepared to try out an interesting idea.

For Marine Giant Siebel, Leylin's attitude was nothing but a provocation. He shot Leylin a piercing gaze, and soon released the massive power of his domain.

The power of one's domain would only be perfected at the Morning Star realm. The effects of amplification and suppression would intensify, and the range of effect would also be extended. Morning Star domains were a far cry from rank 3 forcefields.

Turbulent, vast and immeasurable!

White ocean waves and the crystal clear sea surface formed a horrifying scene.

The depths of the ocean were darkened by the frantic waves, giving one an ominous premonition.

The enormous tides engulfed Siebel, completely hiding his body. Yet, his voice was transmitted clearly, "This is my domain— Ocean!"

In a split second, the ocean engulfed the entire area, burying the alpine and the wreckage left by Philip's spells.

The boundless blue ocean roared at Leylin in rage.

'A real Morning Star domain, and the rules he controls are those of the water element...' A glimmer of blue light flickered across Leylin's eyes as the A.I. Chip recorded all data about the fluctuations and the power of the domain.

Siebel's aura rose quickly in this ocean, causing Leylin to be thrilled.

“So you’re of the marine tribe. No wonder your domain is such, changing the battlefield to be underwater.” Leylin’s voice trembled a little. It managed to traverse the depths of the ocean, but there was no reply.

The marine tribe was a non-human species. However, they cohabited the Magus world with humans. They occupied the ocean while the humans occupied the land. It wasn’t like there weren’t any wars, but most of the time it was peaceful.

There were legends and records about a Great Magus Serholm who led all human magicians and fought off the enemies from the ocean.

There were also Magi amongst the marine tribe, but they were extremely rare, as their chance of advancement was even lower than humans.

To be able to meet with a Morning Star Magus of the marine tribe thrilled Leylin. He was puzzled as to why Siebel was a part of Jupiter’s Lightning, but soon came to a realisation.

Despite the fact that Jupiter’s Lightning had the help of a Radiant Moon Magus who was one of the top forces of the central continent, it was difficult for even them to nurture a Morning Star Magus.

Other than resources and experience, luck was an important factor in becoming a Morning Star Magus.

Given their high status in the central continent, it was extremely hard for any faction to have ten or more Morning Stars like Jupiter’s Lightning did. It was impossible to rely on training their own, so they would recruit foreign Magi as well.

The auras of the previous bowman and Marine Giant were pretty much impure. Leylin was rather puzzled back then, but now it looks like they could be from a different tribe or are hybrid Magi!

The enormous waves surged into the sky, forming two dark blue crystal-like hands that gushed down towards Leylin.

The sharp increase in the air pressure formed unstable currents and caused the space in the region to be unstable.

[Beep! Data about the Ocean domain has been fully recorded!] Leylin smiled upon hearing the mechanical voice of the A.I. Chip.

“Corrosion!” Gently, an ancient Byron runic chant slipped out of his lips.

Hiss! Hiss! A large amount of uneven black pores appeared on the dark blue hand, corroding almost the entire arm within a second as if turning it into a beehive.

Crack! Crack! The gigantic arm lost its support and fell apart in the air, soon turning into a huge stream of water that merged back into the sea.

“In the name of the Warlock! My power of bloodline!” Leylin chanted out loud as a crimson barrier appeared on his body.

“Absorption of bloodline!” Blood red lightning flashed across his eyes, piercing through the pitch dark ocean as it revealed everything. Meanwhile, aiming at a specific spot, Leylin stretched out his right hand and made a grasping motion with great force.

An invisible air current appeared, causing a massive whirlpool in the middle of the ocean.

“AAAH!” a voice bellowed in agony from the whirlpool.

“All bloodline creatures will be under my bloodline’s control, show up now!” said Leylin, and the blood red glow on his hand converged in his hand as he lifted his right hand into the air.

Water gushed up into the sky and rained down like a huge fountain as a gigantic blue figure slowly appeared from the middle of the whirlpool.

Numerous veins protruded from the blue skin, as if about to burst out at any moment. The wriggling veins looked like earthworms, sending shivers down one’s spine.

The giant groaned in agony, forced out of the sea while being battered by crimson lightning.

“Multilimb Strength!” Leylin’s eyes glittered, and the humongous phantom of a Multi-Armed Race member appeared behind him. This phantom was much clearer than the previous ones, every single scale and

pore on his body distinguishable.

Even after reaching the Morning Star realm, this foreign Arcane Art could be of great use.

Leylin even felt that combining the nourishment of his spirit with the body refinement of Multilimb Strength, he would be able to reach the peak of the Morning Star realm at a much quicker pace, and would end up far more powerful than the rest.

The phantom punched out in tandem with Leylin.

Even a single arm of the humongous phantom was as large as Siebel. It felt like seven huge mountains appeared out of thin air and came crashing down at the same time when all seven arms smashed towards him.

Siebel placed both arms in front of his chest, forming a dense shield of water that was to reduce the shockwaves from the attack. However, it was all in vain. The water shield was destroyed under the force of the phantom's arms.

Bang! Siebel was shot backwards by the explosive force of the collision.

At the same time, threads of luminous blue liquid shot out from his pores and gathered to form a thumb-sized ball that landed on Leylin's palm.

"The bloodline of a Marine Giant at the Morning Star realm!"

Leylin nodded with satisfaction and kept the bloodline in a test tube. This was a rare material for bloodline experiments, and could earn him a good sum even for his current realm.

"You are not an ordinary Morning Star Warlock. Who are you?"

As Siebel regained consciousness, he stared at Leylin cautiously. With the amazing defensive and recuperative abilities of a Morning Star Magus, this sort of injury was nothing to him. Yet, Leylin was completely relaxed as before, clearly indicating that this wasn't his full strength.

Siebel gazed at the black haired Morning Star Warlock in front of him, running through all the top ranked Morning Stars in his mind, but did not



manage to match the face to anyone. That is, until he recalled some more recent information, something that detailed Leylin's background.

"You are Leylin Farlier! The Morning Star Kemoyin Warlock of the Ouroboros Clan! The one who killed Demon Hunter Cyril!" Siebel was in shock. Demon Hunter Cyril was considered a powerhouse among Morning Star Magi, but he'd been easily slain by Leylin.

This accomplishment was much more challenging than a win-lose in an ordinary face-off and Siebel was well aware of that.

'For now, the best case scenario is that I keep up my defence and sustain myself. I might even have to request reinforcements!' He smiled bitterly at his own thought. Just then, a ring of pearls glowed around his waist, and he heard urgent voices shouting around, "It's the Third East Region, we need immediate reinforcements! We're under attack by Spirit Circle! "

"West Region calling for reinforcements, three layers of defence have been destroyed! Damn it, the Warlocks seem to be fully concentrated in this region! "

"No, you bloody liars! Cybel is in our North Region, we should be the ones getting reinforcements! Ahhhh..."

The transmitted voices had a lot of interference, and there were also loud sounds of explosions in the background that added a violent shudder.g.

Siebel's heart hit rock bottom. Knowing that Cybel was here as well, he felt hopeless.

"So this is your plan?" Siebel looked fixedly at Leylin, but could not get any details off that expressionless face.

"Even if it is so, I signed an agreement with Jupiter's Lightning. Don't think you can get rid of me so easily!" Siebel thought in his heart and roared out a jumbled chant of sacrificial phrases.

The serenity of the ocean was broken again by the violent movement of water as large amounts of it gathered around Siebel. When the rumbling ended, a monstrous creature that was a thousand metres tall appeared in

front of Leylin.

The monster had the head of a cow, the body of a human and tentacles for feet. It growled like a raging bull.

“This is your original form?” Leylin fended off the water bullets, looking at the humongous form of the magician and chuckled.

# Chapter 525: Scarlet Ruins

The marine tribe were not humans. Born of the ocean as they were, their bodies were like a manifestation of the laws of nature.

Those of the marine tribe seen on the continent were similar to humans, and had at most a few scales on their bodies. However, that was only the form they used specifically to communicate with humans. This monster that had appeared in front of Leylin was over a thousand meters tall, and it was the true form of the marine tribe.

After he revealed his true form, the undulations from Siebel's body surged wildly, inspiring much greater terror than before.

Leylin, however, revealed a grin of excitement. 'A.I. Chip, begin calculating the trajectory of the homing light rays!'

Endless blue light glowed in Leylin's eyes, and most of the A.I. Chip's power was allocated to this task.

[Setting up model of opponent. Calculating trajectory.]

Siebel in his true form growled wildly, and soul force at the Morning Star realm mixed with enormous amounts of seawater, compressing it into just a centimetre wide ball. Flickering with a blue light that transcended any normal brightness, it reached Leylin in the blink of an eye.

"Good timing!" Leylin burst out in laughter. Bloodline power and soul force converged in his palm, the formidable energy undulations finally colliding with the blue ball with a rumble.

The air buzzed and trembled, but there were no intense explosions or spatial cracks that appeared, causing the marine tribe Magus to be confused and his movements to slow.

Shua! At this moment, the blue ball of energy was enshrouded by crimson light as it streaked through the horizon like a meteor.

The light arched in the direction it headed, similar to a rainbow that suddenly filled the heavens.

“Oa-Oaker Arc!” A shout of disbelief was let loose from the marine tribe Magus’ lips.

He raised his head and saw a bizarre scene. A giant sun suddenly emerged despite the fact that it was night, fusing with the moon and the brightest star, Venus.

The dazzling yet harmless light formed a thin line that descended to the earth.

Rumble! The air was unstable, and it seemed as if another large space was ‘squeezed’ into the place, causing the two spatial forcefields to overlap.

“It’s a success!” Leylin rejoiced covertly.

Using the A.I. Chip’s terrifying calculation abilities, he had mixed the opponent’s strength with his own, causing the time of opening of Scarlet Crescent to be brought forward.

This had not been his original intention, but he had suddenly been inspired after seeing the other party’s Morning Star Magus. It ended up being an advantage for him.

The early arrival of the ruins would likely cause the specific plans of the the person behind all this to be affected.

The more chaotic the situation, the more advantageous it was to Leylin.

“This– this– this is... the ruins of Scarlet Crescent!” The Marine Giant’s eyes grew wide as he mumbled in disbelief.

Though he knew it was possible that the ruins could appear at any of the 13 strongholds, it was too much of a coincidence that it had appeared where he was.

Seeing the image gradually becoming more distinct and forming a spatial passage glimmering with dark silver light, Siebel hesitated. However, he still choose to contact the other Magi and even their leader, the Radiant Moon Magus.

However, when his soul force touched the communicative device, Siebel

was suddenly startled.

Their leader, the Radiant Moon Magus, was still in a spatial rift! Messages would definitely not be able to pass into the place. Even his other comrades were busy with the Morning Star Warlocks from the other side. The situation wasn't going well, but where could he go to find reinforcements?

Seeing the look of hesitation on his opponent's face, Leylin chuckled and had no intentions of continuing.

Though he was certain he could kill his opponent, he would need to use his Morning Star Arcane Art, and it would consume too much time. This was not the time and place.

Thus, like pulling open a curtain, Leylin's hands pushed at the spatial crack and he walked in without the slightest hesitation.

After Leylin completely vanished into the spatial crack, Siebel gritted his teeth and spoke a few sentences to the communication imprint. He then followed and allowed the spatial waves to swallow him.

The bodies of Morning Star Magi were able to go through even spatial turbulence. Spatial passageways like these that were similar to teleporting to pocket dimensions generally had no specific teleportation spell formation, and could only be entered through force.

"What? The ruins have already appeared? So quickly?"

The Magi of both sides who were battling at the other strongholds seemed to receive the information at the same time. They, who were stunned by this sudden news, stood opposite each other for a moment without acting, then immediately rushed in the same direction.

At this moment, in the outer regions of the rift in the world.

Boundless stars and vortices were part of the background, filling it with a sense of vastness and might.

Here, it was as if a great war on the same level as that of ancient times was being replayed. A majestic lion that had a body of golden fur and

three heads that kept spouting flames, ice and lightning suddenly stopped, seeming to be deep in thought.

In front of it was a Magus with a luxurious pitch-black magic robe, a strange moon-shaped rune on his forehead.

“Hehe... Wayde, you made an error in your calculations. Though you might be able to stall me, someone else is benefitting!”

This Magus was obviously the great rank 5 Magus of Jupiter’s Lightning. Now, however, his expression held a rare expression of exasperation.

This strange creature was not Wayde’s main body, but one of his most powerful clones. It had inherited the innate skills of the ancient clans, and its strength almost reached rank 5. Even he would find it difficult to take this being down, and might even be suppressed here.

“It’s a mistake on the astrologer’s part! It has nothing to do with the original plan!” A middle-aged man’s icy words sounded from the middle head of the three.

“Furthermore, I’m different from you. I’m just a clone...” The three-headed lion raised its claws, looking pleased.

“Could it be that you...” The Radiant Moon Magus’ expression suddenly changed as he tried to break through the seal and return.

“Trying to leave? How could it be that easy? Stay!” The three-headed golden lion roared, its three gigantic mouths opening.

A terrifying suction force similar to that of a black hole shot towards the Radiant Moon Magus. Even the rays of light in his surroundings were not spared as they were all sucked in. Howls and cries of indignance sounded every once in a while.

In the main world, a golden meteor streaked through the horizon.

Within the golden rays was a male Magus with long flaming hair that looked like a golden sunshine. His body and face seemed to be formed entirely of gold, and was full of dignity.

Meanwhile, however, he seemed to be deep in thought.

Outside, in the direction of the ruins of Scarlet Crescent, two groups of Morning Star Magi, and even Philip as well as Hunter Bolix, returned to their factions. After persisting with the confrontation for a while longer, they still charged into the spatial passageway at the same time.

The air suddenly became tranquil, and only the deep depressions in the ground and large puddles of water proved that there had been a battle of Morning Stars here.

Due to the extremely intense spell radiation, the region would be barren and void of life for a long period of time. There could even be formed a range of phenomena that would attract creatures of different planes, becoming another fearful area that would become famous in the central continent.

Whoosh... The air rippled as a breeze blew past, revealing the sudden appearance of another human figure.

“What’s going on? I calculated the timing based on the records of the ancestors. How could it have been brought forward?” A simple-clothed old man with a full head of white hair muttered, eyes without focus.

“The opening of the Scarlet Crescent ruins was initially an opportunity for our organisation to rise, but unexpectedly such complex issues are involved in there...”

The old man began to mutter to himself, “First was the discovery of our secret, causing several Warlock organisations and Jupiter’s Lightning to covet it. It even resulted in a war, and the diary that stated the time of appearance of the ruins was wrong. What exactly is going on?”

Because of Leylin, this old man whose origins were unknown was beginning to have doubts in his outlook of the world.

However, his education from a young age and the philosophy he had developed over the years allowed the old man to quickly regain his calm.

“No matter what it is, my ancestor was a member of Scarlet Crescent. My organisation is also one of the branches that has inherited part of the teachings of the ancient Scarlet Crescent organisation. This ruin should be

ours!”

The old man’s expression instantly turned vicious, and a halo of resplendent starlight burst forth.

The spatial passageway opposite began to tremble as if it had sensed something. It, too, shot out a large amount of light, fusing with the splendour on the old man’s body and absorbing the whole bundle of starlight, leaving nothing behind.

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“What a strange setup!” Leylin currently had his hands behind his back as he strolled along a spatial corridor filled with starlight, his own body shrouded in crimson.

There were multiple spatial rifts that caused turbulence within, but they could not cause even a ripple on his body.

“To completely isolate this region, I can only wait until a specific time. Only then can I enter the passageway through the spatial flow...” Leylin’s eyes were full of praise. “Such an intricate set-up, as well as space-division spells. This is truly frightening.”

The Morning Star realm that he had reached was only the bare minimum of ancient times. There was still a long way ahead, and he would naturally not feel conceited or complacent.

On the contrary, the more he knew, the more Leylin felt that the information he had acquired was much too little. He became increasingly humble.

The power who had set up such a spatial spell formation was an existence he needed to look up to and learn from...



# Chapter 526: Radiation

“Now, the ruins seem to be nearby, but in fact...” Seeing the indistinct space in front of him, Leylin shook his head. He’d just found the entrance. It wouldn’t be easy for him to achieve his goals and enter the place without using the right way.

The others that had come afterwards were in the same situation.

After all, it wasn’t likely that they’d find the successors of Scarlet Crescent, so Leylin and the other Magi didn’t bother to deduce the proper way to go in.

With them being Morning Stars, as long as they found the entrance it would only be a matter of time before they broke in.

However, the rules of space were powerful and mysterious. Leylin could only manage to survive in here for now, and he needed to deduce a plan to break through this spatial defence. The other Morning Stars who came after him were also stuck in the same dilemma.

Thus, time was one of Leylin’s advantages against the rest of the Magi.

This was why he’d used Siebel and made the ruins appear in advance. Although they had an agreement about the distribution of the spoils, that was only on the whole. As for who got what, it was largely dependant on who found it first.

Wandering in the spatial passage was like taking a walk in outer space, nebulae of different shapes everywhere. There was even a silver spatial storm every now and then and spatial turbulence whizzed by on occasion.

Threads of a dubious black material were even coagulating around the passage, forming mysterious black buds and gave off a dangerous vibe.

After walking for who knows how long, Leylin suddenly missed his footing and felt like he was falling down from up high. Even more strangely, he felt like he was rising up afterwards.

After the strong sense of weightlessness passed, Leylin found himself standing in a little garden. The black buds he saw before covered the

flowerbed, some even making it onto the hedges. A wooden board covered in tentacles was posted in a corner, the words on it faded.

“Flowers full of malice and danger...” Leylin muttered to himself. The A.I Chip searched the database but found no such ancient plant.

Suddenly, the black flower buds trembled and bloomed, showing a crimson pistil.

Thump! Thump! Thump! Like a chain reaction, masses of black buds bloomed, and the garden was instantly full of black petals flying in the air, red pistils emanating a threat like the tongues of snakes.

The faint sense of an ancient curse made Leylin frown.

“This! Is it a final defence against intruders? Or... is it a warning?” Leylin smiled, and his pupils turned into vertical slits that glowed red.

The next moment, a strong and violent radiation was emitted from his body!

This was the radiation of a Morning Star Warlock’s body, containing the power of the bloodline of the ancient Giant Kemoyin Serpent. Leylin kept it repressed in his everyday life, but now he let it all out, and it caused a horrible change.

A layer of rainbow-like five-coloured light shone with green and orange fluorescence, filling the whole garden.

The air turned hazy, and the scene distorted. After the radiation passed through, the entire space seemed to become still, and the faint smell of rust permeated the air.

The original colours of the garden were also diminished with the radiation, leaving only black and white. It started to look like an old photograph.

A cracking sound rang out as a slight fracture appeared in a corner. It spread across the whole grayscale garden, leaving spatial cracks everywhere.

And then, like the falling of a glass bottle, a low and jarring sound rang

out as the whole garden was shattered apart, exposing the dark void filled with spatial storms.

The storms roared, devouring all those fractures.

The silver storms continued to mince the garden for a few minutes before the ruins were visible once again.

The black buds in the middle had disappeared, leaving a few broken petals on the ground. It gave the environment a sense of gloom.

Leylin's pupils returned to their original colour with a flash of strange light.

This burst of strength had taken a toll on him, but he had no choice but to employ it to maintain his time advantage.

The full strength of a Morning Star Magus was enough to affect the normal functioning of many formations! On top of that, Leylin was not any Magus, but a Warlock with the bloodline of an ancient organism! Combining his own power with that of his Kemoyin bloodline, the power of his radiation was much greater, to the extent of even attracting extradimensional creatures.

Leylin stared at a point in the void, silent. Over there, a conscient, or rather, a group of conscients, was coming through slowly! Although it was invisible, Leylin could sense the being through his soul force.

"Creatures from a higher dimension? Or a plot of Scarlet Crescent?" Leylin's eyes showed surprise.

"Outsider! What have you come here for?" A conscient entered Leylin's mind through the connection of soul force. The voice was that of an old woman, but it was interspersed with much more, the roars of multiple other creatures.

"To find the truth!" Leylin said with a low voice, providing an ambiguous answer.

"The truth? Even those of Scarlet Crescent were still pursuing it. You've come to the wrong place..." The voice sighed.

“I didn’t come to the wrong place. The ways of the ancient Warlocks will be a valuable reference and their experiences will save me time...” Leylin’s soul force countered the unknown creature sharply.

He could sense that this creature did not have a normal body. It was just a ball of light emitting a strange power, perhaps a creature hiding its true body in a higher plane.

Even so, after confronting Leylin’s soul force for a while, the will seemed to yield, “Follow the Path of Quandary, it will lead you to your answer...”

As the voice faded, the sound of movements could be heard as a brand new aisle appeared in a corner of the garden. The floor was made of grey stone, and black specks spread out along the floor like numerous insects. They had the figures of twisting faces.

Scanning with his soul force, the outline of the Path of Quandary appeared in Leylin’s mind. After ensuring that there was no danger, Leylin bowed to the void and stepped directly onto the path.

The sound of footsteps could be heard as the black garden disappeared from sight the moment his feet hit the stone floor. All that remained was a long sigh.

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“Soul Whip!!!”

Massive invisible waves of energy swept through the air as dozens of giant swamp monsters trembled. It was as if they were tortured by some invisible whips, and they hit the floor after a while, their unconscious eyes filled with fear.

“My lord! This seems to be the Maze Lock, we are in a defensive trap of Scarlet Crescent!” Paul reported to Cybel. Although both of them were Morning Star Magi, their powers were far apart, and thus they had widely varying statuses.

“This is the Naraku Type 2 maze, a kind of maze liked by those ancient Warlocks. There should be nine levels, each level having its own keys and riddles. We must break through them one by one, or we’ll never get to the

end...”

Cybel nodded. He'd obviously studied up on these things. Beside him, other than Paul, the Warlocks from Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair had all disappeared. And a few unfamiliar Morning Star Magi were just watching everything detachedly.

“Well, it's our turn this time. According to our agreement, you are up next time!” Cybel took several green gems from the swamp monster as he spoke to those Morning Stars.

“Of course!” their leader replied, his eyes cold. This Magus with a golden headband had no sense of fear even when confronting Cybel.

Seeing this, Paul smiled bitterly in his mind.

The sudden appearance of the ruins of Scarlet Crescent rendered most of their plans useless. The entrance of the ruins contained some mysterious spells cast by ancient Warlocks, and those who entered through abnormal ways would encounter barriers. The dispersion made Paul feel depressed. Were it not for Cybel, he would have been killed here.

After all, they were mortal enemies before, and that was still true.

Paul sighed, even the tentacles on his head seemed dispirited.

He would be safe following Cybel, but there wouldn't be any gains. Leave alone those Morning Star Magi, even Cybel would leave him with nothing.

Compared to his resignation, the Magi on the other side were hysterical.

# Chapter 527: Path Of Quandary

“How could it be? Someone has already entered the Path of Quandary. That’s extremely close to the core!” The old Magus wearing simple attire observed the light yellow notebook in his hands, letting out a low growl. His expression was that of anxiety.

On one of the pages of the light yellow notebook, a general map had been drawn out with weak black lines. There was a little black dot moving slowly in one of the central passageways that was labeled the Path of Quandary.

There were also other dots on this map, but they were all situated at the exterior regions.

The old man himself was marked with a white dot. Though he was much faster than the Morning Stars outside who were being hindered by the labyrinth, he was still at the middle section and a distance away from the core.

In contrast, Leylin’s black dot was only a few steps away from the core which was marked in red!

“Damn it, damn it, damn it! Why is there a Magus that’s so fast...” the old man cursed, his expression full of impatience and indignance, “It’s a pity that I only have the correct method to enter the ruins. I can’t control all the secret mechanisms, or else...”

Though the old Magus’ ancestor had been a member of Scarlet Crescent, he was merely an ordinary member. While he had participated in the construction of the ruins, he had not been able to make contact with the core areas. Hence, obtaining this map, the password to enter, as well as some information, was the limits of what could be done.

Leylin had also unexpectedly brought forward the timing of the opening of the ruins, causing things to become disadvantageous for the old man. Even if he was hurrying along, careful not to fall into any traps, he was still behind Leylin.

“I don’t care anymore! As long as I can get to the core area, I still have a chance of turning the tables!”

The old man angrily used his fingers and traced the map, finding another route. However, just when he was about to move, his pupils suddenly shrank.

A black dot entered the edges of a map. It was several times larger than the rest, and was ringed in red.

The few traps and patterns at the exterior were completely destroyed in the face of the large dot, and even their names disappeared from the map. The man wailed in anguish, “A rank 5 Magus rushed here so quickly. Are you even giving me any chance at all...”

While he kept lamenting, the old man’s footsteps did not lose speed. Instead, he began to move more quickly.

If he was slightly slow and allowed the rank 5 Magus to take over this place, this area would no longer be of any concern to him. Besides, there was a certain item at the core region that he needed to obtain, which was his main goal.

“Just wait! Just wait till I get control of the core!”

The old man stared at the little black dot in the Path of Quandary, his expression revealing his frustration.

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Leylin, of course, did not know that someone had him in their thoughts. He was now walking on a little pathway of ash-gray stone.

The path was surrounded by white fog on both sides, and it became increasingly dense as it concealed the scenery.

On the still, empty road, only his footsteps sounded unceasingly. The scenery that was exactly the same on both ends made it easy for one to forget time, giving rise to a strong sense of fear.

Combined with the unique power in the fog, even a Magus’ tenacious willpower might not hold out.

If it were other lower-ranked Magi, they might long since have broken down, crying and yelling that they wanted to return, begging for release.

However, resolution showed on Leylin's face, as if this was negligible. In the face of his mindset that was ten thousand times more stronger than steel, things that ancient Magi had specifically set up to test one's will were trivial.

As Leylin went deeper in, the surrounding fog became more dense, and even his feet became unclear. Every step seemed like he was walking on clouds.

Leylin took a step, and the scenery suddenly changed.

Now, the room had dark yellow planks and a mouldy ceiling. The squeaks of mice could be heard from the corner.

It was the most common image seen by commoners in the continent. There was not one piece of furniture in this little wooden cabin. Strangely, all that existed was a golden parrot cage at the center, a toad with a pipe in its mouth on top.

"Hey, brother! Are you here to give me a love letter on Miko's behalf? Please tell her that I'm busy and can't make it to the date tomorrow evening!"

The toad was dressed in a black top hat, looking relaxed. It puffed out one white smoke ring after another from the pipe.

"..." Leylin was dumbstruck as he watched the toad, unsure of what was going on.

"Are you not Miko's messenger? Oh! Then it must be Elizabeth. She's the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. That skin, full of folds and spores, as well as those protruding eyes... Oh! She's my angel..."

The toad jabbered on and on, but what it said only baffled Leylin. At one point, he could no longer take it and asked, "Where is this?"

"Quark's cabin, Number 232 at the edge of the world. Is there a problem?" The toad put its pipe down, its large eyes that were like light



bulbs shooting Leylin a glance.

Could it be that the Path of Quandary is similar to an astral gate? Has Scarlet Crescent's defensive formation sent me to another plane?' This sudden thought left Leylin unable to decide whether he should laugh or cry.

Many ancient defence systems had a last resort when they encountered an enemy that was much too powerful for the spell formations to be of use— banishment to an alternate world!

This was akin to an astral gate, teleporting Magi out of the Magus world.

As this was a one-time thing with no definite coordinates, unlucky Magi would usually be sent into spatial turbulences far, far away; or even into a giant storm. It would be extremely lucky to find another plane with life on it. However, returning to the Magus world? There was no need to even think about it.

The current situation caused Leylin to have doubts.

At this moment, the floor suddenly began to tremble, seismic waves passing through every few moments.

"What's going on?" Leylin tried scanning with his soul force, but found that his soul force had been repressed to the limit. It could not even see past the cabin.

"It's nothing. I have a new neighbour preparing to move in..."

The toad jumped off the parrot cage nonchalantly, bouncing as it headed out. Leylin turned his head and thought about it for a moment, eventually following behind it.

After opening the door of the wooden cabin, his body suddenly went stiff, eyes flashing with disbelief.

In front of him was a large sandy wasteland. There were black holes and distorted nebulae in the sky, and a large green shadow that seemed to have taken root in the cosmos was shifting its body.

It was a giant ancient tree, its green leaves spilling with a jade-like

lustre. Leylin had seen many ancient trees before, and there were enormous trees in Creevey City where houses could be built on their leaves. However, the entirety of Creevey City was like a tiny thing in comparison with this gigantic tree, not comparable to even a leaf.

“Hello, new friend! Do you need any help?” After seeing this tree, the toad happily went forward to welcome it, jumping onto a root as thick as a mountain.

Compared to the tree, the toad was like a speck of dust. No! It was ten thousand times smaller than a speck of dust!

Leylin was speechless. Soon after, he realised that he had indeed walked out of a wooden cabin, but the surroundings were a depthless black starry cosmos, and the cabin had been floating in the sky. There was even a shaky scrawl on the bronze door plate, reading ‘Number 232, Edge of the World! This house belongs to Toad Quark.’

On that gigantic root the toad had jumped onto was another little cabin, this one constructed askew. There was a number there as well, 233. The name had changed to Wisdom Tree. Leylin had no idea how the big the other party was or how they entered the cabin. Watching the cabin on the tree root, as well as the toad, he could not come up with anything to say.

Shortly after, however, his expression changed. ‘The ancient Wisdom Tree? The intellectual being of the Magus World that once enlightened multiple great ancient Magi? The culmination of all wisdom?’

Rumble! A few large cracks opened up on the tree that extended to the cosmos, sucking in the violent spatial storms and producing soundless whimpers.

Two enormous, yellowish eyes opened, followed by lips full of wooden lines.

“It’s... been... a... long.... time... my... old... friend...” The tree’s words were extremely loud. Just the sound waves were enough to blow everything over. Toad Quark had no choice but to hug the root tightly in order not to be blown away by the violent hurricane.

The Wisdom Tree's speech was very slow, taking a minute between syllables. It seemed that each thought required a great amount of time.

"And... also... a ... new... friend..." Bang! The ground exploded, and a root that was like a mountain flew over, raising Leylin till he was before the ancient Wisdom Tree, meeting its starry gaze.

"I smell myself on you..." The Wisdom Tree's words were hard to decipher, but Leylin immediately understood what it meant.

"Is it the essence of the ancient Wisdom Tree? And this!" Leylin produced a wooden cup, though it was now empty.

It had once contained the essence of the Wisdom Tree, and had been vital in supporting Leylin's advancement to rank 3. This wooden cup had been said to be made out of the bark of the Wisdom Tree.

# Chapter 528: Breaking through the Fog

“You’re a Warlock... Ah, I remember this feeling. You must be from the Magus World, right?” The ancient Wisdom Tree spoke slowly, each syllable taking a significantly long time. It was enough for any quick-tempered Magus to get annoyed.

However, there were no traces of impatience on Leylin’s face. On the contrary, he was full of respect towards the ancient Wisdom Tree, especially since his advancement to rank 3 was all thanks to it. Hence, he bowed deferentially.

“Yes! I am Leylin Farlier, a rank 4 Warlock of the Magus World. Greetings, mighty Enlightener!”

The Enlightener was a title given to the ancient Wisdom Tree by the combined decision of all the Magi in the Magus World.

It was rumoured that the ancient Wisdom Tree was the culmination of all wisdom. It was even knowledgeable in all the mysteries of the cosmos and the universe. There were countless high-ranked Magi who had gained enlightenment with its help, and even the glamour of the ancient era was, in part, possible thanks to its guidance.

However, the mighty ancient tree which had granted enlightenment and solved riddles had disappeared from the Magus World all of a sudden. No matter how hard the ancient Magi tried to find it, no traces were left behind.

In the following generations, many Magus historians had attributed the fall of the ancient era to the lack of guidance from the Wisdom Tree, leading to many ancient Magi walking a path ridden with errors.

Though Leylin did not really agree with this standpoint, it was true that it was very knowledgeable regarding Magi.

“The Magus World!” The ancient Wisdom Tree’s large eyes flashed with nostalgia, “I still remember... 20 or 25 dark ages ago, the Magi were all adorable little children. Oh! There was one called Aten, and he was pretty

good at barbeques...”

The mighty ancient Wisdom Tree was like an old man trying to chase after the past, jabbering on and on.

Leylin waited silently at the side, while Toad Quark was beginning to get annoyed, “Old friend, are you moving again? You’ve only lived here for 87,000 years... I’ve only taken a nap, and you’re already moving again?”

‘An 87,000 year... nap?’ Leylin was speechless.

“Yes, my friend! I feel the descent of terror. Even the end of the world can’t hinder the spying of such power. The aftermath of the ancient era will continue to cause ripples, involving other worlds...”

The ancient Wisdom Tree said something that sounded like a prophecy, causing Leylin to be surprised. However, no matter how he inquired, it would not make a sound.

‘It doesn’t finish its words, ugh...’ Leylin rolled its eyes inside, but then heard the sounds of the Wisdom Tree after speaking to the toad. “And there’s you, you adorable thing. I can answer one question of yours as a present. Of course, it cannot touch upon the topic from before...”

“Many thanks, mighty Enlightener!” Leylin was elated. An opportunity to have the Wisdom Tree solve a riddle was not something any Magus could have even in ancient times. Even a Breaking Dawn Magus would smash their own head in for such a chance.

However, after the moment of ecstasy, he grew perplexed.

‘What should I ask? How to attain immortality? That’s too vague!’ Leylin opened his lips, but eventually did not ask the question.

After an intense struggle, Leylin’s pupils flashed with soberness. ‘Even if it’s truly the ancient Wisdom Tree, it’s only one of the ancient legends. It’s probably at rank 8 or 9 as a Magus, and even such a being needs to defend itself. Asking about is pointless. I need to think of something more suitable for myself...’

Having thought it through, the fog in Leylin’s mind finally completely

dissipated.

Leylin took in a deep breath, clenched his fists, and asked the ancient Wisdom Tree this question, “I would like to know how to break through the bloodline shackles of Warlocks!”

For now, there was nothing more important to him than solving this issue.

“This...” The ancient Wisdom Tree raised a root and propped it against its lips, looking extremely similar to a human in thought. “You can...”

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The fog disappeared, and Leylin was started awake.

He rubbed his forehead that was slightly aching and glanced at the grey slabs on the ground. The fog was dissipating from the surroundings, and buildings were gradually revealing themselves. The lost look in his eyes disappeared and was replaced with confusion.

“Was that scene real, or an illusion?”

Leylin glanced at his hands, ‘I’m already at Morning Star. Under the scan of my soul force, any illusory spells should have been seen through. Furthermore...’

Leylin felt his heart beat. ‘The answer from the Wisdom Tree is still deep in my heart. It’s very feasible.’

Such a situation left Leylin bewildered.

“Perhaps the Path of Quandary was a superior illusion, allowing intruders to find answers amidst their perplexment about where they were. This answer might already be deep in the intruder’s heart, and only made known at this point. Of course, if it can’t be found, they would remain lost there...”

Combined with his former knowledge and experience, Leylin came to a specious conclusion. Inside, however, he felt as if what had just happened was real.

With the strength of ancient Magi, it was not impossible to create a

scene like that. Another plausible reason would be that through endless flowing from the river of time, many scenarios had converged at this point.

In other words, Leylin's mind had passed through the isolation of time and space, reaching one of the spatial fragments in the ancient era, and met the true ancient Wisdom Tree.

'Hah! I don't care anymore! There are only benefits for me here anyway! If it doesn't make sense, then so be it. When I get enough strength, I might even understand all of this naturally...' Leylin thought optimistically.

There were no cons whatsoever in coming to the Path of Quandary. He had even obtained a method to solve the issue of his bloodline shackles. While this was merely a tentative plan, it was still very precious. It might not even compare to all the benefits from Scarlet Crescent!

"However, since I've gone through the Path of Quandary, I should be getting some rewards." Leylin touched his chin, watching the large Magus building that had completely revealed itself, as a smile appeared on his face.

What had appeared in front of Leylin was a little western-styled building that was two storeys high. The window at the balcony was still open, as if the owner had only been gone a short period of time.

The brass door handle had a simple yet splendid lustre, and seemed to have been used regularly.

Leylin knew, though, that this building had been abandoned for at least over ten thousand years. It was naturally magic that resulted in this effect.

Ka-cha! After gripping the handle and putting some strength into it, the door was easily pushed open, revealing a hall with a giant fireplace. The firewood in there was still crackling and burning, a wave of heat gathering indoors.

"Besides what's on their bodies, Magi keep their most precious objects only in the bedroom, study room and laboratory..."

Leylin scanned the area quickly and immediately gave up on the living

room, going up to the second level of the building.

He first found the study room. There seemed to have been some spatial spells used here, and upon opening it, what was presented in front of Leylin was an enormous space comparable to a football field. There were large bookshelves that towered at ten or so metres tall, but everything there was empty, leaving behind only a pile of ash in the compartments.

Leylin rummaged through the area quite a few times and had the A.I. Chip check the area repeatedly without giving up, but he eventually resigned himself to the situation and left the study room.

“I never expected that all the books and research materials would have been taken away... What would else would be left?”

Leylin was slightly dejected, but still searched through room after room. He then found the original owner's bedroom.

Unexpectedly, he was easily rewarded with something on the makeup table.

A blood-red earring in the shape of a crescent moon lay quietly in an opened jewellery box. After Leylin confirmed it was not a trap, he took it in his hand, and a stream of information was immediately transmitted over.

“Scarlet Earring! High-grade magic equipment. Work of Mefylk! ... Ah! This is presented to my goddess, Jonase, my true love...”

From the opened jewellery box, it seemed that the owner had been preparing to wear the earring, but everything had suddenly come to an abrupt stop.

Leylin was confused as he looked through the bedroom, but still did not find anything that looked suspicious.

“A strange set-up!” Leylin mumbled to himself, keeping the Scarlet Earring and adding many seals outside.

Even if it it was a trap, a piece of high-grade magic equipment was worth the risk. Besides, Leylin was very confident in his judgment and the A.I.



Chip's scans.

While leaving, he consciously took a look at the mirror frame at the makeup table.

There was a large oval silver mirror inside, reflecting Leylin's image. Strangely enough, the Leylin inside had a secretive laugh, causing him to be startled.

By the time he came back to himself, everything in the mirror seemed to have returned to normal, as if all that had just happened had merely been an illusion.

But would Morning Star Magi hallucinate? That was impossible!

Leylin's expression became gloomy as he gritted his teeth, quickly keeping the mirror and running out of the bedroom and out of the villa.

The moment he left the villa, it completely vanished, leaving behind a large depression that looked to have been gnawed at by beasts.

Bang!

A fist smashed onto a table, causing dust to fly, "Despicable! Damn it! He's actually taken it away! That was the magic equipment that was the easiest to obtain, and it was even of a high-grade at that!"

In an unadorned crystal private room, an old Magus looked annoyed, unwilling to accept this.

"It's not just that. He even took 'that' away!"

The old man's expression changed a few times before he made his mind.

# Chapter 529: Obstruction And A Grin

“No! No matter what, I have to get it back!” The old man took out his light yellow notebook. A map with many black dots appeared on it immediately.

“Find him! Rip him apart! And bring everything back!” Following the old man’s growl, streaks of crystal-clear light flashed in the secret chamber and a few translucent puppets suddenly widened their bloodshot eyes.

As if they understood the old man’s words, they rapidly shuttled through the void, gradually vanishing.

.....

“This feeling, something bad’s about to happen”

Leylin’s eyebrows furrowed. He’d actually been feeling a sense of discomfort ever since he exited the Path of Quandary. It was as if someone was secretly spying on him. However, the scanning of the A.I. Chip and his own soul force could not discover anything.

And now, this feeling of discomfort suddenly intensified, even to the point of turning to anxiety!

“The malice that’s pervaded the atmosphere...” Leylin shut his eyes and quickly opened them again. At this moment, his pupils had already turned into a pair of amber slits. A thin, blood-red line flashed across them.

Suddenly, rumbling sounds rang out as a large amount of spell runes flickered. A colourful radiance shot into the sky and formed a gigantic ice cage, trapping Leylin within.

“What? I definitely didn’t trigger any traps... Unless...” Leylin squinted his eyes slightly. This situation caused him to become clear-headed.

“Haha... I, who have gained control over the entire core secret chamber, am an invincible existence in Scarlet Crescent!” In the core control room, the old Magus’ face shone brightly, his hands still grasping a piece of ruby with its tips connected to numerous crystal threads.

Strings of complicated commands were continually transmitted through the ruby in his hands.

Numerous crystal-clear hexagonal snowflakes suddenly condensed within the trap, forming a large quantity of icy blades, shields, axes and such. They all smashed loudly towards Leylin's head.

Leylin thought of an idea. "Kemoyin's Scales!" "Blood Flame!" His body was immediately wrapped in a layer of dense, black snake scales as a blood-red flame raged above him, subliming the large quantity of ice.

As if it was provoked, the ice condensed once more with a sizzle. Its blue core became even more crystal-clear, emanating a piercing chill.

The ice, which was covered by the blue radiance, stood firmly while it was being roasted by the flames. A large quantity of cold air was emitted, even breaking through the Blood Flame's seal. It shot in front of Leylin, who smashed it apart with a frown.

Sharp icy blades slashed his body, only enough to create thin, long sparks. They couldn't even break through the outermost energy defence.

"Absolute Zero Kelvin!" Leylin's pupils narrowed and his face no longer had the previous relaxed look.

"This was undoubtedly set up by ancient Magi. Such a formation that unifies all the runes in the area is definitely difficult for ordinary Morning Stars to withstand... However, It doesn't seem to be working at full force... That means..."

Leylin seemed to be in a deadlock with the huge icy spell formation on the surface. However, he was actually calculating something in his mind.

Whoosh! Suddenly, space twisted and a few rays of white light seemed to have broken through the boundary as they appeared right before Leylin.

The handle, which bore the sharp broken sword, had already pierced the edge of Leylin's chest.

"So fast!" It was difficult for Leylin to react in time. The only thing he managed to do was strengthen the Kemoyin Scales' defence to the

maximum.

Compared to other spells, the innate spells of Magi were activated purely by thought. With such incomparable speeds, they were the common last-ditch resorts when their lives were in danger.

Schlick! A broken sword, seemingly forged out of pure crystal, pierced through the energy defence as well as the runes outside the black scales with much difficulty, coming into contact with the scales themselves.

Pop! Leylin frowned, as if at something bursting. Behind him, a large Multi-Armed Race phantom came into existence and channeled a dark green energy to cover his body.

“My goodness!” The muscles on his right hand flexed, hammering a punch at the opponent. This made the translucent figure retreat.

After waiting for the opponent to put a certain amount of distance between them, Leylin looked at his chest with a gloomy face.

A bright white line in the shape of a crescent had been carved on the Kemoyin Scales. The sword had left behind a deep pit, taking a few smaller scales with it.

“Puppet?!” When Leylin got a clear view of the figures making a sneak attack, he shouted in surprise.

In front of him were a few translucent figures in pure white, body-fitting Magus robes. In their hands were a large quantity of physical weapons, including the broken crystal sword from before.

“A puppet that is able to break through my Kemoyin’s Scales defence, such a rank... I’m afraid can only be created by an ancient Magus...”

Leylin looked at the bloodshot eyes of the puppet before him, confirming his conjecture, ‘Someone’s behind all this.’

“So this is the power of a Morning Star? Even the Void Assassin could not take down the opponent!” In the core, the old man’s dignified face warped as he clenched his teeth.

“It doesn’t matter. I have the spell formations to control the core and the

puppets on hand. Even if it takes up a little more energy, I have to take down the enemy!”

With his orders, the arms of the Void Assassins surrounding Leylin warped, revealing daggers, knives, and even weapons that looked like power saws. They were all translucent except for the golden runes twinkling on them, seemingly made from crystal.

Space twisted once more as these Void Assassins vanished into thin air again. It was as if they were vipers hiding in the dark, preparing to deal a fatal blow at any time!

With these enemies around eyeing covetously at their prey, in addition to the pressure of the icy cage above their head, any ordinary Morning Star would definitely have sustained serious injuries.

“It’s a pity that you met me!” A sneer emerged at the corner of Leylin’s lips. Wasn’t the shadow-attribute Giant Kemoyin Serpent even better at concealing itself in the void? He’d previously used spells such as Shadow Stealth to lay in ambush, and he naturally knew about the weaknesses and disadvantages of such spells like the back of his hand.

Although the ancient spell formation was a little more troublesome, the enemy evidently did not have complete control over it. This gave him an opportunity.

“Only...” Leylin laughed coldly as a radiance sparkled in his eyes.

A translucent figure shot out from the void with a whoosh, the dagger in its hands aimed ferociously at Leylin’s eyes.

Leylin’s face remained unchanged and he suddenly stretched out his wrist. When it came to a stop once more, he was holding one of the puppet’s arms in his hands.

A gigantic blue iceberg, with a great blazing flame at its bottom, started to exert pressure on everything below as it rumbled. At the same instant, a sharp aura suddenly shot out in the other three directions.

“Good! Very soon, that thing will belong to me...” In the control room, the old man watched a pale Leylin. Looking at his wounded body, he could

not help but let out a carefree smile.

“Haha... So what if you’re a Morning Star? I’m the king here!” The old man spread out his arms and cheered, but his voice was instantly silenced with a grunt, as if he had been strangled at the neck.

When it came back, it returned as a frustrated curse, “How did he escape?”

In the projection he’d been looking at from the control room, Leylin’s condition had already hit rock bottom. His entire body was soaked in blood, and he seemed ready to die at any moment. However, every opportunity to kill him was thwarted by small problems in the coordination of the Void Assassins, letting him evade it by luck. At least, that’s what he’d seen it as.

And right when he was in the most desperate straits, that lucky Magus had actually discovered a flaw in the spell formation, directly breaking through space and escaping.

The old man roared in anger, smashing his fist violently on the platform of the control room with a bang.

“If I had known all the control spells, and obtained the highest authority, even a Radiant Moon Magus wouldn’t be able to escape this place, let alone this Morning Star!” What followed the bout of rage was a sense of helplessness.

Indeed, he’d used his map and reached the control room, obtaining partial authority by following his ancestor’s notes. In fact, he didn’t encounter much danger at all. However, his ancestor did not have a high position in Scarlet Crescent. This naturally meant he had no way to gain complete control of the place.

That previous spell formation was actually the limits of what he could accomplish with his current authority. As for those Void Assassins, he had to thank the fact that their creator was none other than his ancestor. That was why he had a backdoor method to take control of them.

“Damn! Damn! DAMN!” The old man’s face was full of indignance, “Just

these Void Assassins have already made this trip worthwhile, but the most important item is still not in my hands. Not to mention, this place will definitely be monopolised by great forces in the future. I'll no longer have a place here..."

He subconsciously shot a glance at the other black dots. They were already very close to the core area, especially the one that represented the Radiant Moon. It seemed to have an unstoppable force, barging its way through and already sweeping past several small-scaled resource points, making the Magus secretly hurt.

Such desire and the strong indignance led this Magus to a decision, "Try again, no matter the result, you have to leave!"

He looked at another screen, pressing the jewel down without hesitation. A huge flame exploded forth, forming an enormous blazing giant that blocked Leylin's path.

"So it's fire after ice? But it's still of the same degree of power as the previous one..." Leylin shook his head, becoming more confident in his judgment.

"Catch him! Catch him!" The old Magus grabbed the jewel with both hands, his eyes full of excitement and desire.

And at this time, Leylin, who was on the screen, suddenly lifted his head and laughed at him. The old man's hair stood on end...

# Chapter 530: Sweeping of Obstacles

“Found you, you little rat!” The Magus was able to make out Leylin’s words from his mouth’s movements, immediately causing his eyes to turn red.

“Void Assassins, don’t hold back. Kill him!” As if having lost his self-control, the Magus held onto the command stick and roared.

Whoosh! Whoosh! Whoosh! At least eight Void Assassins appeared instantly, charging straight for Leylin. In front of him, the large flame giant was also snarling as it brandished a large flaming metal whip.

The sealing formation, the flames, and the surprise attacks from multiple Void Assassins would be extremely troublesome for normal Morning Stars to deal with.

Even Demon Hunter Cyril would probably be seriously injured under such an attack!

[Beep! Found spiritual force link. Eliminating three areas with fake signals, determining coordinates!]

The A.I. Chip’s robotic voice sounded by Leylin’s ears, causing a smile to rise up on his face. Ever since he realised that there was probably someone behind the scene, Leylin had commanded the A.I. Chip try and identify the location of the core control room.

The slip ups and injuries sustained from before were all intentionally done to get his opponent to take the bait.

A spell formation was not able to supply adequate data and information, but the other party had obviously not been satisfied. He had dispatched someone to attack, allowing the A.I. Chip to discover his traces immediately!

‘From my guesses and the A.I. Chip’s simulation, the other party probably isn’t that strong, and may not even have access to the core control room of the ruins. Otherwise, it wouldn’t be an attack just of this level!’



Leylin watched the sharp blade and flames coming towards him, a strange smile appearing on his face.

A splendid layer of crimson-red rays suddenly emerged from his body, turning into four rings that floated up and down.

“Rank 1 innate spells: Kemoyin’s Scales, Eyes of Petrification!”

“Rank 2 innate spell: Toxic Bile!”

“Rank 3 innate spell: Intimidating Gaze!”

“Rank 4 innate spell: Bloodline Metamorphosis! Combining to form the Morning Star Arcane Art: Kemoyin Serpent Transformation!”

Rumble! A humongous serpent that measured tens of thousands of metres long suddenly descended on the region.

Spell formations fell apart, the earth cracked, and multiple buildings turned to dust. Even the air was beginning to shake.

Po! The flame giant from before, as well as the many bindings and fire elemental spell formations, were swept away by the large snake’s body. All the runes were destroyed, and even the the spell formations at the base of the buildings flickered out.

In front of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent, the Void Assassins that were the size of a regular human were like ants. Their sharp swords could not even pierce through the scales, and instead, were sent crashing to a random area with a swing of its tail.

The Arcane Art of the ancient Morning Star Warlocks— Kemoyin Serpent Transformation. This trump card that would allow Warlocks to transform into a terrifying ancient beast appeared once more!

The giant black snake hissed as it aimed its head in a specific direction, its starry amber eyes the very personification of ridicule. Its body was like a black storm as it crushed the area.

Thump! Thump! Thump! On the way, various little flickers of brilliance could be seen on the giant serpent’s body, which then dimmed.

“Wha-What’s going on? Is this a Morning Star Arcane Art? He-he

dared-”

Having been locked onto by the aura of an ancient, giant beast, the Magus in the core control room went limp and fell to the ground. As he made contact with the other party’s eyes, the fear hidden deep in his genes exploded forth as his body went stiff, unable to move even a finger.

The direction in which the giant serpent had looked in was evidently the location of the core control room. Seeing how the other party was crushing everything in its way, it would probably take seconds to reach him.

This old man shuddered, now regretting provoking this fiendish person.

Boom! Like in a magnitude 9 earthquake, all the items in the core control room jumped up and fell loudly onto the ground.

Hearing the accompanying hisses, the old man shuddered even more in fright. He knew that the terrifying ancient, vicious beast had now reached the outside of the core control room.

“I have the defensive spell formation of the core control room. It... It’ll be fine!”

The attack from before had been obstructed, giving the old man some confidence. However, before he could struggle to get up, an even more powerful tremor could be felt.

Rumble! Bricks fell everywhere and the roof was torn open. Two eyes that were like stars shot out terrifying rays of light.

“Ah!” The old man went limp, a fishy smell even travelling from the crotch of his pants.

“Little worm, do you think you can hide?” The gigantic serpent suddenly turned small, regaining the size of a regular human. Large amounts of black gas turned into armour that merged onto his perfect body.

Leylin charged into the control room and held the old man by the throat, eyes flashing with a dangerous glint, “A mere Crystal Phase Magus dares attack a Morning Star on the sly?”

His own aura had weakened slightly, the consumption from before had not been small.

Due to the limitations of the peace agreement, Morning Star Magi were not allowed to use Arcane Arts that would affect large areas in the central continent. However, this was the Scarlet Crescent ruins, and technically speaking was not on the central continent. Naturally, that agreement did not extend to this place.

But why did the other Morning Star not use it?

It was because there were usually extremely powerful spell formations in the ruins. If the range of the Arcane Arts were too large, there would definitely be a chain reaction that would not be beneficial to the Morning Star Magi.

The second was because Magi had entered in order to plunder resources. How could they use such a powerful technique and destroy everything? Did they not want the loot?

Only people like Leylin, who thought nothing was taboo and had the A.I. Chip to find the specific location of his opponent, dared to bulldoze through after determining there were no traps or counteracting spell formations.

This also had to do with the old man having yet to gain complete control. If not, with the activation of any of the true ancient spell formations, Leylin would definitely be unable to break through and might even be trapped to his death by the spell formation.

“But since I started it, the situation will immediately change...”

Leylin laughed wryly inside. This was the consequence, but thankfully, he'd already prepared himself mentally. Even if he did not gain much here, it was all worth it.

.....

“Hm? These undulations? Morning Star Arcane Art?!”

Vicious energy undulations immediately passed through the range of the

ruins. Almost all Morning Star understood in that instant.

“Since someone has already made the first move, we need to hurry up!”

Cybel glanced at the wall made of large amounts of vines, and immediately looked annoyed, “Get out of the way!”

“Of course, my lord!” Paul, who knew what Cybel was planning on doing, immediately retreated far into the distance in case he got injured.

Afterwards, frightening energy undulations gathered at Cybel’s body, and a giant, all-annihilating storm even more terrifying than Philip’s swept through the place...

“A bunch of youngsters who don’t know how to follow rules!”

At the other end, a middle-aged man, golden all over like a god, shook his head helplessly. He put down a document in his hands.

“Anyway, someone has already taken control of a portion of the detection spell formation in the ruins. There’s also that feeling of being spied on...”

The middle-aged man’s brows furrowed, “I’m afraid that this truly must be the headquarters of the ancient Scarlet Crescent, and must have a high value. If news of how I had come here with a group of Morning Stars and yet was one-upped by someone else spreads, it’ll definitely be a huge joke...”

“In that case!” The phantom of a giant gold lion appeared behind the middle-aged Magus.

Boom! Just the pressure from the aura was enough for the entire building to collapse, the air shattering like iron chains.

“This feeling... These undulations... It’s a great Radiant Moon Magus!”

Collins, as well as the other Morning Star Magi, began to look grim at the other end.

The phantom image of a golden lion in the horizon gave them a very bad feeling.

It was not just the Morning Stars of Jupiter's Lightning. Even the Warlocks of Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair immediately sped up their movements, berserk energy waves emanating from them.

When they no longer had reservations, the terrifying destructive ability of Morning Star Magi were showcased completely.

"As expected, after I made the first move, it caused a chain reaction among the other Morning Stars. None of them are holding back anymore and charging in this direction..."

Leylin looked at the notebook that lay wide open. Many buildings had already been broken through by a few black dots, and there were warning sirens everywhere.

Gurgle... Gurgle...

The old man was almost unconscious.

Never did he expect that, in just a short instant, these Morning Stars would suddenly turn into ancient oppressive beasts, the defensive spell formations like a mere joke in front of them.

At the thought that he had even thought of relying on the spell formations here to deal with them, cold sweat unceasingly dripped from the old man's forehead.

Leylin had yet to come up with a way to deal with the descendant of Scarlet Crescent. He had a very soft personality, and just by being threatened, he had immediately handed everything over, which included even the jurisdiction to control the Void Assassins. This saved Leylin some time, and also allowed the old man to escape the gruesome fate of having his soul searched.

It was not just this. On the other party's body, Leylin found the inheritance from his ancestor, which was quite a large harvest.

From his eyes, Leylin could tell that the old man still seemed to be hiding something. Time was scarce, however, and Leylin could not waste more time to settle it.

“What are you afraid of? The setup of an ancient Magus won’t be that simple...”

Leylin shot the man a glance and spoke disdainfully. Though his earlier actions might have seemed reckless, the route had already gone through the A.I. Chip’s meticulous probing and calculations, and he had not triggered any fundamental, large formations.

After all, for ancient Magi, Morning Star was the bare minimum level. How could there not be specific countering spell formations? Those Magi would probably soon be in trouble.

# Chapter 531: Carelessness

“Ancient Morning Star Arcane Art – Ocean Crash!”

With a body thousands of metres tall, a monster with the head of a cow, body of a human and tentacles for feet emanated powerful energy undulations.

Behind it, four giant rings of light constantly flickered and fused, and the power of its point mass strengthened immensely from before, forming an alarming spell.

Like an ocean god had been enraged, great amounts of ocean water formed horses, goblins, dragons, and various other ancient beasts, drowning the large spell formation opposite it.

In front of the Morning Star Arcane Art, the large spell formation had broken out a powerful defensive force, but it was still smashed to smithereens, the vast ocean water bringing a great amount of pressure and washing through.

“This seems to be a cultivation base!”

Siebel’s aura suddenly grew unstable before he returned to his human form that would consume less energy. He charged into the spell formation and began to rummage through as he wished.

The Arcane Art left the base in a mess, looking like ruins after the end of the world. Yet, there were still some intact objects lying in the dust and emanating light that attracted hi’s attention.

“This is a Thousand-Eyed Worm Egg. It’s so big, and can practically be exchanged for an astral stone of a similar quality...”

“And very concentrated refined gold. There’s so much...” Siebel’s eyes lit up, cheeks turning a rosy red.

Various famous and also unknown precious materials were lying on the ground like trash. Though many had been destroyed, they were still of high value.

Such enormous wealth was placed before him to be chosen from. Even in his life, this experience was very rare.

“Haha... If I’d known, I would have done this long ago. Though it might affect some treasures, I can save time and attack a few other areas...”

Siebel’s eyes turned slightly red, as he scanned the ground and kept anything of value. He then left, reaching another area.

The surroundings of the large laboratory were flickering with crystal luster, obstructing Siebel like a city wall. At the door, there was a wooden sign that was a warning.

“Grandmaster Nuuk’s Alchemy Laboratory! Do not disturb if you are not supposed to be here! You will bear the consequences!”

“He’s already been dead for over tens of thousands of years. Who are you kidding?” Siebel had originally been surprised by the crimson words on the sign, feeling a chill down his spine, but the harvests he had reaped caused him to get greedy.

“Once I attack this place, I can move on to the core area. The treasures there must be even more amazing...”

Siebel’s expression changed several times, but he gradually made his decision. Rays from innate spells of various ranks lit up from his body.

Of course, he had also set up several layers of defence, with magic equipment that looked like shells covering his body.

“Be ruined! Morning Star Arcane Art— Ocean Crash!”

The azure ocean that stretched as far as the eye could see, as well as the vicious ocean animals, immediately submerged the laboratory in front of him. All sorts of lights exploded, before dying down.

By the time Siebel was done, the laboratory had turned into a large ruins. All the spell runes had either been destroyed, smashed, or had disappeared.

“Haha... As expected! My guess was right!”

The counterattack he had expected did not arrive, and Siebel’s face



showed his elation. He first sent a few puppets forth cautiously, and after determining there was no danger ahead, pounced towards the ruins hastily and began to look through it.

Even Morning Star Magi did not get such chances often.

Meanwhile, spilled various violent and dangerous reactions were rapidly happening out of sight.

“Determined to be point mass reaction! Judged Morning Star-ranked enemy at area DK-34, activating counterattack spell formation.”

Up in the air in the secret space, large amounts of vacant spaces fused together and formed the strange shape of a crystal ball. At the heart of it was an unusual human in black robes, eyes giving off crimson rays.

Traces of a mysterious aura were emitted along with the control room’s command. In the area above what had been the laboratory, a concealed spell formation began to operate.

“Extrapolating force of point mass. Attribute determined to be: Water. Activating counterattack spell formation. Begin!”

“Hm? What’s going on?” Siebel raised his head, and in that moment, his intuition as a Magus made him feel immensely threatened, some existence was giving him the chills.

“Not good! I need to leave immediately!” He turned into a blue silhouette as he darted out.

However, it was too late. With a terrifying, high-pitched sound, a large, crimson spell formation appeared in the air. Large numbers of runic chains formed a cage, trapping him inside.

“Target confirmed. Beginning annihilation.” The icy, robotic voice immediately gave Siebel the feeling that he was in immense danger. However, as a Morning Star Magus, he would naturally not sit and wait to be killed.

“Ah! You want to kill me, just with this spell formation?” Siebel snarled, body exploding and revealing his true marine form.

At the same time, the enormous undulations from the Morning Star final technique appeared once more.

“Morning Star Arcane Art— Ocean Crash!”

A tremendous ocean descended, and many ancient creatures thundered as they charged straight for the runic chains.

Weng! The attacks fell on the thin runic chains, but were not able to cause any damage at all. Large amounts of blue light were absorbed by the chains, causing Siebel’s face to immediately turn pale.

“Ho-How?” Seeing a spell formation like this that could absorb a whole Morning Star Arcane Art, Siebel seemed to have been dealt a massive blow. Were Morning Star not able to do as they wished in the continent? Their Arcane Arts were even more horrifying, so how could this have happened?

Only now did he understand how terrifying ancient Magi were, but it was far too late.

Xiu! A giant blue bow appeared, still having some of the power Siebel’s own point mass as it shot out blue flames.

At the heart of the blue flames, there was a unique long arrow, the arrowhead having alarming black threads that distorted time and space.

Pu! Like paper being ripped through, his defensive layers were pierced through by the blue arrow, and even the Morning Star Magus’ famed soul force was rendered useless under the black threads.

The giant blue arrow pierced through Siebel’s chest, pinning him to the ground.

“I... will actually here... in the hands of a trap...” Siebel’s expression cycled, and he was unsure if he should laugh or cry.

Though these injuries would cause regular people or even Magi to die straightaway, Morning Star Magi had a vigorous life force and powerful vitality that still allowed them to struggle for their lives for a period of time.

“I never thought I’d die here. Thankfully, I still have the marine tribe’s deity egg and can be reborn.”

Siebel had a wry smile on his face, unwilling to part with the precious items and magic equipment he had found. However, there was no way around it.

The marine tribe’s deity egg was a secret method of the marine tribe Magi to save one’s life, for Morning Stars and above. It was able to separate one’s blood, flesh and soul in the form of a marine egg, and after the fall of the main body, they would then be reborn in the egg.

As it was part of the Magus, after a period of training, it was possible to even return to the Morning Star realm!

Since it was so valuable, it was obviously extensively sought out. However, due to the limitations of the race, only the marine tribe were able to use it, causing many human Morning Stars to wring their hands in defeat.

Though there were some Magi who had one or even a few clones, if the main body fell, it was extremely difficult for the clone to reach Morning Star and was even considered impossible.

“Collection of soul aura complete. Beginning obliteration of soul brand.”

At this moment, the icy robotic voice sounded once more, giving Siebel the impression that he was really in trouble.

Immediately after, he felt a strange force being transmitted to his body through the bow and arrow, and with the sensing abilities of his soul aura, felt it trace the source and reach a part of the past.

A scene suddenly appeared in his mind. It was that of when he had carefully placed the deity egg in his Magus Tower.

At that moment, multiple black threads were sent out, puncturing the deity egg.

“Oh! Noooo...” Siebel yelled while struggling. He could tell that with the changes in the scene, his original connection with the deity egg had been

completely broken, and he would no longer have any chances at rebirth. In that case, if he were to die, it would truly be the end...

“How– How did it become like this?” Large amounts of blood spilt from the corner of Siebel’s mouth, which then turned into blue bubbles that exploded. His eyes closed for eternity.

In ancient times, there were many Magi with clones or those who entrusted their lives elsewhere. The methods were strange and hard to be determined, but many Magi who had participated in the great ancient Magus war had still fallen.

Once the original was completely wiped out, even a Morning Star would be helpless.

Poof! A spot of light that was like a morning star emerged from his body and, with the guidance of a stream of astral light, broke through the space and left.

This was a Morning Star Magus’ point mass, holding his soul within.

Based on legends of the ancient Byron Empire, when Morning Star Magi completely died, their soul would return to the astral plane for eternity, floating in the deepest part of the astral plane and waiting for their next chance at reincarnation.

“Point mass discovered! Beginning seizure!”

A few large hands full of black runes emerged from the air and grabbed at the point mass. The formless force immediately spread throughout the area, causing the starlight to turn unsteady.

Sou! Taking this opportunity, the large black hands grabbed hold of the point mass, disappearing into the darkness.

# Chapter 532: Setup

Previously, hidden in the control room, the scenes of Siebel's death were displayed on the crystal screen for a pair of crimson eyes.

When the point mass was caught by the person behind this whole situation, the power bar increased by one unit on the side of the screen.

"..." The crimson light in that pair of eyes flickered intensely, but it soon subsided.

The chamber turned deathly silent again. A dark figure stayed at its spot, unmoving, unbreathing.

Meanwhile, news of Siebel's death swept through the entire ruins like a hurricane.

"What's this feeling?" Leylin's face changed the moment the astral plane opened automatically upon Siebel's death. He felt the fluctuation in the atmosphere of the astral plane and the point mass.

It was the same feeling he'd gotten when he'd killed Cyril, something he'd never forget.

"The death of a Morning Star Magus? The point mass returning to the astral plane?" Leylin mumbled in disbelief.

He took a long breath afterwards, "Sure enough, ancient ruins aren't this simple. Even this core control room could be a mere disguise, with another true one hidden somewhere else!"

Leylin had gotten this suspicion a little earlier. Even if the old man didn't have full authorisation, the defence of this place was far too weak. Now, it seemed it was only to be expected if this place was just a ruse that could only control the simplest spell formations.

Those powerful spell formations that had the power to suppress Morning Star Magi, and were even strong enough to kill them, were all hidden somewhere in the dark.

Leylin looked at the old man who was lying on the ground with

sympathy when he thought of this.

It was obvious that his ancestor was of little importance in Scarlet Crescent, he had not even gotten a single bit of information about such matters.

“Anyway, all these things is none of my business. I’ve gotten what’s important, and therefore, it’s time to leave...” Leylin smiled, then flipped open the pale yellow notebook.

Even if the old man’s ancestor did not have much status, they had been very careful and had even noted down a secret passageway for the sake of their descendants. It allowed Leylin to leave Scarlet Crescent directly without returning through the original route, which greatly reduced the level of danger.

“If this works out, the mission this time will truly have gone perfectly!”

Leylin rubbed his chin, “The others only know that I have entered the ruin, but they don’t know what I have gained, there’s still room for manipulation.”

At the bottom of his heart was an idea about how to break apart the bloodline shackles, a gift from the ancient Wisdom Tree. This was priceless information for bloodline Warlocks.

Because of this, Leylin had to safeguard the secret, or else he could be rejected and even persecuted by the bloodline Warlocks.

“The timing’s just right. I know Siebel’s dead, but the rest of the Morning Star Magi aren’t aware of this, which means he can be my scapegoat!”

Leylin could not help but sneer as he thought of what he saw in the core control room earlier on.

The other Morning Star Magi did not have the spell formation of this control room to monitor the entire ruin. At most, they only knew that one Morning Star Magus had perished, but they would not know which one it was.

In this case, it was possible for him to disguise himself as Siebel, it

wasn't like the dead could talk.

“Transfiguration! Projection Technique!” With a thought, Leylin's aura changed, becoming similar to Siebel's.

But this was far from enough. His cover would be blown the moment a Morning Star Magus scanned him with soul force.

“I planned to use this for research or just to sell it off. Who knew I'd be using it now...” Leylin flipped his palm, revealing a translucent test tube. There was a tinge of blue blood in it, emanating light.

This was the blood Leylin had extracted from Siebel during their fight.

“Conceal the bloodline! This is going to remove all light and resist detection...” Leylin spoke in a half-singing and half-chanting voice.

These were Arcane Arts that the A.I. Chip had deduced from the inherited memories of the bloodline.

It enabled one to use the bloodline of the target, covering up their own aura and imitate the energy fluctuations on the target. Soul force would be unable to detect it.

Moreover, this was a long-lost arcane art of bloodlines. Leylin had witnessed it when he'd awakened his own Kemoyin bloodline. Other Morning Star Magi would definitely not have thought of it.

The spells sounded out as the test tube opened up in tandem with Leylin's incantation. The blue blood drifted into the air, turning into a hazy shadow that enveloped Leylin.

In the blink of an eye, Leylin looked as if he changed into another person. Not only did he have the same look as Siebel, even his aura mimicked those of the marine tribe.

It was so much so that the energy fluctuations of a Magus were emitted from him, as opposed to those of the vastly different Warlocks.

Even the Radiant Moon Magus of Jupiter's Lightning would find it hard to recognise him under such circumstances.

“Ma- Master?”

The old man who sat on the ground saw Leylin changing completely into someone else, and he could not help but stutter.

Leylin soon turned and looked at him, a trace of hostility flashing in his eyes.

.....

Tremendous golden flames crackled and melted the void within seconds, clearing out a path of lava.

A blonde-haired middle-aged Warlock walked out with both hands behind him, followed by the phantom of a humongous golden lion.

“Right here! This is the first location where the energy fluctuations of a Morning Star Magus appeared. The core control room must be nearby!”

His brows furrowed while he glanced through the scenery on both sides. Looking at the huge depression and the remaining seawater, he frowned.

“Was I too late?”

Bang! Just then, the core control room nearby exploded, and a ferocious blaze engulfed everything.

The Warlock snorted with disdain, and a huge amount of fire was absorbed by the phantom at his back in an instant. His powerful soul force scanned around and discovered a blue figure immediately.

“Are you still trying to leave?” He smiled sarcastically, while a ray of golden lightning shot out immediately from the phantom behind him, quickly arriving at the blue figure.

“Arcane Art— Myriad Waves!”

An illusory domain in the form of a blue ocean was emanated from the blue figure, and a large surge of waves rushed ahead to form a huge wall that shielded him.

Ka-cha! Golden lightning split the waves apart, revealing the original form of the trembling fellow.

This was a giant who was a few meters tall, covered in blue skin. The



inhuman aura was obvious.

“Marine Giant Siebel? Indeed, he was the fellow guarding this region, and one of the first to enter the ruins...” The middle-aged Warlock nodded, then he saw Siebel’s figure flicker before he fled quickly.

“You can’t escape!” Wayde, the Radiant Moon Warlock followed after him right away. As the blue giant was the first to reach the core control room, he must have gotten lots of treasure. Just the structural plans of the ruins would have him green with envy.

“Hand me everything you’ve obtained, and I will allow your true soul back into the astral plane!” Wayde looked indifferent, but the phantom lion behind him started to fidget.

‘Only a fool will stay still...’ Half of Leylin’s body was severely burnt, but his figure moved swiftly in the ruins to escape. Even though the situation was bad, he had managed to escape from Wayde for the moment with the guidance of the map he had acquired.

Leylin put in huge effort to disguise himself as Siebel in this time period. Not only had he changed his aura completely using the Arcane Art, he had also used the data recorded by the A.I. Chip to imitate his domain, perfecting the facade.

With the aura, domain, and even the face matching, even if Leylin told him the truth now, Wayde wouldn’t believe him.

Not to mention that he’d spent a lot of effort to conceal his powerful spells. With the rush he was in, his opponent would not have a single clue about his identity.

As for the old man and the core control room, Leylin had destroyed them both; he would never let someone who knew his secrets to live. After all, once the old man fell into another’s hands, his disguise would be rendered useless.

‘I didn’t expect him to be this fast... Moreover, he’s a rank 5 Magus who excels at lightning-based attacks!’ Leylin smiled wryly. He had disguised himself as Siebel, and even had to mimic his spells. Despite the fact that

Leylin knew water could not overpower lightning, he continued to use water spells to fight against Wayne as he could not risk exposing himself.

What was worse was that the opponent was way too fast. He had been caught unprepared.

However, it was all worth it.

A trace of a smile showed up on Leylin's face, and blue light flickered in his eyes as he tested Wayne's patience with the help of the numerous spell formations in the ruins.

At last, Wayne fumed with rage at the slippery moves of the Morning Star Magus before him, and did not want to probe Siebel any longer.

"Void Devourer!" His hand reached out ferociously, and the phantom opened its monstrous mouth in an attempt to swallow him.

Buzz! As if a massive black hole had appeared in the void, everything distorted and disappeared into the lion's monstrous mouth.

'This was what I was waiting for!' Leylin's eyes glinted, and he hid behind another huge bell tower.

Crack! The bell tower was broken, and even the foundation was uprooted by the suction force.

Buzz! A strong wave of energy appeared, unveiling a complex spell formation hidden underground.

"Hmmm, what's this? Power from the core?" Wayne's brows furrowed. Soon, he was buried in crimson spell formations that came out of the blue.

"Intruder spotted, Radiant Moon Warlock!" A cold mechanic voice sounded.

# Chapter 533: The Continuation

“Success!” Not far away, the golden lion phantom was trapped in a crimson spell formation. Seeing it growl continuously, Leylin clenched his fist resolutely.

Since he had the guts to take Siebel’s place, he naturally also had a way out.

Many important locations were marked out on the notebook he had seized. The energy hub was one of the most important places. Leylin was confident that once this area was attacked, the hidden defense program would immediately be activated.

After all, he had intentionally avoided many spell formations along the way, and used Morning Star Arcane Arts with restraint. Thus, he appeared relatively harmless. Needless to say, the program would deal with the more terrifying rank 5 Warlock first.

A Radiant Moon Warlock was not to be trifled with. Even in the ancient times, such a Warlock was a strong contender that conquered.

The collisions between these two would instantly devastate their surroundings, causing an already chaotic region to become even more disordered.

Even if there were any problems or clues left behind, they would have been quickly wiped out in the destruction.

As the golden lion phantom continued growling, Leylin smiled coldly, his body completely fading into the void.

The ruins no longer held any attraction for Leylin. The dangers would increase exponentially, and forcing himself to stay wouldn’t bring him any benefits as well. Leylin thus decided to evacuate.

.....

Half a month later, Phosphorescence Swamp, Ouroboros Clan headquarters, inside of Leylin’s huge castle.

“How were the ruins of Scarlet Crescent?” Leylin was now wearing a loose robe and conversing leisurely with someone else through the screen in front of him.

Paul’s figure surfaced on the screen, just that he seemed a little gloomy. Even his tentacles were drooping listlessly. Evidently, he didn’t receive any good news.

“It has been confirmed that the ruins of Scarlet Crescent have been completely closed. The coordinates have all become invalid, and I reckon that it has undertaken a spatial jump!” Paul didn’t look too well.

Previously, with the directions from the notebook, Leylin had managed to escape unharmed through a spatial path that had opened up. Hence, he also missed the drastic changes that had taken place afterwards in the ruins. Of course, this was how he avoided danger.

It was only after Paul and company emerged in a fluster that Leylin found out about what had happened in the ruins.

It turned out that the ancient Magi from the Scarlet Crescent had left behind an Adamantine Golem in the ruins, which acted as the control centre.

This Adamantine Golem had an intelligence on par with humans, and could think like a normal human being, except that it was equipped with a program to comply with orders.

What was even more special was that not only had this Adamantine Golem mastered all the ancient spell formations in the ruins, it could also recharge itself by devouring Morning Star Magus point masses!

During the previous fight, upon discovering that it couldn’t defeat the rank 5 Warlock, Wayde, the Adamantine Golem immediately started attacking the other Morning Star Magi in the ruins.

Numerous ancient spell formations had surfaced, costing Paul and company dearly.

In front of spell formations specially deployed by the ancient Magi, even Morning Stars were destined to fall. Blair and another Morning Star had

fallen straight away from Spirit Circle. On Wind Wolf Lair's end, Philip was seriously injured while Palesa fell directly. Even Cybel, the strongest of them all, was severely wounded, and was rumored to have almost fallen from his Morning Star position.

On the other hand, Jupiter's Lightning was no better. At least half of their men suffered grave injuries, while the remaining few had superficial wounds.

After recharging through absorbing numerous point masses, the Adamantine Golem started to show its prowess. With the assistance of the many ancient spell formations, even Wayne was wounded and eventually chased out.

The other Morning Stars had to get themselves out of danger one by one. Paul was lucky; he had managed to jostle his way into a spatial crack, and was teleported to the border of the Magus world, which saved his life.

From then onwards, the Scarlet Crescent ruins vanished from Crystal Mountain. Other Magi came forth afterwards, but no matter how hard they tried to scout it out, not even a trace of the place could be found.

According to the judgment of a few specialists, the Adamantine Golem must have activated a spatial jump right after attaining sufficient energy, teleporting the ruins away.

Under such a situation, these Magi were so stunned that they could only drop the idea of going in for another round of looting.

As for Leylin? He fabricated a lie about how he hadn't gained a lot after entering the pocket dimension, and had immediately backed out after the rank 5 battle started.

This, of course, raised doubts from Cybel and the others, but those were only suspicions. Furthermore, as they had just lost a great deal of strength, they were in no position to question Leylin.

Additionally, someone else had taken the limelight away from Leylin.

"Oh right, has Sebel been found?" Leylin asked seriously, trying to contain his laughter.

Due to Wayde's allegations and other evidence, many Morning Stars unanimously agreed that the Marine Giant Siebel of Jupiter's Lightning had gained the most fortune from the ruins, and had even intruded into the core control room.

Jupiter's Lightning reacted relatively strangely. They declared that Siebel had already fallen and perished. Even the deity egg in the Magus Tower was damaged. This did raise some suspicions.

However, the Warlocks led by Wayde were enemies with them, and thus did not receive any response. They could only try to probe for information on the sly.

"He hasn't! As you know, prophesying about a Morning Star Magus is really troublesome, especially with the presence of the Morning Star domain. Coupled with the radiation from the Magus himself, even a Radiant Moon Magus specializing in prophecy spells cannot solve such problems. We need someone that is at least a Breaking Dawn, and he has to be an expert in prophecies..."

Paul gave a forced laugh. A Breaking Dawn throne specializing in prophecies? Leylin smirked. Such a person has never been seen before in the central continent.

"We suffered many losses this time round, and returned with only injuries. Only you managed to reap some decent gains!" Paul seemed sour, which was rare. He stared at Leylin's right ear.

Leylin gave a light laugh and touched his earlobe. A crescent accessory covered his ear, casting a crescent shadow.

This was a high-grade magic equipment: the Scarlet Earring! After confirming that it didn't pose any danger, Leylin immediately put it on.

A high-grade magic equipment! Even Morning Star Magi would be envious. After all, even the raw materials of such an item have disappeared from the face of the central continent for a long time, thus it would be impossible to produce it again.

Perhaps only the Breaking Dawn noble powers who have explored other

worlds and obtained loads of resources might own a few of these items.

Most of the magic equipment that Leylin had seen before were low-grade items, and even middle-grade items were rare. It wouldn't be hard to guess the value of this high-grade piece magic equipment.

Not only did Leylin escape unscathed, he even reaped relatively huge gains. It was no wonder that Paul was envious of him.

It was only after much deliberation did Leylin that decide to display this magic equipment. His previous actions may have appeared suspicious; if the first batch of Magi who entered left without a single piece of loot, it would attract unwanted attention.

Now, the appearance of the Scarlet Earring would serve as a reasonable explanation for all that happened.

Paul thought to himself, 'If it was me, perhaps I would have been satisfied with the discovery of the Scarlet Earring as well. It would have been enough for me to stop there and find my way out instead.'

What was more miraculous was how the complete disappearance of the Scarlet Crescent ruins had made most of the contract that Leylin signed with them obsolete. He didn't even have to redistribute what he'd obtained.

Initially, when they decided upon the allocation, they had included the entire ruins as one of the most important lands. Now that they had suffered a dead loss, the agreement would naturally lose its validity as well.

This was definitely beneficial for Leylin.

He was prepared to keep the secret of the ancient Wisdom Tree until his death. It was only an intelligence report anyway, and didn't occupy much of his share. Withholding this piece of information and then distributing his profits fairly would deceive everyone.

Now that he was the sole owner of all the shares, it was even better.

As the previous agreement was made obsolete, anything obtained from

the ruins would belong to the person who found it. No matter how jealous Paul was, he couldn't do anything about it.

With such a high-grade magic equipment, it was needless to say that Leylin's strength would increase exponentially. Now that Cybel was suffering from heavy losses, they couldn't make things ugly even if they wanted to, as their strength could not be compared to Leylin's.

Not only that, Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair had suffered great losses in terms of strength. The successive fall of their Morning Stars caused problems to surface in their rule. Enemies from before also started getting themselves ready for action.

In such uncertain times, they would be more than willing to receive external assistance from Leylin, who had good connections. This would be more favourable than allowing him to side with their enemies.

That was how this matter passed.

'If it were not for the two Radiant Moons!' Leylin secretly added on.

Although Leylin had tried his best to cover his tracks through questioning himself, it was hard to guarantee that he didn't leave any traces behind at all. If the Scarlet Crescent ruins were found, or even broken into, it would be possible to find gaps through on-site tests.

There were many tricks up the sleeves of those Radiant Moon Magi, many of which he would not have even thought of. Thus, there was still a hidden danger.

But what was a little risk compared to these returns?

Furthermore, the Radiant Moon Warlock on Leylin's end, Wayde, was very certain that the Marine Giant Siebel was the main culprit. This imperceptibly lifted immense pressure off Leylin. Since he had long offended that Radiant Moon Magus from Jupiter's Lightning, a little more enmity wouldn't make much difference.

"Oh right, Sir Leylin, you seemed to have gained a lot from this trip to the Scarlet Crescent ruins. I have a few items here as well, how about a mutual exchange?" Paul finally revealed his true intention of making the



call.

Although both he and Leylin had obtained a few items in the ruins, they might not be fit for use, thus it was vital to exchange items of equivalent value.

# Chapter 534: Morning Star Area

“Alright, we can make the trade in the Morning Star trading area!” Leylin said after a moment and nodded. He then ended the call.

The point of the transaction was a small plane that was accessed and linked through the astral gate. It was the channel to which Cybel gave Leylin access for trading amongst Morning Star Warlocks.

That was a large camp and trading area built together by a few Breaking Dawn Warlocks, and Leylin was delighted.

Though his Magus Tower and astral gate were still under construction, he could still travel through another astral gate.

While pondering over this, Leylin entered a large honeycomb-like structure in the technological section.

Here was an astral gate that could be used.

“Your Grace!” Schadt brought a group of Warlocks in white coats that looked very much like researchers from his previous world, and bowed to Leylin.

“En! I want to use the astral gate here. The rest of you can leave first.” Leylin waved his arms, sending Schadt and the rest away.

With his current status, Schadt did not dare say more. He immediately brought his subordinates away, giving up the spacious laboratory to Leylin.

“Astral Gate!” Leylin saw a giant stone gate in the spell formation at the centre.

Around the stone gate were blue flames that formed a giant bundle of light and covered everything. If Leylin wasn’t at the Morning Star realm, he might not even see the true body constructed of astral stones.

The stone gate was simple yet dignified, spatial runes roving around and revolving every once in a while as they emanated a unique luster.

“Astral plane! What a vast, wide place. I wonder if I’ll be able to explore

it to its depths in my lifetime...” Leylin sighed. He had a premonition. Perhaps... When he completely understood the secrets of the astral plane, he would achieve his goal of immortality!

[Beep! Astral gate opened. Please determine coordinates!] The A.I. Chip’s robotic voice sounded.

The giant stone gate emitting blue astral light began to rumble, a large black whirlpool appearing in the middle. Boundless silver spatial rays shot out from within, as well as a vast, mysterious astral aura.

“Go!” With a wave of his hand, a point of light that was like a star landed on the astral gate.

These were the coordinates to the Morning Star trading area that Paul had given him. After the A.I. Chip had recorded it down, he could use soul force and turn the location into a point of light.

The coordinates of different worlds and plans were very different from the 2D plane coordinates in Leylin’s previous life. It was definitely not 3D either, but something that constantly warped and jumped in curves. At the same time, they seemed to have some point of reference in the astral plane and formed a specific frequency.

Even with the powerful calculative abilities of the A.I. Chip, it was still unable to simulate the entire process. Only through continuous use could it be completely understood.

When the point of light that was like a star landed on the surface of the stone gate, a startling change happened.

Bzzzz! The astral gate trembled, the countless wandering runes emitting an alarming luster. The two sides of the gate opened with a rumble, revealing a spatial passageway that was like a galaxy.

“As expected, the consumption is very little. Just the reserves of astral stones that I borrowed can be used for three days or more!”

Leylin was in no hurry to enter, only watching the A.I. Chip as it recorded data, and couldn’t help but nod.

The operating rules of the astral gate still had to abide by the most fundamental physical laws. The further the teleportation, the greater the consumption. The Morning Star trading region was at the edges of the Magus World, and the consumption was obviously low, to the point that it was negligible. It was very convenient in moving manpower or cargo.

“Hm? That’s not right! This Morning Star area is obviously a strategic location for large bases and war movements of high-ranked Warlocks!” Leylin was startled, but immediately understood.

With a point of communication in the Morning Star area, as long as organisations had Morning Star Warlocks and astral gates, they could be sent aid from the Morning Star area through astral gates, and could even have Warlocks from the union lend their support!

It could be said that the Morning Star area, along with the astral gates, was a huge teleportation network that linked all bloodline Warlock organisations “What an amazing plan! Such a convenient method of receiving aid, and very flexible as well. It’s no wonder that bloodline Warlock organisations are spread throughout the central continent, and are still so close. There doesn’t seem to be any issues that might divide them...”

The more Leylin thought about it, the more clear it was. He couldn’t help but begin to admire those Radiant Moon Warlocks for their thoughts and decision.

Of course, the requirements to enter the teleportation formation was very high. There needed to be at least one Morning Star Warlock or above, as well as an astral gate.

Any one of the Dukes of the Ouroboros Clan could have sent for help from the Morning Star region through the astral gate. The invaders would immediately be destroyed, and Leylin would not have had to risk his life alone.

At this thought, Leylin had little to say.

If he had obtained the coordinates to the Morning Star region earlier, things would not have been so difficult for him, to the point that he

needed to gamble on some things.

However, it wasn't too late. The connection between the Ouroboros Clan and the Morning Star area was established once again, and he could obtain reinforcements any time. He would not have to be as cautious as before.

Leylin laughed, a trace of dark soul force emitting from the area between his brows and into the passageway.

Since it was the first time he was making contact with the Morning Star area, he would not put himself in danger. On top of that, the consumption of having his body going through as compared to just his soul force was much higher. Using his soul force would save a lot of energy.

It had to be said that sometimes, Leylin was a very miserly Magus.

The spatial travel was very quick this time, and the repercussions were mild. Leylin focused his mind on the soul force, and immediately felt it going through the astral gate and linking with another small-scaled plane.

"Foreigner, this is the gathering area of bloodline Warlocks. State your name and status!"

Just as the soul force reached the outer regions of the plane, Leylin felt a powerful undulation being transmitted to him. That was the bloodline aura unique to Radiant Moon Warlocks, ruthlessly scanning Leylin's soul force.

'A Radiant Moon Warlock, and their real body at that! This must be the protector in charge of the Morning Star area,' Leylin wondered inside, his soul force emitting a stream of information.

"I am Leylin Farlier of the Ouroboros Clan." At the same time, the dark soul force instantly sent out a layer of crimson brilliance, with the aura of the Kemoyin bloodline.

The unique power of a Warlock's bloodline, as well as the aura of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent, symbolised his status. It was a mark that was difficult for others to imitate.

“En! Cybel’s brought you up before, and the bloodline power is correct. Welcome home, little guy!” The conscient immediately turned friendly, sending Leylin some words of encouragement and retreating into the other plane.

Leylin’s soul force did not hesitate and followed him in.

“Is this the Morning Star area?” A streak of dark light formed a black human figure. Leylin couldn’t help but look around, fascinated.

He was now in a large square. Raising his head, he could see a shattered sky, with nebulae and giant protective stars and the like in the spatial cracks.

Above some of the protective stars, there was a huge ring of light that was even larger than the sun, looking as if it was about to fall.

High-ranked Warlocks could be seen walking around the square on occasion. Compared to the small-scaled gathering before, Leylin now saw even more Morning Star Warlocks, and with some, he could not even sense the source of their bloodline.

This was the point where high-ranked bloodline Warlocks in the central continent gathered, and naturally could not be compared to the last time.

Leylin began to observe carefully. The Warlocks here were naturally at the Morning Star realm and above, their bodies all having unique auras. Some looked completely different from regular humans just from their outer appearance.

It was evident that this was not their first time here. They were not surprised by Leylin’s presence in the square, going about their own matters.

Some of them had descended with their real bodies, while there were others like Leylin with just a thread of their soul force changed into flames, bundles of light, or other shapes.

“Paul, I’m here!” Leylin’s soul force turned into a rune and sent out a message to the imprint.

Almost instantly, he received a reply, “Welcome, welcome! Are you at the square? Wait, I’ll come get you!”

Minutes later, a large steel puppet reached the square, its sapphire eyes shooting out light and immediately finding Leylin’s location.

Identifying people by their soul force was the main method Morning Star Warlocks used to distinguish people. They were rarely wrong.

Seeing Leylin staring at his puppet, Paul couldn’t help but chuckle, “Haha... my friend! It’s your first time here. I’ll gift you a steel puppet soon, since it’s slightly inconvenient without a body!”

Morning Star Warlocks used astral stones very sparingly, and if it was not necessary, they would not try to pass through with their real bodies. Instead, through their soul force, they would prepare a clone or puppet, and things would be fine.

The black figure formed from the thread of Leylin’s soul force laughed and spoke, “This isn’t bad either. Aren’t you going to bring me around?”

“Of course!” The large steel puppet immediately led the way, every step causing an earthquake, attracting the attention of many Warlocks.

“This is the Morning Star area, the holy land of bloodline Warlocks. It’s also where all our strength and hope lies!” Paul explained.

“You should understand how trading and everything works, right?”

“Of course. A network of teleportation spell formations spanning across the central continent! As expected, it’s a huge project!” Leylin sucked in a deep breath.

# Chapter 535: Protected Star Trading

“Yes. Through the Morning Star Area, any Morning Star Warlock can get support at anytime. Even if our brothers are spread throughout the central continent, this place can still keep us closely linked.”

Paul’s words held a tone of awe, and the respect he held towards the Warlocks who had thought up this plan was obvious.

“Yes. If I had had the coordinates to the Morning Star Area the last time, things wouldn’t have been so difficult...” Leylin sounded helpless as he sighed.

“Haha... but it’s not too late to know now!” The hand of the steel puppet seemed to pat Leylin’s shoulder, but went through the black figure.

As if trying to hide his embarrassment, Paul immediately laughed as he spoke. “Oh! By the way, all of our bloodline Warlock organisations provide each other with long-distance delivery services. Of course, they take a fee, and need to be on good terms with the other party!”

“Bloodline Warlocks are very united...” Leylin’s eyes shone, immediately knowing the function of this service.

Even if it was the airship network of the Monarch of the skies, it would take years to travel from one end of the central continent to the other. In the process, they had to move across countless dangerous regions, and even Morning Stars would find this troublesome.

Unless it was absolutely necessary, other Magi would stay in their own territories, and seldom conducted super long-distance travels.

With the teleportation through the Morning Star Area, travelling to any region in the central continent could happen in an instant as long as there was a Morning Star Warlock organisation there.

Of course, as the teleportation was through the astral gate, the arrival would be at the other party’s headquarters or even Magus Tower.

This served as a threat to the Warlocks who teleported over. The Warlocks that received them would not easily reveal secrets of their nest



to another Warlock.

This required a certain amount of trust from both sides, as well as unity.

However, Leylin believed that with the huge pressure from the external world, and the coordination of the few Radiant Moon Warlocks in the inner circles, this was not yet a problem.

“The space here is large, and there are many uninhabited areas. As long as you take control of it, it’s yours and you’re free to do as you like, as long as you don’t encroach on public territory!”

Paul continued on, “I have a castle outside, but you need to be careful. In these uninhabited regions, there are vengeful spirits and the like. Things will get very complicated if you get hurt, since it’s malice that has been amassed in a location.”

Leylin looked grim as he nodded, tactfully not asking what had happened to the people who had fallen to this state.

“By the way... Where is the trading hall?”

Leylin took a quick look. After walking out of the square from before, there were only a few shops here and there, with some puppets or clones inside selling personal items. Some of the shops had even closed their doors, only accepting members.

However, just the light from the front desk had Leylin in a daze. The astral stones that he had found so difficult to acquire when he was rank 3 seemed to be of less value, with each shop having a couple pieces.

There were obviously many treasures here. Leylin even saw quite a few medium-grade magic equipment.

However, what confused Leylin was that the trading hall that he was looking for could not be found. Even after he walked a whole round through the trading area, he could not find anything that resembled a building.

“Uh... Lord Leylin, my castle isn’t too far away. How about we go there and rest, sampling rainbow juice and jewelled meat from the Gourmet

World? How about it?” Paul awkwardly laughed.

Leylin’s expression turned cold with dissatisfaction. Paul was obviously afraid that after seeing the trading hall, he would be able to accurately gauge the real value of his items, thus disabling his ability to take advantage of him.

“Hehe... Big octopus, are you swindling newbies again?” Before Leylin had even flared up, a large flower that looked like a rose giggled from the side.

The rose looked about the size of a regular human, its roots twisting around each other and forming something similar to a human’s two feet. A little girl’s face appeared at the stamen.

“Hey, newbie! The public area for trading is above you. Just look up and you’ll know. No need to thank me...”

The giant human-shaped flower hummed while skipping off, while Paul’s face turned red. Thankfully, he was now controlling a puppet, and it was not evident.

“Above me?!”

Leylin raised his head in amazement, staring at the large, starry skies that were like the universe, particularly at the giant star that looked ready to fall. Numerous rings of light formed a pattern around her, bright and beautiful.

“Could it be?!”

Leylin was shocked, soul force immediately extending to the protective star.

Rumble! Like a universe exploding, information streamed into Leylin’s brain. If he had not already reached Morning Star realm and had some experience in the past, he might explode from this onslaught of data.

“Selling 5632 g astral stone! Accepting exchange with item of equal value!”

“High grade meditation technique— Void Phantom, total of five levels.

Complete. Requesting...”

“Purchasing bloodlines, remains or even goods from ancient creatures at a high price. Price will be favorable. Add me immediately!” At the side was a secret imprint symbol.

“Medium-grade magic equipment trade. I need a defensive magic equipment. Any difference in price can be compensated with another hundred star gems!”

“Selling living beings— Desolate Bone Wolf tribe, as well as a wolf king with a limit of rank 3!”

“Selling spatial Arcane Art, as well as an incomplete spatial coordinate. If interested, please hurry...”

Leylin’s eyes flashed with blue, the A.I. Chip quickly turning and gathering all this information, forming a large price list and a curved line of the selling price.

Leylin chuckled, clearly understanding the preciousness and general prices of certain items.

“Haha... The weather’s quite good!” Paul laughed. “Lord Leylin, there’s too much chaotic information here. I just wanted you to get some rest...”

Paul said something even he wouldn’t fall for. Would soul force need rest?

Unexpectedly, Leylin immediately agreed. “Lord Paul, please lead the way!”

“Wha-What? You still want to go to the castle? Oh, no, no! I mean... are you not going to take a look at the market?” Paul was slightly confused and even bewildered, to the point that he forgot his words.

“Haha! Spirit Circle is my Ouroboros Clan’s ally, so I obviously believe you! Besides, I’m rather curious about the rainbow juice and jeweled meat!” Leylin lifted his head and chuckled, looking as if he did not mind. Paul was immediately touched.

What he did not realise was in the moment Leylin laughed, there was a

cold glint in his eyes.

After walking out of the public area, everything instantly seemed desolate. The Morning Star Area was a plane after all, and no matter how many of their few Radiant Moon Warlocks had dealt with it, they could not attend to every single area.

Even public places were frequented only by Morning Star Warlocks, and thus appeared like a ghost town. The area was large but there were few people, and the frequency of an individual occupying a lot of land was extremely high.

The situation was even worse outside. Besides a few castles and buildings like that near the public region, the other areas were basically a wasteland.

The vengeful spirits formed of malicious thoughts and ill intent were very stubborn and difficult to deal with.

Before a complete 'purification', even Radiant Moon Warlocks had few methods to deal with it. They could only allow them to lie around idly, not even able to make use of them.

They headed all the way to Paul's castle.

While it was called a castle, Warlocks' aesthetics were rather different from those ordinary people. The castle in front of Leylin was a few large spheroids floating in the air, with a column connecting the bottom to the ground.

"Look! This is the castle I designed myself. What beautiful arches! And that feeling of complete perfection! Oh! It makes me want to recite a poem..." Paul was obviously in a good mood, but Leylin politely declined.

On the ground, there was an installation similar to an elevator. The smart butler immediately recognised Paul's aura, sending him and Leylin into the castle.

"Haha... This area is rather crude with only a few refined-gold servants. Don't take offence..." Leylin brought Leylin to a strangely-shaped hall to sit, and an intellectual servant immediately brought a round plate over.

Inside was juice that was spilling over with an aroma, as well as roasted meat.

The juice was poured in a transparent glass cup, but revealed a seven-coloured luster, similar to a rainbow. The meat, too, had a tint on the surface similar to jewels.

These two were food from another world. Even Morning Star Magi would have difficulty obtaining this. The taste was amazing, and though Paul usually could not bring himself to enjoy it, he had taken it out and shown off his treasure for Leylin's sake.

"It's alright!" Leylin laughed as he shook his head. While he knew that in theory, they could move migrants here to work, the purification was not thorough enough. Besides Morning Stars, even other low-ranked Warlocks might not be able to handle the contamination, much less regular people.

Perhaps... The union head had already attempted at experiments in this area, only to be met with failure.

Leylin did not think into this, picking up his cutlery in a practised manner and elegantly cutting himself a piece of jeweled meat.

"Oh!" The moment the piece of meat on the fork entered his mouth, the delicious juice from the meat combined with a unique aroma and began to attack Leylin's taste buds, causing every cell in his body to rejoice.

"That is delicious! I'm not going to hold back then!"

Mind ready to take some revenge, he began to enjoy the food without restraint, feeling a thrill go through him as he watched Paul's heartache.

# Chapter 536: Soul Issue

The Gourmet World was another world in the astral plane.

Rumours from ancient times had it that even a brook or a rock would taste supremely delicious there.

This was the pinnacle of enjoyable food, and many Magi could not resist the temptation.

Based on Leylin's knowledge, the Warlock Union had yet to have any records of a successful attack on another world, which made these all the more precious.

Seeing the delicacies in front of Leylin constantly being consumed, Paul's robotic face seemed to be in anguish, especially the soul force that unwittingly showed his emotions. Leylin was even more cheerful as he ate quicker.

Though his main body wasn't here, the pleasures felt by soul force could be connected to the main body.

When Paul could no longer endure this, Leylin raised his head properly, "Lord Paul! Seems like we can now discuss the issues about trading the spoils..."

The look of grievance Paul had on his face had Leylin laughing inside, but his expression was even more serious. Paul wanted to vomit blood.

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After coming out from Paul's place, Leylin's expression still held a smile.

Though he had taken a hasty look, the A.I. Chip had already remembered the prices of everything in the trading market, giving Leylin a price list of objects used by Morning Stars and above.

With this list, Paul's thoughts of taking advantage of Leylin's unfamiliarity with market price was thoroughly fruitless, and he had even suffered a loss of great amounts of treasures from the Gourmet World.

Recalling his expression of wanting to vomit blood, Leylin felt the urge

to laugh.

Of course, Spirit Circle was still Ouroboros Clan's ally, and Leylin had not gone too far. At least, when he had been eating the meat, he'd thrown a few bones to Paul.

When he sold off some of the treasures from Scarlet Crescent at a slightly discounted price, Paul's dead expression eased slightly. That said, the other party would definitely not dare deceive him anymore.

Boom! Yellow earth exploded, and a giant black figure strode forward, each step causing the surroundings to tremble.

"As expected, a puppet is easier to use than soul force!" Leylin controlled the giant black steel puppet, extremely satisfied.

The soul force from before had only been a virtual body, and he could not do many things. On top of that, the energy consumption was high. Now that he had the puppet, it was like giving his soul force a layer of clothing. Not only could he do things that needed a corporeal body, even the energy consumption had lessened.

This puppet was obviously not Paul's. Leylin had teleported one over himself.

After negotiating the trade, the two of them had immediately used the astral gate and sent over the items, finishing the trade in an instant. The teleportation fees were meagre, but Paul took responsibility for that. Leylin had taken the opportunity and sent over a puppet for himself, causing Paul to roll his eyes.

"Something I made myself is easier to use. Besides, I don't dare touch any of that octopus' things. Who knows what soul scrying techniques or traps are inside..."

Leylin was still quite fearful towards the most mysterious branch of bloodline Warlocks, the spirit Warlocks.

"Hm?!" Leylin's eyes flashed, having discovered something. His body turned into a black figure, colliding into a little hill like a savage beast.

Boom! The hill exploded, sending rocks flying everywhere. While dust flew everywhere, a human figure flew out.

The human figure looked thin and small, and its body was translucent. One was somewhat able to see the scenery behind it.

“A vengeful spirit that possesses worldly malice?” Leylin burst out in laughter, soul force forming a large hand and grabbing it.

By the time his opponent came before him, Leylin realised that the vengeful spirit looked to be only 13 or 14 years old. It looked like a delicate boy, eyes still holding fear.

“The environment isn’t bad here, and the vengeful spirit created here is considered top-rate even in the central continent. Should I take over a place and build a spirit experimentation area or something...”

Leylin watched the boy’s faint figure in the large hand, stroking his chin.

This vengeful spirit was completely intimidated by Leylin’s terrifying pressure, and could only tremble.

“Hm? Is this power the malice of the world?” While grabbing the boy, Leylin felt a strange force emitting from the body, and even trying to invade his soul force.

This was a force similar to the force of destiny, yet at the same time also similar to Gaia’s extensive will. If not for Leylin having researched deeply into these two areas, he might not even have noticed it.

“If it was a complete and powerful world, even Morning Stars would be unable to handle its malice. It’s a pity...”

Leylin sighed. This was merely a plane, and it was broken. Even Gaia’s will had been defeated at the hands of Radiant Moon Warlocks till it was in tatters. If not, it would not have only this amount of strength.

Gaia’s will was, in actuality, the culmination of common trains of thought amongst living bodies, and even non-living bodies such as the earth and ocean.

Now, however, all intellectual beings of this plane had been



exterminated, leaving behind vengeful spirits, and allowing Warlocks to take over more of it.

Perhaps... Tens of thousands of years later, humans would thrive. Gaia's will, which would be protective of the new humans and Warlocks' benefits, would completely replace the original will here, and beat these down.

"This sort of malicious intent depends on the entire plane. If a new Gaia is not created, or the area is completely destroyed, this situation will not completely die away. It will be very troublesome..."

Leylin's brows furrowed. Soul force began to quiver with a specific undulation, immediately shaking out this malicious intent.

Bang! The faint figure of the boy in his hands immediately looked sinister and quickly exploded, turning into streams of black air and dissipating.

"How long will it be until all the mysteries of the soul are laid bare before me?"

Leylin observed the desolate area, sighing ruefully as he commanded, "A.I. Chip! Show me the progress on the simulation of the fifth level of Kemoyin's Pupil!"

[Beep! Progress of 5th level of meditation technique, Kemoyin's Pupil: 30%!] The A.I. Chip loyally intoned. This number had been stuck here for a long while, and if he did not make any breakthrough, he would probably not be able to make any progress.

Looking at this number, Leylin sighed silently.

In terms of a Magus' progress, progress from ranks 1 to 3 relied on spiritual force. From 4 to 6, it would touch on the soul. The even more mysterious rank 7 required the grasping of some power of the world, or in other words— laws!

Leylin was now stuck in the training of the soul.

Kemoyin's Pupil only had four levels, and there was no elaboration on

the later realms. Leylin could only grope around blindly.

However, soul force was hard to understand. Even the A.I. Chip now could not completely come up with the date of others. How could he conduct simulations and the like?

‘Perhaps even rank 5 or 6 Magi or Warlocks might not be able to fully understand the working of souls. In addition, while strengthening soul force, one can only rely on meditation techniques and long periods of time...’

Leylin couldn’t help but recall the Wing of the Sun. Even this top-grade meditation technique’s explanation about souls was not clear. The author had often marked speculation and guesses. That meant that even a terrifying rank 6 being like the Sun’s Child did not have enough understanding of the soul, and only depended on the characteristics of its race to gain power.

‘Compared to Magi, Warlocks use the power of their bloodlines to strengthen the soul. Most of the time, nobody understands how it works. Meditation techniques mostly teach how to activate the power of the bloodline, which is why their knowledge on souls is even lesser than that of Magi! Maybe that’s one of the reasons why, amongst bloodline Warlocks, there haven’t been the appearance of any rank 6 thrones...’

Leylin touched his chin, beginning to make conjectures.

“First thing’s first, I have to completely revitalise the bloodline of the Sun’s Child. With the Wing of the Sun, I might be able to gain something. Next, I have to purchase large quantities of renowned works on souls by Magi and Warlocks, and I must obtain level 5 or 6 high-grade meditation techniques...”

“These two methods are the most practical. For the latter, I can solve it right here!” At the thought of the information at the trading market, Leylin’s eyes brightened.

Rumble! Though it wasn’t the first time he’d seen it, he was still awed by the large amounts of soul force and conscients mixed together. The scene of uncountable amounts of data streaking through still left Leylin with his

mind blown.

On the giant planet of the Morning Star area, basically all Morning Star Warlocks left a trace of their soul force or will here to conduct trades.

Some wills stayed here, relying on selling information and earning large amounts of top-grade resources.

Leylin noticed keenly that the use of magic crystals had been lowered to the utmost, and they were almost completely unseen.

This was very normal. Among Morning Star Warlocks, who did not have a few or even tens of large-scaled magic crystal mines? This could not be used as something of much value.

The currency here was something else that Leylin was very familiar with – astral stones!

Astral stones had become the norm, and were the currency being used. If Morning Star Warlocks had something they needed, they would usually sell off what they had on hand and, after accumulating enough astral stones, buy it.

For Morning Star Warlocks, astral stones were an eternal, hard currency. They would not depreciate in value.

The information in the market changed completely every few moments, making Leylin think back to the stocks, securities, and futures markets of his previous world. It caused him to feel dazzled.

# Chapter 537: Blood-sucking Loach

‘A.I. Chip, begin scan! Keywords: Soul force, high-grade meditation technique.’

Thankfully, Leylin had the A.I. Chip which was fused with his soul. It responded instantly to his thoughts, [Beep! Mission established, starting scan!]

Soon enough, a blue display was projected in front of his eyes, showing a very long list. Leylin gathered himself and started looking through the information carefully.

“High-grade meditation technique—Void Phantom: Five layers in total and complete. As long as...”

“Ancient soul force Arcane Art— Multi-luster Sacrificial Rite: Able to strengthen soul force and improve the power of spells that are rank 4 and above by 50%, all in exchange for the egg of a Nefarious Filthbird!”

“Crystallised soul force: 500g of the crystallised soul force of a Morning Star in exchange for astral stones of the same quality!”

“Ancient Bloodline— Offspring of the White-scaled Illusory Tiger: Not only can it keenly sense soul force, a contract with it has the extraordinary effect of strengthening the soul. Prices to be negotiated face to face!”

The large amounts of data dazzled Leylin, every item on the screen nearly causing him to salivate. He realised then that he was poor. He was way too poor!

Whether they were from his plunder of Twilight Zone or his other sources of wealth, his resources that could originally be sold off at astronomical prices were dispensable to Morning Stars.

Other things, such as his bloodline refinement method and the data on Quicksand’s experiments could not see the light of day.

Leylin suddenly found that the only things he could take out to sell were the astral stones he’d appropriated from the clan treasury.

“This won’t do! I need to find a source of revenue as soon as possible!” Leylin watched the items on the screen, eyes turning slightly red.

These Morning Star Warlocks had gathered too many amazing items. As long as he obtained a portion of any of them and hand it over to the A.I. Chip to experiment with, the progress on the analysis of soul force would definitely increase rapidly. This was very important to him.

“But... a source that suits a Morning Star, and it needs to be regular as well...”

He found himself in a bind. Other Warlocks would surely have taken such sources over already, how would he get a chance? His only option was to think up a brand new source of income.

Leylin flipped through the pages absent-mindedly, and finally found some things he was interested in.

“Teleportation required: I need to reach Sunset Mountains within three days. If any friends have teleportation points, please contact me. Prices are negotiable!”

“Requesting help: Rebellion by Marine Dragon Whales at the East Region. Need at least three Morning Stars to suppress them. Each will be guaranteed a minimum of 1000g of astral stones, and additional rewards will be given to those who capture their enemies...”

“Assistance required in attacking the Mage Basin. Once conquered, offering 5% of their yearly profit!”

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All sorts of conscients gathered at the other end of the trade area, communicating rapidly. The deals were near-instant.

“If there isn’t anything else, I’m afraid I’ll have to take on some missions here, becoming a mercenary of sorts...”

Face grim, Leylin followed a thread of information to a dark conscient, “May I know if Sire here is selling high-grade meditation techniques?”

Floating in front of Leylin was a bundle of black light. An extreme

darkness full of terrifying energy converged on it. Though it was merely a conscient, it was still enough to cause Leylin to feel fear.

“En!” The other party answered unwillingly, as if not really interested in this deal. Unlike other items, this sort of knowledge and special techniques could be sold off multiple times and not even at a very high price, which was Leylin’s first target.

After all, he had already gained a top-grade meditation technique, Wing of the Sun. With this one, as well as the other accumulations from before, the A.I. Chip’s research would reach a whole new level and he could obtain more information.

“May I know the price?” Leylin calmed down, readying himself to negotiate with the other party. He did not have a lot of astral stones, and there were a lot of good resources here. He needed to be frugal.

Besides, the requirements listed by the other conscients were just unbelievable. Even Leylin could not take it, especially the one asking for the egg of the Nefarious Filthbird. He’d blacklisted that choice right away.

The Nefarious Filthbird and Trial’s Eye were at the same level and had the ability to traverse worlds. How could it be of equal value to an ancient Arcane Art?

Just thinking of this, Leylin felt that they were crazy. As for the soul force crystals, he could just produce himself. They weren’t all that useful anyway.

In general, since there was news of people hoping for an exchange, they obviously wanted to sell items off at a higher price. Hence, very few deals were made in this trading area. Most of the idle soul forces and conscients lazed around here, and once they saw a cheaply-priced trade, immediately pounced forth like a bunch of sharks that smelt blood.

Morning Star Warlocks were erudite, and also had the detective ability that soul force offered them. Each and every one of them was old and sly, and while it was not impossible to get pick up cheap gains, the effort and time one needed to put into it was too much.

This was the conclusion Leylin came up with after surveying the scene multiple times. Hence, he gave up on the thought of picking up cheap deals and began to trade honestly.

“My Void Phantom not only has five complete levels, but also includes an affinity to the element of illusion. It’s at an unconditional price of 5000g of astral stones!” The dark conscient didn’t seem to care if Leylin actually wanted to purchase it.

“Mm! However, its requirements for the users is too high. Besides, we’re all Warlocks. The high-grade meditation techniques of Magi are only for reference, which makes your price too...” Leylin frowned. With his knowledge of high-grade meditation techniques, just a few casually-thrown-out sentences caused the conscient to begin hesitating.

“Furthermore, haven’t you sold this meditation techniques many times already? How can it have the same price as before?” Realising he had a chance, Leylin immediately attacked.

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After a complicated negotiation similar to the business deals in his previous world, Leylin finally bought the high-grade meditation technique, Void Phantom, at a low price just like he wanted to. However, the astral stones he had gotten from the headquarters of the Ouroboros Clan had been practically halved in that instant.

He calculated it all carefully. The real wealth was definitely on the three dukes, and all that was left in the headquarters were merely scraps.

Leylin had too few astral stones left on him after buying the meditation technique. He took a look around, and upon finding nothing special quickly found a little corner, his soul force withdrawing from the Morning Star area.

“Hah...” In the headquarters of the Ouroboros Clan, at the core laboratory in the technological department, Leylin gave a long huff and observed the black crystal in his hands.

[Beep! High-grade meditation technique Void Phantom has been

recorded. Saved into database under high-grade meditation techniques] The A.I. Chip's emotionless voice sounded.

"Very good!" Seeing the progress bar that was now progressing again, Leylin's heart that had been aching was finally consoled.

He left the technical department and came before the bloodline laboratory from before.

This was the core laboratory of the Ouroboros Clan, and only the three Morning Stars were allowed access to it. Of course, after Leylin took over, he had used this as his own laboratory. The experiment on the revitalisation of the Sun's Child bloodline had been performed here.

"Tower genie, how's the situation with the specimens?" Leylin asked.

"The specimens are currently doing well. The number of surviving blood-sucking loaches is being kept at 20 and above, and they have consumed 32.7 tons of culture fluid."

The tower genie projected a series of data in front of Leylin, to which he nodded his head. At the beginning, the blood-sucking loaches' numbers had rapidly dwindled, but after the other specimens had gotten used to the bloodline of the Sun's Child, they could finally survive for a longer time. At this point, a decent number of them could remain alive at a time.

Leylin came to the cultivation pool from before.

The liquid in the pool had already turned a dark green, with occasional streaks of gold flashing underwater. It had also expanded tenfold from before.

Water splashed everywhere, and a golden monster jumped out to bite at Leylin, its mouth full of sharp teeth. It was even spitting out flames!

Tsss! Before the flames could reach him, they were blocked by a layer of white light. Black lightning grouped together to form a large hand, slapping it back into the water.

"Mm! It's very lively!" Leylin chuckled, judging this mutated blood-sucking loach.



Perhaps, calling them blood-sucking loaches was no longer suitable, since what was in front of Leylin was a whole new species that had gone through the stimulation from the bloodline of the Sun's Child.

It had expanded in size by ten times and was full of golden scales. There was even a strange horn-like thing on the head, and it had scarlet eyes and sharp teeth below. It growled, on the offensive.

As if the attack had given rise to some chain reaction, multiple golden streaks jumped out from under the water with a splash, beginning to attack each other and roaring. Some of these loaches had grown a pair of sharp claws at the stomach area and were unusually ferocious as they launched attacks at their own kin.

"The offensive abilities of the blood-sucking loaches has increased by a large amount. Every time there's a bloody battle like this, the surviving blood-sucking loaches will gain even more strength. The most powerful blood-sucking loach is estimated to survive for 45 days and 21 hours. Its bloodline was from a blood-sucking loach king..." The tower genie introduced by Leylin's ear.

"Is it this one?" Leylin had noticed the golden blood-sucking loach right at the centre. It had already bore no semblance to its previous form, and had grown to become a more powerful being. Flowing scales covered its entire body like a layer of smooth liquid. The bloodied look in its eyes had not ebbed, but it now seemed to have some intelligence.

After observing for a while longer, Leylin ordered, "That's enough. Prepare the next phase!"

Rumble! The ceiling above the cultivation pool suddenly opened, and some mysterious fluids were poured in from a translucent crystal container.

As if it had been exposed to a stimulant, even the largest blood-sucking loach immediately immersed itself in this 'civil war.'

# Chapter 538: Bloodline of the Sun's Child

"I'm afraid the conditions here are still inadequate for the last bloodline purification and activation process!" Leylin scrutinised the entire laboratory, the crystal-like ground as well as the unique radiance emitted by the walls.

Such an environment was a good location for experiments even for a Morning Star Magus.

Even so, some of the steps required to activate an ancient bloodline were very troublesome, and even posed a certain amount of danger. It was still best that these sorts of experiments were conducted in one's Magus Tower.

But there was still a period of time before Leylin's Magus Tower could be completed, hence it was still necessary to remodel and reinforce the place as appropriate.

As he looked at the muddled breeding pool, he was no longer bothered by the yells and struggles inside it. Instead, he gave a few orders to the formation genie before leaving the place directly.

"Morning Star Magus Tower!" Although Leylin had only been gone a short period of time, the headquarters of the Ouroboros Clan had undergone many changes.

The number of Warlocks in the place had increased. With the war having calmed down, many refugees from other territories had fled here. On top of that, there was now a tall tower built in an eye-catching position.

This Magus Tower was not only a few times larger than his old one, it was also filled with a sense of terrifying grandeur, its peak appearing to pierce through space itself.

This was the Morning Star Magus Tower than the Oakheart Clan and the other bloodline Warlock families of the Ouroboros Clan had cooperated to build for Leylin.

Although the construction of the tower could not be completed this soon, the rough framework had already been set up.

A large number of high-ranked Warlocks, as well as Magus craftsmen and formation Magi from other regions surrounded the Magus Tower, working tirelessly.

“Your Grace!” Faisal and Parker immediately came to greet him at Freya’s side.

“You guys have done well during this period of time!” Leylin smiled at Freya before speaking to Faisal and the others.

“It’s because we adopted Your Grace’s blueprints and followed your advice. We’re confident that we’ll be able to complete the construction more quickly than normal.” Faisal reported respectfully.

There was still a slight shock in his heart. In his view, with Leylin being able to promote to the Morning Star realm at the mere age of 200 or so, his talent as a Warlock was incomparable to begin with. What he did not expect was that Leylin could actually focus on both the construction and formation spells whilst undergoing Magus practice. It made Leylin seem monstrous.

Of course, those thoughts were hidden within his heart. He definitely couldn’t show them on the surface.

“Good! Pass down my command: the work is to be halted every night. I want to handle it personally, in a more in-depth manner,” Leylin said plainly.

“Could it be that you want to...” Faisal’s eyes sparkled, and he left shortly after.

“Now, who can overthrow you?” Leylin looked at his own Morning Star Magus Tower, a confident look emerging on his face.

His previous Magus Tower had been destroyed by the Oakheart Clan, but now they’d had to pay with a Morning Star Magus Tower instead.

Furthermore, Leylin was now confident in his own strength. Even in the

entire central continent, there were not many who could destroy his Magus Tower again. He also would not allow himself to fall into such a low.

Leylin looked at the huge landmark-like Magus Tower and a slight joking expression flashed in his eyes. "Perhaps, after millions of years, this Magus Tower will come to symbolise me. Let it stand here forever!"

.....

Deep in the night. There was not a single Magus around the Morning Star Magus Tower anymore, even Faisal and the others had left the place long ago.

They understood that the Magus Tower was the core of a Magus' power. Surely Leylin had some secrets that he would set up, and the fewer that knew the better.

Moreover, the intense radiation of a Morning Star Warlock would exert great pressure on them. It would be safer to avoid it.

Leylin walked alone inside the empty Magus Tower.

Most of the runes and spell formations hadn't been set up yet, and many of the basic amenities were also unused. The Tower right now was just an empty shell without a defence.

"A.I. Chip! Begin scanning the entire Magus Tower, slowly adjust the radiation power!" Leylin commanded.

[Mission acquired, beginning synchronisation! Adjusting...] The A.I. Chip immediately responded.

Accompanying the A.I. Chip's sound, a 3D structure appeared before Leylin. A brilliant radiance was also emitted from his body that began to merge with the entire structure.

Compared to the previous time where his radiation spread out without discrimination in Scarlet Crescent, destroying everything, Leylin was currently extremely careful in controlling it. This process allowed the Magus Tower to slowly accept it and adapt.

High ranked Magi could revitalise ancient materials through their radiation, and even produce many anomalies. This was common knowledge in the central continent. Although Leylin's Magus Tower made use of high-quality materials, he still needed to use his radiation to unify the materials in order to let it reach its peak condition.

Many rumours held that there were often ghosts, vengeful spirits, and other such things where Magi lived, a byproduct of the changes a Magus' radiation caused in the surrounding territory.

Leylin was currently strengthening his Magus Tower, and at the same time leaving his own mark on it.

Even if it was deliberately held back, the radiation of a Morning Star Magus was a disaster for weaker Magi. This was why Faisal had immediately transferred those Magi away as night arrived.

As for other times? Based on Leylin's control, as well as the compressive abilities of the point mass, he had long since become able to securely lock up the radiation in his own body. Since he didn't leak the slightest bit, there would be no problem.

If someone looked from outside, they would see a beautiful view. Standing out from the surrounding darkness, a Morning Star Magus Tower seemed to be wrapped up in a colourful radiance. Even the dark sky was dyed with its colours.

If they got closer, they would hear an increasingly clear hiss of a giant serpent, causing one's hair to stand.

What accompanied the hissing of the giant serpent was another sound which seemed like a singing curse yet at the same time like a worshipping voice. It surrounded the entire Magus Tower, making it seem mysterious.

Because Leylin had joined in himself, the construction of the Magus Tower had been sped up. The building seemed to be morphing day to day.

.....

"It has finally reached this point!" Leylin's pupils gleamed with excitement as he watched the gold creature in the large confinement

room.

Now, the blood-sucking loach had completely lost its previous image. Instead, it had transformed into a terrifying creature that was similar to the golden dragons from legend.

Golden scales covered its entire body, their glimmer making it seem as if it was a god from the ancient times. On its forehead was a rune in the shape of a sun, emitting a blazing light.

Leylin had a premonition– if it was not for him suppressing this beast all this time, the first thing the creature would do was probably to transform into a gigantic fireball, rising from the ashes and advancing to the Morning Star realm.

In other words, this was a Morning Star creature!

Now, creatures of this level were already very rare. If it were placed among the circles of Morning Star Magi, it would probably cause a huge sensation, even more so encouraging the emergence of another bloodline Warlock clan.

Upon seeing Leylin, the golden dragon howled and a blood-red light flashed in its pupils. It immediately turned towards him, emitting an aura unique to the dragon race.

The layer of glass in front was instantly drowned in a brilliant golden flame.

The tempered glass warped under the extreme heat, cracks beginning to form on its surface.

“Oh! You deliberately kept your firepower a secret, huh. This level of intelligence already surpasses that of a wild beast!” Leylin laughed without much ado. As he watched the golden dragon displaying its invincible might, he could not help but think of the ancient Sun’s Child, wondering what rank of power and influence it possessed!

“What a pity! I created you, and I can also destroy you at any time!” A chill suddenly appeared in Leylin’s pupils, making the golden dragon retract its neck.

“Blood seal!” A crimson radiance flashed in Leylin’s eyes as his right hand reached out to grab the golden dragon.

Bang! Immediately, a large amount of blood began to flow out from beneath the golden dragon’s scales, turning it red in a moment. Its original dignified roar had been replaced by a pitiful cry.

“Even locked to 35% of its bloodline, it’s still so terrifying?” A hint of worry flashed across Leylin’s face as he watched the shrieking creature.

The experiment that he had performed on the golden dragon previously out of convenience had immediately allowed him to understand the stubborn nature passed down through its bloodline.

‘However, this sort of attitude verifies the Wisdom Tree’s hypothesis. Now all I need is extended research, clinical trials, and then...’ Leylin stroked his chin and made up his mind.

‘But the good thing is that the bloodline of the Sun’s Child has been completely activated. It’s the bloodline of an ancient rank 6 creature after all, and even a drop is enough to create another Morning Star creature!’ The corner of his lips curled up in a slight smile.

“Now, onto the final phase...”

.....

Boom!

A ball of golden blood which was the size of a fist floated in the air like a fireball. It released a terrifying amount of light and heat, slowly raising the temperature of the room.

The temperature was so high, in fact, that space itself distorted, rifts appearing near the blood. This was the unstable phenomenon resulted from the burning of the sun’s flame.

“Activate!” Leylin said emotionlessly as he watched the scene.

A great amount of light emerged with a whoosh, strengthening the surrounding walls. Many runes shot out one one after the other, locking the blood down. At this point, it looked like a miniature sun.

Leylin had specially reinforced this secret chamber, with the express intent of locking the bloodline of the Sun's Child. From how it looked, the effect wasn't rather bad.

He nodded secretly before looking at the A.I. Chip's status screen.

[Beep! Completing the genetic makeup of the Sun's Child, beginning imitation, deducing according to the meditation technique, Wing of the Sun...] The A.I. Chip intoned loyally.



# Chapter 539: Recuperation

The Wing of the Sun was a top-grade meditation technique that was meant to complement the bloodline of the Sun's Child, and was abstruse and unfathomable. Even the A.I. Chip had not been able to analyse it.

Now, however, the combination of the real bloodline of the Sun's Child and its DNA sequence worked together to solve the many difficulties that had been confounding him.

With the Dragon King's Mystic Might he had obtained in the past, he now also had the Void Phantom, which came to two complete meditation techniques. This meant he had a decent, accurate database to draw upon.

The simulation of the fifth level of Kemoyin's pupil saw some progress once more.

Seeing that his main objective was satisfied, Leylin couldn't help but sigh with relief. "Rank 6, top-grade creature— Sun's Child!"

Leylin observed the blood that was like a little sun, and began to furrow his eyebrows. With this and the Wing of the Sun, he could instantly create a powerful Warlock family.

Warlocks with a bloodline stemming from a rank 6 creature hadn't yet appeared in the central continent.

"If another Warlock or Magus were to find out, things would get complicated for me..." A wry smile appeared about Leylin's lips.

How could it be only 'complicated'? The moment this news leaked, even if malicious Warlocks weren't an issue, it was highly likely that the Breaking Dawn Monarchs would be alerted.

After all, they would not want to see the rise of another Breaking Dawn bloodline Warlock, which would affect the current equilibrium of power.

"It's a pity... If not for my bloodline being permanent, I would long since have used the Sun's Child's bloodline..." Leylin heaved a long sigh.

But his eyes immediately cleared up, "Classify this area as a forbidden

region of the highest grade, confidentiality rank X. Anyone who comes in here besides me is to be killed. No exceptions!”

His voice was cold, as if every word of his carried with it chilly air that contained millions of ice shards.

“Understood!” The spirit genie’s similarly unfeeling voice sounded. Perhaps only beings that lacked human intelligence would not understand the terror that was Leylin.

“On top of that,” Leylin looked at his empty surroundings, gently stroking a crystal ring on his finger. Whoosh! Five translucent phantoms appeared around him like a breeze, as if voluntarily squeezing out from the void. There were no energy waves, just five pairs of bloodshot eyes staring at him as their owners half-kneeled on the floor.

“Protect this place well. Any who dare intrude are to be eliminated immediately,” Leylin said as he sent out a spiritual command through the ring on his finger.

The five phantoms nodded speechlessly, and immediately disappeared into the air. With them concealed, even the A.I. Chip could barely discern their auras.

“These Void Assassins are pretty useful. It’s a pity that there are only eight left...” Leylin was full of admiration as he watched the assassins disappear, touching his chin.

These eight Void Assassins were naturally his gains from Scarlet Crescent.

He had carefully checked before. Every one of these Void Assassins had the strength surpassing a Crystal Phase Magus. Their method of travelling through the void was stealthy and hard to defend against. Even a Morning Star Magus would be in danger if five of them acted in tandem, ambushing him.

With these defences, he could somewhat relax.

‘I can’t keep it here, and I need to use it as soon as possible. Alternatively, I can wait till the Magus Tower is completed and deposit it

there!' Leylin pondered.

Using the bloodline of the Sun's Child to perform experiments on bloodline ignition was too much of a pity. Leylin still had other uses for this blood. The bloodline of an ancient rank 6 creature was an invaluable treasure.

"Next is to amass more strength and push for the advancement of my soul force. The best would be for the A.I. Chip to represent soul force numerically, which will make everything much simpler..."

Leylin subconsciously looked at his status.

[Leylin Farlier, Rank 4 Warlock. Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent. Strength: 50, Agility: 45, Vitality: 65, Spiritual Force:506.9, Magic Power: 506 (Magic power is in synchronisation with spiritual force). Soul Force: ???]

After entering Morning Star, the aim was to make progress in regards to the soul. His spiritual force and other stats would no longer undergo major changes.

At this thought, Leylin looked into the progress of the A.I. Chip's simulation of soul force and found it to be stuck. He couldn't help but roll his eyes.

"The analysis of soul force cannot be done in a day or two..." A thread of understanding rose in Leylin's mind.

.....

Five years passed in the blink of an eye. The original Ouroboros Clan had now completely stabilised.

Though the other allied forces still occupied a part of the territory that had belonged to them, a larger war had not occurred. From how a few organisations were silently withdrawing their forces, the general situation was progressing positively.

Those Warlocks seemed to have forgotten their hatred from the past and the situation at Phosphorescence Swamp stabilised as they continued with

their lives and research.

And yet, the subconscious bloody glint that remained in the depths of their eyes proved that the traces of the war were still present.

Or rather, the seeds of revenge were buried deep in their hearts. They were lying quietly in wait for these seeds to grow, until the day they began to thrive and became strong and healthy!

Leylin couldn't wait to see it happen, and even added fuel to the flame.

From his perspective, the bloodline Warlocks before led far too comfortable lives, particularly the Kemoyin nobility. They spent their days in their territories intoxicated, not spending any time on their Warlock training.

Thankfully, after this war, most of these vermin had disappeared, leaving behind many capable and hardworking descendants, each of them outstanding. These talents were the strengths and assets that he regarded as important.

As long as he could lead these Warlocks and complete their revenge, he might instantly gain their undying loyalty. That would allow him to completely control the Ouroboros Clan, and even the return of the three Dukes would not change anything.

Through these five years, Leylin had extended his authority to all aspects in Ouroboros Clan. He had even secretly influenced many Warlocks of the new generation, and they completely accepted his rule, thinking it was normal for things to continue like this forever.

Faisal and those few bloodline families had become smarter after the attack, and Leylin could find no opportunity to deal with them. That was rather regretful.

However, no matter how long he tried to delay matters, there were things that needed to be done...

"Blood Extraction!"

Above a geographical basin holding an ethnic group, Leylin wore a

luxurious platinum Magus robe that was actually a piece of magic equipment.

His expression was stern as he reached out his hand, and a formless giant vortex appeared in the air with a grab.

Large amounts of blood beaded down, turning into a stream as it gathered in his hands. It formed a highly concentrated crystal that looked similar to a ruby.

Below him, a giant tribe of a different race had suffered heavy casualties. Besides a few high-ranked Magi, almost nobody had survived. All of them had their blood drawn and turned into dried-out corpses.

“This bloodline drawing method is truly tyrannical!” Leylin nodded.

The Arcane Art he was using to extract blood came from his own bloodline inheritance. In ancient times, it had only been a convenient spell to draw blood on a large-scale. However, with his modifications, as well as the power from the soul force of a Morning Star, the effect was truly terrifying. Its strength was enough to destroy a country.

That was not all. The bloodline gems gathered from the bloodline extraction were also a very important resource for Warlocks.

Crimson light flashed in Leylin’s eyes as he tucked away these concentrated crystals that sparkled like blood diamonds.

“You of a different race! You dare—” A roar full of denial and pain sounded out, bringing with it energy waves at the Morning Star realm.

“My job is done. The rest is your business.” Leylin bowed with a smile, and retreated to the back.

“Leylin, you really know how to goof off!” In front of him were a few Morning Star Warlocks. The burly man who was the head teased Leylin, but still went forward.

“Who exactly are you? Why did you come here?” The rays of light dimmed, revealing the Morning Star that had hastened over. It was a giant formed of flames, eyes full of fury.

“There’s no reason. If you want to blame something, blame yourselves for occupying this area!”

The burly man sneered, the phantom of a large black goat that was thousands of metres tall emerging from his back. This goat not only had the horns of a demon, but also a torso that was similar to a human. However, it was full of black fleece, looking to be like the demonic satyrs of the underworld.

“Morning Star Warlock?” The giant fire elemental elder couldn’t help but blurt out.

Following that, others in black clothing stood up before him. The Morning Star auras they similarly emitted caused the fire elemental elder’s pupils to shrink.

Rumble! The few Morning Star Warlocks surrounded him, in an enormous formation. The energy undulations extended to the horizons, and even dispersed a few large dark clouds.

.....

Once everything was over, the burly man from before approached Leylin, “Lord Leylin’s blood extraction truly is worthy of its reputation. Here is your reward!”

The burly man tossed a little pouch full of astral stones to Leylin, “The total comes to 13423 grams of astral stones. Check the amount!”

“Many thanks!” Leylin sighed heavily. This time-consuming and very lengthy mission was finally over.

Besides concentrating on his own research, he would take on a few missions from time to time from the Morning Star region, earning astral stones to purchase other items to nourish the soul.

The task this time was a mission to help the burly man suppress the fire elemental elder.

“Hmph! These tribes actually worship an elemental being from another world! Even death cannot wipe out their sins!” The burly man scolded, still

angry.

# Chapter 540: Sudden Change

Listening to the mission leader's complaints, Leylin remained silent.

The large-scaled tribe that he had massacred was not a fire elemental tribe. However, they had obviously been influenced by the fire elemental Morning Star to the extent that they formed a faith that worshipped fire.

It might have to do with them being of a different race, but Warlocks obviously did not give them preferential treatment, nor were they tolerant towards them. Though the Warlock Union claimed to take in those with all bloodlines, that was merely talk. It sounded nice to listen to, but those who believed that were fools.

Leylin knew how things worked in the union. If they were a race protected by a Morning Star, they might have some status in the Warlock Union, and could help their own people.

However, if they were a race without the protection of a Morning Star, then they would probably have to struggle pitifully, enduring exploitation and oppression.

After all, the leader of the Warlock Union was a mighty bloodline Warlock!

They did not think themselves human, but nor did they think themselves to be of another race. Hence, their attitudes towards completely different races seemed rather hypocritical. Especially for beings like these who hadn't even joined the union and sided with the enemy; there was no consideration for them.

Of course, Leylin did not bother with these trivial matters. He had taken on and successfully completed the mission, and had thus gotten the rewards. It was that simple.

The time spent on investigation and combat was already annoying him. In addition, with his experience from his previous world, he was beginning to feel concerned.

Why would a Morning Star-ranked fire elemental elder appear here? He



had even bewitched many tribes to be on his side. If not for them finding out and eliminating him in time, this entire region was likely to have fallen into chaos soon.

And yet that wasn't what worried him the most. The other party had already begun spreading a religion, and that put him on his guard.

Recruiting believers and propagating religious beliefs was a very dangerous signal. Leylin, who had experience from his previous life, understood the gods that the westerners worshipped purely based on some misinformation, legends, or even utter nonsense.

This act of preaching was evidently different from that of high-ranked Magi, and it wasn't the sort of primitive worship of uncivilised communities. Real gods, and not only one at that, were spreading their own religions!

It was not just the worship of fire. A plot was also afoot to revive Beelzebub, the Sovereign King of Gluttonous Desires. It all gave Leylin a very bad premonition.

Even though Leylin rarely bothered with religion in his previous world, he wouldn't get this wrong. Of course, this was just a conjecture, he had no idea what the real World of Gods was like after all. Most documentation from the ancient era did not touch on this.

The appearance of the World of Gods was the beginning of the ancient Magus World's decline. Hence, the amount of books that had survived that era were the fewest. This was why Leylin had yet to gather much data on it despite his status.

This could, therefore, be a misunderstanding on his part, but Leylin did not want to continue down that line of thought.

No matter how superficial his thinking might be, he knew that the real gods in the World of Gods were, at the very least, at rank 6 and above. They were existences who had grasped a certain power or law, and such great strength was what Leylin needed to look up to. The moment he were to be caught up in giant complications like this, only death awaited him. With his current strength, at least, he would amount to nothing.

Leylin had always stood by the motto that one could only accept responsibility equivalent to their strength. That was how he had been able to live till now. He knew himself well; the games and contests between the gods and Magus world? Let the higher ranks take care of it. In any case, there were still many Breaking Dawn Monarchs in the central continent!

Rejecting the burly man's sincere attempts at urging him to stay, Leylin travelled through the astral plane, instantly arriving back at Phosphorescence Swamp.

Blue light flashed, and Leylin's figured broke through the enormous astral gate.

"The feeling of long-distance teleportation is really..." Leylin shook his head and laughed. The spatial pressure that had almost killed him while he was at rank 2 was like a cool breeze to him right now, not affecting him much.

"Welcome home, master!" A green elf similar to the tower genie from before flapped its wings and flew above Leylin.

"En!" Leylin nodded. The A.I. Chip linked with it, and he then knew all the recent events in the Magus Tower like the back of his hand.

The large astral gate behind him stopped humming, and the light from the blue flames above it began to fade.

After the light completely dissipated, the astral gate returned to its state of an unadorned stone gate. The teleportation from the Morning Star area required the astral gates of both sides to be linked simultaneously. Leylin had obviously entrusted this task to his loyal tower genie.

"You did well!" Leylin nodded in praise.

"It's my honour to serve master!" The tower genie had inherited the A.I. Chip's partial intelligence, and had an icy expression. There were no fluctuations in its voice.

Leylin had long since gotten used to this. After all, one could not have very high expectations of a program. He was pragmatic; it would never betray him due to the A.I. Chip's commands, and that was what was

important!

Outside the astral gate were many laboratories and binding rooms. A few terrifying adamantine and mithril puppets, even Void Assassins on occasion, would appear in the corner every once in a while.

Streams of black air seemed to constantly flow down the walls on both sides, bringing with them a mysterious lustre and colour, causing the decorative oil paintings to change slightly.

This was the inner section of Leylin's Magus Tower. With his own participation, as well as the 'selfless' financial aid from the Oakheart Clan, the construction was already completed.

On top of that, the other party had supplied a large amount of astral stones and helped Leylin build an astral gate of his own, the one he had just exited.

Based on the intelligence he had, the Oakheart Clan had practically exhausted their reserves and even sold off many properties to build the tower and gate. It was a huge setback for them.

Leylin obviously cared little about this. Instead, he was very satisfied with this Morning Star Magus Tower.

Furthermore, with the influence from his radiation, the entire Magus Tower had somewhat gained a life of its own. The tower body was now very harmonious, and automatically generated a few shadow servants, dark serpent tentacles and the like, perfecting the defensive abilities of the building.

Suddenly recalling something, Leylin told the tower genie, "Tell your mistress that I'm back, and that I plan to have dinner with her tonight!"

"Your will shall be carried out!" The tower genie bowed, and quickly retreated.

Evening, in the hall of the Magus Tower. There were brilliant lights and vibrant colours everywhere. A few high-ranked Warlock maids who were lucky enough to be selected to enter the Magus Tower were tense as they worked busily, laying the long dining table with intricate gold and silver

cutlery, candles, and the like.

While everything was completed with nervousness, Leylin held Freya's hand and walked in slowly.

"Your Grace! My Lady!" A few maids immediately bowed to Leylin and the woman at his side.

Beside him was obviously Freya of the Blood Serpent Family. She had married Leylin years ago, and now dressed like a noble. She looked very poised, and had an inborn noble temperament, though there was a trace of gloom between her eyebrows.

"I know what you're worrying about..." Leylin couldn't help but console her in a tender manner after noticing it, "But I think there might be a chance for my bloodline to become even more perfect, or perhaps advance to an even more powerful realm. Hence, my bloodline still isn't mature, and the children borne of this will become a regret. None of us want to see this, do we?"

After listening to Leylin's explanation, Freya seemed to feel better, revealing a smile that even enchanted the maids.

Leylin chuckled. His previous words were half-truths.

However, through the Scarlet Crescent ruins as well as the conversation with the Wisdom Tree, he now had an idea as to how he could solve the issue of his bloodline shackles. Hence, he was in no hurry to leave behind children.

If not, he would be harming his own blood.

When he advanced to a higher level, the descendants he had would definitely have a higher starting point and potential. This would be beneficial to both of them, and even if Freya were puzzled by this, Leylin would still persist.

"I'll listen to you!" Freya pursed her lips and laughed, and then got Leylin to sit.

Within the Ouroboros Clan, Leylin was an existence that could hide

anything from the masses. His will was the will of all the Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks in the Ouroboros Clan. Freya naturally did not say more.

Furthermore, in the deepest part of her heart, she was very trusting of Leylin; this would affect the Farlier Family, after all.

“By the way, how are Parker and Faisal? And Snoopy too; was his trip to the Demon Garden successful?”

Leylin spoke to Freya while eating the delicacies that the chefs had thoughtfully prepared. Most of the time, he was the one asking the questions, while Freya answered.

When the heartwarming dinner was over, and while Leylin was enjoying his black tea, Freya finally asked, “Leylin... How long are you going to stay here this time?”

A trace of anticipation flashed in her pupils.

“Probably longer. The missions from before are finished, and there are still a few experiments that have to be done in the Magus Tower...”

Leylin began to speak endlessly while beating around the bush. Freya’s palms were under her chin and her eyes were full of worship, almost emitting stars as she smiled gently and listened.

Ka-cha! This comforting moment did not continue for long before it was interrupted. When the sound of glass breaking was heard from Freya’s body, her expression changed drastically.

“This is the necklace Mentor, Duke Emma left for me. Inside is a thread of her soul flame!”

Freya yanked out a platinum necklace that had a large blue gem at the center. The blood-red flames leapt out, but at this moment seemed to have withered.

# Chapter 541: Determination and Action

The spiritual flame of a Morning Star Magus had an intricate relationship with their body. Its strength also reflected the time the Magus had remaining.

That Freya's necklace had encountered such a situation meant the original body of Blood Duchess Emma had likely been dealt severe damage in the foreign world.

Trauma would weaken a Magus' vitality, which in turn caused such a change in the spiritual flame they left behind.

"Mentor... Mentor!" Freya's eyes turned red as she covered her mouth, but Leylin's secret imprint twinkled before he could try to console her.

"Yes, Faisal?" Leylin frowned as he tapped the secret imprint open.

"Your Grace, my Mentor... the spiritual flame of the First Elder was extinguished a minute ago..." Faisal's voice was husky. It was as if his heart had sunk, and he was feeling hopeless.

"Extinguished?" Leylin touched his chin. If the spiritual flame had been extinguished, the Morning Star Warlock's originally body must have perished.

The only thing that supported the First Elder's group was that he was still alive. There was still hope for them to return from the foreign world.

And now, that final hope had been shattered. Faisal's change was understandable.

"But what happened? Wasn't it all good until now?" Leylin felt puzzled, it seemed like a conspiracy was afoot.

Another connection request came up before Leylin could end Faisal's secret imprint call, and Kesha's panicked voice sounded out.

"Leylin! Leylin!" She called his name directly, forgetting about his current status. It showed how desperate she was.

"What happened?" The ominous feeling in Leylin's heart grew stronger.

“... Forgive me, Your Grace!” Kesha paused to correct her misbehaviour before continuing, “It’s Mentor. The spiritual flame Duke Gilbert left behind has grown extremely unstable, and is flickering strongly. I... I’m very worried...”

“I got it!” Leylin nodded, and his voice turned serious and solemn, “Pass down my orders, all Crystal Phase Warlocks are to report to the meeting room. We might be in trouble...”

The Warlock elites were now congregated here instead of residing in their own territories. Since they were all in Phosphorescence Swamp, they could gather immediately after Leylin’s orders were passed.

Leylin reckoned that these people would not have come so fast if it was not related to their teachers.

“Duke Farlier!” The panic-stricken Warlocks calmed a little upon seeing Leylin dressed in his huge robe.

“Please, sit down and be at ease!” Leylin sat at the head chair. With his battle experience, he had long since acquired a dignified aura that turned the meeting room solemn.

“Thank you, Your Grace!” A number of Crystal Phase Magi bowed and settled down in order.

By virtue of being his wife, Freya occupied the seat next to Leylin, a fact that left some of the rest in envy.

Leylin sighed while looking at the handful of Crystal Phase Warlocks in an upright position. The last war had caused tremendous loss to the Ouroboros Clan, and the loss of their elite forces was especially tough to recover from.

It would take at least a few hundred years for them to recover to peak condition.

“Schadt, report!” Leylin said after glancing across everyone and called for Schadt only when everyone settled down.

“Master!” Schadt wiped off the fog that was on his thick spectacles,

bowing to Leylin immediately after he stood up. He spoke in a dignified manner, "The spiritual flames of the elders that we'd kept in our technical department started fluctuating vigorously 24 minutes ago, and the First Elder's has completely died out. I'm afraid that..."

Leylin too felt somewhat frustrated and aggrieved. After all, this was the fall of another Morning Star Warlock.

Even though Schadt did not continue his words, Faisal and one of the Crystal Phase Warlocks had lowered their heads. Losing the First Elder was definitely a huge blow to their morale.

"I've asked the other two Morning Star seeds as well. It's not just a single spiritual flame that flickered, it's all of them. The other two elders must be in the same plight as the First Elder in the foreign world..."

There was not much to say for now. After Schadt sat down, the rest of the Warlocks placed their focus on Leylin.

Upon seeing their reaction, Leylin cleared his throat, "Schadt, have the coordinates of the foreign world been confirmed?"

"My apologies! The technical department and I have been working on this problem endlessly. There are two possible coordinates on our list, I will send them to you after this!"

A tinge of shame surfaced on Schadt's face. This incident was a humiliation to the entire technical department. They had been overconfident and bragged that they were going to solve the problem in a few days' time, but took them nearly five years. It was such a dereliction of their duty.

The Crystal Phase Warlock who had tears in the eyes just like Faisal slammed the table and shouted, "Schadt, you old fogey! Are you pulling strings and intentionally not revealing the coordinates of the foreign world?"

The moment he heard these words, Schadt fumed with rage. "Nonsense! I vow in the name of everyone in the technical department, never have I orchestrated something like that!"



Before, he'd suffered in silence because it had been difficult for him to locate the coordinates. Afterwards, there seemed to be another strange interference that added to the complexity, leaving him grasping at his hair.

'Could it be the interference of another organisation that is not eager to see our Dukes being saved?' A thought surfaced in Schadt's mind, but was quickly suppressed as it was too sinister a plot.

However, Faisal remained silent. His reaction affirmed the Warlock's suspicion, but before he could snarl at him, Faisal dragged his arm with force.

"What the hell are you doing, Faisal!" The Crystal Phase Warlock growled.

"Watch your manners, Marquis Ordofol!" Faisal's voice was equally low, but it carried within an undeniable order.

"I'm sorry, I acted out of line! Please forgive me, Marquis Schadt!" The Warlock's face blushed, but he still apologised to Schadt and bowed to Leylin who was in the head seat, "Please forgive me, Your Grace!"

"Never mind!" Leylin waved and stared at Faisal with intrigue until sweat glided down his cheeks.

Leylin took a last look at the Warlocks before he spoke in a low voice, "I have come to a decision, I will set off tomorrow to rescue the Elders!"

There was a minute of pause, which then quickly recovered as excitement and joy could be seen in everyone's eyes.

Still, they did not dare to show their emotions. They kept reminding Leylin not to fall for tricks.

"My dear..." After all the Crystal Phase Warlocks had been dismissed, only Freya was left behind, her eyes filled with worry.

Emma was her Mentor, but Leylin was her dearest husband. This situation was complicated, like a spider web that pulled her heart apart.

At last, she asked, "This time round... is it going to be dangerous?"

“Yes, there will be danger, but it’s a chance too! Trust me, I’ll bring your mentor back!” Leylin gave Freya a reassuring, heart-warming smile.

Seeing Leylin with such confidence, Freya felt more at ease. However, she had missed the trace of complication in Leylin’s eyes.

After returning to the Magus Tower, Leylin went straight to the astral gate and fell into deep thought.

“This time... I’m afraid that I really have to make the trip!” Leylin was very clear on the fact that there were voices asking for his help being circulated in the Ouroboros Clan, and they had grown stronger now.

He had suppressed these messages as long as he could. He had to do something now, otherwise the entire Ouroboros Clan might fall apart.

Luckily, he had already gotten what he wanted during this period of time. Even if the other two Morning Star Warlocks returned, his power in the clan was unshakeable.

Also, Leylin was not too worried about the trip as he had already formed a more complete strategy after getting to know the existence of the puppetmaster behind the scene.

.....

Almost at the same time, high up on a throne that was made from eternal darkness and rumbling thunder.

The rank 5 Magus that had a moon rune on his forehead was exchanging thoughts with someone through telepathy.

“How are things going with the Ouroboros Clan?”

“Everything has been prepared and we are ready to take action! As long the opponent enters the foreign world, we can block him completely from this world and wipe out the entire Ouroboros Clan!”

“You disappointed me the last time. I do not wish to see it again!” The Radiant Moon Magus warned with great dignity.

“There is no need to worry, Master!” The Morning Star conscient dispersed on its own, and the Radiant Moon Magus sat still in the throne,

pondering.

“Was it really that kiddo in the ruins of Scarlet Crescent? What an interesting pup!” A mysterious voice sounded in the air, but the Radiant Moon Magus did not seem surprised at all.

“I wasn’t quite confident, but Siebel’s already dead; he’s the most suspicious!” Radiant Moon Magus spoke in a cold tone, “I have to get him!”

“He’s just a Kemoyin Serpent Warlock, even if he had any trump cards, the bloodline shackles will be his Achilles heel!” the mysterious voice sounded in disdain.

# Chapter 542: Setting Off

“Mmm!”

The Radiant Moon Magus nodded his head, and he suddenly felt a lot less uncertain. “That’s right! Even though the rascal has immense, inexplicable strength, the bloodline shackles will be enough to stunt his growth. Kemoyin Warlocks can reach the peak of rank 4 at best, after which he won’t have any room to grow...”

“Keke... you’re right. Who would still care about a rascal that’s confined to the Morning Star rank?”

The mysterious voice suddenly changed to that of a lady, gentle and soft. “Your real enemy is...”

“Shut up!” The Radiant Moon Magus who had originally been sitting down stood up abruptly, looking sinister, “Shut your mouth this instant! Don’t you know that as long as you mention his name, even if it is unintentional, he will be able to detect it? The power of a King isn’t something a person of your lowly status can belittle.”

“Fine... but isn’t it just a Breaking Dawn Magus?” The female voice replied indignantly, and she felt rather uneasy. It was as if everything that she had said carelessly today was inappropriate. This mysterious intuition had been left behind by the host of the body before her.

“I don’t care about who you were before. Now you’re but a damaged soul...” The Radiant Moon Magus’ voice was cold and assertive.

“But don’t we have the same interests currently? I can help you, and in return you can offer me...” The female’s voice trailed off...

Leylin did not know explicitly that Jupiter’s Lightning’s Radiant Moon Magus had already made special arrangements to deal with him, but anyone with a brain would be able to infer it. As a result, he had to make preparations for his imminent trip.

An enormous satellite hung in the sky, looking about to fall at any moment. It was surrounded by a nebula in the vast universe.

“Please take a look at this contract. You can sign here if there are no problems.”

Leylin rarely used his real identity, but now he was doing so. He was having a conversation with three other Morning Star Warlocks, with an already drafted contract on the table.

Leylin picked up a cup of coffee and talked to the Warlocks opposite, “During the period of time when I’m away, I would appreciate your help in guarding the Ouroboros Clan in my place. Also, I would like you to prioritise helping my wife Freya and the tower genie should they require any help. Any questions?”

In front of him were Paul, Philip, and another stranger.

Since he was looking for protectors, it was naturally better to rely on allies. There was no need to ponder much about Philip. He had the bloodline of the ancient Wind Wolf, and was hot-blooded. And with respect to Paul, after being taken advantage of by Leylin the previous time he now admired him even more. Based on his words, his people respected highly intelligent beings. Leylin immediately thought of the rumours of them being fond of sucking up souls and drinking brain juices, and could not help but shudder. However, since they had already signed the contract, there wouldn’t be any issue.

The last Morning Star Warlock was a good friend Leylin had made recently— Mars. With these three in control, the might of the contract as well as the supervision and urging of the Morning Star area, Leylin was rather assured of the safety of the Ouroboros Clan after he left.

Everyone was familiar with each other, and the conditions that Leylin had offered were very generous. Though the terms of the contract were harsh, the three Morning Star Warlocks signed the contract without hesitation.

“Good luck!” Philip patted Leylin’s shoulders. Out of the three of them, he was probably the one who hoped the most for Leylin’s success.

“Many thanks!” Leylin was comforted as he punched Philip in a friendly manner. Ever since the happenings at Scarlet Crescent, the Wind Wolf

Lair had not only lost a Morning Star Warlock, Palesa, their most important fighter Cybel had been beaten down to become a regular Morning Star, and had to withdraw and conceal himself.

A lot of pressure weighed on Philip's shoulders, and Leylin had lent him a hand. This had gained him Philip's gratitude, and the Wind Wolf Warlock now treated Leylin like kin.

These were Philip's words, of course. However, Leylin obviously did not believe that and rolled his eyes in secret.

Of course, the relationship on both ends had gotten increasingly better, and had even surpassed that of Leylin with the Wind Wolf Lair and Spirit Circle. That was the uncontestable truth.

.....

Phosphorescence Swamp, within the Morning Star Magus Tower.

After sending everyone away, Leylin came before the astral gate alone.

"Tower genie! Once I leave, seal the Magus Tower immediately. Do not let anyone enter, and await further instructions!" he instructed. He had prepared a lot of things for this expedition.

This was different from the previous experiments where he just projected spiritual seeds. He was on a rescue mission, and needed to move with his real body. This was extremely dangerous, and he could be completely lost in another world. Hence, the astral gate had to be kept completely safe!

Nobody would trust someone else with a job like this. He could only leave this to the tower genie which had no human emotions.

In actuality, Leylin had prepared another safeguard. Even if this tower genie were rendered ineffective, he wouldn't end up stuck in another world. However, this was one of his deepest secrets, something only he could know.

Rumble! With Leylin's order, the Magus Tower shut down, runic chains and defensive layers sealing off each and every pathway. Large numbers of

puppets and void assassins with red light in their eyes began to patrol the area rigorously.

“Leylin, you must succeed and come back safely!” Outside the Magus Tower, Freya’s hands clutched tightly at her white dress as she prayed in her heart.

Beside her stood Parker, Snoopy and a few other high-ranked Warlocks, all watching the Magus Tower that was being completely shut down. Their expressions were complex.

Leylin obviously did not bother with this. His focus was entirely on the astral gate in front of him.

Leylin had already calculated the coordinates of the world that Gilbert and the other Dukes were lost in long ago. However, this was only for his own consideration, thus he had not announced it and even interfered with Schadt’s work in secret. This went on for five years.

Now, it was necessary that he rescue the two Dukes right away.

Apart from Emma, Gilbert was his mentor and had taught him a great many things. The feelings and relationship between them was enough for Leylin to take this risk.

Besides, that was another world!

“Even if it’s a trap, they handed over the coordinates of another world!” Leylin was emotional. Even the lowest-grade world was definitely more powerful than a plane! The resources there were plentiful, enough to make Morning Stars and even Radiant Moons go green in envy.

“You didn’t mind revealing the coordinates of a world just to trap Mentor and the rest. I wonder what your expression will be like if I completely take control of that world?” A slight smile appeared across Leylin’s lips. It was as if he could already see the flustered, exasperated look of the Radiant Moon Magus of Jupiter’s Lightning.

A ball of light that looked like a star floated out from Leylin’s hands and disappeared into the astral gate.

Rumble! Through the connection of the astral gate, Leylin's soul force seemed to come into contact with an extremely complicated and tremendous world.

The aura of sulphur and flames could be seen spilling over in copious amounts at the edges of the world.

The astral stone reserves that acted as the energy core rapidly decreased, almost falling to a level that would issue a warning.

Through some sensing, Leylin could confirm that this world was very far from the Magus World. Just the consumption from opening the astral gate once would leave one tongue-tied and wide-eyed.

"An aura full of flames and sulphur?" Leylin was startled at first, but immediately eased up. "It's no wonder that Mentor and the others mistook this place for Purgatory World. If not for the memories from ancient times, I'd be misled too..."

"Tower genie, maintain the energy reserves required for the astral gate. Be prepared to retrieve us immediately!" Leylin's voice was low.

"Understood!" The tower genie that was like a green elf immediately nodded.

"Prepare for the crossing of the main body," Leylin took in a deep breath. Though he had experienced teleportation to the Morning Star area, the idea of travelling such a long distance still had him slightly worried.

[Beep! Beginning collection of data. Establishing folder in database.] The A.I. Chip immediately intoned. This was very rare, but expected. Even if it was an A.I. Chip, it lacked first-hand research materials, and they could be supplemented at this moment.

"However, using myself as a guinea pig is really rather..." Leylin rolled his eyes. The lights on the astral gate got increasingly brighter until he was eventually swallowed into it.

Rumble! The bright tail of a blue beam appeared from the spire of the Magus Tower like an aurora, streaking through the dark skies like a magnificent meteor.



“It’s beginning!” Freya’s felt her heartstrings tighten.

“It’s beginning! Activate interference procedures. Things must be the same as before. Break off all of his communications and make him lose his way as well!”

In a jet black world crack, Collins, who Leylin had seen several times before, was talking to a group of technical staff who were fiddling with some instruments. There was a large amount of data showing up on the screen.

“Energy interference mode activated!”

“Warping forcefield structure completed. Interference can be engaged at any time.”

“Energy particles taking form. Beginning tracking of trajectory and intercepting opponent...” Multiple high-ranked Magi acted like the most cautious scientists as they quickly operated the instruments in their hands, reporting various data.

“Good. Begin immediately!” Collins swept his hand down viciously. It was as if he could already imagine Leylin’s features contorted by terror, and the pleasure of vengeance immediately flooded his heart. He could not help but burst into laughter.

“We’re here!” Even though he was still in the midst of teleportation via the astral gate, Leylin was still clear-headed. The A.I. Chip was now sending him warnings.

[Detected unknown forcefield reaction. Determined to be interference particle ripples!]

“I’ve been waiting for you!” An intelligent glint flashed in Leylin’s eyes.

# Chapter 543: Lava World

Knowing that it was a trap, those who still jumped straight in were idiots!

Leylin was obviously not an idiot. Since the other party had revealed that they had the ability to interfere with astral gates, Leylin obviously would not ignore them.

In fact, in these five years, he had been silently surveying the other world. He had even attempted projecting spiritual seeds, all in order to thoroughly understand the other party's ability to interfere.

Through the five years of probing that seemed to only last a day, he had long since understood the methods they could use like the back of his hand. He'd even prepared a contingency plan.

"It's offensive pattern number 3. Activate corresponding countermeasures!" Leylin's eyes glinted with intelligence.

[Task initiated. Spatial anchor being projected. Tracing target's coordinates...] The A.I. Chip began to operate methodically.

A layer of mysterious spatial undulations was emanated from Leylin's body.

[Target coordinates have been determined. Proceed with attack?] The A.I. Chip asked with a robotic voice.

"Yes!" A smile appeared about Leylin's lips.

Bang! Boom! A glass meter exploded, and many pieces of apparatus burst into flames. Collins, who was watching on, was about to go berserk.

"What's going on? Who can tell me what's going on?" Collins roared, his eyes red.

Even Breaking Dawn Magi would find it difficult to obtain this high-grade spatial interference apparatus. This time, so many pieces had readings that went off the charts, and his master would probably murder him.

“The other party seems to have grasped some sort of spatial technique and is counter-attacking!” An old man pushed at the lens in his glasses and concluded.

“Are you kidding me? Do you know how valuable research on spatial techniques is? How did he get it?” Collins’ first reaction was that of disbelief.

“But that’s the only explanation! If the other party’s spatial knowledge reserves are vaster than ours, we’ll probably have to be on our guard against the following spatial attacks!” The old man spoke rapidly.

“Spatial attacks?” Collins was stunned, and immediately after, saw the earth-shattering spatial turbulence that submerged the area...

“The effects aren’t half bad!” Listening to the prompt from the A.I. Chip, Leylin’s mood immediately improved.

Arcane Arts and knowledge regarding spatial coordinates were obviously insanely expensive. They were rarely seen, even in the Morning Star area.

However, he had the A.I. Chip and did not need very complete information. Hence, he had purchased just a few incomplete ones.

Though he could not be considered a great master in this area, attacking a few guys who were similarly newbies wouldn’t be a problem.

“You dare—” An enraged voice sounded. Another Magus with a black moon rune on his forehead suddenly appeared at the boundary of the world, trying to intercept Leylin.

“I am your opponent!” Along with the sounds of a lion growling, another Warlock with hair that seemed to be cast out of gold appeared in front of that Magus.

“Wayde...” The Radiant Moon Magus called out in a low tone, his expression revealing his fear.

“The other plan has been launched! Is that the Radiant Moon Magus from Jupiter’s Lightning?” Leylin turned and took a glimpse, storing the other party’s appearance in his memory.

Whoosh! As he was breaking through the protective sphere of a world, enormous astral forces had been activated and Leylin felt himself go dizzy. His body seemed to turn into a streak of light and then completely disappeared.

Compared to a prepared teleportation formation, the strength one required to move freely about the astral plane was much higher.

The huge pressure was as if a slab of steel was pressing down on Leylin's body.

Cold, stifling, frenzied! Leylin immediately felt his bones creaking, and the defensive aura on his body began to shatter bit by bit.

'Perhaps even the pressure tens of thousands of meters under the sea can't compare to this...' This was the last conscious thought Leylin had. Before he completely fainted, the only thing he could do was to use Multilimb Strength and cover his body with dark green energy.

.....

In a world of lava, large crevices could be seen in the earth, magma surging inside like a network of red rivers.

Space distorted on the surface of a large black rock, forming a translucent gate of light. It incessantly generated lightning in the surroundings.

The lightning crashed down more and more frequently as the entire area was filled with a dazzling white light.

Boom! The white light exploded, forming an eye-piercing radiance. When all the light vanished, the original gate of light and the lightning had all disappeared, leaving behind only charred traces that recounted the strange events that had just occurred.

"Hah... I've finally entered!" Leylin furrowed his brows, sensing the large amount of fire elemental particles surrounding him. "This concentration... Magi would believe it if someone said this was the fire elemental world!"

Intense pain could be felt from various parts of his body, causing him to

groan and bend his back.

“A.I. Chip!” Leylin immediately ordered, “Check my current condition!”

[Beep! Host body’s soft tissue damage is at 30.87%. Fractures found at 7 areas, and signs of bruising observed on internal organs. Immediate treatment is recommended!] The A.I. Chip loyally intoned, transmitting a 3D human figure to him. The blue image held many signs of wounds.

Even with Leylin’s current vitality, he was still injured to this degree. Other regular Magi would probably have completely disappeared without a trace.

His astonishing vitality and Warlock bloodline were slowly mending the injuries in his body, allowing his tightly furrowed eyebrows to relax.

“That was really dangerous. I almost died outside the protective sphere...” While recalling what had just happened, Leylin couldn’t help but break out in cold sweat.

The protective sphere! This was the edge of a world, and even included part of the void. It could be said to be a large world’s strongest defence!

In general, every world had this protective sphere, though its strength varied. The most famous protective sphere was probably the World of Gods’ crystal wall.

Its powerful isolation ability was enough for even Magi at ranks 7 and above to be forced to return in defeat. It included a large world and various planes, forming the World of Gods’ unique culture of strength. It even cut off attempts at peeping from other worlds, save for that one time when the ancient Magi had invaded them.

Before reaching the Lava World, Leylin was able to regain consciousness with the protection of Multilimb Strength, preventing him from being in a bad situation.

If one wanted to use a metaphor, a large world’s protective sphere was like customs upon entry to a country. If Leylin had not woken, he would need to force his way in, and would definitely be met with attacks, especially from the malicious intent of the World Will.

The method Leylin had employed this time was akin to slipping through a barrier. He had not been discovered by the World Will, and the focus on him was evidently minimal, which would aid in his later movements.

“And this!” Leylin pulled a silver necklace full of astral light from his neck. After sensing that the connection was undamaged, he could completely relax.

This necklace represented his connection with the astral gate in the Magus world. As long as the connection there was not broken, he could teleport back at any time through the gate.

Right when Leylin had left the Magus world, Collins’ attack had been in order to completely cut off this connection, leaving Leylin stranded in another world and unable to find his way home for eternity.

Gilbert and the other two had been defeated using this method.

Of course, Collins had been made a fool of by Leylin, and would probably not be able to emerge for a long time. The largest danger had been obstructed by Wayde, and Leylin finally had some time to do what he wanted.

Saving the two dukes also fit with Leylin’s plans for benefits.

After all, he was not strong enough to go head to head against Jupiter’s Lightning. He needed a few other people to relieve the pressure, and Gilbert and Emma were very good candidates for this.

Furthermore, Gilbert was Leylin’s mentor, not someone he could abandon so easily.

After considering for some time and finding the best way out for himself, Leylin still chose to come forward and save them.

“But... This world is so huge. Where am I to find them?” Leylin watched the lava lake that stretched as far as he could see, as well as the burning clouds in the sky, and couldn’t help but laugh bitterly.

[Beep! Testing surroundings...] At this moment, the A.I. Chip immediately projected the analysis of the surroundings before Leylin.

“This...”

Leylin’s soul force was sent out to explore, and he immediately sensed the difference from what he was used to. In the Lava World, his spiritual force seemed sluggish, a result of the laws of this world not being harmonious with his own.

“As expected, with a switch in worlds, the dimensions, energy levels and even the the interactions between particles are starkly different. The changes in laws are definitely a huge obstruction to Magi who travel between worlds.”

A thread of understanding flashed in Leylin’s eyes. This was the precious experience that many ancient Magi had gathered through their blood and sweat.

“Thankfully, I’ve already condensed my point mass. Soul force is still useful in most worlds, and only needs some slight alterations. If it was still spiritual force, I’m afraid...” Relief rose in Leylin’s heart.

Soul force was a high-grade power, and could be used in many worlds. Its practicality trumped that of spiritual force.

Leylin estimated that if he still used spiritual force here, he would probably have to deal with the awkwardness of not fitting in. He might even need to cultivate it from the beginning and turn his spiritual force into the spiritual strength unique to this world. Though there would be no bottleneck, it would definitely require a lot of effort.

Now, with the use of soul force, this issue was mostly solved.

“It’s no wonder that ancient Magi placed Morning Star as the minimum rank to attack other worlds. So there’s this factor!” Leylin touched his chin.

[Beep! Data on surroundings completely gathered. Generating elemental map. Analysing world’s laws. Beginning fine-tuning of host body’s soul undulations...]

# Chapter 544: Assistance

Over five years of progress and the addition of a large amount of information on the soul from Leylin's end that he'd acquired through trade and missions, the A.I. Chip's analysis on the soul had reached a whole new level.

Though it still could not completely enumerate soul force, it was not far from this goal, and could perform many unbelievable deductions and integrations.

Things like altering the soul undulations being emitted by him were only one part of it.

'Mm! The concentration of fire elemental particles is the highest here. If I modify the spell models of the Magus World, I might achieve an even more astounding bonus to my power!' Leylin touched his chin and watched the elemental map, his eyes glowing.

Meanwhile, his aura had already begun to change. A dim layer of light flickered into existence and quickly covered his body. The entire space seemed to distort for a while, but at the same time, it seemed as if nothing had happened.

Leylin suddenly sighed deeply, and his body seemed to incorporate itself seamlessly into the surroundings.

"I've finally rid myself of that feeling of being spied on! World Will..." he sighed, tone showing his relief. "Luckily, the protector of this world is similar to the consciousness of Gaia, and not some living being. If not, I wouldn't have been able to dupe them so easily..."

After travelling to another world, there was an issue of how to deal with the ill intent from the world.

The undulations of Morning Star Magi were as obvious as a lit torch in the darkness. It would definitely attract the attention of the world, and things would be even more troublesome in a world that was not their own.

If he completely infuriated the World Will, it was like inviting a god of



death to his side. It would bring about unceasing bad luck.

Even Morning Star Magi would be played to death, forget anyone else.

Leylin's aura changed, and he was now just like the occupants of this world, not standing out in the least.

"This way, I have completely descended into this world. I wonder where Mentor Gilbert and the others are..." Leylin furrowed his eyebrows, and a tremendous and terrifying soul force was sent out to scan the surrounding areas.

Though soul force had no form and was intangible, the instant a Morning Star power exploded, the entire space would seem to halt, and even the lava would stop roaring.

The world was a fiery red! With the spread of his soul force, he could see much more of the lava river network. This place seemed like it was near a crater, with practically no signs of life.

The reason why he said there was practically none, was because Leylin had found a plant.

This was a plant similar to a Black Metal tree. The roots were fixed firmly in the ground, almost entering the lava, and the whole trunk had a black luster. Even the high temperature of the lava did not cause this tree to wither at all.

"At least there's some signs of life, or else I'd have assumed only elemental beings could survive in this world..." Leylin nodded, but his expression suddenly changed as he glanced in a direction.

There, he had keenly felt the undulations of some being, and it was a large one at that!

"The aboriginals?" Leylin chuckled. His body merged into the air, and began to move in the direction that the energy had come from.

Not long after, he reached his destination and watched a large battle.

At one side of the battlefield was a group of beings, each two to three metres tall and looking similar to humans. Even when boiling hot lava

made contact with their glistening black skin, it did not result in a large reaction, which meant their resistance to heat was very high. They also had a single little horn on their heads.

There were about ten or so one-horned beings, holding black lances and other weapons as they surrounded and attacked a giant monster.

This monster was completely red. There was a thick layer of rocks on its body that looked like a shell, lines of lava flowing down like little streams.

It was ten or so metres tall, looking like a large worm with its lower body submerged in lava. It seemed to be a being that lived only within the lava.

Pak! With a ferocious sweep, several of the one-horned beings were flung away, and the creature spat out a golden liquid from its mouth. The liquid was of an unbelievably high temperature, and the moment the liquid landed on the ground, it began to burn fiercely. Even the one-horned beings were in trouble, and those that had the golden liquid splashed on them immediately showed signs of burns appearing on their bodies.

“Kkngsg\_fkamg-...” The few leaders of the one-horned race immediately began to yell using a very strange method. They did not seem to employ vocal chords, instead making sounds directly from the lower abdomen. It was similar to the ventriloquists from his previous world.

“As expected, I can’t understand it at all...” Leylin was speechless, but luckily, issues like this were not a huge problem. Secretly following them for a period of time and having the A.I. Chip analyse their language would work, but Leylin had an even better method.

Whoosh! A thread of dim soul force quickly disappeared into the head of a one-horned being who was heavily injured.

“Ugh...” That one-horned being began to struggle vigorously, and yet could only whimper uselessly. His fellow clansmen thought he was crying out in pain, and hence this did not arouse their interest.

Meanwhile, images flashed in front of Leylin’s eyes like in a movie.

Soon enough, this being’s entire life was presented before Leylin, from

his birth, including his growth, to his death. Everything was clearly recorded by the A.I. Chip.

[Beep! Identified unnamed language. Saving in database!] [Beep! Generated map of vicinity, as well as basic information on Lava World and the races...]

From the great amount of memories, the A.I. Chip had found much useful information and began to organise them systematically, sorting them into the corresponding fields of knowledge.

“Good! Set the name of this unnamed language as ‘Lava Language’ and transmit it to my memories!” Leylin immediately used this function.

In less than a second, Leylin had learnt the language of this world. Though they had different bodies, that was a problem easily solved by magic and some illusions.

Only at this point did the meaning of the yells of those one-horned beings emerge in Leylin’s mind accurately.

“Wook’ma, leave!” A being with a body larger than the rest of the one-horned clansman stood in front of the lava worm, pushing a one-horned being with a smaller stature away.

Chik chik... The giant lava worm roared, opening its mouth and swallowing this one-horned being.

The one-horned being called Wook’ma was stunned as she sat on the ground, eyes losing their focus.

“Damn it, Wook’la’s finished. The ceremony is a failure. How were we so unlucky as to encounter a lava worm?”

The other one-horned beings’ faces were filled with remorse, and one of them began to curse, “It must have something to do with Klin clan. When the time comes, I’ll definitely kill them...”

Hearing this, bitter laughs sounded from the other one-horned beings. In this situation, being able to survive was already a luxury. What was the point of saying things like that?

The terrifying spit of the lava worm had already reached Wook'ma, and it was much too late for rescue attempts. A few of these clansmen closed their eyes, unable to watch.

Wook'ma had only just grown to adulthood, and was usually a passionate, bright child. To think she would die here... A few other young clansmen were already roaring while they pounced forward.

Roar! The expected pain did not come, and Wook'ma opened her eyes curiously, finding a strange being in front of her.

This being looked very strange. He had no horns, no black skin, and physically looked small. He looked about the size of a three or four year old in the clan.

However, it was this small figure that had easily blocked the attack of the lava worm, and from the opponent's howls, there was a trace of... fear?

Yes, Wook'ma was sure of it. The powerful lava worm was actually afraid of this little thing.

"Are you alright?" The weird being in front of her spoke, using the language of her tribe. Wook'ma naturally understood.

"I-I'm fine! Are you of the ant tribe? Though you don't have their feelers, your skin colour and physique match!" Wook'ma seemed to have forgotten the danger in front of her and began to strike up a conversation with Leylin.

Leylin was speechless at the actions of this tribe, and instead exerted strength in his arms.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! A giant red hand that was ten or so metres long fished the lava worm up easily. Its five fingers exerted a force one by one, causing the lava worm to roar in pain.

Layer after layer of rock fragments peeled off and fell from its body, and by the time the magma armour had disappeared, its physique had obviously become much smaller. Even its aura had strangely weakened.

"Hm? Interesting." Leylin watched the magma shell dropping off. The

golden liquid from before was transported through a series of complicated pathways through which its effects were amplified, turning from ordinary lava to the powerful golden lava.

“An amplification spell formation? But I don’t see any resemblance to one...” Leylin’s eyes shone with interest, the large hand exerting more force. More layers fell from the lava worm’s body.

Yet another layer of magma fell, and the lava worm was now only two or three metres long. Its aura suddenly weakened till it could not match up to the most ordinary one-horned clansmen.

‘A.I. Chip, remember these patterns!’ Leylin secretly commanded. There were many paths and research methods in these other worlds, and also ample experimental materials. All of these were things that Magi would go berserk over, and also one of the main reasons they were willing to risk death to explore other worlds.

Boom! The last of the magma slid off, and the lava worm that had seemed enormous had turned into a fat, meaty worm that was just over a metre long.

# Chapter 545: Unihorn Race

“Thank you for saving Wook’ma, revered Powerful One!”

Rather than the young female, two other one-horned beings came forward with their right arm on their chest, doing a strange action.

“May I know the Powerful One’s name?”

Leylin noticed an investigative glint that had been concealed well in their eyes. There were even traces of suspicion, but he had already come up with a plan.

“I am Ley, of the winged people! I am currently travelling to learn more about different cultures, so there is no need to thank me. The great will of lava was the one who orchestrated all this...”

With the memories of that one-horned tribal, Leylin’s speech was just like that of the Lava World’s aboriginals, and his disguise was seamless.

The so-called winged people were a shield Leylin had found for himself.

Through the other party’s memories, he had found that all the different races of Lava World looked totally different from regular Wooks, and only the winged people tribe were somewhat similar. As for the wings? With his skills in magic as a Morning Star, creating two wings was too simple.

“So you are a friend of the winged tribe! Welcome to the Blazing Thorn Land!”

The winged people were a peace-loving minority in the Lava World. They were usually scattered throughout the land, and did not cause any trouble with any large organisations. Hence, these two one-horned beings, even if they didn’t let their guards down completely, lost a lot of their suspicion. They invited Leylin enthusiastically to a city nearby to rest.

Leylin, who had other intentions, naturally rejected them for a while, before going with the situation and agreeing.

Overjoyed, the two clansmen immediately used whatever they had at hand and conducted a banquet in Leylin’s honour.

What surprised Leylin the most was that their meal today was the lava worm. It had to be said that when one repressed the disgust at placing the lava worm's meat in their mouth, the expected terrible taste did not appear. The meat was actually similar to chicken, and also had a fragrant and sweet juice; it was a rare delicacy.

This was especially true in the Lava World. Food that had high water content was actually one of the rarest ingredients!

"Lord Ley, thank you so much! Also..." Wook'ma thanked Leylin with a tone full of admiration, passing over a large portion of the meat of the worm.

"What is it?" Leylin answered, finding the situation funny.

"May... May I see your... wings? I've heard that the wings of the winged people are the most beautiful things in the world!" Wook'ma's eyes were full of admiration, but that only had Leylin feeling like laughing and crying at the same time.

"The most beautiful? I'm afraid us winged people can't take that title, but I can fulfill your request." Leylin nodded, not caring if this was just the pure fantasies of a little girl, or if someone was trying to sound him out.

After he stood up, the clothes on his back tore open, revealing a pair of large, snow-white wings. When spread out, they were a good four or five metres long, and the wings that looked like that of an angel wrapped Leylin within. At the edges of these fine, pure white feathers, there were traces of a golden luster.

'With this appearance, I could even pretend to be an angel in my previous world...' Leylin thought with a laugh. At the same time, he saw that behind Wook'ma, who looked full of admiration, the other two one-horned clansmen were surprised.

Based on their previous conversation, Leylin knew that one was called Wook'e, and the other was Wook'bor. They were part of the largest one-horned clan nearby, the Wook Clan.

In the Lava World, matured one-horned clansmen had to hunt for food

by themselves, a rite of passage.

However they had been unlucky, or rather been plotted against. That was why they had encountered a lava worm, and an enraged one at that. If not for Leylin acting, these people might all have died here.

“Mister Ley, I heard that you’re a traveller. Can you tell me stories about other places?” Wook’ma’s hands were under her chin as she laid on her stomach in front of Leylin like a curious baby.

Combined with her almost three-metre-tall stature and horn, she gave off an appearance that would scare any regular child into crying in his previous world. The contrast was stark.

“This... Please wait for a while. I still want to discuss something with your uncles!” Leylin smiled. All the information he had obtained had come from the unlucky guy who had died. If he was asked about some other matters, that might expose his identity, and he had hence quickly changed the subject.

“Alright! Wook’ma, go to bed. We still have things to discuss with Mister Ley!”

Wook’e stood up. He sent the pouting Wook’ma away and chuckled, finding this embarrassing, “My apologies, Mister Ley, she’s only a child!”

“Indeed, I don’t blame her,” Leylin shook her head. The glint from his eyes made the two clansmen afraid to look him in the eye. “But... Why did you try to probe me?”

“Nothing gets past Mister!” Wook’e and Wook’bor exchanged a glance and began laughing wryly.

The blazing bonfire gradually died out, and only the red lava river in the distance slowly emitted dark red rays. The flickering flames covered the faces of these beings, giving a feeling of light and darkness being unable to be determined.

Leylin, who was listening to these two speak, also had a grim expression as he nodded or shook his head from time to time, looking to be deep in thought.



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The next day, Wook'e and Wook'bor announced that Leylin would temporarily join and return with them. This immediately resulted in many cheers, with Wook'ma's the loudest.

Seeing Wook'e and Wook'bor's confident expressions, Leylin had the urge to laugh.

Last night, they had told him about some conflict between organisations and some persecution they were facing. Though Leylin had not understood much, nor could he be bothered to, his expression looked like he understood completely. His outward hatred immediately netted a favourable opinion from these two.

From the looks of it, they seemed to think of him as a reliable power. Or rather... as a saviour of sorts?

Leylin found this hilarious, but had to endure it.

"Mister Ley, what are you thinking about..." Wook'ma immediately began to cling to him, and Leylin pressed against his forehead with nothing to say.

Leylin could work independently and find where the large creatures gathered, searching the strongest one's soul and therefore obtaining more information in a convenient manner. However, this would cause a huge ruckus and arouse needless suspicion, as well as the attention from the world's will. The cons outweighed the pros.

Even without attention from the world's will, the Lava World was a world and definitely had someone with a battle might of at least the Morning Star realm. The moment he besieged and enraged large powers, even Leylin could not be certain he would be able to escape safely.

His motive was to save the two Kemoyin Dukes, which was why he had to maintain a low profile until he found them.

Though this method of blending in was slightly troublesome, the advantage was the safety, and there weren't any loopholes.

What allowed Leylin to feel at ease was that time flowed different in other worlds and in the Magus World. One year might have passed in the Magus World while only a month or even a few days had passed here, which was why he still had plenty of time.

“Since Jupiter’s Lightning set up a trap here, they must have found this world’s coordinates long ago and occupied an area here...”

Leylin’s thoughts began to gain clarity.

“Perhaps even that Radiant Moon Magus has quite a few clones here in charge. They might have set up some traps and are waiting for me to get caught, which is why I can’t make mistakes...”

After following the group for a few days, a silhouette of a black city could be seen in the distance.

That was a giant city of rock. Whether it was the houses or city walls, they were all made of giant black boulders. Though the city wall was low, the men of another race who were standing tall above it were robust and valiant.

“We’re home!” Many single-horned clansmen immediately cheered, but at the thought of their siblings who had died, they could not help but begin to lower their heads and weep.

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‘This is a place where intelligent beings gather, but my soul force has yet to make any discoveries of them...’ His concealed soul force swept through the place, but Leylin’s expression did not change despite his sighing inside.

In a palace constructed of large black rocks, Leylin saw the leader of the one-horned race’s Wook Clan. These leaders were usually called the “Intellectual One.”

“Revered Intellectual One, please accept the blessings of a guest from far away!” Following custom, Leylin placed a few portions of lava worm meat in front of a wrinkled one-horned being as a gift.

At this moment, only the two of them were in the large palace. Wook'e and the rest had long since hurried back.

"Lava worm? These beings usually like to stay in lava and seldom come out. After being aggravated, they will explode with terrifying lava attacks. It's all thanks to you that Wook'ma and the rest could return safely!"

The elderly Intellectual One nodded, grabbing at the lava worm and beginning to eat without reservations. Juice splashed everywhere and fell from the corner of its mouth, droplets landing on the straw mat.

This was a tradition of the one-horned race. Enjoying the gift in front of the guest was a sign of respect.

Leylin appeared to be sitting at a side respectfully, though in actuality, his soul force had already covered the surroundings.

"This intellectual being has pretty good abilities, at the strength of a rank 1 or 2 Magus. It's a pity that it's still too weak..."

The old one-horned clansman obviously did not notice Leylin's gaze that held pity, and when it was done with the meal, it touched its lips. "Well then, is there anything I can help you with? Just say the word!"

"Of course! I have a difficult problem that I need your help with..." Leylin smiled slowly while softly stating his request.

# Chapter 546: Rank

It was the early morning and the air was refreshing, a situation that seldom occurred. Even the lava rivers weren't boiling hot right now.

The large black city gates opened slowly, and a small caravan made its way through.

Within the caravan were many black one-horned clansmen. Their mode of transport was a giant creature that looked like a snail. Their shells towered high, a few openings in them made expressly for the easy retrieval of items.

There were no goods in the huge shell of the largest mount, and only a space that was specially cleared for Leylin to sit in, with his legs crossed.

Though this snail's movements weren't especially quick, it was advantageous in that there were practically no jolts from the travel. Even the temperature of this place was different from that of the surroundings, and it left Leylin feeling very satisfied.

At the thought of the unwillingness to part on Uma's face, as well as Wook'e and Wook'bo's stunned expressions, Leylin had the urge to laugh.

He had no plans on interfering with matters relating to other races. That 'Intellectual One' had also known from the aura undulations that Leylin had intentionally emanated, that he was not to be provoked, and did not want to keep a time bomb like Leylin around.

Hence, everything clicked together. The one-horned race immediately agreed to bring Leylin along on their next travel. With the travelling merchants as the guide, they brought Leylin to a bigger city.

In all honesty, compared to the city where many different races lived together in harmony, the black city that the one-horned race had built was like a town in the countryside.

"Woking City! The largest city in the Blazing Thorn Land. I hope it won't let me down!" Leylin's eyes flashed with a glint that nobody could see through, while his hands began to move quickly.

Large amounts of Magus materials were fished out of his spatial ring and arranged to form a small-scale spell formation.

The whole process was covert, and not the slightest sound was made. It was not just the one-horned beings outside. Even the snail that Leylin was sitting on did not feel it.

Buzz... An extremely slight undulation that only Morning Star ranked Kemoyin Warlocks could detect was transmitted into the distance.

“Go!” Two dull spiritual flames appeared on Leylin’s hands, quickly disappearing into the spell formation.

Following that, Leylin closed his eyes, a thread of soul force linking with the spell formation. His mind seemed to pass through the snail shell and arrive outside, spreading further.

A long while later, Leylin opened his eyes and shook his head.

‘It still isn’t working! This is the limit of what I can do. I’m afraid the two Dukes aren’t in this region...’ Leylin sighed, his expression complicated.

A world was much too large. It could be said that the Lava World far surpassed the central continent in terms of surface area. To find two people in such a large area, a needle in a haystack couldn’t even begin to describe it.

Though Gilbert and the rest were Morning Star Warlocks and would definitely make a name for themselves wherever they were, one had to remember that Jupiter’s Lightning definitely had an organisation here. It was possible that before he could even find Gilbert, the Radiant Moon Magi would be at his doorstep wanting his life.

‘But... Morning Star strength is rare even in other worlds. If I was a Magus from Jupiter’s Lightning, I would probably scheme to seize control of large-scale organisations and find a way to lure other members to come over as well...’

Leylin began to envisage the plans that Gilbert and the others would make after coming here suddenly, and immediately had several trains of thought.

‘I’m afraid I’ll have to go to other large cities. Intelligence groups there must have the information I want!’ Leylin’s eyes shone, and he pointed at the spell formation in mid-air.

A layer of crimson flames immediately started to rage, swallowing the spell formation and the two soul fires within.

In the crimson flames, the spell formation that had originally been large and oversized shrunk down into little droplets that rolled around and disappeared into a soul crystal.

When the crimson flames had died out, all that was left was a red crystal the size of a fist.

At the heart of the crystal were two fine silver-white flames that intertwined, forming the strange shape of the Ouroboros.

‘Alright! The sensing technique has been set. I won’t need to go through the troublesome task of setting up a spell formation every single time in the future.’ Leylin looked relaxed as he kept the crystal properly. Immediately after, he felt the whole group come to a halt.

“What’s going on?” Furrowing his brows, Leylin opened the shell of the snail and went outside.

“Mister Ley, there’s a battle going on outside. The undulations have already reached the Earth grade, hence I’ve ordered the group to stop!” A giant one-horned clansman came before Leylin, looking very respectful.

Initially, he had had qualms regarding Intellectual One’s plans, but after Leylin had shown some tricks, the other party was immediately taken in. His gaze towards Leylin was full of deference.

“Oh? I didn’t notice that just now.” Leylin nodded, spreading a pair of large white wings from his back. A powerful strength flowed through them, allowing his body to fly into the air.

This expansive view immediately allowed him to view the scene far away.

Energy undulations were spread recklessly, and two figures moved to

and fro in the lava, filling the whole sky with magma droplets.

“Indeed, energy at the Earth grade,” Leylin nodded.

This world naturally did not have the same classification system as the Magus World, but several beings with extraordinary strength still existed here, though the differences in ranking were not as distinct.

From what Leylin knew, individuals who had exemplary abilities only had a few divisions. Exemplary, Earth, Sky, Star!

Based on Leylin’s understanding, ‘Exemplary’ referred to knights and acolytes, and they were beings which possessed the slightest bit of extraordinary strength. They were the lowest stratum. Earth referred to the equivalents of official Magi, or perhaps those who could reach rank 2. Similarly, Sky were the strong ones, as strong as rank 3! And those of Star rank were beings who existed in legends and myths, and were on par with the Magus World’s Morning Star Magi.

The classification of ‘Stars’ allowed Leylin to guess that Lava World definitely had been influenced by the Magus World. Or, at least, there had been a few Morning Star Magi that had paid attention to this world.

If not, the classification of Stars would not be so similar.

As for strength, the one-horned race that Leylin had seen up to this point depended completely on their body. Only the Intellectual One he saw that day seemed to have awakened some magical ability, which was rather decent.

The two beings of another race that were fighting in front of Leylin paled in comparison to the Intellectual One from before, whether in terms of the intensity of their energy or undulations.

However, after observing for a long while, Leylin made a discovery, “A summoning ability? And it’s the power of a totem?”

These two were obviously not of the one-horned race. One of them was extremely obese, to the point that their waist couldn’t even be seen. A long nose hung from its face, making it look like an upright elephant, except that its skin was bright yellow.

The other was green, and from the big-headed race. It had an exceptionally small body and very nimble arms, with many runes and spell patterns rolling from its fingertips and being carved into the ground.

“Ignite!” With its voice, the image on the ground suddenly brightened, a layer of soil solidifying to form a berserk bear-like creature.

A pentagonal spell formation appeared on the elephant clansman, and in the next moment, the space seemed to shatter. A large double-headed cheetah descended from another space.

The two creatures looked each other face to face, and then began to tear at one another viciously, powerful energy undulations sweeping through the region.

‘There’s a shadow of the Magus World here! It seems that the ancient Magus World once took over many worlds and made use of the strengths of this place, giving rise to many strength-based systems. Looks like the rumours were real!’

Leylin watched on with interest, occasionally finding traces of some systems similar to that in the Magus World from their usage of energy.

However, his attitude of watching leisurely had clearly offended the two of them.

“You damned bird person. What are you looking at?” The elephant man roared, and it summoned a large goshawk, its sharp feathers and claws like steel as they emanated glints that inspired terror.

The goshawk cawed out and pounced towards Leylin, its large talons seemingly able to tear through anything.

The other opponent seemed to have slowed his movements, standing aside and waiting to watch a good show.

“Really...” Leylin couldn’t help but shake his head, watching the goshawk that was throwing itself at him speechlessly. Never did he expect that watching such a spectacle could cause trouble.

‘Summoning methods can technically be divided into elemental



summoning, spatial summoning, bloodline summoning, all the way to the greatest, which is world summoning! The summoning methods here are probably those of the lowest level, spatial summoning. They can only instantly summon contracted beings of this world before the summoner...'

Leylin touched his chin, watching the goshawk that was pouncing over, and suddenly laughed.

For some reason, after seeing that smile, the elephant man on the ground felt a chill, as if he had done something very wrong.

Soul force invaded the insides of the goshawk's mind. Leylin immediately found a spell formation that symbolised a contract. It was twinkling, and as if it had discovered the invasion of another being, it began to retaliate.

However, soul force was far too powerful. With just a sweep, the elephant man's low-grade spiritual force was utterly defeated, and the spiritual branding had also been erased. The large goshawk felt giddy and suddenly found the white-winged person in front of it favourable, circling around Leylin.

"Impossible!" The intense spiritual attack, as well as the erasing of his mark immediately caused the elephant man to be seriously injured.

He involuntarily cried out and spat a mouthful of fresh blood, crumbling down on the spot.

The other opponent seemed to be scared out of its wits and stayed rooted to the spot.

How could this summoning partner of his be defeated in such a straightforward manner? The green-skinned clansman felt like his thoughts came crashing down.

He was beginning to pity his opponent. Just a casual act had provoked such a terrifying existence. They had to be at least of the Sky rank!

# Chapter 547: Woking City

“Mister Ley!” The rest of the Wooks celebrated upon Leylin’s return, worship in their eyes. There was a respect for power that was imprinted into their very bloodlines, and now it had shown itself.

“It’s all settled, let’s continue!” Leylin returned to the seat in the giant snail shell, looking calm.

Indeed, the two rank 1 Magi did not warrant Leylin’s attention. However, it had surprised Leylin how much the A.I. Chip had advanced after deriving the energy transformation formulas of the rank 1 Magi.

[Beep! Decoding of 15 rank 1 Fire element spells, 7 rank 2 spells and 3 rank 3 spells has been completed.]

Leylin’s face broke into a smile after hearing the notice from the A. I. Chip.

Due to the difference in the rules of the Lava World, spell models of the Magus world could not directly be used in it, and had to be slightly altered.

For other Magi to do such a thing would require a lot of research; something that was potentially troublesome. The spells had to each be studied and analysed individually.

However, Leylin had the ability to analyse the spells in batches and instantly managed to understand many of the spells.

‘In this case, I can recover most of my strength before we reach Woking...’ A streak of light flashed and he slowly closed his eyes.

The giant caravan started to move slowly after the short pause, the Wook clansmen at ease.

After all, with the almighty Mister Ley overseeing them, there was not much to worry about during the journey, be it the bandits of the wilderness or disasters of nature and beasts.

As a matter of fact, with Leylin around, they were rarely affected by natural disaster, and even avoided huge crises many times.

After some time, The one-horned race eventually worshipped Leylin like a god. They had never been at such ease before, usually losing more than half their merchants and consuming large amounts of supplies for every trip.

Their parting with Leylin was full of reluctance. The chief of the caravan tried his best to persuade Leylin not to leave, even hinting that he could stay even if the Intellectual One refused.

But how would Leylin agree? He left with a smile.

Woking City, the largest city in the Blazing Thorn Land.

The entire city was built in a huge barren desert, with raging winds roaring every once in a while. The place appeared desolate.

But Leylin knew that such living conditions were considered exemplary in the Lava World. In the Lava World, the intelligent creatures thrived best in the areas where there was no lava flow. Other than the pure fire elemental creatures, few species would enjoy living near the edge of the lava. In here, other than the shortcoming that the temperature was slightly higher, it wasn't very much different from that of the deserts in the Magus World, and hence was considered conditions that were good enough.

"Nevertheless, these nonhuman species are really..."

The dress code and appearances of the Magi in Woking City differed greatly from what he was used to. Leylin was a little speechless at the unique structure of the buildings and the large crowd of passersby, who were predominantly nonhuman.

To Leylin's surprise, the one-horned race whom he had encountered early were actually more human than most, at least they looked similar to normal humans.

With nonhumans who had numerous eyes and limbs were barely considered normal, Leylin was completely shocked when he saw a humongous green caterpillar, with hat and stick, in a store. It, ignorant of his gaze, was in a heated argument with the store's owner.

Despite his adventure experience in the Magus world, Leylin had mostly only been exposed to humans. Although the central continent held many nonhumans, humans were still the majority while the rest eked out an existence in the shadows, even if they were mixed bloods who looked human.

However, in this place, Leylin felt like he was the odd one out. This feeling of isolation was new to him, and interesting.

“No wonder the antique books say that the process of conquering a foreign world is actually a great challenge for Magi. It’s extremely difficult to even think of such a thing now, especially the act of going against the whole world by oneself. Truly, insane...”

Flames fumed in Leylin’s eyes as he mumbled under his breath, his eyes flashing with excitement. “I really wish to give it a try... The feeling of conquering a world...”

His exclamation was well and good, but time had arrived that he settle serious matters.

Leylin stopped a long-haired, two headed green being that was drooling out some unknown liquid.

“I need to get some information, is there any place can fulfil my needs? If u can bring me there, this will be yours!” Leylin took out a pinkish crystal and tossed it in front of the nonhuman, making his eyes brighten up.

“I– I’ll bring you there!” The sturdy man by the side of the two-headed being hemmed and hawed, as if he had to invest a lot of energy in speaking each and every word.

“Great! After you!” Leylin’s eyes flashed with a trace of a smile.

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Clearly, the two headed being was pretty familiar with streets of Woking, every step of his long legs taking him a few meters ahead. He was originally worried that Leylin could not keep up with him, but after seeing Leylin at ease he sped up.

When they reached a remote alley, the two-headed fellow turned around and stammered, “Right– right here!”

“Is it?” Leylin looked around. The huge shadow of the building covered the region, blotting out the sun and leaving the entire place in darkness.

A tinge of a sombre mood was felt, and there was not a single person around.

“Hehehe, look, what Strap brought us!” A green, multi-limbed being who looked like a grasshopper climbed along the side of the wall. The pair of crimson eyes on top of its triangular head stared at Leylin with a malicious intent.

“Ant Tribe? Or Winged Tribe? Whatever, Old Hawk will surely pay a high price for his meat anyway...”

In concert with his voice, many other nonhumans climbed out of the corners, all looking bloodthirsty and ferocious.

“I knew it... I just knew it would turn out this way...” Leylin sighed helplessly, “Why do you want to force me to use violence when we can resolve this peacefully?”

Leylin’s puzzled look made the nonhumans tremble, feeling as if they had done something wrong.

“Just as well! In any case, I’m short on quite a few foreign specimens!”

Leylin played with the ring on his finger, gracefully taking out a silver surgical knife. He looked focused and devoted.

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“Oh no! Please let me go! I don’t know anything, they forced me...”

Half an hour later, the alley was filled with the reek of blood. All the nonhumans had disappeared, leaving behind only the two headed being kneeling on the ground, begging for mercy.

However, it was a high-pitched female voice this time, coming from the other head.

“Really?” Leylin wiped the silvery surgical knife, mirth in his eyes. It terrified the two-headed being, whose hair stood on ends.

“I can help! I know the best information broker in the city, it’s Old Jake. I’m telling the truth! He even knows things about other worlds! I can bring you there right now!” The being revealed its intelligence at the boundary between life and death, finally securing its life from the surgical knife Leylin had placed in front of it.

“Good! Bring me to him now!” The surgical knife stopped right before the being’s eyes, only a millimetre away.

“Yes, Master! I will bring you there now...” The creature wept, even wanting to die. If not for the fact that it was in its resting period and if it had let its younger brother go out instead, it would never have come near a malefic like Leylin.

It was useless to say anything now, though. It knew very well that it would end up like the scattered piles of flesh and bones if it did not bring Leylin to his destination and help him get what he wanted.

It was no doubt that he was the local tyrant. In a short while, he had brought Leylin to an extensive basement area.

Leylin got excited upon entering the place. This atmosphere of this place was pervaded with feelings of passion, madness, and death, causing the darkness elemental particles to be very concentrated here.

‘It wouldn’t take too long for this kind of place to give normal humans a mental disorder...’ Leylin stroked his chin, followed after the two-headed being.

“What brings you here Strap? Do you wanna play some games?” A creature with the head of an ox patted the two headed creature’s shoulder with great strength. His right leg was missing, instead replaced with a giant metal limb.

Leylin smelled an odour similar to that of marijuana from the ox-head, coming from the crimson drink in his hand. It seemed to be an alcoholic drink of this world.

“No, I’m here for Old Jake! You see...” The two headed being pointed at Leylin and started to whisper to the ox-head with flattery.

“Off you go!” The Ox-head took another look at Leylin, perhaps it was the attractive thin figure of Leylin that set him off guard.

# Chapter 548: Underground Wrestling Match

Passing through a rusty metal door, Leylin entered a large underground arena.

There were cheers, howls, even berserk roars sounding incessantly. At times one could hear the sound of weapons clashing, at others the sound of a body being pierced.

The atmosphere was insane. The audience, who were composed of multiple races, waved pieces of paper in their hands as they yelled towards the middle of the arena.

“This...” Leylin looked down towards the centre with interest, and immediately made a discovery.

In a large cage made of steel was a were-lion with golden fur. It was matched against several large monsters.

These monsters looked like eight-legged crocodiles with mouths full of sharp teeth.

Their mouths actually looked like saws with all the sharp teeth, boasting a viciousness and frightening power that would cause weaker beings to faint.

Their opponent, the were-lion, was unarmed, and could only fight these monsters with its own fists. Heaps of muscles bulged on its body, holding in store its formidable strength.

Just as Leylin glanced over, it mercilessly grabbed onto one of the crocodiles' tails and ruthlessly flung it onto a metal bar. A large number of metallic thorns stabbed into the creature's body, and blood gushed out. The injury looked fatal.

In exchange, the were-lion's back now had several bloody scratches that were dripping with blood.

“A place for underground wrestling, with bets and alcohol?” Leylin



nodded, beginning to have some expectations towards Old Jake.

The heads of such underground organisations were usually the people who acquired intel the most effectively. He would definitely have a huge network.

After all, selling information was very profitable, and he would definitely not let this opportunity go.

“Come with me!” The ox-head limped as he led the way, guiding Leylin through several bar counters where many were raising their wine cups and roaring madly. He then opened a small wooden door.

This door truly was tiny. Leylin’s physique would be considered slender among the races of this world, and even he had to lower his head, half bowing before he could enter.

Boom! The sturdy wooden door closed, isolating the room from the clamour outside.

The moment before the door closed, Leylin vaguely saw the were-lion successfully taking care of two other monster crocodiles. Though it had paid a large price, it had still managed to keep its life.

Large numbers of bets failed, and those who had lost their money bellowed, the cacophony almost overturning the entire arena.

And still, when the wooden door closed, it was as if everything outside had no relation to this place.

“Serenity and insanity are only separated by a single door. Isn’t that feeling amazing, Mister Ley from the one-horned race’s territory?”

A dwarf that was around a metre tall walked out. It had on a long silver robe, the bottom dragging on the ground. It held the same wine cup as the rest, an excited blush on its face.

Its eyes, however, were cold. They were like a mass of ice, not a single ripple within them.

‘A rational lunatic!’ That was Leylin’s first impression of this dwarf. For it to be able to take control of such a large organisation, it was evidently not

a simple character.

“You know me?” Leylin had arrived at the Lava World a few days ago, and he had only made contact with the one-horned race. The knowledge that the other party had found information on him so quickly caused him to be delighted. In this case, there was a higher chance of his plans being realised.

“Of course! There are few who can defeat the summoner, Klito. A Sky ranked master is definitely worthy of my respect!” The dwarf bowed slightly, and Leylin was moved.

It must have been a member of the ant race with its brown skin and two little antennae. For some reason, it had broken away from its community and formed a large underground organisation in Woking City.

“Was it the merchants of the one-horned city?” Leylin pondered over it for a moment and immediately answered. Pretty much the only ones who knew him in the entirety of Woking City was that lot.

“Indeed, it was them! Since they were escorted by Mister Ley, I’ve already sent down orders that all their goods will be sold off at 10% higher than the market price!”

The dwarf of the ant race invited Leylin to take a seat, and personally poured a glass of something similar to red wine for him slowly.

The slight smell of alcohol, mixed with all kinds of fermented items that had anaesthetic effects immediately surrounded Leylin’s nostrils.

“The alcohol of other races is really terrifying. They aren’t even afraid of harming their bodies...”

Leylin shook his head, a little speechless. Though he was not afraid of these with the quality of his body, his tastes were well-developed. Such a crudely-made thing was not worthy of his attention, even if this alcohol was the best out of this dwarf’s collection.

“Alright, respected guest! May I know your purpose in seeking out pitiful old Jake?” Seeing Leylin putting the wine cup down without taking a sip, Jake’s expression did not change. He’d taken the initiative to bring up the

topic, his eyes smiling.

“Everything!” Leylin chuckled lightly.

“Everything?!” Jake cried out involuntarily. “What do you mean by everything?”

“All the intelligence you have. Everything you know. That includes this region, as well as other areas. Whether it’s a big or small issue, I want everything as long as it’s valuable...” Leylin’s voice was low, and had a unique charm to it.

“Hehe... Mr Ley, do you know how much this information will cost?” Jake laughed, but his voice turned cold.

“I know, but I can definitely afford it!” Leylin answered without hesitation.

“What are you going to use to pay for it?” Jake had already assumed he’d met a lunatic, or someone with a screw loose.

“Your life. Is that enough?” Leylin spoke coldly.

“Crap!” Upon hearing Leylin’s words, Jake immediately bowed and retreated, throwing himself behind a study table with a jump. With a push of some mechanism, a defensive layer of energy appeared instantly.

Its movements were fluid, as if it had trained for this countless of times.

Only after the layer rose did its expression become calm. A sneer raised on its lips, “Mr Ley, don’t you think you’re going too far for a mere guest?”

“I’ve never felt that way towards the weak!” Leylin’s voice was dull, and that caused Jake’s face to flush.

As if Leylin’s words had touched on some nerve, Jake instantly grew furious.

“Get him!” It called out suddenly, and a pink mist filled the room. Two figures rushed out from within, emanating powerful energy undulations.

“The two mice finally dare show themselves. You’re only at the Sky rank, is that so amazing?” Leylin laughed slightly, a dark green layer of energy

appearing from his body as a large hand grabbed forwards.

Boom! Space itself seemed to freeze in place, and the two fierce black figures halted abruptly. Leylin held each of them by the neck.

What appeared in his hands were two other dwarves that looked very similar to Jake. Energy undulations similar to that of a rank 3 Magus were continually emitted from them, but to Leylin this was far too weak. They were like a candle in a hurricane, a random wisp of wind enough to destroy them.

“Is this all you have to depend on? Any others?” Leylin opened his mouth, and a vortex appeared in the air. The pink mist that had pervaded the air was sucked into Leylin’s stomach.

One of those that Leylin was holding suddenly seemed to recall something, and even began to stutter, “This powerful? You– You’re a Star rank...”

He sent the two flying, and they fell with a thud, fainting from their injuries.

Swish! Seeing Leylin unravelling his trap and defeating two Sky ranks so easily, Jake, who was within the defensive layer, could only grit his teeth and remove it, kneeling before him.

“Revered Master Ley, please forgive the petty me for offending you unknowingly. Jake is willing to hand over all power and information to you...”

“You’re smart and understand the situation. Good, I like people like you!” A smile appeared on Leylin’s face, but to Jake it looked like that of a devil.

“I don’t want your organisation or anything like that. I just need some information from you. Because you’re tactful, I’ll only purge a portion of your memories. Don’t worry...”

Hearing Leylin’s words, Jake immediately knelt in gratitude, while forcing a laugh inside.

Just a Star rank was enough to destroy Woking City, and he had no means of fighting back.

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A few hours later, Leylin who had obtained what he wanted, left the Underground Wrestling Arena, satisfied.

The atmosphere in the arena was still very heated. Now, however, there were great battles between various races. Leylin even saw a few one-horned clansmen who were mere cannon fodder.

The soundproofing effects of the wooden door were superb. There seemed to be some spell formation, and even though Leylin had caused a mess inside, nobody outside found out.

Even that ox-headed person would not know that over the course of the past few hours, the leader of their organisation had thoroughly bowed down at the hands of this young being of a different race.

Of course, Leylin spurned the head of an underground organisation. After using methods of psychological hints to confirm that it had handed over all the information, he had immediately modified its memories and even created a fake experience. This completely concealed the happenings of the day.

After leaving the arena, Leylin found a random inn and, after paying with precious gems, received a large house.

Of course, this wealth had been obtained with the generous sponsorship of Old Jake.

# Chapter 549: Emberwing Race

The Lava World was vast, and a few hundred years would not be enough to traverse the entire world.

Based on the information he obtained from Jake, this continent that Leylin was on was the largest in the Lava World, called 'Blazing Crown'.

Around Blazing Crown, was an ocean formed of lava. Within this lava ocean were all kinds of terrifying high-energy beings, and it was a much more dangerous place than the oceans in the Magus World.

Hence, communication between Blazing Crown and the other continents was minimal. Even the most powerful extraordinary ones rarely left the continent.

To Jake's knowledge, Blazing Crown was the heart of the Lava World. The other 'continents' were merely slightly large islands.

'What an interesting world! An ocean formed of lava? If those fire-elemental Magi were to find out about this place, they would be willing to migrate over even if it cost them a fortune.' Leylin touched his chin, beginning to browse through the intelligence he had obtained from Jake.

Though the information was very complicated, the A.I. Chip had recorded everything and could quickly filter out the wrong and useless information, leaving behind the great amounts of valuable intel. It then combined a few pieces that seemed to be linked.

Soon, Leylin managed to form an image of the true Lava World.

This was a world of flames. Fire elemental beings and lava creatures occupied over 80% of the area here. The one-horned race, as well as the ant race that Jake was a part of, could only somewhat survive at the edges of the continent.

On the complete map of the continent, there were no signs of the single-horned city. Woking City was merely a black dot at the edge, and was basically a remote and desolate place.

Three organisations stood at the apex of Blazing Crown.

There was the Divineflame Empire made entirely of fire elemental beings. The Atlan Union was made up of the Emberwing race, a life form similar to humans, and then the Allied Kingdom was made up of the rest. There weren't any others at the same level as them.

Of these three, the Divineflame Empire was the most powerful. The Atlan Union and Allied Kingdom had to collaborate to stave off their invasions.

Wars were incessantly fought as they tried to seize good territory from the lava and fire elemental beings. It was to the point that huge military campaigns were launched every few years.

As for the divisions in their ranks, it was the same as what he'd already encountered. The weakest was Exemplary, followed by Earth, Sky, and Star.

As for those above the Star rank, beings that possessed the strength of Radiant Moon Magi, he hadn't come across any such thing. Although it could just be that Jake's organisation hadn't acquired that level of information yet.

Even so, Leylin's current strength allowed him to do as he liked in the Lava World as long as the other Star ranks or Jupiter's Lightning didn't set their sights on him.

"If I were Gilbert and the others, I would either find a place and hide myself completely, or build an organisation in secret that would give off a distinct signal to the outside, letting any rescuers know where I am...."

Leylin's eyes flashed, and the A.I. Chip immediately began to search through the data.

Soon enough, a distinct heading attracted Leylin's attention. "Riot at Eastern City of Atlan Union. Rebel army 'Triserpent Sect' has taken responsibility for the event. There are conjectures that this could be a retaliation in response to the large-scaled attack of the Union..."

"Triserpent Sect?" This phrase that was full of meaning immediately got him to make a mental association.

"Isolate all information about the Triserpent Sect!" Leylin commanded.

With the keyword found, the A.I. Chip's search went more quickly. Almost instantly, information relating to the Triserpent Sect was projected in front of him.

Through reading this information, Leylin gained a deeper understanding of this organisation.

The Triserpent Sect, which was also called the Triserpent Resistance Army, was an up-and-coming organisation, and its development was rapid. With the goal of overthrowing the rule of the Atlan Union, their operations were unpredictable and very much supported by the lower class commoners.

It was said that there were three heads of the Triserpent Sect, and they were terribly powerful, the Atlan Union's attempts at cornering and annihilating them were to no avail.

However, days ago, the Atlan Union had suddenly announced that they had achieved victory while trying to eliminate the Triserpent Sect. Not only had they destroyed many of its branches, they had even killed the head.

The news of rebellion that Leylin had seen was retaliation launched by the Triserpent Sect.

"Triserpent Sect? Interesting! Is it really the three dukes, or is this bait?" Leylin touched his chin, but it was obvious that in the Atlan Union, there were clues of the location of the two Morning Star dukes!

For this reason, Leylin had to go there no matter what.

'I keep having this feeling that the Atlan Union is very suspicious.' Leylin touched his chin and sank deep into thought.

The three dukes had no grudge against the Atlan Union. Why would they suddenly attack them? Unless... They had made some astounding discovery in the Atlan Union!

'Come to think of it, Jupiter's Lightning found this world first. It would be strange if they did not painstakingly manage it. Hence, if the ones working behind the scenes in the Atlan Union were Jupiter's Lightning,



that would explain everything...’

Leylin wondered as explored different possible solutions.

Compared to the Divineflame Empire that was against all foreigners and full of fire elementals, the Atlan Union formed of the Emberwing race similar to humans were easier to manipulate.

On top of that, their strength was only second to the Divineflame Empire in Blazing Crown, and was more suited to the needs of the Morning Star Magi of Jupiter’s Lightning.

However, while this made sense logically, Leylin believed things could not be so simple. The same intuition that had helped him obtain astonishing harvests during dangerous moments was blaring sirens at him.

‘No matter what it is, I need to go the Atlan Union! As for the Triserpent Sect, we’ll see...’ Leylin sighed.

.....

Boiling lava and fiery red light formed the only luster of the Lava World. And yet, even under this dazzling redness, life was growing stubbornly.

This was a grassland, and little steel trees similar to the one Leylin had seen before and filled the area, along with vegetation whose leaves had jagged edges. A few slender channels of lava could be seen every once in a while, flowing past like little streams in the grasslands. Yet, they could not harm the area at all.

These plants that were like grass that had their roots firmly and deeply in the ground, even boring into the lava and absorbing its energy for their growth.

The stubbornness for life had Leylin feeling surprised.

“Uncle Ley! Why do you like watching this iron-thread grass?” A very fair girl cloaked in red darted over, the sparse red feathers covering her forehead bouncing up and down.

This girl was no different from an ordinary human child, if one

disregarded the feathers on her forehead and on the back of her hand.

This was the Emberwing race. In the Lava World, besides fire elemental life forms, they were the largest racial group, and formed the largest group in the Atlan Union.

“I just like them for their resilience!” Leylin chuckled as he handed over a large piece of meat to her. “Take this! I’m afraid we’ll have to part here.”

“Uncle Ley, are you leaving?” The little girl sucked on her finger, looking reluctant.

Though they had met on the road, the powerful aura of this clansman even had her father in awe. Based on her father’s guesses, this Mister Ley must be at least an Earth rank working hard to temper oneself and fervently hoping to advance to a higher realm.

“Brother Ley, are you already leaving?” Not long after, another large man of the Emberwing race rushed over. He had obviously just heard the news, and looked anxious.

Leylin now had a few fine red feathers on his forehead. This was the appearance of the Emberwing race.

In the Atlan Union, it was much too eye-catching if he were to continue pretending to be of the winged race.

“Yes! Working hard in this world can’t stimulate my progress anymore. Hence, I’ve decided to join the army! Perhaps competing against those evil fire elementals of the Divineflame Empire will help me advance to a higher level!”

Leylin’s expression was callous, “Besides, I’ve had a dream since I was young. I wanted to punish those flame bastards with my iron fist... Just in time for me to steel my skills in the upcoming battle at the Death Grand Canyon Battle!”

“D... Death Grand Canyon!” The large man’s eyeballs protruded. That was the frontlines of the battle between the Atlan Union and Divineflame Empire. That was also where the most casualties were.

“You...” The large man only moved his lips, but seeing the resolute look on Leylin’s face, he did not say more.

“My good brother, help me kill a few more fire elementals!” The large man could only pat Leylin’s shoulders as if wishing him luck, and he watched Leylin’s figure disappear into the horizon...

“Hah... I’ve finally arrived...” Leylin saw the outline of the Emberwing race in the distance, and let out a long breath.

The moment he had obtained intel on the Triserpent Sect, he had immediately set off and hurried here in secret.

However, as the Lava World was much too big, and Woking City was located in a very remote area, he had expended much time and effort to reach this place.

As for the large man and family of Emberwing race, they were only a few companions he had joined out of loneliness on the way here.

“Compared to the Magus World, many Exemplary ranks join the army directly in the Lava World and hold high rankings. If I want to obtain any information or intel, that would be the most convenient place.”

# Chapter 550: Testing and Passing

Compared to the Magi of the Magus World who liked to work behind the scenes, the strong in the Lava World were more willing to take the stage and take control of the organisations.

The kingships of large-scaled kingdoms were taken up by Star ranks. In that case, it was understandable for there to be a large number of Exemplaries in the higher ups of the Atlan Union's army.

Furthermore, the army was the quickest place to advance in status, especially during wartime. As long as one was capable, had outstanding results, and nobody obstructed them, people were usually promoted rapidly. This was a method that was much better than others, and also the way that Leylin liked the best.

"But... There's so much hardship in being a soldier. I don't want to be trampled on..." Leylin's eyes swivelled around as he had an idea.

Days later, in a special building within the city.

"Are you here to apply for the Special Task Force? Come with me!" A female Emberwing race member said. She was dressed in a military uniform and was expressionless, yet looked to be formidable. She carried a stack of documents and forms and turned to leave, leaving Leylin and the rest with a view of her elegant back.

"This doll is really..." A burly man beside Leylin began to complain.

"How callous. I like it..." Another pale young man's eyes glowed green, leaving Leylin speechless.

Those with Leylin were all of the Emberwing race. However, what made them distinct from the rest of their clansmen, was the obvious energy undulations from their bodies.

Since this world had Exemplaries, it was obvious that they had special treatment and missions. Things like the Special Task Force were formed for this reason.

With enough strength, Emberwing clansmen were allowed to be selected

into the Special Task Force. Not only would their positions be high, they had the best treatment in the army.

Leylin wanted to sneak in, and he obviously formed a fake identity and signed up successfully.

What Leylin cared about was that the Special Task Force often needed to deal with riots that had to do with Exemplaries. As long as he was there, he would definitely bump into the Triserpent Sect.

For this reason, he was in no hurry at all. He would swing in and sneak into the Special Task Force and hide away there while gathering more information.

After all, he was not quite sure about the background of the Triserpent Sect, and he needed to remain cautious.

If this was a trap and he still charged right in, wouldn't he be seeking death?

Leylin and the young male Emberwing looked just as nervous and excited as the rest while they followed the female soldier to a large square.

A middle-aged soldier in silver armour was already waiting there, his expression grim.

"We're beginning the test now! Who's first?" The middle-aged instructor's voice was so loud that everyone's eardrums seemed to have gone numb.

"Me!" That pale young man seemed to be too anxious to show off and darted to the front.

"Fine. Use all your strength and attack the black obelisk ahead!" The military instructor stepped aside and revealed a giant black crystal before everyone.

"Hah!" The young man took a deep breath, and a layer of fire-red light was emitted from his body. Streams of air were dispelled as dust filled the air.

Rumble! He threw a punch, and it landed on the black crystal. While it

did not budge the slightest, a dim layer of red light appeared on the surface.

Red light filled the obelisk with some difficulty, and fine rings appeared on the surface.

A total of five red rings appeared, before completely disappearing. Upon seeing this, a look of satisfaction flashed by the young man's expression.

"Mm! Fifth level of Emberwing Technique. Exemplary status. Pass!" The officer nodded, with no surprise in his expression.

"Next!" His voice was icy-cold, causing the young man's original complacency to disappear.

"Me!" The one who went up was plump, and similarly used Emberwing Technique. However, only three ringed runes appeared on the obelisk.

"Third level of Emberwing Technique. Fail!"

The officer's voice was callous, and two soldiers immediately went forward and dragged him out.

"Ah... Wait! Give me another chance, I can definitely..." From a distance, the sounds of his wails and pleas could be heard, causing great fear amongst the crowd in the square.

"Next!" The officer's expression remained cold as he continued.

One young man after another went up, and most passed the test, though there were a few who failed. The officer was ruthless as he commanded the soldiers to chase them out.

Leylin watched this scene coolly from below.

Emberwing Technique! He had heard of it before, and knew that it was used by the Emberwing race. It could be said to be found everywhere, and practically everyone knew it.

There was nothing special about levels one to three of Emberwing Technique, and was similar to the breathing techniques of the Magus World. It could increase one's vitality and endurance slightly, with some tolerance towards fire elements.

Once one got to the fourth level of Emberwing Technique, it would be similar to a meditation technique and allow the Emberwing clansmen to have a rapid increase in strength.

The fourth and fifth level was the strength of an Exemplary rank, while six and seven meant Earth rank. Eight and nine were considerably powerful existences and were comparable to the Sky rank. Once one advanced to the tenth level, of which there had been no precedent in history, that was the door to the Star realm!

Though the fundamental parts of Emberwing Technique could be found everywhere, the fourth and fifth levels were kept somewhat secret, and were considered the essence of the race. As for the next few levels, they were kept secure, and could only be passed on in a few places. The reason why so many young people wanted to enter the Special Task Force was probably because they wanted information on the later levels of the technique.

As for the tenth level, that was something only the family of the head of Atlan Union possessed. Most had never even heard of it.

A grave, burly, middle-aged Emberwing clansman went forward. Extending a scarlet palm, six fire rings immediately appeared on the obelisk, and even the officer couldn't help but give the man a second look, "Sixth level of Emberwing Technique. Earth rank. Pass!"

"How amazing! It's someone at level 6, the Earth rank!"

"These sorts of people can survive anywhere. What is he doing here?"

"It must be for the information regarding the eighth and ninth level of the technique! It's only passed on in the army..." The appearance of what was the best results till now immediately gave rise to loud discussions in the queue.

The man from before stood expressionlessly aside in answer to the looks of curiosity or reverence, and the officer couldn't help but have an expression of approval.

"Next!" The officer yelled again, eyes scanning through the crowd that

was beginning to thin.

‘I’m afraid that this burly man is the one with the best results in this batch. It’s not a bad harvest! At least one is passable!’ The officer was stuck in this train of thought, but then he saw another slender clansman stand up.

“Hm?” Though this above average looking man seemed frail, the officer’s eyes brightened as he lapsed into thought.

‘This little guy doesn’t seem to be simple!’

Leylin obviously cared little about what the officer thought. In actuality, he was now performing research and gathering information on the path of Emberwing Technique.

‘Interesting. Interesting! At the beginning, it’s Knight training, and after that, there seems to be content infused with some conscient runes...’

He was interested in such techniques.

“But I need to get through this!” Leylin shook his head at the ruckus in the crowd due to his being in a daze for too long.

A Morning Star Magus’ point mass was a minute dot that could contain the terrifying strength of a Morning Star without leaking any energy. With the A.I. Chip’s help, there was no issue with simulating the energy belonging to Emberwing technique.

‘It’s a pity... The strongest person here is only the officer, who is at the Sky rank with the eighth level of Emberwing Technique. The next few levels, as well as that of the Star rank, can’t be obtained as of yet!’

Leylin slowly extended his palm. Yet, it seemed like a layer of melting flame came to life, spreading across its surface. This immediately silenced the crowd.

“Hah!” Leylin controlled his strength, looking as if he was attacking with all he had.

Rumble! The entire obelisk began to tremble as bright fiery runes appeared one after another.



One, two, three... The light from bright flames were dazzling, and spread till there were seven on the obelisk. There even seemed to be half a ring extra.

The officer's eyes shone and he immediately asked, "Seventh level of Emberwing Technique. Peak Earth rank! Very good. What's your name?"

"My name is 'Ley', my lord!" Leylin performed a military salute, something the officer immediately found pleasing.

At this moment, the silent crowd suddenly became boisterous, hearts filled with jealousy that could not be suppressed while observing Leylin's handsome face.

As long as this young man did not die in battle, he would become the rising star of the Special Task Force, or even the entire union!

"Hm?" At this moment, Leylin acutely felt a gaze land on his back.

"It's the large man from before at the sixth level. This feeling of jealousy and hostility? Though it's normal, why is there killing intent?"

The corner of Leylin's lips rose in a cold smile. An enemy of this level was too boring.

When all those who had failed cleared out, the officer stood before Leylin and the rest, voice booming.

"Welcome to the Special Task Force! I am your officer, Schiker. You'll soon find that the Special Task Force is the best place to be. As long as you complete your missions, we can give you techniques, money, status or land..."

It had to be said that the officer was silver-tongued. In a short amount of time, he had incited the hot-bloodedness of the youths.

Leylin's expression was also one of excitement, though he found this all ridiculous on the inside.

"Now, follow me to participate in your first mission!"

Powerful undulations were emitted from Schiker's body. Only then did the members realise that their officer was actually at the Sky rank!

# Chapter 551: Mobius

Different from ordinary troops, this elite group formed of Exemplaries needed to start on missions right away.

The Atlan Union had spent much manpower and physical resources on supporting the Special Task Force, and they were naturally not to be underestimated. However, this method of mentoring through fighting had resulted in the dissatisfaction of some members.

Of course, with Sky rank Schiker around suppressing them, it was as if nothing had happened.

“Hi, Ley! I’m Mies. This is our first time on the battlefield, how are you feeling? Nervous?”

The pale young man who had been the first for the testing leaned towards him, looking to fawn on him.

“Alright,” Leylin answered indifferently, and then pointed towards the burly man who had mastered the sixth level of Fireplume. “What’s his name?”

“Him? He’s Loke, and rumours have it that he was an expert at being a mercenary. Look at that pretentious display, as if all eyes are on him...”

Mies played the role of a lackey very well as he immediately stood in line, his instinct now to help his boss beat down the number two.

“Oh!” Leylin said lightly, and did not continue inquiring.

As fresh recruits, they had gotten a set of new clothes that were very pliable, and could even protect against high temperatures and ordinary knife slashes. As far as this world’s treasures went, they were alright.

“Look at these clothes, how chic!” Mies looked at the completely black uniform, and could not help but be infatuated with it as he arranged his collar.

Watching him act so foolishly, Leylin had little to say, “We’re on a mission. Focus!”

Upon hearing this, Mies froze for a moment as he continued to move quickly. Immediately afterwards, he looked in the direction of Schiker guiltily. Seeing that the officer hadn't been focusing in their direction, he relaxed and heaved a sigh of relief.

After the excitement, Mies calmed down. He looked uneasy, his slight nervousness apparent as he looked towards Leylin, "Ley, what kind of mission do you think we will be assigned to?"

In his eyes, this comrade was exceptionally mysterious, and had a calm that most lacked. Even just staying by his side gave him a feeling of security.

"Whatever it is, it won't be easy," Leylin spoke dully.

In actuality, he was guessing that the mission was a test for the recruits. There was no better proof than real battles. Through intense fights, the weak would fail and be eliminated, while the strong would survive and gain even more resources. This was the ruthless order of nature.

Leylin guessed that this operation might be tailored just for them. Were it not so, the difficulty would be too high. Most of the members, maybe even the entire squad, would be wiped out.

The Atlan had enough strength and backing. That was enough to attract numerous willing participants, and there was no fear of the lack of manpower.

'But... Am I going to bump into the Triserpent Sect on the first mission?' A trace of doubt streaked through Leylin's mind.

He had yet to gain enough information and knew little of how things stood with the Triserpent Sect. It was not a good idea to make contact with them recklessly.

Thankfully, Schiker, who was standing in front, began to speak coldly, and dispelled Leylin's doubts, "Our mission this time is to eliminate an extremely evil, bloody sect, a branch of the Mobius Organisation. Kill all members!"

They were now far away from the barracks and city, and had come to an

open, desolate area. Large amounts of red lava reflected an orange splendour that even dyed the horizon crimson.

With the bonus from Fireplume, these Special Task Force members all maintained a vigorous physical strength, and were still in good condition even after running across a long distance.

“Mobius Organisation?” Mies immediately cried out in surprise, “That disgusting sect that likes blood sacrifices and dismemberment?”

“A disgusting sect that likes blood sacrifices and dismemberment?” Leylin’s brows furrowed, seeming having heard the large Emberwing man he had befriended previously speak.

The sect seemed to be very secretive, and the higher-ups held enormous strength. There were rumours that it was being spread even in the Divineflame Empire, and could not be destroyed.

Of course, with their extreme methods, they weren’t that welcome.

“That Mobius Organisation?” “Heavens! I hear that they’re insane. To avenge one of their bishops, they massacred a city...”

The members began to discuss this softly, the sounds of endless whispers mixing together.

Seeing this, red light emitted from Schiker’s face. “Silence!” he shouted as tremendous sound waves covered the region. If not for having sensed a sound-proofing barrier being set up just prior, Leylin would have assumed that Schiker was a spy, intentionally notifying the Mobius Organisation.

“We’re soldiers. It is our duty to obey orders. Isn’t it just a Mobius Organisation? What are you afraid of? Don’t forget, you’re now Special Task Force members. The moment you disobey an order, I’ll immediately execute you. Even if you can escape, you’ll have to deal with being the target of a kill order from the union!”

Schiker’s words were eerily cold, and with the powerful forcefield undulations of a Sky rank, the original tendency towards disorder was wiped out.

“Do you want to betray the union?” Schiker’s dark words immediately had the Special Task Force members grow resolute as they answered in unison, “No, definitely not!”

“Good! These are the warriors our union needs!” Schiker seemed satisfied. “The organisation has only a few Earth ranks in charge. What does that count for? After succeeding, just the rewards alone are enough for you to spend for quite a few months! You might even accumulate points towards becoming nobility... Now, we’ll allocate tasks...”

“Hm?!” While Schiker was immersed in his unceasing narrations, he had failed to realise the interesting change in Leylin’s expression.

With a sweep of his soul force, the concealed undulations and even a full view of the structure below was presented in front of Leylin, and he laughed.

‘Looks like the union received relevant intelligence and know the military strength inside the stronghold like the back of their hands. Based on Schiker’s plans, our side should have had a large chance of success, but it’s a pity...’

With a scan of his soul force, Leylin found that there were quite a few Earth rank priests in the Mobius Organisations. On top of that, there even a few bishops wearing red religious attire, emitting the terrifying undulations of Sky ranks.

‘This is obviously a trap, though I don’t know if this is aimed specifically at Schiker. Whatever it is, he’s in trouble...’

Leylin’s expression held traces of pity.

“Good. This is the overall plan. Move!” Schiker obviously knew nothing of Leylin’s thoughts right now. On the contrary, he wanted to watch how Leylin, Loke and the rest performed and grade them.

Rumble! Along with a giant explosion, the barren land that was initially empty blew up, revealing a large building with a number of floors.

What first appeared was a glorious distorted black sculpture. The lines were simple and crude, and yet they gave Leylin a demonic impression.

Under the sculpture were many decorative designs that gave it a style similar of that of an altar. There were limbs and livers from living beings on it, and the blood had not dried yet. The fresh blood kept dripping and filling the spell formation.

The process of a sacrifice had obviously been interrupted, and a few low-ranked worshippers let loose roars of ire.

“Leave none alive. Crush them!” Schiker howled.

He didn’t actually need to yell. The Special Task Force members had long since seen red and pounced forward, boiling hot rays flickering on their bodies. Fireplume activated, giving them immense support.

Pu! A palm filled with flames extracted itself from the body of a worshipper, and the accompanying flames burnt this vicious-looking worshipper to ashes. “You must all die!”

Loke’s chilly voice swept through, voice spreading, and Schiker nodded unceasingly while watching in secret.

Meanwhile, Mies might seem cowardly, yet seemed to have had his thirst for blood kindled, especially after seeing his side winning all engagements. Many members were in high spirits as they went deeper in.

“What is this Ley doing?”

Schiker nodded in satisfaction, but when his eyes were on Leylin, his face scrunched up in dissatisfaction.

Leylin, who he’d thought should rush to the frontlines, was wandering around within the group. Even when he did make a move, it looked like he was cowering and seemed listless, falling behind Loke by a large margin in terms of his kill count.

“Hm? That’s not right. His way of moving forward implies he’s having reservations about something. Has he discovered something?”

Schiker instantly became cool-headed, going through Leylin’s actions and the information he had gotten previously. As he saw his troops continuously heading in after their victories, his pupils shrank as he

realised that his members had lost their formation.

“Crap. Come back!”

Schiker shouted loudly, but it was much too late.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Large amounts of sparks exploded, forming a heat wave that wiped out most of the Special Task Force members. Even with the protection of Fireplume, the high temperature surpassed their limits caused them to turn into charred corpses.

“Keke, Schiker, we meet again!”

A few figures wrapped in light stood before Schiker, accompanied by warriors and worshippers, donning garments of their sect.

“Sky rank! Two Sky ranks!” Mies, who was lucky to have survived, watched the two tall figures in the air and cried out in pain and despair.

“It’s you... So it was a trap.” Schiker remained collected.

“Yes. This is a trap specifically to deal with you! What happened fifteen years ago can be settled properly now!” The two bishops in red clothing held hatred in their eyes.

# Chapter 552: Hot-blooded Breakthrough

“All members, break free from the encirclement!”

Schiker's shout after the momentary silence surprised the two bishops. Red flames surged from his body, even forming a giant phantom of a flying beast behind him.

This was a perfect creature like those in legends, bathed in fire like a god born of the flames!

“The eighth level of the Fireplume! Schiker, you've gotten this old, yet you still haven't made any progress!” The two bishops exchanged a glance and took a step forward together, a huge pressure dispersing in all directions and suppressing the phantom of the fire phoenix ahead.

As if night had fallen, great amounts of black mist bound Schiker to them. A great battle was about to happen!

“Kill them!”

Numerous members of Mobius Organisation yelled, and figures in dark robes with daggers or the like in their hands darted out of the shadows.

The sounds of shouts were unceasing. Most of the members of the Special Task Force were new, and the surprise attack resulted in heavy casualties. Their morale immediately fell, and there some members who were outside who roared as they escaped into the distance.

Thud! Schiker was ruthlessly smashed to the ground by a fist, patterns that seemed to be multiple curses creeping up his body. Even the horrifying flames of the eighth level of the Fireplume was useless.

The large quantity of flames was even contaminated by the curse runes, and gradually died down.

Over time, even the fire phoenix behind Schiker's back was beginning to whine. Schiker was pale, a few large wounds appeared on his body, countless black runes digging their ways in like earthworms.

“Haha... Schiker, you're going to die today!” One of the bishops in red



smiled relaxedly, “Let me...”

“Let the instructor go!”

The sudden yell interrupted the words of the bishop in red, and he furrowed his brows. What saw were two Emberwing clansmen with flames around their bodies charging over as if they had gone mad, looking frightened and worried.

“Keke... What hot-blooded young things! Schiker, you’re still as capable at brainwashing as before!” The other bishop laughed coldly, “Let me slaughter them before I take care of you...”

The old man had a drunken look. Merely killing the other party was not enough to satisfy his interest. The hatred that had lasted over a decade gave him the urge to torture him for over a period of time and, just when Schiker had given up all hope, kill him. Such a method of revenge was the sweetest!

“You guys...” Schiker clutched his chest, twisting his head to watch the figures rushing over, touched but also anxious. “Leave! You aren’t a match for him! Try your best to break out!”

“Keke... You can’t escape!” The old man sneered, and got his partner to watch Schiker while he blocked the path of those two young Emberwing clansman.

“Instructor, hang on!” Leylin’s face was flushed as he called out, the Fireplume exhibiting its full strength at his hands. Terrifying flames burned, causing a few Earth rank worshippers to suffer. Expressions of dread appeared on their faces as they kept a distance.

‘This display would probably be similar to a hot-blooded lead character in my previous world, the kind who’ll have a breakthrough at the most crucial moments...’ Leylin made fun of himself while putting on his best act. At the same time, he ran his gaze across the surroundings.

Due to the ambush, the casualties the Special Task Force sustained were very serious and practically all the members had died in battle. That kid Mies, however, had smeared blood on his face and collapsed, using some

secret technique to hide his aura. This had allowed him to survive. He was much more fortunate than those who had escaped and been chased after and killed. He hadn't sustained many injuries, and was on a whole other level.

Noticing the look of gratitude on Schiker's face, Leylin grew speechless.

"If you knew that the two who seemed to be risking their lives to save you actually had other intentions, I wonder if you'll start vomiting blood..."

Leylin's shot a glance to the side. The cool burly man at the sixth level of the Fireplume was now fighting with all his might, looking enthusiastic and impulsive and seeming completely loyal.

In actuality, he was also someone harbouring malicious intentions. There was the obvious aura of another race on his body, but that had been concealed very well. If not for Leylin having probed him with his A.I. Chip and soul force, he might have been duped as well.

"Ley, I'll hold them down. You go and save the instructor!" Loke shouted after seeing Leylin looking in his direction. Large amounts of flames shot out of his body and surrounded the few Earth rank worshippers around him. The sounds of explosions could be heard unceasingly, and the battle was obviously fierce.

"Damn it! You found a bunch of low-levelled cannon fodder to protect yourself and gave me two Sky ranks!" Leylin rolled his eyes but still rushed forward with a roar, throwing a fist at the bishop in red who was standing in the middle of the path.

Bang! Scree— The ear-piercing sound of an explosion sounded, seeming to be an enthusiastic call from a phoenix. A fire phoenix slightly smaller than that which had appeared behind Schiker emerged on Leylin's back, the bright red flames so splendid that they were like sunlight, giving Leylin a layer of golden armour.

"Hm?! The peak of the seventh level of the Fireplume!" The bishop, who was blocking the way, cried out in astonishment. Though the Fireplume was a compulsory technique for all Emberwing clansmen, with practically every adult having reached between the first to the third level, there were

few who reached the fifth level or above that. The peak of the seventh level meant he was just one step away from the Sky rank! With how young this Emberwing clansman appeared to be, he was absolutely a rare talent.

“Little guy, you’ve got pretty bad luck to have met me.” The bishop in red snickered. Wiping talents off the face of his world was his guilty pleasure.

Even if these talents would have a boundless future, a dead talent was not even comparable to a dog.

Snap! Turbulent black streams of air surged through the air, forming a giant scorpion that blocked Leylin’s path.

“Explode!” With a loud cry, the red force in Leylin’s hands became even more vigorous and seemed to turn into a bundle of flames, darting towards the scorpion.

The flames initiated by the Fireplume crackled as they scorched the surface of the scorpion’s large black pincers. Parts of the black air dissipated.

However, that was all the flames could do. Pak! The black gas scorpion waved its other pincer around, and Leylin was sent flying, fresh blood spilling from the corner of his lips.

“AH! Let the instructor go!” Leylin collapsed and appeared ‘gravely injured’, but He crawled back up, charging forth again. The giant fire phoenix phantom was less imposing than before, but still let loose a booming cry.

Crash! Crash! Crash! Leylin was flung backwards time and time again, and it seemed the bishop in red wanted to make Leylin waste all his energy. This would agitate Schiker even more, which was why he had held back a little every time and allowed Leylin to struggle up again.

“Ley...” Seeing Leylin tenaciously struggling on and not giving up, even if Schiker’s heart was as hard and cold as steel, he still felt a warmth boiling up from his chest. Hot air went up to his eye sockets, leaving him on the verge of tears.

“Give up, child. Leave!” Schiker yelled uselessly.

“No, I won’t ever give up!” Leylin yelled out words that made himself want to vomit while waving his fists, the fire spilling everywhere burning the ground till it was scarlet.

Crash! He was sent flying again, and the bishop in red took several steps forward, “I’m already getting tired of this game. I’ll take care of you the next time!”

Huala! The large black scorpion dissipated, and the streams of air converged before the bishop, terrifying energy undulations radiating.

“That Ley... Is he really a fool?” Meanwhile, Loke had just ‘happened to have’ finished dealing with a few of his opponents, and had crept closer.

‘Almost there. Once Ley dies, I can save Schiker with that and request a higher position...’ A determined look rose in Loke’s eyes. His hand already extended into his clothes, touching a round object.

‘Ley, you’re a good person with astounding talent, but it’s a pity. This is a dog eat dog world. Your enthusiasm will not give you anything in return and will only leave you dead. Rest in peace...’ Loke spoke in his heart, like a leopard waiting before a hunt as he hid in wait.

All of a sudden, his eyes widened, eyeballs protruding and almost popping out, mouth huge as he bawled in disbelief, “I... Goddamn! Does that even happen?!”

“For love and justice!” Leylin, who was bathed in flames, looked even more saintly. As he saw the bishop closing in, he had a holy look on his face.

Following that, with his yells, great golden flames surged out and healed all his wounds. Even the terrifying phantom of a phoenix that seemed omnipresent formed at his back.

If the phantom that Leylin had summoned before was a mere illusion, each feather of the phoenix floating behind him was undeniably real. It was as if a real ancient fire phoenix had descended.

The powerful undulations of Fireplume broke through the boundaries of the peak of the seventh level, and entered a much more powerful level!

‘Shit, he actually broke through!’ Loke cursed.

The eighth level of the Fireplume signified the Sky rank. In other words, Ley was now on the same level as the two bishops in red and Schiker!

“This... This actually happens?” Compared to Loke, the bishop who was the main lead felt as if he had received a huge blow.

How could a hot-blooded idiot actually have a breakthrough right before death? And he had even advanced and was on the same level as himself? This did not make sense!

Schiker, on the other side, was filled with elation.

“Die!” Terrifying waves of heat of the eighth level of the Fireplume immediately shrouded Leylin as he charged before the old bishop in red. Boiling hot waves swept through and even broke through his opponent’s defence, causing the old man’s eyebrows and beard to start to burn.

# Chapter 553: Taking Root

Thud! The iron fist wreathed in scarlet flames ruthlessly struck the old bishop clothed in red, causing him to fall back while coughing blood. The large phantom phoenix at Leylin's back let loose a frightening cry. Pressing forward, Leylin immediately charged to the other bishop in red.

"Even if you're also a Sky rank, you've only just advanced. You definitely know too little about battles between Sky ranks. Kid, looks like I'll be the one to have to deal with you!" The bishop who was on his guard against Schiker yelled. The reason for the defeat of his ally before seemed to be an underestimation of his enemy, which was why Leylin's sneak attack had been successful.

"Let instructor Schiker go, and I can pardon you!" With a ferocious roar, Leylin and this bishop collided.

Rumble! A red blaze and a black storm intertwined as they engaged in battle. The soil was devastated, opening up to reveal the bedrock.

"Things... should be fine, right? Even if Ley suddenly broke through, those are two Sky ranks!" Loke touched the item in his hands, preparing to dash out.

He had come here with a mission. He was to gain Schiker's trust and successfully sneak into the higher ranks of the Special Task Force. However, with Leylin suddenly interfering, he was obviously annoyed.

Pu! A streak of fiery red rays broke through the storm and made a quick stop by the area Schiker was located. The man disappeared.

Whoosh! In the next moment, Leylin brought Schiker and appeared before Loke and pushed Schiker into Loke's arms, "Leave with the instructor!"

"..."

Though Leylin did not know what kind of expression Loke had on his face right now, he was sure that he wanted to curse him and his family.

Due to his escape, the storm which had initially lost its target was madly

rushing in his direction. The bishop ahead who had been attacked by Leylin had already come rushing over to hunt him down with a grim expression.

‘Damn, damn, DAMN! Ley was at the peak of the seventh level, so it made sense that he suddenly broke through, but I only showed power at the sixth level. It’s no use breaking through.’ Loke watched the two Sky rank red-robed bishops who were dashing over, and began to wail inside.

“I don’t care anymore. I have to use this!” Loke gritted his teeth, and a black metal egg flew out.

Swish! Black light flashed, and a slender metal egg exploded in the air. Large amounts of smoke flew out and a large construct appeared, blocking the area in front of the two red-robed bishops.

“A binding construct!” The bishops’ cries of surprise were transmitted into Leylin’s ears, and he grinned inside.

In front of Leylin, Loke’s little schemes were like children’s pranks that could be seen through by any adult, even forcing him to showcase his talents to this extent.

“This is... a spider model construct! So you’re...” Schiker looked weakly at the construct, eyes glinting as they held more kindness towards Loke.

“The family treasure that I inherited can hold them for at least 5 minutes. Let’s go!”

Loke displayed a smile that looked even more ugly than a crying face and carried Schiker on his back, a defensive layer from Fireplume emitting from his body.

“Wait-wait for me!”

Hearing they wanted to break out of the encirclement, one of the corpses on the floor leapt up, revealing Mies’ bloody face. “Big brother Ley, bring me along!”

“So there’s one more!” Loke rolled his eyes powerlessly, feeling that the number of unexpected situations he had met in his life before this could

not compare to this day.

“Good. Let’s go!” Leylin chuckled, surging flames brimming on his body. He opened up a path of flames through the encirclement by the Mobius cultists.

The two Sky ranks were temporarily out of the way. Leylin used his Fireplume at the eighth level and swept through the area immediately. Whether they were ordinary worshippers or crazed fanatics, none could withstand the attack of the crimson-golden flames. Most of the ordinary followers would begin to burn if even the smallest spark touched them, turning into giant human-shaped torches.

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“Take a rest here. I need to go out and do something!”

After returning to the camp in the city, Schiker had pretty much recovered and could even move around freely. On the surface, it was hard to tell that he was injured at all, besides his slightly tattered clothing.

“Understood, instructor!” Leylin and the other two immediately puffed their chests out and shouted.

“Mm!” Schiker’s gaze now held gratitude towards Leylin and Loke. Before proceeding forward, he patted Leylin and Loke’s shoulders.

“Ley, you did well this time and even broke through to the Sky rank! I will recommend you for a promotion. And Loke... I hope to be able to speak with you tonight!”

“That would be my honour!” Loke immediately shouted. From his expression, Leylin guessed that it was anything but bad. It looked like the origins of that spider construct had attracted Schiker’s interest.

‘The organisation backing Loke has truly put in a lot of effort for him to sneak in...’ Leylin sighed inside, but little did he know that Loke was green with envy. If looks could kill, Leylin would probably long since have turned into a human torch.

“As for you...” Schiker’s eyes turned to Mies, immediately causing the



young man's face to turn as white as snow.

"I'd initially wanted to penalise you for escaping right in the face of battle, but this happened because of a lapse of judgement on my part. I'll let you off."

"Many thanks, instructor!" Mies answered loudly, his apprehension disappearing.

"But if there's another instance of this happening, I'll stuff your head up your arse. Do you hear me?" Schiker shouted, and Mies little face crumpled.

"Alright, you're dismissed." Schiker left in a hurry, and Leylin was stuck deep in thought while watching his back.

Just from the murderous aura he had that was unafraid and not planning on backing down, Leylin knew that some people in this base were in trouble.

Schiker returned very quickly, and there were even some spots of blood on his collar and cuffs.

He swore constantly while throwing a gold badge and a set of new military uniforms in front of Leylin. "You've been promoted to be a captain of the Special Task Force. You've also obtained a second class medal of honour of the union, as well as points for a rank as nobility. You now have enough to pay for the lowest authentication as a knight. Wear the uniform for now. The real documents and procedures will come in a few days later."

"Loke, while you haven't been promoted, you've obtained a medal of honour from the union as well..."

"It is my honour!" Loke's voice was full of spirit, to the point that there were faint tremors in his voice.

Seeing the fake look of excitement on his face, Leylin immediately realised the value of this medal of honour of the union thing.

However, this had little to do with him.

After this matter, Schiker would definitely place him in higher regard, and would allow him to look at some confidential information. That would be helpful.

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The average temperature of the Lava World was at least 50 degrees and above. Astounding heat waves filled the air.

As a result, most of the outer walls of buildings were very thin and had the function of absorbing heat.

The buildings of the Emberwing race were of a different style than in Woking City. They were more similar to bamboo houses, and Leylin's residence used a rock that constantly emitted cold air, keeping his room always cool and refreshing.

The benefits of being in the Special Task Force were generous. Even normal members had their own residences and allowances of resources for their training. As the captain, Leylin had a villa of his own. This chilly stone was a very precious resource, and those who did not have the captain rank could not enjoy this.

Mies often found excuses to hang around at Leylin's, enjoying the cool air.

Leylin currently held something like a monitor in his hands, skimming over something. With his authority, much of the information of the Special Task Force was open to him, and he had also gathered much information on the Triserpent Sect.

The full view of this organisation appeared before Leylin's eyes.

"The Triserpent Sect! Looks like it really has a connection to the three dukes!" Leylin put down the monitor and rubbed the space between his eyebrows, unconsciously tapping at the table.

"From the intelligence, the Triserpent Sect seems to be trying to overthrow the government of the Atlan Union, allowing other races to have more space to survive. In actuality, they're a bunch of terrorists. They intend to attack the city of every Emberwing clansman and loot them.

They don't have any special activity... Hm!"

Using the A.I. Chip, Leylin went through the cities that had been attacked. The data on the losses was arranged in a unique database, and the relationship was quickly found.

"This resource seems to be the favourite of the Triserpent Sect!" Leylin's eyes brightened. He'd found that the Triserpent bandits seemed to have a vested interest in a type of special ore. Perhaps the attacks on other cities were all in order to obtain the ores, but this target had been concealed well and not been discovered.

However, through the comparison of gargantuan amounts of information, the A.I. Chip had managed to accurately pinpoint this common ground from all the data on the destruction caused.

[Firasource Stone: A treasure said to be able to increase progress in Fireplume, and a top-grade ingredient only possessed by the Atlan Union.]

Leylin touched his chin, observing the projected image given by the A.I. Chip as well as the explanation next to it. He sunk into thought.

The reason why the people of the Triserpent Sect liked this firasource stone this much must be because of something unusual.

Anything that would cause these Morning Star Magi to go so frantic had Leylin very interested as well.

"I remember that with my merits and status, I'm able to apply to purchase limited-grade resources. I can use this opportunity and get a sample for research..."

Leylin made his mind and commanded the A.I. Chip to scan and record the other books of the Emberwing race.

It was the accumulation of a civilised society in another world, and definitely held much research value for him.

# Chapter 554: Firasource Stone

“Time to go!” Leylin kicked Mies who had almost fallen asleep.

“Erm, where are we going?” Mies shrunk back a little, his vision blurred.

If there was a choice, he would still have preferred to sleep here as the weather outside was so hot that it could make him pass out.

“Hurry up!” Leylin raised his brows, Mies stood up immediately, feeling speechless.

“Okay! We shall go to the logistics department and check out the mission of the month. It’s almost time...”

“Alright, alright. You’re the boss.” Mies shrugged his shoulders.

Ever since the last incident, Leylin had gotten promoted and became a captain of the Special Task Force, while Mies was put in his unit, becoming one of his men.

As for Loke, he had his way around. Even though he was not promoted after the last mission, he soon achieved lots of merit for the following events and got promoted to be a captain like Leylin just a few days ago.

The logistics department of the Special Task Force was not far from his residence. Every staff were as obese as pigs, they resembled nothing from the slender and good-looking traits of the Emberwing race. This had Leylin and his men shunning them.

“Hand me all of my special offerings of the month, and an exchange list,” Leylin spoke to a big fat guy with oily hair who was sitting behind the counter with glass windows.

“At your service, Captain Leylin.” The fat guy was full of smiles and had a gingerly look.

Leylin’s fame had long ago become widespread in the Special Task Force. He had been able to achieve level 8 in Fireplume at such a young age, becoming a Sky rank elite! His prospects were definitely boundless.

Moreover, he had saved Schiker’s life. This was someone who was

known to have a powerful background, tactical brilliance, and more importantly a person that favoured his own men.

Thus, Leylin was assured to have a bright future.

Some people speculated that becoming a captain was not the end of his road. He could possibly become a Marshal of the union with one star.

This fatty wouldn't dare to neglect such people, and he handed Leylin his complete set of supplies. These supplies were a benefit enjoyed by every member of the Special Task Force.

The Atlan Union depended largely on their supplies and nobility; they had attracted and recruited numerous unbounded extraordinary ones.

Leylin threw the supplies to Mies, who followed Leylin like a valet. He then opened the exchange list.

The contents of Fireplume were at the top of the list, the first eight levels being recorded. This included some practical experiences as well as the special techniques of different individuals. It was everything he needed, totally perfect. Except for one thing.

It had no record of techniques at the tenth level, the Morning Star realm. This caused him to furrow his brows.

Having stayed here for quite a period of time, Leylin had discovered that their Special Task Force actually had high clearance to access in the Atlan Union despite their infamous reputation. Even a captain like him was equivalent to a major general in the union.

Leylin grew a little discouraged at not being able to learn the tenth level of Fireplume even with his current status. He was keen to know the second half of this technique.

Currently, Fireplume was the only path to power Leylin knew that combined physique and the soul perfectly. In his own world, these two paths were separated into Knights and Magi.

Nonetheless, even with the help of Schiker and the others as specimens, the information the A.I. Chip could simulate only pulled Fireplume to the

ninth level. A lot of time and power would be required to deduce the tenth level, the Morning Star realm.

‘Only when one reaches the Morning Star realm along a path will it become obvious. Levels 1 to 9 can be deemed creative, but I’m not sure what the real path to power is like...’

Rumour had it that the Emberwing race descended from the phoenix, but Leylin disagreed. He had already tried it out, and had hadn’t found any genetic segments related to the ancient bloodline.

Still, when Fireplume reached a certain level, it was clearly linked to the phoenix. This was what had Leylin confused.

“We can put aside doubts about Fireplume for now, let’s look for the firasource stone!”

Leylin flipped down the page and an image of a fiery ore appeared, “Firasource stone: Increases the rate of advancement, or even assists in breaking through to the next level of Fireplume. Top-grade treasure, valued at 100 nobility points for a gram. Only available for ranks Captain and above.”

“A hundred nobility rank points for a single gram?” Miles shouted exaggeratedly from beside Leylin before he could comment on anything.

“I don’t think I could afford such an expensive item even if I sold myself!” he stuck his tongue out.

Designation of nobles was very prestigious in the Atlan Union. Thus, audit was very strict. The only way for one to achieve a noble rank other than through the Special Task Force was to head to the Death Grand Canyon Battles.

Therefore, everyone in the force protected their nobility rank points like their own eyes. For example, Mies felt repulsed just looking at the incredulous price of the stone.

“Hehe...but this is a firasource stone. It’s exclusively supplied to top ranks like us in the union, with just one gram being able to get you through six levels of Fireplume.” The fatty laughed from behind the

window, mockery in his eyes.

“Six levels?!” Mies’ eyes widened. It was very difficult to break through the latter stages of Fireplume. He had currently been stuck in the fifth level for a long time. Once he reached the sixth, he would become an Earth rank elite! The difference in position from now went without mentioning.

And yet, Mies glanced at the price tag, somewhat unwilling to give up his points. After all, being able to acquire nobility was a rare chance, and he could not bear to spend all the points he had earned.

“Yep, I’m exchanging all my points.” Leylin nodded. Immediately, Mies shouted without a thought, “Captain! Have you gone mad?”

“Of course I haven’t! I’m very calm and know what I’m doing.” Leylin shook his head. After all, this was a foreign world. Nobility here meant nothing to me, and it was something he would have to think about even if offered for free. Thus, his points were better spent on resources.

“Ho– Hold on, Captain. Your transaction somewhat exceeds my authorisation limit.” The fatty behind the window found it hard to sit still, and beads of oily sweat trickled down his forehead. They were cleaned off along with his white handkerchief.

He could only exchange one or two grams of firasource stones at best, that was the limit of his authority. But this obviously did not satisfy Leylin’s needs.

Soon, another fat guy had received the notice, and he came to Leylin.

He had strong energy fluctuations of the Sky rank, at the boundary of Morning Star.

“Chief!” Leylin and Mies bowed down slightly. The one who had just arrived was the chief of the logistics department, and had a higher military rank as compared to Leylin.

“Hey, Ley, you have enough nobility rank points to earn you the title of a Baron. Are you really going to trade them all away?” The fat chief looked at Leylin with pity, he’d thought highly of this genius.

“Yes!” Leylin was firm, “As compared to nobility, I would liked to focus on my abilities first. As long as I have what it takes, I’m going to get more valuables and higher positions!”

“Brilliant!” Someone at the side clapped loudly, Schiker had come beside Leylin without notice.

“Exchange for him!” Schiker nodded at the fatty, then exclaimed, “If I were to think like him while I was young, I would have gotten more achievements than I have now.”

“Alright then... as you wish...”

The fat chief wiped his sweats on his face using a gold handkerchief, “Follow me. The exchange of nobility rank point isn’t a simple affair, but it should be alright since Schiker is around...”

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After settling on a series of authorisation documents, Leylin had finally gotten the firasource stone. He thanked Schiker and the Chief once more before he returned to his place.

“Firasource stone!” Leylin opened his palm, revealing a fiery ruby. It seemed to contain a large amount of liquefied ore.

The entire ore was only the size of Leylin’s fingernail, this was all that Leylin’s nobility rank points could be exchanged for.

Despite its petite size, the chief of the logistics department spent much efforts to gather it, even having to transfer some from other regions to barely make it enough for Leylin.

A phantom of a phoenix showed up behind Leylin, letting out whistles of excitement.

Leylin had the premonition that once he made use of the firasource stone, his level 8 Fireplume would advance greatly, even to the extent of breaking through level 9.

But it was not the strange phenomenon of the firasource stone that



caught Leylin's attention, it was the notice from the A. I. Chip.

[Beep! Special object detected— Firasource stone! Gathering information.]

After a period of examination and simulation, the A.I. Chip sounded again.

[Special soul object— Firasource stone! Able to strengthen Magus point mass, increases soul force to an unknown extent! ]

Looking at the A. I. Chip's notice, Leylin's eyes widened.

It could increase soul force! Who knew this firasource stone had such an effect?

The advancement of a Magus and the power of their spirit were inseparable. From ranks 1 through 3, one trained in spiritual force. Soul force came into the picture after one entered the Morning Star realm.

Soul force was the most mysterious amongst all. Even though there were many great meditation techniques, they could only result in a strengthening of the soul over a long period of time. One could not be sure of the pattern.

Even those great meditation techniques required at least hundreds of years to improve one's soul force, and it was even worse in Leylin's case.

Kemoyin's Pupil ended at rank 4, not giving him a single bit of information as to how to increase his soul force. Thus, he could only continuously try his luck.

# Chapter 555: The Organisation's Leader

Now, a wide golden path had appeared in front of Leylin.

As long as he gathered enough firasource stones, his soul force would increase greatly. Even the soul force of a Morning Star Magus who had thousands of years of experience using the top meditation techniques might not be as strong.

“If the Morning Star Magi in the Magus World learn about this, I’m afraid they will go mad over it!”

Leylin stroked his chin, finding it a little puzzling, “A precious source like this is a fatal attraction to Morning Star Magi. If so, why would Jupiter’s Lightning use this world to trap the Elders despite risking the exposure of the coordinates? This doesn’t make sense...”

At that moment, everything that had happened previously left Leylin confused.

“Maybe they had confidence in getting rid of the Elders, but did not expect that they could get away, which had them caught unprepared. Or maybe they didn’t even manage to find a source like the firasource stone? After all if they don’t have the help of the A. I. Chip, they will only know the amazing function of the firasource stone if they conduct an on-site inspection...”

All he could do was to speculate.

“Anyway, the reason the Triserpent Sect is so eager to get the firasource stone could very well be that their Morning Star Magus has already found out the function of it... Now I have to gather as many firasource stones as possible.”

The fourth level of Kemoyin’s Pupil already had little effect on Leylin. It had helped his advancement for quite a while already, but there was no change to his soul force at all.

In actual fact, many Morning Star Magi faced the same difficulty. It was very hard to improve their soul force, even with top-grade meditation

techniques.

“This trip to the Lava World was such a great decision!”

Leylin held his grid tightly, his eyes were filled with excitement.

.....

In the capital of the Atlan Union, a huge and prosperous place.

A void was created deep underground, a massive flame ball staying in the middle of it like a sun, showing the vague figure of a phoenix.

A continuous high-pitched whistling of the phoenix was transmitted through the flame ball, the entire ball breathing in and out as if it was alive.

There was a huge pentagram-shaped spell formation there, in the middle of which rays of crimson light were been drawn out and immersed into the flame ball.

The Phoenix inside was extremely excited, just like it had benefited greatly from the rays.

There were some remaining crimson light rays dropped down at the side of the spell formation, they solidified over sometime and turned into Fire stones!

Moments later, the Phoenix in the flame ball stopped the flame. It transformed into a human bathed in a stunning golden light.

This was a handsome male, he had scarlet hair and brows, his aura filled with surging waves of power.

Even the void around him fluctuated, an aura of the peak power of a Radiant Moon Magus surrounded him.

The scarlet-haired man had a regal crimson robe draping over his shoulders, fully dressed on the inside. He went to the other basement which was empty save for a giant mirror, leaving only large amounts of binding runes appearing regularly.

“...We meet again, my dear President of Atlan Union, Your Highness

Durut!”

A hologram of someone in Radiant Moon Magus robe with a crescent mark on his forehead appeared in the mirror. Weird dark power was released strangely, his aura somewhat able to compare to Durut’s.

The Magus who appeared in the mirror was the leader of Jupiter’s Lightning, a rank 5 Magus!

“Hello, my guest from a foreign world!” Durut smiled, his crimson feathers radiating lust.

The Magus in the mirror turned silent for a while, as if he had sensed something. Moments later, he opened his eyes and smiled, “It seemed like you have accepted my suggestion! How is the effect?”

“It was great, my friend! Just some improvements to be made...” Durut nodded his head.

“This requires me to put in more time and effort. Most importantly, I was unable to get enough on-site information. Unless you allow me to go over...” The Radiant Moon Magus in the mirror shook his head.

“Of course not! My friend, we are both the elites above the Morning Star realm, and this world needs protection!”

Durut rejected immediately. Welcoming a foreign world’s elite was definitely a trouble for himself. Durut had only thought of making use of the Magus with caution, never had he thought of other possibilities.

“Alright! Then next let’s talk about the deal.” The leader of Jupiter’s Lightning in the mirror said helplessly.

A Morning Star Magus was like a little stone on a beach in the world, a little hard to recognise without careful inspection. A Radiant Moon Magus like him, on the other hand, was more obvious, an elephant in the room. The moment he tried to cross over, Durut would attack him mercilessly.

On this matter, Durut was able to gain the support from the world’s will, which made him way more powerful than any ordinary rank 5 Magus.

Thus, despite being a similar rank 5, the man in the mirror had never

thought of getting himself into trouble. He could only send some of his man over to run errands for him in secret.

“That’s right, my friend, as long you keep your promise, we of the Emberwing race will show great hospitality!” Durut smiled.

The Magus opposite rolled his eyes, “Since you are very satisfied with the Energy Withdrawing spell formation, I have quite a few others you can try it out... In return, I want 500 grams of Morning Star Gold, arcane ore, paradian feathers and also firasource stones...”

He continued with the names of numerous resources, and Durut agreed without any hesitation, “Sure. As long your spell formations work, I will transfer them right away...”

.....

After Durut had left the chamber, he sneered, “You think I wouldn’t know what you are really up to just by hiding the firasource stone among the long list of sources? How naive!”

Upon reaching the study room had some documents viewed, he was outraged, “ The Triserpent Sect! And the Mobius Organisation! These foreign tribes are way too much! I have to warn them and give them a lesson!”

Immediately he took a device from the table which looked like a telephone, strings of letters appearing from his fingers and vanishing into the speaker.

“All Special Task Force units in action, destroy every base of the Triserpent Sect and the Mobius Organisation in the Union’s territories!”

Durut recalled something after he had put down the phone, and he passed down another urgent order, “Schiker, take charge of the East region!”

“That little pup should be back now after the contribution!”

Durut’s face finally showed rare tinge of gentleness.

.....

“The increasing of soul force feels really amazing...” Leylin was far from the capital, therefore he was not aware of the silent undercurrents that developed throughout the Atlan Union. He was still indulged in the joy of the advancement of his soul force.

The feeling of using the firasource stone was utterly fantastic, making him feel giddy as if he was drunk. Once the effect ended, his body was much more vigilant than before, and his soul force much more active than usual.

Leylin took a look at his stats:

[Leylin Farlier, Rank 4 Warlock Bloodline: Kemoyin’s Serpent(complete form) Strength: 50 Agility: 45 Vitality: 65 Spiritual Force: 539.7 Magic Power: 539(Magic power in synchronisation with spiritual force) Soul force:???]

“Even though the soul force is not shown, the spiritual force had increased by 30 plus units, it’s probably a side effect of the increase in soul force!” Leylin was over the moon. This advancement in soul force was comparable to the process of those Morning Star Magi having had to practice top-grade meditation techniques at least 10 years.

With how things looked, as long as he had enough firasource stones, his soul force would continue to increase at an incredible rate.

“How is this firasource stone related to Fireplume? How is this produced?”

Leylin’s eyes brightened. He had even put behind the rescue mission, and finding and gathering of enough firasource stone had become his top priority.

“Boss! Boss!” At the same time, Mies’s call sounded from outside, making Leylin frown.

“What is it? Didn’t I tell you not to disturb me?” Leylin pulled opened the door, displeased.

“Not me, it’s Instructor Schiker. We’ve got a big mission now!” Mies’s face reddened due to agitation, and he was still panting.

“Big mission?” Leylin remained calm before Mies, “Look at how you’re behaving! All those trainings went down the drain...”

However, a weird premonition had taken shape in his heart.

“Is it related to the Triserpent Sect?”

He was not too confident in handling this organisation for now, despite there being a huge possibility that it was established by the three Elders. Now that the firasource stone had popped up, however, there were a lot of variables.

Because it was very likely that those Morning Star Magi under Jupiter’s Lightning to found out about the secret of the firasource stone. Thus, they were forming connections underground and gathering them.

“Oh! And Instructor Schiker wants to see you now in his office!” Mies finally caught his breath and finished the message.

“Got it. Wait for me here.” Leylin closed the door and left Mies, dumbfounded, standing outside the room.

He did not have to wait long. Minutes later, Leylin had changed into his military outfit and shown up in Schiker’s office.

“Ley! Here are your orders. Clear out these bases with your squad.” Schiker signed some documents before handing them over to Leylin.

# Chapter 556: Orders Given

“What mission is it?” Leylin took the document that was labelled ‘top secret’ on the cover, and unconsciously furrowed his brows.

“The union has ordered that our Special Task Force is to attack the Triserpent Sect and Mobius Organisation within the territory of the state. I am the person in charge of the eastern region!”

Schiker’s voice was that of a hardened war veteran.

“Your squadron is in charge of a few strongholds of the Triserpent Sect that have been discovered recently. I will personally take care of the Mobius Organisation’s side!”

It was obvious that their trap had thoroughly enraged Schiker. Now, he wanted to exact revenge properly!

“The Triserpent Sect?” A look of interest appeared on Leylin’s face, though he was sighing inside.

His intention in coming to the Atlan Union was to obtain some information regarding the Triserpent Sect, but so many things had happened, especially with the appearance of the firasource stone. That one resource had dispelled all other thoughts.

However, just when he was hoping to continue concealing himself, this matter had suddenly cropped up, and it just so happened that he was involved. This left him not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

“The order this time was personally signed by the head of the state. The garrisons from all regions will coordinate with our operation. In other words, once we succeed, we will appear in front of the head immediately. Chances like these are hard to come by!”

Schiker seemed to be reminding him.

“Understood.” Leylin saluted, his back ramrod straight, though he began making some guesses. It seemed that Schiker had an unusual relationship with the union head, to the point that he could obtain the position of the person in charge of such a vital operation. He must have a very powerful



backing, no wonder that Loke wanted to get close to him no matter what.

“Good, you may leave. Get Loke to come in!” Schiker nodded in satisfaction.

“Yes!” Leylin saluted and left. Every movement was like a textbook example and seasoned as a soldier. Schiker nodded inside after seeing this.

“Captain Loke, the instructor is calling you!”

After walking out, Leylin found that Loke was already waiting aside. Compared to before, there was more calm and steadfastness on his expression, and he had ‘unwittingly’ broken through the sixth level and reached the seventh level of Fireplume. He could now be considered an Earth rank.

Of course, this was all a facade. Leylin believed he was at least at the Sky rank, but he had somehow snuck in for some unknown reason and gained Schiker’s trust.

In the operation this time, Leylin was in charge of dealing with the Triserpent Sect, while Loke was to follow Schiker and was in charge of the matters of the Mobius Organisation. Just this point made it clear to Leylin that Schiker trusted Loke more.

In the Special Task Force, there had long since been rumours spreading that Ley and Loke were Schiker’s left and right-hand men, and Schiker himself did not deny this directly.

‘It’s a pity... When you find out the two subordinates you’d thought were your helpers were actually enemies sneaking in as spies, I wonder what expression you’d have? Whatever it is, I’m sure it’ll be amusing!’ Leylin touched his chin, a smile on his face as he ruminated.

“Leader Ley, is there anything else?” Loke observed Leylin who was acting in this manner. For some reason, he felt a chill in his heart, and seemed to have a bad premonition.

“Oh, nothing much. I was just thinking about the scene from our previous mission. Quick, get in!” Leylin patted Loke on the shoulder, and calmly sauntered away.

Loke kept drawing back and stared at Leylin's back. Though he seemed to be sending Leylin off respectfully, there was a strange glint that flashed in his eyes.

"Soon... things will be different..."

A flicker of jealousy and hatred appeared in Loke's eyes. Though both Leylin and he were captains, one was a Sky rank while the other was only at the Earth rank. That naturally gave rise to criticism.

Though Loke was considerably powerful and was on good terms with Schiker, he seemed to be a level below Leylin in many aspects.

He might not seem bothered on the surface, but that was because he was trying to conceal himself. He wasn't preparing for a life in the Union anyway, but he still somehow felt strange.

Of course, this was hidden well, and even the person closest to him had not realised it.

"Loke, what are you waiting for?" Schiker's dissatisfied voice travelled from within the room. Loke was startled and immediately returned his expression to the original honesty with a trace of shrewdness and admiration, nodding and bowing as he entered the office. "Reporting in!"

.....

Back in his residence, Leylin was carefully browsing over some information in the documents. Only after some time did he put it down and sigh.

The information within was so detailed that it was excessive. They even knew the strength of the leaders there, and it seemed that the Atlan Union definitely had hidden some spies and the like inside.

"The Triserpent Sect will probably suffer heavy losses this time..."

Leylin stroked his chin. He still could not confirm if the Triserpent Sect was an organisation formed by the three Giant Kemoyin Serpent Dukes, and he was not prepared to make a move.

They were a few branches and strongholds anyway. Nothing would be

missed even if everyone died, and with this, he could even gain a higher standing and more trust from the Union. That would make it convenient to pry into the secrets of the firasource stone!

With this thought, the light in Leylin's eyes gradually dimmed, a bone-chilling iciness within.

"B...Boss... Wha-What's going on..."

Mies chose this moment to push the door open and met Leylin's gaze. Instantly, he collapsed, cold sweat pouring, and was left stuttering.

"It's nothing. Our official mission has been handed down. Take a look!"

Leylin chuckled, and it was as if all that ice had melted with the smile. Warm sunlight shone down, and Mies was no longer limp on the ground, and could struggle to take a hold the document.

However, while looking through it, his hands were still trembling slightly. Mies swore that he'd never have imagined that when Boss Ley's expression was grim, it would be so frightening!

That bone-piercing chilliness was something he had never experienced before. Swearing in the name of the honour of the Emberwings, he never wanted to meet that sort of gaze ever again. Heavens! He now felt that even the sweltering heat outside was more comfortable than staying in this room.

"How is it? Have you finished looking through it? Tell me your thoughts!" Seeing Mies in this state, Leylin smiled gently and crossed his arms, body half leaning on the chair as he appeared to be at ease.

"This... Since it's an order from the headquarters and the head of state, we can only obey. However, the members of our squadron don't have enough strength, and I'm afraid we will need to mobilise and coordinate with the garrison!"

Mies was no fool to have been able to survive up to this point. With some slight reflection, things immediately became clear to him, and he even had a contingency plan in mind already.

But... Mies stealthily peeked at Leylin, who was expressionless, and decided that before he could understand the man's thoughts it was best not to speak his mind.

That bit of bloodthirst earlier had frightened him.

"Mm, very good! I'll leave contacting the local garrison to you. Don't disappoint me!"

Unexpectedly, Leylin did not ask about his plans and instead gave him a task.

Though Leylin did not explicitly state the consequences of not completing the task, Mies could somewhat guess that it was something he absolutely did not want to bear.

"Understood, Captain!" As a long-term habit, while Leylin was issuing the command, Mies subconsciously stuck out his chest and saluted, expression full of respect.

Ever since he had entered Leylin's unit, he was completely convinced by Leylin and understood how he worked. It was consistently simple and crude, and he did not allow for retorts. Mies was naturally tactful.

"Mm, send down the order that I want our unit to assemble!" Leylin waved his arms, and Mies immediately escaped as if he was faced with a huge enemy.

Though Leylin was usually very easy-going, to the point that Mies could get benefits like stealing some cool air here, the Leylin in missions was very resolute about killing. He was not going to make things bad for himself now.

After sending down the order, their unit assembled quickly.

On a field, Leylin wore military attire and walked past the orderly line, looking satisfied.

The Lava World was a world with Exemplaries. Their individual abilities far surpassed their collective strength, which was why this group was very small, with only ten or so members. However, every single one of them

was at or above the fifth level of Fuming Wings, meaning they were at the peak of the Exemplary rank. He had three Earth ranks, and all had been forced to submission by him in missions. This was unthinkable in the eyes of many people.

After all, Earth ranks were considered top-rated strengths even in the Atlan Union. They could take on important roles in the corps, so how could they be the subordinates of a little captain?

However, Leylin had done it, and many were in awe.

In reality, Leylin's methods were simple. He had achieved victory with strength, and forcefully suppressed them.

Even so, he had not intentionally taken in these three. They were an unexpected harvest.

For him, Earth Ranks were comparable to rank 1 or 2 Magi or Warlocks in the Magus World. He could kill a large number of those who possessed this level of strength with just a breath, and he did not even need to spend much energy on it.

Even Sky ranks, who were comparable to rank 3 Magi, were nothing much.

The ones able to affect Leylin were Star ranks, who were of a similar strength! The attention of a Morning Star would forever be focused on enemies of the same level!

“Based on the intel, the commanders of the few Atlan military districts are all Star ranks! Rumours have it that the head of the union far exceeds the Star rank, and could be at rank 5, the Radiant Moon Realm...”

Learn touched his chin, a look of anticipation flashing in his eyes...

# Chapter 557: Lava Base

“I really want to try my hand at fighting an enemy of this level of strength...” A fierce desire for battle burned in Leylin’s eyes, but was quickly withdrawn.

Though he was looking forward to the Radiant Moon Realm, he was no fool. Power at rank 5 was still far from him as he was now. Before he himself became a rank 5 Warlock, he was not going to fight with any Radiant Moon Magus, no matter who they were.

Leylin currently had his arms behind his back and after inspecting these members, he shouted, “Everyone, the head has issued our newest mission, which is an order for elimination! With us the Special Task Force taking the lead, the garrison troops will coordinate with us to uproot the Triserpent Sect strongholds that are throughout the Atlan Union!”

“Long live Atlan!” Many members yelled together, an agitated flush on their cheeks.

Compared to those troops formed with regular people, they were mostly people who were enlisted in a hurry and had not experienced much hardships so it was expected if they had unrealistic delusions. Furthermore, this time, it was clear that union was serious, and since the head had issued the command himself, it meant multiple opportunities to perform meritorious deeds.

And those meritorious deeds would net them higher level techniques, large amounts of information, and even the status and glory of nobility quite easily. How would they not be riled up?

“Good!” Leylin obviously knew what these people were thinking; On the contrary, he was no saint. Hence, he did not destroy their hopes right now.

“There are a total of fifteen strongholds in the eastern region that belong to the Triserpent Sect. I will now hand down the assignments...”

In actuality, Leylin had not even told them how to choose their targets. In his perspective, only he and the three Earth ranks were mildly useful in

his group.

The others would probably only be useful running errands outside, or providing moral support.

It didn't matter, since they were only destroying the branches of the Triserpent Sect, and the most powerful people there would probably be only at the Sky rank.

.....

Within a large desert, boiling-hot temperatures caused slight distortions in the sky. Heat waves surged, causing the scenery in the distance to seem blurred.

"One of the branches of the Triserpent Sect is here! General Gilfah, your mission is to seal off this region and not let any suspicious characters escape. Any questions?"

In a simply constructed tent, Leylin pointed at a large map on the table and spoke to a white-haired Emberwing.

This Emberwing was obviously not young, and even his mottled red feathers were falling down. However, the tenacity was as strong as ever. What had Leylin raising his eyebrows in surprise was that this old man was a Sky rank.

"No problem!" Gilfah nodded matter-of-factly. "I will order the army to surround the area. Even a bug will not be able to escape!"

This high-ranking officer by the name of Gilfah was in charge of this region. He had been contacted by Mies.

While he had control over the troops by order of the head, Leylin had gotten this general's support after displaying his strength.

"I hope you can destroy this nest in one go. A lot of disappearances in my jurisdiction are related to it," The general brought up.

"I understand. Let's go!" Leylin nodded and left the camp, suddenly waving his arms.

Rumble! His body turning into a tornado, he charged into the depths of

the desert with a few similarly powerful pillars of light.

“This stronghold of the Triserpent Sect is really covert. If not for the vast network of spies controlled by the union, it would have been unlikely that I’d find this place...” Light flickered in Leylin’s eyes.

The Atlan Union was much too vast. Even if he had his bloodline and soul fire crystal and searched from city to city or even ran through the outskirts, it would still take several decades to cover the country. Even then, he could end up not even finding a trace of the Triserpent Sect.

They had long since been chased by the union, and their actions had always been secretive. Leylin had no confidence that he would coincidentally bump into them.

With the map, however, all the branches of the Triserpent Sect were bared before Leylin. There was no difficulty in finding them now.

“But... Did the three dukes really create the Triserpent Sect?” A giant, fire-red lake had appeared before Leylin’s eyes. At the heart of it, flames were vaguely seen. Based on the intel, the branch of the Triserpent Sect was under the lava lake.

Soul force surged through the lava and the desert to scan below, and it resulted in a marvellous expression on Leylin’s face.

“This...” With his soul force, Leylin could clearly see the many experiments in the laboratories of the Triserpent Sect branch, as well as the modified Emberwings.

“Bloodline modification experiments?” As a Warlock himself, he was no stranger to this, and could even be said to be a subject matter expert.

With just a look, he could find many traces of what the Magus World, even the Ouroboros Clan, were used to operative procedures.

“Could it be... that the Triserpent Sect really is an organisation set up by the three dukes?” Leylin’s eyes flashed, a crimson crystal already appearing in his hands, two threads of pale soul flames twining around each other.



“No reaction... The two dukes aren’t here.” Leylin shook his head.

Though the range of bloodline and soul sensing was already quite vast, it was still too small in comparison to the whole Atlan Union, let alone the entire Lava World.

“Attack!” Thoughts whirling in his mind, Leylin unhesitatingly gave the order. A gigantic phantom phoenix made of fire appeared behind him. Bathed in pure golden flames, it was as if the real ancient phoenix had been reborn!

This was the pinnacle of the eighth level of Fireplume. Seeing this display, nobody would believe it even if Leylin himself admitted to not being an Emberwing.

The point mass of a Morning Star was incomparably tiny, and massive strength could be held within this tiny point. It would not cause any clashes with other energies.

Leylin had the A.I. Chip to analyse and perform simulations for him. In reality, he had secretly already practised up to the peak of the ninth level of Fireplume. In other words, the limit of rank 3!

However, as he lacked the training technique for the tenth level, he had been unable to progress further. Even if the A.I. Chip could simulate it, too much time would be spent on it and Leylin had thus lost his patience.

Hence, he had focused on Schiker. He was sure that with Schiker’s status, it was very possible for him to have access to the tenth level of Fireplume!

To Leylin’s knowledge, there were ten levels to Fireplume. The first three were for regular people, but the fourth and fifth, it would begin to touch on exemplary strength. The sixth and seventh were comparable to rank 1 and 2 Magi, while the eighth and ninth meant being able to battle rank 3 Magi! As long as he entered the tenth level, he would be a Star rank, which was comparable to a Morning Star Magus in the Magus World!

Leylin did not have much interest in the first nine levels of the technique, and was only invested in the tenth level.

After advancing to Morning Star, it meant that he had already chosen a path for himself. While Leylin had no plans of giving it up, other paths to power still had a lot of useful experience to give him.

Fireplume was one of the most advanced techniques among those of foreign origin. It could combine both physical and spiritual aspects, and this train of thought was a breath of fresh air for him.

If he could obtain the tenth level of Fireplume and gain clarity on the Emberwings' path and system, it would definitely be of much use to him.

"Come out!" Leylin shouted, and an ear-piercing explosion sounded behind him, like a high-spirited phoenix cry filled with heat and excitement.

Amidst the cry, Leylin abruptly made his move. The flames that filled the sky were as splendid as the wings of a phoenix as they swept through the ground and shaved a layer of soil off the earth.

The ground kept trembling, and rocks and dirt were scattered everywhere. As if a geyser of water, the lava from the lake shot upwards as its surface emptied out, revealing a giant secret base underneath.

Many members of the Triserpent Sect raised their heads. Upon seeing the dazzling phantom phoenix, they yelled in alarm, "It's Atlan's Special Task Force! Those black leather dogs have caught up to us."

The members of the Special Task Force were usually ruthless in their methods, possessed extraordinary power and dressed in black leather uniforms. That had netted them this title.

"Aren't you wearing black robes too? What about it?" Leylin, who was in mid-air, grew speechless as he observed the followers who wore black, wide robes with an image of three black snakes intertwining on the surface.

While he was quibbling, a few streaks of powerful undulations rose, and two black-clothed people who were obviously the leaders blocked his way, dressed in luxurious robes. The sounds of members of the Triserpent Sect howling could be heard from within the stronghold.

“Take care of that trash as soon as possible!” Leylin’s brows furrowed. He could not sense any special aura from these two black-clothed people.

If they were higher-ups within the Triserpent Sect and had made contact with Morning Star, there should be some radiation residue or the like on their bodies, but there were no traces at all on these two leaders. This led to Leylin’s disappointment.

“Understood, leader!” A few streaks of red flames shot out, and Leylin’s Earth ranks immediately began their massacre, doing as they liked amongst the ordinary followers.

Crimson flames flashed, turning the region into a sea of fire.

Facing this attack that was at the Earth rank, these ordinary disciples were mowed down like grass. Under the prowess of the Exemplaries that he led, no matter how much battle intent the ordinary followers had, it all proved futile. That was the main reason why Leylin had brought a small team of only ten or so people, and dared to forcefully attack the enemy’s large-scaled base!

# Chapter 558: Developments

“You’re Ley, the genius of the Special Task Force in the eastern region? One of the dogs that Schiker’s raising?” The black-clothed person opposite him spoke with a hint of scorn.

“You’re looking for death!” Leylin’s eyes opened suddenly, as if two balls of flames were being launched from them.

Shua! His entire body seemed to transform into a thread of flames, boring through his opponent’s forehead and coming out through the back before turning back into a humanoid figure.

Crackle! The black-clothed person who had not been the least bit modest with his words had a dazed look on his face. Seconds later, he turned into a torch of fire and began to incinerate fiercely.

“Whorf! Whorf!” The other person in black was clearly stunned, before beginning to shout. The voice was lovely, and evidently belonged to a woman.

“You dare... You dare kill him...” The woman raised her head, eyes full of hatred as she glared at Leylin, itching to hack him to pieces.

Leylin merely hummed coldly as if he did not care. If looks could kill, what was power for anyway?

These two heads were Sky ranks, but they had obviously used some secret potion or taboo techniques to forcefully break through. Their auras were rather unstable, and were at most comparable to the peak of the Earth rank. Perhaps any expert at the eighth level of Fireplume could dispose of them easily.

Of course, this was understandable. If the three dukes had created the Triserpent Sect, they could not have gathered many techniques given the difference in the flow of time between Lava World and the Magus World. Support for advancement and methods that would result in instant benefits were necessary things.

The woman did not rush over to fight with all her might. Instead, she

ordered something into her communicative device in her hand, “Activate the Berserk Legion!”

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! A steel door in the base opened, and many Emberwings with dazed expressions walked out.

Their crimson eyes radiated a feeling of indifference. Their bodies were filled with strange runes, and parts of their bodies had obviously been strengthened and altered. Many of the Special Task Force members had difficulty even telling that they were Emberwings.

After being let out, the lost look in their eyes was replaced by viciousness as they let loose howls that were similar to those of beasts.

Boom! A researcher nearby was immediately beaten to the point that blood splattered everywhere.

A crimson rain fell on this berserk legion, causing them to appear even more malicious and terrifying.

The legion that had already gone insane began to destroy things without distinction. Whether it was the Special Task Force members or their own people, all were attacked. Due to the differences in numbers, the berserk legion landed the most critical attack on the followers of the Triserpent Sect. Leylin, who saw this scene, could not help but shake his head. This woman was obviously treating these modified people who were as of yet unable to control their bloodlines as her trump cards and weapon for revenge.

“Ahaha... Whorf’s dead. I want all of you to die with him.” The woman shouted maniacally, her voice so sharp that it could pierce through eardrums.

“This woman’s gone crazy! Or she wasn’t mentally sound in the first place...” Leylin shook his head.

Watching her with pity, Leylin did not hold back. An enormous fire phoenix soared across the sky, its giant wings sweeping across the woman. It sent her retreating, coughing up blood.

“Boss, what do we do?” Watching the berserk legion, especially whose

members consisted of Emberwings, Mies was caught in a dilemma.

Not only were those of the berserk legion insane, their battle might was astounding. On top of that, they were his fellow clansmen, so Mies found it difficult to attack.

“It doesn’t matter, I’ll take care of it. Their blood might be infectious, so be careful not to make contact with them!”

Leylin’s voice travelled over faintly, but Mies suddenly had a bad premonition. “Boss! You’re not going to...”

But it was too late. Mies raised his head and saw Leylin turning into a streak of golden light, as if fusing with the phantom phoenix on his back.

The phoenix’s cries were even louder than before, practically piercing through the clouds. Golden flames were emitted from its body.

In that moment, the phantom image of the phoenix had turned into a giant, blazing bird!

“The apex of Fireplume— Undead Aves!” Mies’ eyes grew wide as he muttered to himself.

He had only heard of this killing technique in legends. Based on the rumours, only those who had trained in Fireplume up to the Sky rank and above, and only ones with incomparably pure bloodlines could exhibit this ultimate technique, restricted to the Emberwing Royal Family!

‘Could it be that Ley is a member of the esteemed Emberwing Royal Family?’ Mies watched the Flaming Undead Aves soaring in the skies, suddenly feeling as if his brain had short-circuited.

Rumble! With a shake of the flaming bird’s feathers, large amounts of fiery-red light shone down on the region. A spark fell onto the shoulder of one of the members of the berserk legion, and he immediately began to burn up fiercely, turning into a torch.

With elated cries, the gigantic Undead Aves dived towards the ground!

“Crap, get away! Drop down!” The other Special Task Force members’ voices, distorted due to their nervousness, travelled into Mies’ ears, but he

could not manage to process it.

He wore a stupefied expression as he stared ahead.

The terrifying giant flaming bird was like a falling meteor descending upon the ground, bringing with it horrifying tremendous waves of flames. All Mies could do was hug his head and crouch down.

In the face of this strength that was like a natural disaster, he felt as tiny as an ant.

The flaming bird descended into the heart of the berserk legion, and the flames swallowed them in an instant.

Moments later, the flames gradually went out and revealed a tall figure.

“Boss... Is actually this strong?” Mies mumbled, hot blood rushing to his brain as he darted forward, glancing through the remains on the ground, eyes filled with tears, “Captain! They... They were also...”

“There are only enemies on the battlefield!” Leylin’s voice was icy cold, and the heat in Mies’ body went cold.

“I’m very disappointed in you!” Leylin had his arms behind his back as he left this hell slowly, leaving Mies in a daze.

“He’s right, child!” At some point, the general from before was at Mies’ side.

“If we don’t do this, if the legion or any of these contaminated bodies escape, there could be a terrifying plague in the surrounding cities...”

“Furthermore, with Ley’s efforts, we’ve successfully destroyed this stronghold. No fire-feathered clansmen will have to be ruined by it anymore...”

The general patted Mies’ shoulders, “Cheer up, little guy!”

.....

“There seems to be some change in this little thing. I hope I haven’t ruined his outlook on the world...”

Watching his bloodshot eyes as he darted to the frontlines, a smile of

rumination shot up on his lips.

The desert branch of the Triserpent Sect had been destroyed, but there were still many other branches and organisations remaining in the eastern region of the union.

They were now within a giant Emberwing city.

The members of the Triserpent Sect had actually set up a secret base within a city, something that only managed to increase Leylin's respect for them.

To be able to come up and make use of this meant they were absolute geniuses. It was a pity that in a time when physical strength was of utmost importance, intelligence automatically decreased in value to the point that it was negligible.

The army surrounded the area, while the Special Task Force rushed in. Leylin had long since gotten used to arranging things like these.

After that matter the other day, Mies had seemed depressed for a few days, but seemed to become mature immediately after. In the next few battles, he was in an unusual state where he would charge to the frontlines, and was ruthless in his attacks.

It was as if he believed that the more he killed, the lesser the number of his clansmen that would be oppressed by the enemy, or something to that effect. It was a certain level of maturity, although still naive.

"It's good to be young..." Leylin observed the hot-blooded Mies, and could not help but get emotional.

His real age had long since surpassed 200, and he was even older than his grandfather's grandfather in his previous world. Watching Mies now was like looking at a child.

"Captain, the stronghold has been purged. No enemy was caught." Mies reported to Leylin with indifference, blood on his body.

"Good! Go back and reorganise yourselves, the spoils of battle won't reduce!" Leylin's arms were tucked together as he nodded.



At this moment, a female soldier rushed over in a hurry, holding a communicative device similar to a handset, “Captain Ley, a call from Lord Schiker!”

“Instructor!” Taking the handset, he immediately heard the sounds within.

Though the principle of this thing’s operation was different, it was still like the cellphones of his previous world.

“I know everything you’ve done. Very good!” Schiker’s voice sounded from within the handset, praise in his tone. Evidently, he had heard of the results of Leylin’s battles.

However, Leylin had astutely realised the trace of fury hidden in his voice. That was obviously not aimed at him.

“Looks like Schiker met with some trouble during his operation at destroying the Mobius Organisation!”

Leylin thought. As expected, Schiker mentioned this right after, “Captain Ley, I now command you to bring all your members and hurry to Wox City and meet me!”

“Understood!” Leylin answered loudly. After waiting for a moment, he lowered his voice and asked, “ Did anything happen there?”

“Yes. There’s are some issues!” Schiker answered vaguely after a brief silence. It was obvious he did not want to touch on it.

“Alright, I’ll hurry there now!” Leylin obviously knew what to say in this situation.

After putting down the handset and sending away the female communications officer whose expression was full of admiration, Leylin sank into deep thought, his hand finding his chin.

“Mobius Organisation... Is this organisation more difficult to deal with than the Triserpent Sect?”

# Chapter 559: Tingling Senses

There were many rebellious organisations in the Atlan Union, as well as various sects. However, the union leader had only chosen to act against the Triserpent Sect and Mobius Organisations, which led Leylin to make a mental association.

If the Triserpent Sect was targeted because of its three foreign Morning Star Warlocks, what about the Mobius Organisation? What did they have?

A trace of a smile appeared about Leylin's lips. "Interesting! It's getting increasingly interesting!"

He abruptly turned back and shouted, "All members, assemble..."

As Leylin had very few subordinates, he could act swiftly and decisively, bringing his unit to the Wox City Schiker had spoken of the very next afternoon.

After entering the city, Leylin sensed that the level of security was much higher than before. Even Leylin and the others were checked over once before being allowed entry. Uneasiness seemed to permeate the air.

'Could the Mobius Organisation have caused a huge ruckus? Curious!' Leylin touched his chin as he arrived at the area Schiker had spoken of, which was also the current station of the Special Task Force.

"Ley!" Loke welcomed him, pleasantly surprised. "It's great that you could come so quickly!"

"What's going on?" Leylin's brows furrowed in feigned concern.

"We might have found the Mobius Organisation's headquarters. The attack that Instructor led was met with a violent counterattack from the other side. It's best that you personally take a look..."

Loke smiled wryly as he got out of the way. There was a gloom between his brows that would not disappear easily. It was so well-feigned that Leylin cheered for him on the inside. It was rare to find actors of this calibre.

As he opened the door and found Schiker inside, Leylin displayed an expression of 'alarm'. "Instructor, how did you..."

The Schiker in front of him now was in a pitiful state, wrapped up to the point that he seemed like a mummy. His right arm was hung in front of his chest.

"Ley, you did well!" Seeing the worry on Leylin's face, Schiker looked gratified, "You only took a day to get here..."

"It's my honour to serve my lord!" Leylin looked devoted. After all, the other party had connections in the capital, and was his best route to getting firasource stones. He could not give him up so easily.

"What exactly happened?" Leylin clenched his fists, sparks emitting from his body.

"This level... It means your Fireplume is about to break through to the ninth level, entering the peak Sky rank..." Schiker watched Leylin, eyes full of an unspeakable radiance. "In terms of training, you'll probably surpass me soon enough..."

"Not at all! It's all thanks to Instructor's nurture!" Leylin bowed slightly to show his respect.

"Mm! We underestimated our opponent this time. I'd assumed it was an ordinary branch of the enemy, but never could I have expected that we'd found their headquarters..."

Leylin listened closely. Schiker, with Loke and the rest as well as the support he garnered from the army, should have been able to complete the operation of destroying the Mobius Organisation smoothly. However, while wiping out one of the branches nearby, they'd found quite a few red-clothed bishops!

Schiker, who had realised he had found a big opportunity, was obviously excited as he gathered quite a few Sky rank generals and prepared to eliminate these bishops at one go.

However, when the time came for the actual attack, Schiker found out he had completely wrong.

There had been a mistake in his calculations. This wasn't some branch of the Mobius Organisation, but their headquarters!

They had astounding harvests under the joint effort of the Sky ranks at first, and had even seized much of the resources the Mobius Organisation had stocked up on. Suddenly, Schiker was unwilling to say more, a hint of fear appearing on his expression.

This expression immediately alarmed Leylin. For the fearless Schiker to become this way, the matter could not be simple.

"I've gathered you only so that you can take over the next operations of the Special Task Force, especially since I'm in this state!" Schiker raised his arm and laughed bitterly.

"As for the issues there, there will be people coming in from the capital to take care of it. Don't worry!"

Leylin came out, still baffled, and went to look for Loke. Under the questioning of this new 'superior', Loke narrated all the parts Schiker had failed to explain clearly.

As it turned out, while transporting the resources back, Schiker and the rest had been met with an ambush, resulting in total annihilation. Even the resources had been lost, and a few Sky rank generals had perished on the spot. Only Schiker had somehow managed to survive.

"Oh? How many people were there?" Leylin had some conjectures, and asked curiously.

"Ju- Just one, but he was more terrifying than thousands of troops and horses, because... that was a Star rank!"

Loke's voice was low, as if afraid to alarm anyone. There was an obvious hint of joy in the fact that he was weak and useless in a battle between Sky ranks, and had thus not participated in that operation. Otherwise, he'd be dead right now.

"A Star rank?!" Leylin seemed to breathe in sharply, although his mind was actually working quickly.

Star ranks were the most powerful members of the Lava World. They were on the same level as Morning Star Magi of the Magus World, and were absolutely certain of their cultivation path. They were existences who had already generated a core.

Every single one of these existences was celebrated. Their achievements would be written in history books or even as legends, passed down for eternity.

Facing such an expert, Sky ranks would only be courting death unless there were other Star ranks suppressing them.

If Schiker had met one, it meant he had incredibly bad luck.

‘On top of that...’ Leylin touched his chin, deep in thought, ‘Schiker’s backing must be quite firm for even a Morning Star Magus to have qualms about killing him and leave him alive!’

Leylin, who was also a Morning Star, naturally knew the terror of rank 4s. For Morning Star Magi, Sky ranks were just like slightly large ants.

The generals, who were also at the Sky rank, had all died, leaving only Schiker behind. Leylin did not think that this Morning Star Magus had a good heart and let Schiker go. It was very likely that the real reason was because he feared the person backing Schiker.

‘Looks like Schiker’s background is very mysterious! I’ll need to pay more attention and take advantage of that!’ Leylin decided resolutely.

“That’s the basic situation... With the motivation from this event, many branches of the Mobius Organisation that had begun to disperse seem to be congregating again...”

Loke shrugged his shoulders, the wry smile not diminishing at all, “But we only need to push through during this period of time. The Northern Duke will reach this place soon, and when that happens, we can...”

‘Just continue acting!’ Leylin rolled his eyes inside, while he looked to be in favour of his words.

“The Northern Duke? That’s a famous Star rank of the Union! With him

around, the Mobius Organisation won't be able to settle down and have a peaceful time!" he exclaimed in admiration.

At the same time, he now understood the reason for Schiker's listless look. Since someone with a higher status was taking over, his own position was dispensable, and his achievements would be wrested away from him.

Though the Northern Duke might not think much of these merits, Schiker would not want to accept charity from others. Leylin knew very well what type of person he was, and he was not one to admit defeat.

"In that case, I should return and quickly take over the defence of the Special Task Force, preparing for the counterattack!"

Leylin and Loke hastily bid farewell.

Leylin did not like this idea. The Mobius Organisation had Star ranks, as well as many helpers and followers. After noticing something, they would definitely retreat, and by the time that Northern Duke reached, he would only see an empty nest.

However, all this was none of Leylin's business. What he focused on was the resources that had been stolen by the mysterious Star rank.

"To be able to get a Star rank dispatched after them, these resources must be especially precious. There might even be firasource stones inside..." Leylin's eyes flashed. He was in dire need of these stones, but he did not have that many points to exchange them. Since the proper way wasn't working, he would need to think of other methods.

Not long after Loke left, Leylin's expression changed.

He came to his room and took out the crimson gemstone from before.

Rays of brilliance were twinkling, the two threads of pale flames beginning to increase in intensity at the middle.

Seeing this, a smile showed on Leylin's face, "They've come together..."

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At the bottom of the lava not far from the city, in a secret space that had been opened. Two figures were facing each other, sitting cross-legged.

All of a sudden, a bald male with no eyebrows or a beard opened his eyes, eyes full of doubt, “I felt a trace of my soul flames! Which Warlock has arrived here?”

“I had the same feeling!” Opposite him was a young girl in blood-red robes. Her eyes were strange vertical pupils that would make people shudder in fear.

“Is this a trap?” Gilbert muttered to himself and asked slowly.

“It doesn’t seem like it, unless the Ouroboros Clan was completely breached and Freya and the rest have all died.” Blood Duchess Emma was very confident in the loyalty of her students.

“Then... Have the reinforcements from the Warlock Union arrived?” Excitement appeared in Gilbert’s tone.

“Hmph! If they were reliable, we wouldn’t be in this situation!” In contrast, Emma’s retort showed that she did not have a good impression of the Warlock Union.

# Chapter 560: Meeting

“It’s not for us to decide anyway, since they’ve already taken the initiative to come here!”

Crimson flames flashed on Emma’s body as she appeared in mid-air, Gilbert right behind her. Eventually, the two came to a stop, standing side by side.

“The soul flames are closing in very quickly, and the other party’s aura is very powerful! It’s a Morning Star, but... This blood line undulation... How is it possible...” Gilbert turned to Emma in disbelief, only to be met with Emma’s eyes filled with similar astonishment and suspicion.

From the incoming person, they felt the purest Kemoyin bloodline aura. But how was that possible?

There had always only been three Morning Star Warlocks in the Ouroboros Clan.

‘Did the First Elder come back to life?’ An idea rose in Gilbert’s mind, but was quickly extinguished. He had personally seen the death of the First Elder, and his point mass had even returned to the astral plane.

From the thickness of the bloodline, the purity of the other party’s Kemoyin bloodline was even above that of themselves, even that of the First Elder!

“Who is it?” Gilbert and Emma watched the red rays that were shooting over from the distance, filled with curiosity.

Sou! The light rays dissipated, revealing the appearance of a handsome young man.

A bright smile on his face, and he rushed to bow towards Gilbert.  
“Mentor... I’ve arrived!”

In the next moment, Gilbert and Emma’s mouths were just as wide, their eyeballs almost popping out. “Leylin? How’s that possible?”

.....



A good while later, while Gilbert and Emma seemed to have accepted Leylin's promotion to Morning Star as reality, there was still a shock that could not be concealed in their eyes.

"... This is how it happened. I advanced to Morning Star just when Phosphorescence Swamp was about to be breached, and then killed Demon Hunter Cyril. The allied forces withdrew, and both sides are restraining themselves. The situation has now stabilised..."

Leylin gave a brief overview of what he had experienced in the Magus World. Of course, anything that touched upon his secrets, such as the A.I. Chip, the Lamia fingerbone and all that, was obviously hidden and not discussed. Gilbert and Emma had not asked either.

Of those who had reached the realm of Morning Star, who did not have their own secrets? Even the two of them had many fortuitous meetings while at rank 3, and received inheritances from ruins and the like, which had allowed them to thankfully advance to rank 4.

"In that case... That guy, Cyril, is really dead..." Emma's eyes were filled with astonishment as she sized up Leylin. Compared to her own age, Leylin was much too young right now.

However, it was this adolescent Warlock who had caused Demon Hunter Cyril's fall?

Emma couldn't help but recall Cyril's terrifying demonic spells, as well as his power and abundant experience. Her opinion of this young man raised immensely.

"Alright! Well then... Are the two of you willing to return to the Magus World now?" Leylin took off the silver-white necklace on his neck that was emanating the rays of stars. Gilbert and Emma's breaths immediately became heavier.

This was the projection of the coordinates of Leylin's astral gate. It could open the astral gate and allow them to return to the Ouroboros Clan.

However, Gilbert and Emma exchanged a wry smile, and did not speak. Instead, the area turned strangely silent.

“I understand. It seems like Your Graces still have very important things to do in the Lava World!” Leylin laughed, not minding the least.

“Yes!” In the end, it was Emma who spoke up. “Leylin, you’re a Morning Star just like us, so you don’t have to call us ‘Your Grace’. Just call us by our names...”

“Alright, my Lords!” Leylin looked solemn as he began to make guesses. “Is it because of the firasource stones?”

The moment the words left his mouth, Leylin noticed the change in Gilbert’s expression, while Emma cried out in alarm.

“You’ve actually found out!”

“Of course! It’s a treasure that can strengthen the soul and even the point mass. Any Morning Star would go crazy over it!” Leylin nodded as he admitted.

“Alright. In that case, we don’t have to keep hiding it from you like before.” Emma immediately threw away all hesitation, “Although Jupiter’s Lightning had duped us, we were much stronger than they had anticipated. This was especially so in another world, where their Radiant Moon could not intrude. While we did suffer a bit, we managed to break out, and while searching for the road back we found out about the firasource stones.”

Emma sounded emotional, “How can we let go of this treasure that can amplify soul force? We three Morning Star Warlocks thus led the way and took in a few oppressed races within the Atlan Union, creating the organisation, the Triserpent Sect. On the surface, we want to overthrow the government of Atlan, but in reality, we prioritise gathering firasource stones!”

Leylin nodded. In this meeting, he had found that the two Dukes’ soul undulations were obviously much more powerful than in the Magus World. It seemed to be the effect from the firasource stones!

“Then... where’s the First Elder?” Leylin asked, and the atmosphere immediately became gloomy. A long while later, Gilbert spoke, his voice

hoarse.

“There are many powerful beings in the Lava World. At the peak are a few who have a strength similar to Radiant Moon Magi. At the beginning, with the three of us working together, everything went smoothly, and we even seized quite a lot of firasource stones. However, the organisation Jupiter’s Lightning set up here was obviously much larger, and even had relations with the higher ups in Atlan. The head of their union was one who had trained up to the thirteenth level of the Fireplume technique, which was unheard of in history. He was a peak Radiant Moon Magus! Under his assault along with many other Magi, the First Elder fell... while trying to protect us...”

Though Gilbert explained it in a simplified manner, Leylin could tell how desperate that battle had been. He could keenly tell that Gilbert had concealed some things.

Whatever it was, he would never believe the First Elder was so selfless, but Gilbert and Emma had not asked why Leylin had not come here right after the battle and instead done so only now. Leylin thus would not make his opinion known.

“This means Mentor and Madam Emma are preparing to stay here for a period of time and conspire to obtain more firasource stones? In that case, we can collaborate!” Leylin touched his chin. He held the same thoughts as these two Morning Star Warlocks. With two Morning Star helpers, he had more confidence.

“That’s great. With you joining us, Leylin, our strength will increase by a large amount, and we will even have a way to retreat!” Emma and Gilbert exchanged a glance, the elation obvious in their eyes.

It looked like they had been planning to cause a huge ruckus before leaving this world.

Leylin could not help but feel his scalp tingle. The unrestrained attacks of three Morning Star Warlocks would definitely throw the entire Atlan Union into chaos.

However, this was none of his business. As long as he could obtain

enough firasource stones, he didn't mind pushing the union into the abyss, or breaking it into smithereens.

Leylin patted his head, suddenly remembering something as he spoke. "Right! I'm lying low in the Special Task Force in Atlan for now. In order to obtain their trust, I destroyed a few of Triserpent Sect's strongholds..."

"It doesn't matter. Those are just the surrounding organisations. We can just create a few more soon. To really obtain their full trust, it doesn't matter even if we hand over the whole Triserpent Sect."

Gilbert waved his arms, not minding the least.

"In actuality, we've also been keeping a low profile in the Atlan Union and even obtained titles. Most of the intel regarding the Triserpent Sect was intentionally divulged by us!" Emma laughed, a layer of sparkling red feathers appearing on her body.

"The Emberwings and Fireplume," Leylin chuckled. Morning Star Warlocks were all grandmasters at remodelling bloodlines. With Emma and Gilbert's experience, passing off an identity as an Emberwing was way too easy.

On top of that, these two were ruthless and had even sold away their organisation just to obtain trust. That was probably how they gained their titles, and why they did not mind Leylin's actions.

Leylin was rather speechless at that, feeling like he still needed to learn much more from his seniors in these dark areas. If the followers of the Triserpent Sect found out they had been betrayed by their leaders, they would probably just break down.

Leylin could not help but begin to pity them.

"Do you have any intel?" Leylin asked. These two Warlocks had been laying low here for longer than he had, and definitely knew more secrets.

"Of course!" Gilbert laughed proudly.

"Based on our sources, there is only one place where the firasource stones are being generated, and that's the capital of the Atlan Union—

Tylasus! It only comes from the head himself, which means the source is being controlled by him. There are very few reserves outside!”

“The head who is at the thirteenth level of Fireplume, the peak of Radiant Moon?” Leylin sighed lightly, knowing things were going to get troublesome.

Three Morning Stars cooperating was still not enough to snatch something from this opponent.

That was not all. Fighting in another world, foreign beings like them obviously had a disadvantage compared to the people of this land. The World’s Will itself would also have a bias and help its own people, and even if a peak Radiant Moon were to head over, they might not be able to deal with this opponent.

“Gilbert and I have already set up a plan. We’re planning to sneak into Tylasus two months later, on the Holy Solar Day. You’re just in time!” Emma exclaimed.

Leylin touched his chin. Holy Solar Day was a very important festival of the Emberwings. During that time, the head would have to make a speech, participate in the feast and whatnot. There were more than enough opportunities to sneak into his residence.

# Chapter 561: Setting A Plan

“Good! I’ll be there then!” Leylin nodded.

“Of course you will, because you’ll have the greatest chance!” Gilbert chuckled.

“Oh? Why’s that?” Leylin’s thoughts were lightning quick as he immediately came up with a reason. “Could it be...”

“Hehe... that’s right. Lord Schiker is the illegitimate child of the head of Atlan. With this connection, and you yourself as part of the Special Task Force, you’ll get the most opportunities to sneak into his residence.” Emma revealed.

“No wonder I’ve been thinking Schiker has a very solid backing and very powerful connections. So he’s the illegitimate child of the head of the union...” Leylin spoke in understanding.

“Hehe... This is called an opportune moment. We’d wanted to sneak into the Special Task Force too, but the bloodline scanning there is very strict. We can only imitate up to the seventh level of Fireplume, which is pretty much useless. Even if we got in, we’d only be at the bottommost level. You’re different. Not only is your Emberwing aura unbelievably pure, you’ve even improved in Fireplume up to the ninth level. What a genius!”

Gilbert praised. He was now feeling he’d been blind not to have noticed a super talent like Leylin. However, he had managed to take Leylin under his wing, which was a huge relief.

“Alright! I’ll do my best and follow Schiker back to the capital!” Leylin nodded, watching these two Kemoyin Dukes. Before heading to the Lava World, he’d been worried that they were injured or something like that, but now, it looked like there was nothing to worry about.

What was difficult for Morning Stars to heal from were injuries to the soul, but as long as firasource stones were in their possession, even the most troublesome soul injuries could be healed quickly.

In actuality, Leylin guessed that these two Kemoyin Dukes had used all

their firasource stone reserves to heal the injuries from breaking away from the attack. If not, they would not have had just this slight improvement to their aura.

“By the way, there’s someone called Loke under Schiker. Is he also someone you arranged for to be there?” Leylin suddenly thought of something and asked.

“Loke?!” Suspicion flashed on Emma and Gilbert’s expression as they exchanged a glance. Even Leylin, who had been observing their facial expressions, could not tell if these expressions were genuine.

“No, I don’t know him! He’s not a spy we sent out. Is there something wrong?”

“A little. I suspect he’s from another race who feigned an identity to enter the Special Task Force!” Leylin casually brought this up.

“In that case...” Gilbert rubbed his shiny bald head, “You’ll need to be more wary of him. He’s most likely someone from the Mobius Organisation!”

“Mobius Organisation? Do you know that organisation well?” Leylin’s interest was piqued at this. Or rather, at the large amount of resources and firasource stones that this organisation had stolen.

“Though this is just a guess, we are almost certain that it’s Jupiter’s Lightning’s organisation here!”

Emma looked grim, “Due to the suppression from Atlan, Zegna of Jupiter’s Lightning does not dare come to this world. He’s only dispatched a few Morning Star Magi here to secretly build up an organisation!”

“Zegna?” Leylin touched his chin. It was only now that he found out the name of this rank 5 Magus who had been opposing him.

“In this case, Loke is probably a spy or something to that effect sent out by Zegna?” Leylin chuckled.

“Just a mere pawn. It doesn’t matter even if that’s true. As long as he’s not a Morning Star, he won’t be that vital in this game here...”

Ruthlessness flashed in Gilbert's expression, "If you really think he's annoying, then dispose of him. If it's not convenient for you, just tell us, and we'll handle it..."

Though Gilbert and Emma seemed to be nobles in the Atlan Union, they were actually one of the three wicked leaders of the Triserpent Sect. It was obvious that they would seek trouble with the Special Task Force, and Loke's death wouldn't be that significant anyway.

"Let's keep him around for now and not alarm the Mobius Organisation. By the way, is that Morning Star who had caused major casualties and stole a lot of resources still around?"

"Why? You want to know where he is?" Emma and Gilbert both had on something that seemed like a smile.

"Of course! I don't really care about other resources, but I must get those firasource stones!"

Leylin answered decisively, "Besides, I can gain more of Schiker's trust with his help. Think about it, if I give Schiker news of the Morning Star who landed him in his current state, what would happen?"

"Actually, we've been trying to track him down and seem to have found some trails..."

Emma exclaimed, "Just as well! That is Collins of Jupiter's Lightning. Neither of us is certain we can kill him, but with you around, we have enough strength. We shall divide the firasource stones equally though!"

"That's fine!" Leylin immediately thought of Collins, who he'd disciplined at his ceremony, and the corner of his lips quirked up in a smile.

.....

Rumble!

The earth split open, the sky falling. Space was constantly being destroyed, causing turbulence. Silver storms wreaked havoc and ravaged the region.



At the very centre, three phantoms in the form of indistinct giant black serpents streaked across the horizon, surrounding a figure.

“Collins, hand over everything you have on you, and we can let you off!” Gilbert yelled loudly.

Trapped in the middle was Collins, who Leylin had seen once before. Now, bloody wounds were all over his body, and it was obvious that his injuries were not mild.

His own strength lost to even Leylin. Under the joint attack of three Morning Star Warlocks, he was actually pretty good to have survived so far.

“Lord Zegna won’t let you off...” The energy undulations from Collin’s body were all over the place. The battle with Morning Star Arcane Arts had already landed him in a critical state.

“Zegna? Hmph! Even if he doesn’t look for us, we’ll look for him. We can’t just forget about what happened with the First Elder.” Emma snorted coldly.

Collins could only whine about the situation inside his mind. Though his strength surpassed that of Demon Hunter Cyril, he was still no match for three Morning Star Warlocks working together.

Unfortunately, Jupiter’s Lightning was huge, and needed many Morning Stars taking charge in the Magus World. There were few Morning Star Magi in the Lava World, and he was the strongest of all those sent over, having committed a serious sin that he had to make up for.

But now? He first had to think about how to save himself!

“Alright! I can give you all the firasource stones, but you’ll need to swear on the astral plane that you won’t harm or imprison me!”

Collins shouted. This was usually what happened in battles between Morning Star Magi. It might be easy to define the winner, but killing the opponent was difficult and often not worth it. That was why after being defeated, it was common to agree to an unfair contract and concede to a huge compensation.

“You don’t have any leeway to bargain over this!” Leylin’s tone was firm. With his opponent’s life in the palm of his hands and unable to escape, there was no space for negotiation.

“Alright. In that case...” Collins seemed to acknowledge his fate and placed his hands on his waist. All of a sudden, his expression turned sinister.

Berserk black lightning closed in with him in the middle.

Above his right hand, a simple leather scroll was slowly opening, revealing the phantom image of a Magus with a black moon rune on the forehead.

“It’s a rank 5 magic scroll!” Emma’s expression instantly changed, countless blood-red rays exploding forth.

A giant black snake that spanned across the horizon appeared, charging in his direction.

“Kemoyin Serpent Transformation!” Gilbert and Leylin, who were trailing behind, immediately acted as well. The power of a rank 5 spell was not to be underestimated, and they had to go all out.

On top of that, since this was another world, there was no danger even if they destroyed anything. Their methods were frenzied and cruel, not considering the destruction of the environment.

“Hissss...” A giant black phantom snake collided with the lightning, and the energy undulations created could be felt even hundreds of kilometers away.

Boom! A human figure was sent flying, Collins’ figure. Black blood shot out of the corner of his mouth, and there were traces of rot that continuously penetrated deeper within. Even his Morning Star body was full of bloody holes.

While he flew backwards, he flung large amounts of fiery-red ores, and even some other precious resources and treasures of his collection. They flew in all directions, emitting brilliant light.

“The firasource stones are all here, as well as my collection. Don’t go too far!” he yelled, his figure turning into a streak of light and disappearing into the horizon.

Swish! The fog dissipated, and three black figures floated down, gathering the many firasource stones.

“What do you think of this?” Leylin spoke first.

“Since we’re acting, we need to seem genuine. I’m going to chase him for a while longer...” Gilbert nodded, before dashing towards the black streak.

“Well then, Madam Emma, I’ll head back now!” After keeping the portion of firasource stones that belonged to him, Leylin was in an exceptionally good mood and bowed to Emma.

“Mm! Take care of yourself. I don’t want Freya to become a widow at such a young age,” Emma hummed, though there were hints of concern in her tone.

“I understand!” Leylin was slightly touched, nodding as he turned back into Ley the Emberwing. He returned to the Special Task Force encampment in Wox City.

“Boss, the energy undulations just now?” The moment he entered, Mies rushed over hurriedly, his expression grim.

“It’s probably a fight between Star ranks!” Leylin obviously knew the reason for the change in his expression.

# Chapter 562: Leaking Intel

To Mies' knowledge, Star ranks were the most powerful existences in the Lava World.

He, who had not seen much in the world, was not aware there was an even more powerful realm after the Star rank.

However, just one Star rank was enough to cause their leader, Schiker, to be heavily injured, and Sky ranked experts to die in large numbers. If another one had appeared? Mies didn't even want to consider that.

"Has his Grace, the Northern Duke, arrived?" he guessed.

Well aware of all that was going on and actually the main offender himself, Leylin had a serious expression, "I'm afraid not! I'll need to see the instructor!"

On the way, Leylin met Loke again. However, the man seemed to have much on his shoulders, and he could not tell if this was real or a pretence.

"Reporting in!" Leylin and Loke shouted outside the door.

"Come in!" Schiker's slightly weary voice sounded from within. After entering the room, Leylin's nose twitched, the smell of disinfectant and ointment filling his nostrils.

Schiker was still looking like a mummy, but looked to be in a better mental state. He could now perform simple actions.

"Did you feel those undulations too?" Schiker asked with his eyes unfocused, watching a gigantic white tree whose light yellow flowers were blossoming.

The undulations from a Star rank battle were as dazzling and bright as a torch in the dark night. Most likely, all the Earth ranks in a 500km radius around them had sensed it as well. Leylin and Loke nodded.

"Sigh... Looks like one more powerful person has appeared apart from the previous Morning Star... The situation does not look good. Ley, send down the directive. Our Special Task Force is to wait for orders. Do not act

recklessly!”

“I know!” Leylin apprehensively did as he was asked, but seemed hesitant.

“What is it?” Schiker asked. Seeing Leylin this way, he found it funny.

“Actually, instructor, I actually went into the battlefield in secret...” Leylin mumbled.

“What...” Schiker’s mouth went wide, as if he had just seen a rare beast.

Just a single stray wave from a Star rank battle could easily cause serious injuries or even death to Sky ranks. And this fearless fool had actually rushed in?

It was not only Schiker. Loke who was at the side was also stunned, feeling like he had to refamiliarize himself with this ‘Ley’.

“Hehe...” Leylin touched his head, looking embarrassed.

“I heard about what happened to Instructor and went to take a look and search for trails of that Star rank. It was in preparation for the arrival of His Grace, the Northern Duke...” With Leylin’s hot-headed displays in the past, this was a very plausible situation. Hence, Schiker merely nodded, not doubting anything at all.

“You...” Schiker had no idea what to say. “He must have thought little of a Sky ranked kid like you. On top of that, you must have had enough luck to come back safely. If not, we’d only be seeing your corpse now. No, we wouldn’t even have seen your corpse...”

“Your courage is really one of a kind...” Schiker nodded. “Well then, what did you see?”

“This is the report I prepared. Sir, take a look!”

Leylin immediately produced a sketch with two faces on it. The first sketch was someone Schiker did not recognise, because it was a portrait Leylin had drawn of nobody in particular. The other image, however, had Schiker’s eyes turning red, his throat letting loose a roar, “It’s him! He’s the one who attacked me!”

“Quick! Tell me everything you saw!” Schiker’s remaining arm held Leylin’s tightly, eyes hopeful.

“Alright. I...”

Leylin narrated the story he had come up with previously. All of it was the truth, though he took himself out of the equation.

“In that case, the Star rank who attacked me was defeated, and you remember which direction he fled in? You did well!”

The ruthlessness was apparent in Schiker’s eyes. He could sense that this could be his only chance at taking revenge.

Thud! A stack of documents fell to the ground, and Loke who was at the side cried out in surprise.

“What’s wrong?” Leylin watched Loke, who had panicked, and found the situation hilarious as he went forward and asked in concern.

“N-Nothing. I was just shocked!” Concealing the panic and anxiety well, Loke regained his previous demeanour.

“Oh, is that so.” Leylin nodded. He could now confirm that Loke was most likely a spy sent in from the Mobius Organisation, and his superior might very well be Collins.

He obviously knew where Collins was hiding, because he had done something to Collins’ body. Only Leylin, who had the A.I. Chip, was able to place an imprint that would determine Collins’ location without arousing suspicion.

Of course, he wouldn’t be so stupid as to reveal he had placed some symbol on the other party’s body. He just needed to point in a direction, and with this important clue, finding Collins was a simple matter with the entire Atlan Union working on it.

“Calm down, calm down!” Schiker stood and began to pace around the room. His face was flushed as he cursed.

After standing straight for a long while, Schiker lay back down, disappointed.

“No! Even a heavily injured Star rank isn’t someone we can just walk up to!” After calculating the power he had at hand, Schiker announced that he was giving up. Only his tightly-clenched fists signified unwillingness and desire for revenge.

“Sir, are we going to let him off like this?” Leylin seemed to be extremely impulsive as he yelled.

“Yes! Instructor, we can’t just let them off like this!” Loke relaxed inside, but shouted along as well.

“I know, but...” Schiker smiled bitterly.

“There’s no ‘but’s!” A resolute voice sounded from outside, and the door was pushed open. A tall, sturdy Emberwing walk in, dressed in military uniform. “Schiker, I will help you take your revenge.”

An intense aura took over the room, and the atmosphere grew as heavy as lead.

“Thank you so much, Uncle Martin!” Schiker’s eyes turned, looking ready to cry. This was the first time Leylin and Loke had seen such an expression on him, and their eyes grew wide as they watched on in surprise. When would they see Schiker, who had gained repute for his tenacity, having such an expression?

If not for pinching himself firmly, Loke would think he was dreaming.

Compared to Loke, Leylin was more focused on the energy undulations. “Fireplume, the tenth level of Fireplume! He must be the special commissioner, the Star rank Northern Duke!”

This was the first time Leylin had seen an Emberwing at the Star realm. He did not dare let down his guard and hid his point mass and soul energy completely and leaving only Fireplume operating outside.

“You must be Ley, right? Not bad! You’re brave! If you ever go to the Thunderroll Legion, remember to look for me!”

Martin extended a large hand that was like steel and patted Leylin’s shoulders, eyes full of praise. “Now, bring me to the place where they

battled...”

A surging bloodlust was present in his eyes.

“Understood, sir!” Leylin sounded excited as he yelled, though he was actually giving a long sigh inside. “Luckily, he didn’t see through my pretence. Looks like a high-levelled Fireplume and the concealed strength of my point mass is enough for me to get away with this situation even in front of a Star rank Emberwing...”

Having ascertained this, Leylin now had more confidence in sneaking into the Atlan capital, Tylasus.

“Let’s go!” Fiery-red flames lit up, and Martin and Leylin left before Loke could come back to himself.

“In-Instructor, he’s...” Loke was tongue-tied.

“Haha, he’s the Northern Duke. A Star rank who once killed 18 fire elemental commanders in the Death Grand Canyon!”

A flush appeared on Schiker’s face from his elation; he was extremely excited.

“I heard from Father that even among Star ranks, Uncle Martin is still the best. The other party is now injured, and if Uncle Martin finds him, he definitely won’t be able to escape!”

He ferociously punched forward, hope and carefreeness in his expression, “My revenge will be taken quickly...”

Schiker went on and on excitedly, not noticing the hint of concern in Loke’s eyes.

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Days later, a piece of shocking news spread through the eastern region of the Atlan Union. There were even indicators that this news would be spread to other countries. A patriarch of the Mobius Organisation, who was a terrifying being at the Star rank, had been killed by the union’s Northern Duke, Martin!

In that instant, the Northern Duke Martin’s reputation spread



throughout the eastern region, causing many rebelling organisations to be panic-stricken. However, few knew that Leylin and two others had been adding fuel to the flames.

The fall of a Star rank was a huge blow to the Mobius Organisation. Ever since Collins' death, the progress of the purging operation in the eastern region was lightning quick.

The squadron that Leylin led showed no mercy as they uprooted all organisations and strongholds that had anything to do with the Mobius Organisation. Such a fierce method instantly netted a favourable evaluation from Schiker, and with the intel from before, Leylin sensed that Schiker now treated him as a trusted aide.

As for Loke? That kid had been restless nowadays, and was not as enthusiastic in his missions. This had resulted in Schiker's dissatisfaction. Of course, Leylin knew the reason, but he would not make it known.

A month had passed by in a flash after the large-scaled purging missions were over. The most magnificent and important festival of the Emberwings was now fast approaching – Holy Solar Festival!

# Chapter 563: Formal Visit

A fleet of vehicles slowly drove out of Wox City. Leylin turned to look at the city, a ruminating smile about his lips.

The Atlan Union's operation had dealt a huge blow to both the Mobius Organisation and the Triserpent Sect.

As he had found the opponent's headquarters and killed a Star rank, the eastern line that Schiker was in charge of was instantly rewarded by the leader. Now, they were heading back to the headquarters of the Atlan Union to have their merits evaluated after giving their reports.

Within another vehicle, Schiker's injuries had pretty much healed and he watched Martin, deep in thought and sitting upright. He restrained himself for a while, before he could not help himself and asked, "Uncle Martin, what are you thinking about?"

"Oh, it's nothing." Martin seemed to recover from his daze and looked tired.

"I'm letting my imagination run wild in my old age," he laughed, mocking himself. "The opponent this time is from another world. I keep having a feeling that if not for his being injured, I might just have..."

"Hss..." Schiker sucked in deeply, "Someone as powerful as Uncle Martin! How about the person who injured him?"

"Exactly! The mysterious person who exchanged blows with him is a giant threat, but no matter how hard I tried to find them, I couldn't find any traces..." Martin rubbed his brows.

What worried him more was that with his intuition as a Star rank, he had a feeling that something big was going to happen at the Holy Solar Festival. However, there seemed to be a veil that he could not see through.

"With the head around, who else could create trouble? I'm thinking too much into this..." Martin chuckled, and closed his eyes to get more rest, not realising there was someone watching him from the outside.

"Tsk tsk... Tenth level of Fireplume! I really want to use him as a guinea

pig and do some research...” Leylin withdrew his gaze.

Martin was obviously an existence that had broken through to the Star rank, and in Leylin’s eyes, was like a specimen with very high research value.

If he were to make a move on the sly, he had a very good chance of taking him down and obtaining the secret of the tenth level of Fireplume.

However, for the greater benefits, Leylin restrained himself.

Besides, even regular contact throughout the day was enough for the A.I. Chip to gather data on the energy undulations and forcefield of the Emberwing, speeding up the simulation of the tenth level.

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The sacred land of the Emberwings that was also the capital of the Atlan Union— Tylasus City appeared before Leylin.

As the Holy Solar Festival was fast approaching, the whole city was in a state of merriment, with multicoloured streamers everywhere.

In Leylin’s eyes, Tylasus City was not that vast, but since it was constructed on cliffs and precipices, it gave one the feeling of it being a boundless city in the sky.

Red floating feathery cotton-like items floated down into the city like snow.

Schiker and Martin parted ways at the entrance to the city, and brought Leylin and Loke to another area.

Passing through a large square and a commemorative forest full of large stone sculptures, Schiker arrived at a building as large and as majestic as a palace, the whole body made of some sort of white jade.

“This is the leader’s residence?” Loke’s voice trembled, as if extremely emotional. Leylin, however, shot him a discreet glance. This spy from the Mobius Organisation, which was also Jupiter’s Lightning, was probably targeting this place. That excitement was probably not feigned.

Leylin, on the contrary, had a change in expression when looking over

this residence, as a trace of solemnness appeared in his eyes.

In his line of sight, there were powerful energy lights all over the residence, as well as many probing spells and the like. This was a normal sight.

However, there seemed to be a terrifying feeling emanating from within the residence. This aura was scalding hot and dense, where the radiation from powerful fire elemental particles was felt.

A humming sound pervaded the area as the world seemed to come to a standstill in Leylin's eyes. Everything was monochrome, and there were distortions in the lines of the building. Eye-piercing red lights constantly leaked out to form an ancient fire phoenix that faced the sky and gave a long cry.

Chirp! This fire phoenix was almost alive, eyes filled with wit as it glanced in Leylin's direction.

Surprised, Leylin immediately curbed all the undulations from his body, where his soul force holed up within his point mass.

A great heat wave swept past, and red rays of light flashed in Leylin's eyes, causing him to momentarily be dazed.

"What's wrong, Ley?" Schiker immediately noticed him acting oddly and turned around, looking concerned.

After all that had happened, he now treated Leylin as his trusted aide, and even depended on him more than Loke. They had a very good relationship.

"Oh, it's nothing. I was just thinking about how we're going to see the magnificent leader of the state, so I was somehow lost in thought!" Leylin still looked slightly distracted but had obviously regained his senses. It seemed that only Schiker had seen him in that state.

"Haha!" Schiker patted Leylin in understanding, causing a trace of jealousy to arise in Loke's expression.

"Lord Schiker!" The guards at both sides of the residence saluted with

their bodies straight, not hindering Leylin and his group. It was obvious that they had known of Schiker's identity beforehand.

"Instructor, so you're the son of the leader! It's truly an honour to be able to serve you..." Loke entered the resistance, so stirred up that he seemed about to spit foam.

In order to get these two talents to submit more wholeheartedly, Schiker had revealed his identity as the leader's son on the way to Tylasus.

In actuality, while he'd assumed that his identity was kept secret, Loke and Leylin had long since found out. However, they obviously appeared to be shocked, and were only one step short of grovelling at Schiker's feet.

"I'm going to bring you to see Father. Remember to be cautious with your words!"

There was no excitement on Schiker's expression, and his expression instead turning darker. This evidently had to do with his status as the illegitimate child, and Leylin and Loke naturally did not say more.

There was a second wall after they entered the residence. Schiker did not enter directly, but instead brought Leylin and Loke to another area similar to a duty room.

Leylin glanced at the inscriptions beside the room. There was a line of small wording written in black on a red base: Military Office.

'Could this be the Atlan Union leader's personal force?' Leylin could sense the Emberwing undulations from outside the place.

He found that the auras of all the soldiers inside the office were immensely powerful, and none were below the eighth level of Fireplume. He could feel powerful crimson flames in a few other directions, causing his Fireplume at the peak of the ninth level to turn somewhat sluggish.

'Star ranks! Perhaps only the leader of the Atlan Union will be able to order Star ranks around. He's probably a rank 5 Magus...' Leylin wondered.

"I am Schiker, bringing two of my subordinates to see the leader. I've made an appointment," Schiker spoke to a staff member at the military

office, passing an emblem-like item over.

The staff member had a stern expression. From the undulations from the ninth level of Fireplume, he was also a peak Sky rank.

Taking Schiker's emblem, he placed it on a piece of apparatus and scanned it.

Beep! The screen on the apparatus leapt up, and showed information on Schiker's appearance and some other basic details.

He stood up, performing a military salute, "Officer Schiker, you can bring two subordinates inside."

"Thanks" Ever since Schiker entered the residence, he had spoken sparingly, to the point that every single word was as precious as gold. Leylin and Loke struggled to suppress the excitement in their hearts and followed behind him as a military official led the way.

'A.I. Chip! Record information on the structure, as well as powerful energy responses. Whether it's heat, electrons, radiation or chemical reactions, record everything!' Leylin was inwardly communicating with the A.I. Chip, making the most of his time and creating a topographic map of this residence.

'The moment those two Kemoyin dukes found out about my status, they immediately threw this job at me while they relaxed. Sigh...' Leylin rolled his eyes inside, but knew that they had already prepared this operation for a long time. Coming in mid-way of their plans meant he had lucked out, so he did not take this to heart.

'Firasource stones... This soul treasure is only distributed from the residence of the leader. There's definitely something wrong!' A glint flashed in Leylin's eyes and withdrew again as he lowered his head and followed the official in front. They passed through several sentries and corners one after another. These security measures were all shown on the surface, and there were probably many more in the unknown.

In actuality, Leylin disapproved of these measures. For the leader, they were probably a burden, and at crucial moments, only his rank 5 strength

could suppress everything.

However, this was the anguish of a person occupying the top seat. Even if it was impractical, it was needed for a person befitting his status.

“His Highness, the leader, is inside. You have half an hour!” The official brought Leylin and the others before a large red door and gave a deep bow before retreating.

Schiker took in a deep breath and held the brass handle of the door, “Father!”

“Come in!” The voice was gentle, yet held within an irrefutable intent. Even the air seemed to distort, obstructing the usual operation of rules and physics.

‘There’s a rank 5 inside, but I have the A.I. Chip, as well as Fireplume at the peak of the ninth level as a cover. That’s enough to conceal my original strength!’

Leylin, who had faith in his strength, followed him in.

# Chapter 564: Infiltration

Leylin was clear that this was a huge test for him.

If his disguise did not get through the leader of the Emberwings, everything was over. He could forget gaining his trust and the entire plan would have to be revised.

Hence, he had to go through with this, but it wasn't as if he was entirely unprepared.

At least, the two Giant Kemoyin Serpent Dukes had stealthily entered as well and were constantly on the watch outside the residence. If the leader noticed anything, Leylin would immediately use his Kemoyin Serpent Transformation and attack. With three Morning Star Warlocks together, it would probably be enough to escape.

After all, the three Kemoyin Elders from before had the record of fighting evenly with a rank 5 Radiant Moon Magus. Though the most powerful First Elder had already fallen, Leylin believed he was no less powerful than him.

With three Giant Kemoyin Warlocks working together, it was enough for them to escape even if they could not win. That was what the three of them had counted on before daring to draw up this plan.

"A.I. Chip!" Leylin called out in a low voice.

[Beep! Beginning to conceal energy undulations.] The A.I. Chip intoned loyally, causing the aura on Leylin's body to become more obvious as if he was a pure Emberwing.

The hidden strength of the point mass of a Morning Star, the secret technique to hide bloodlines as well as the support of the A.I. Chip gave Leylin the confidence that he could get away with all this under the rank 5's nose!

Taking a deep breath, Leylin followed Schiker into the room, bowing to the figure at the middle.

This was a large study room. Simple armour, oil paintings and the like



filled it with a history that changed the atmosphere. What surprised Leylin was the feeling that a domain had automatically been created in the study room.

This was not the domain of Morning Star, but a special space that had been formed due to the long period of time it had existed.

“Schiker, you’re here!” The head’s voice was gentle as he watched Schiker and the rest enter.

“Father!” Schiker called out after he went through a thousand different expressions.

“It’s been hard on you, get up. Are these your two subordinates? Excellent!” When the sound fell, Leylin felt his heart squeeze, and entire self get nervous. Immediately after, he felt something like a boiling hot gaze sweep at his body, causing him to tremble.

When the gaze was on his body, his point mass shuddered, as if his soul force defences was being forced to the surface, but Leylin firmly stopped it.

Meanwhile, his Fireplume, which had reached the peak of the ninth level, formed a giant energy tide that kept the point mass within. Terrifying flame energy began to revolve spontaneously, resisting the spying from outside.

“Hm?” The head made a light sound of surprise. “You must be Ley, right? Raise your head.”

Though the voice was gentle, it held the hint of an irrefutable command. Almost at the very moment the voice was heard, Leylin raised his head like it was a conditioned reflex.

Following that, he saw a handsome young man with red hair and eyebrows, looks slightly similar to that of Schiker. He wore a loose white robe, and his eyes seemed to hold... praise, within them?

“Pretty good strength, and a pure flame energy.” The red-haired young man nodded, and turned in the other direction.

Loke's body shivered, but the head said nothing. It was no surprise either, though. Just a soldier at the seventh level of the fire feathered technique was not enough to attract the leader's notice.

"I've already looked through your achievements in detail. I hope you will continue to work hard in the future and protect our Union..." The handsome head encouraged them and waved his arms.

Leylin and Loke immediately retreated with expressions of reverence.

Thud! The door to the room closed, leaving only Schiker and the head inside. The head's aura changed once more, and his expression while watching Schiker turned emotional, "It's been hard on you these past few years!"

"It's service for the union!" Schiker had a taut expression while speaking, but his clenched fists displayed the dissatisfaction in his heart right now.

"Forget it. I know you care nothing for using my name and working, so I'll let things move according to the usual procedure. Your contributions are enough for you to be promoted to be an admiral. Make some preparations, you will work at the Tylasus garrison!"

The leader's voice was gentle.

"Understood!" Schiker answered coldly. Seeing this expression, the leader's brows furrowed slightly.

"One more thing. There's something off about your two subordinates, Ley and Loke."

"What's wrong? I don't need to say more about Ley's loyalty, and as for Loke, he's a descendant of the Eiffel family..."

The muscles on Schiker's face tensed. He cared quite a lot for these two subordinates.

"There's not a large issue with Ley. He's long since broken through to the ninth level of the fire feathered technique, but he's been concealing it and only revealing the strength of level eight. It's probably on purpose," the red-haired head commented.

“He must have a pretty high potential to reach this level at such a young age, and you can definitely consider roping him in. His intentions are too complex... Give him the tenth level of Fireplume later, I’m sure he’ll definitely be even more loyal to you after that...”

“So he’s already reached level nine?” Schiker ducked his head, slightly ashamed. From his point of view, Leylin had probably hidden his strength because Schiker had yet to advance himself. He did not want to pressure his superior.

He raised his head to look at his father, the number one genius of the Emberwings, and could not help but let his head hang down, defeated. He did not seem to have inherited even an ounce of talent from his father, and no matter how hard he worked, he still could not measure up to those geniuses. This was why he had been discouraged and left Tylasus City.

“I understand.” Schiker huffed out a long breath and nodded.

The head’s next words caused Schiker’s brows to raise. “Loke, however, is a very serious problem.”

“His appearance is a pretence. I’m afraid the real Loke has already died, and the one in front of you is of another race!”

“Another race?” Schiker cried out in alarm.

“Yes! I can’t tell if he’s from the Triserpent Sect or Mobius Organisation, but he probably has his eyes on the Holy Solar Festival.” A sneer appeared about the leader’s lips.

“I’ll seize him immediately!” Schiker got up, understanding the situation. His heart was filled with fury from the betrayal.

Never had he expected that Loke— the man who usually worked hard, was responsible, and very much to his tastes— was a spy from the enemy. The shame from not realising this hovered in his mind.

The leader stopped Schiker, “There’s no hurry. They’re just a few bugs, what do they matter? What you need to do now is...”

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After leaving the residence, Leylin bade Loke farewell and found an inn to stay in.

Though the Special Task Force members had a station in Tylasus City with many unoccupied rooms and better facilities, Leylin was obviously not going to choose to stay there. He would perhaps go there later, but for now, it was better to find a place that would not attract attention.

After sending the maid away, Leylin locked the door, and the light in the room dimmed.

“How is it? Are things going well?” Two translucent figures emerged from the dark corners of the room. They were Gilbert and Emma.

“Is this place safe? Make sure it’s secure!” Leylin’s brows furrowed.

Emma replied, “Don’t worry. We’ve long since set up a concealing spell formations and boundaries. Even the staff and guests of the inn have been \hypnotised, and we’ve also used some spiritual force pressure...”

Leylin did not ask more and began to narrate the happenings of the day slowly, “Things are going well on my end. I’ve obtained part of the map of the building, and even met the leader successfully...”

“So he didn’t suspect you? Tsk tsk! So that leader is a pretty boy!” Emma giggled.

“Probably not, but he did notice my faked Fireplume, something I intentional revealed,” Leylin laughed. He had long since gotten used to how these female Warlocks jumped from subject to subject so suddenly.

“How powerful is he?” Gilbert’s focus on his power more than his appearance was only expected. They had exchanged blows with the leader before, but wanted to know Leylin’s opinion.

“I can’t tell...” Leylin looked absent-minded, as if he was recalling the scene from the meeting. “But I can confirm that his soul strength is very powerful. It’s probably the strongest out of all the Radiant Moons I’ve seen!”

“He is the best of another world. He’s trained up to the thirteenth level

of Fireplume, so he's probably not any weaker than Radiant Moon Magi with level 5 meditation techniques in the Magus World. Not to mention he's been using firasource stones and supplementing his soul..."

Gilbert sighed, recalling the scene when he had fought with their opponent, and his body involuntarily trembled.

"In our operation this time, we'll try our best not to make contact with him, and all should be fine..."

Leylin's heart sank but he continued and asked Emma, "How's your preparation going?"

"It's smooth-sailing. Hehe... From now, you need to call us Viscount Flower and Earl Violet..." Emma giggled. It looked like she was doing well.

Leylin was rather speechless. The Atlan Union had actually let outsiders do so well that they became earls. He had no idea how Emma had gotten through the nobility examination.

"Also, we've found traces of activity of several Jupiter's Lightning Morning Stars in Tylasus!"

Gilbert's other piece of information immediately had Leylin's attention, "Are they here to take revenge on us?" he asked as he touched his chin. After all, Collins was slain by them.

Gilbert shook his head. "I'm afraid not. Their target should be the same as ours."

"Is that so? Then the difficulty of our operation should increase by a large amount. Of course, things might also become more convenient for us..." Leylin's eyes glinted profoundly.

# Chapter 565: Fire Phoenix

Leylin walked out of the inn, with the hypnotised boss and attendants left behind.

After he left, these people would forget his appearance and him having been there at all, and would not even doubt their memories. This was a spiritual force intent planted deep in their minds.

He had learnt this technique from the Spirit Circle Warlock, Paul.

He returned to the station to find Schiker waiting for him, having come in secret. After a lengthy conversation with him, Leylin was left wanting to both laugh and cry as he looked at the item on the table.

This was a little book with a fiery-red cover. Within was the information on the tenth level of the fire feathered technique!

Schiker had come over just to give him this. The tenth level of Fireplume that had been on Leylin's mind had landed in his possession quite easily.

"I don't know how to react..." Leylin commanded the A.I. Chip to destroy the book after recording the thing down. "But it looks like he has gotten rid of all suspicion towards me..."

On top of that, the item he had been desiring had landed in his palms. Leylin was in a pretty good mood.

[Beep! Recording of tenth level of Fireplume complete. Beginning analysis...] The A.I. Chip's voice sounded, and Leylin carefully looked through the contents in his memory bank.

Compared to the ninth level, the tenth touched on the Morning Star Realm, and was a path that focused on strength. Given that this had the unique characteristics of a foreign world, Leylin believed it would have very high research value.

Many ancient Magi were all-embracing, incorporating these paths from other worlds into their own systems to advance. By making use of others' strengths to make up for their own weak points, they had been able to achieve the splendour of the ancient era. And Leylin, too, wanted to do the

same!

“The tenth level of Fireplume!” Leylin’s expression gradually became solemn.

The more he watched on, the more he felt that the person who had created this technique had a talent that was off the charts. This was definitely a powerful technique that could contend against many other top-grade meditation techniques!

As the A.I. Chip’s analysis progressed, Leylin’s aura gradually changed.

Within his body, the boiling hot energy from the ninth level of Fireplume gradually purified and turned transparent, emanating a frightening might.

Large amounts of fire elemental crystals appeared, and even seemed to turn into a whirlpool.

Skreee A high-pitched phoenix cry sounded by Leylin’s ear. It felt as if his spiritual and soul force had made a connection with some unique existence!

At the bottom of an abyssal starry river, a giant, terrifying beast with a body that spanned several worlds suddenly opened its eyes, gazing at Leylin coldly.

“Could this be the legendary ancient fire phoenix? With this aura, it’s probably the king or even primogenitor of fire phoenixes!”

Leylin knew very well that even if what he saw was merely a phantom, such an ancient existence was mysterious and difficult to fathom. It could perhaps even use its phantom to display its strength.

The rage in the phoenix’s eyes caused Leylin to feel a biting cold.

‘Crap, it’s realised that I’ve been wearing a disguise!’ A thought flashed in Leylin’s mind, and immediately after he sensed a tremendous crimson current flooding towards him.

Rumble! The sound of shattering was heard in Leylin’s lower abdomen, and he immediately turned pale, spitting out a mouthful of blood. His

expression, however, was that of rejoicement.

“Luckily, I’ve already condensed my point mass!” Leylin could still feel fear as he looked into his body.

His point mass, which had already turned silent, had suddenly appeared when Fireplume was writhing, ready to break through to the tenth level. That had shaken the crimson energy essence that had gathered and broken the process of the advancement to the tenth level of Fireplume, the Star rank. For this reason, Leylin had been pulled out of that dream-like fantasy, or else the consequences would be dire.

“That fire phoenix that was like a world itself... Could it be the ancient lord of phoenixes?”

Leylin recalled that terrifying giant fire phoenix. In his mind, it could only be compared with existences such as the Snake Dowager, Trial’s Eye, and a few others.

“It looks like Fireplume and the fire phoenix have a relationship, and the tenth level of Fireplume requires connecting with the fire phoenix, and even withstanding the corruptive power radiating from it. Of course, the Emberwings would call that power an additional boost”

The true body of the tremendous fire phoenix was obviously not here, but with sacrificial rites, or other techniques absorbing some sort of energy, disseminating power was a method used by many existences to traverse worlds.

If not for Leylin having already reached Morning Star and having his own path, forcefully interrupting the advancement of Fireplume might have immediately caused his death at its hands!

‘So Fireplume at the Morning Star rank is a path of sacrifice! By offering sacrifices up to the ancient fire phoenix or even changing one’s bloodline, one will ultimately become part of its family...’ Leylin touched his chin. These methods were similar to the belief in various gods, but was still different. Gods focused on quantity, while the path of sacrifice was passed on on a large scale, but then focused only on the elites. It was more like a chosen community of its own.



Leylin's expression grew grim, as he thought of something, 'These methods, this feeling of being suppressed...it's very similar to the rule of the Snake Dowager...'

"A.I. Chip, begin modification of Fireplume. Moderate the force of point mass and simulate fusion of the two, eliminating the possibility of being controlled via sacrifice..."

Since he would attract attention from the fire phoenix after reaching the higher levels of Fireplume, Leylin obviously would not persist. However, he was rather interested in modifying the technique and fusing it into the Magus World system.

In the ancient era, these thoughts had been proven countless times to be workable. On top of that, the element he had the second most affinity with was the fire element, and in this area he had a natural advantage.

This led to an even more insane thought.

'Since all this has to do with the bloodline, meditation techniques and controlling cultivation pathways, I can probably make use of this Fireplume and find ways to deal with the Snake Dowager...'

Leylin's eyes turned darker. He was unwilling to serve beneath anyone, and while he had not gained the attention of the Snake Dowager yet, he could not tolerate the idea of being manipulated. He was already preparing for the day that will eventually come.

Whether it was attempting to break through bloodline shackles or abandoning the bloodline restraints from meditation techniques, it was all for this cause.

'Where is the fun in having immortality at the peak yet being under the oppression of another?' A trace of profound thought flashed in Leylin's eyes.

[Beep! Beginning fusion simulation, mobilising 80% of task resources. Tenth level of Fireplume, meditation technique Kemoyin's Pupil... Estimated time: 16 days, 14 hours, 34 minutes and 56 seconds...]

The A.I. Chip loyally intoned.

After Leylin had entered the Morning Star realm, its calculations and simulation techniques had been reinforced, and the time limit set was now precise to the second. This was a rare occurrence while simulating techniques in the past.

“16 days? It will be completed right before the Holy Solar Festival. That’s not bad!” Leylin touched his chin, rather satisfied with this outcome.

.....

In the residence of the leader, at the deepest part underground.

Boiling heatwaves of hot lava expanded and withdrew, but were unable to advance due to an isolated maroon spell formation.

Within the maroon spell formation, there were many crowded buildings that formed a large number of private rooms.

In one of them, the leader, with his red brows and hair and young looks, was now meeting the gaze of another black figure in a mirror on the ground.

The figure in the mirror donned loose, majestic Magus robes, with a moon rune on his forehead. Those eyes were now filled with fury.

Zegna’s voice was low. “Scarlet Eye! You obviously knew that the Mobius Organisation was mine, and yet you still made a move? On top of that, there’s the fall of Collins as well. You need to take responsibility for it...”

The leader of the Atlan Union, Scarlet Eye, snorted. “When we last communicated, I reiterated many times that the Atlan Union is my territory, and I won’t let any outsiders spy on us, particularly Magi from other worlds. You seem to have forgotten that, my friend.”

Zegna, who was in the mirror, sighed lightly as if finding this a pity. He obviously knew what was taboo to the other party, but how could he have a large world right there but not do anything about it?

“But a Morning Star from our end has fallen! Do you know how much resources we would need to compensate that?” Zegna’s voice became sharp.

“Based on the intel from my subordinates, he was already seriously injured and on the verge of perishing when we found him. Those three enemies of yours had attacked him...” There was a hint of schadenfreude in Scarlet Eye’s voice.

Zegna’s voice was stilted, and he was slightly regretful.

When he had used this world and set a trap, he had been absolutely confident in taking care of the three dukes. That was why he had not minded the leaking of this world’s coordinates. However, he had grossly underestimated his opponents’ abilities, and they had used quite a few bloodline treasures to break free from their trap forcefully and descended down to this world. That had made things very troublesome for him.

If he could turn back time, he would probably not do the same thing.

“Besides... you have not kept to your word. Trading between us needs to be halted for a period of time...” Scarlet Eye tossed him a heavyweight bomb.

“No!” Zegna immediately cried out, and instantly saw the mocking smile on the other person.

He lowered his head unwillingly, but said little more. The other party did not mind losing the support of his technology, but he could not let go of the firasource stones. That was his only hope at having a glimpse into the Breaking Dawn throne!

Hence, he had no choice but to duck his head and gentle his tone. “Revered leader, I’m afraid we both have to take some responsibility, but this shouldn’t affect our friendship...”

“That’s right, my friend! As a cost of you violating the promise between us first, you will need to halve the price of the secondary element balancing spell formation you promised the last time!”

“Alright!” Zegna was practically gritting his teeth as he agreed.

When the communication was closed off, he stood up while roaring. The black throne under him continuously creaked, terrifying air waves dissipating in all directions.

“I’ll definitely kill that Scarlet Eye someday and roast his soul above my Magus Tower for ten thousand years!”

# Chapter 566: Shadowing

A Morning Star Magus would not dare face the wrath of a Radiant Moon.

Outside the elegant palace, a few Morning Star Magi looked at each other and kept their distance, leaving the low-level servants hugging their heads and trembling at the side.

A reckless energy wave swept across the area near the throne, and soon there was not a single living thing in the area.

“Rage is the natural enemy of all Magi! Don’t tell me, you’re a bloodline Warlock as well?” A soothing gentle laugh sounded in the air like a clear spring, mocking at Zegna.

Shockingly, upon hearing the voice, Zegna calmed a little. Besides slightly heavy breathing, he showed no significant difference from before the contact.

“You are right! But soon or later I’m going to wipe out the bloodline of those damn Kemoyin Warlocks!”

Zegna returned to his throne, and the moon on his forehead glowed with bright light, brightening up the entire palace.

“In your current state, you might not be able to deal with Scarlet Eye even if you use a large amount of firasource stones to increase your soul force. Unless you can lure him out of the Lava World, or find a way to eliminate the resistance of the world’s will...” The woman said in a cold voice.

“You’re still pestering me to use that?” Zegna replied in the same tone.

“Yes! I am the most experienced in the tests of secondary clones. I can reduce the percentage of error such that it’s lower than one out of a million, and the best method for you to go to Lava World...”

The female voice seemed to analyse the situation in a very composed manner, sounding very charming.

“If you want to use rank 5 strength in the Lava World, this is the only way. Furthermore, you won’t be detected as an enemy by the foreign world through some cleansing of the mind of the clone.”

Zegna fell into complete silence upon hearing the last sentence. A foreign world’s will was the biggest hindrance to any Magus, and once it worked to support that world’s inhabitant, even a Radiant Moon would not dare to defy its terrifying power.

Perhaps, only those who were at the peak of the Breaking Dawn Realm would have the power to destroy the world’s will.

Zegna’s face turned solemn and gloomy all of a sudden. “Pass down my order. All Magi of Jupiter’s Thunder are to return and assist in the preparation of a pathway to the Lava World. All proposals and backups are to be effective immediately. Let’s give Scarlet Eye’s Holy Solar Festival a big gift!”

Zegna’s voice lowered gradually as his facial expression turned malevolent.

In the Lava World, Leylin had not noticed any of this. He had reached the head’s place with Loke And Schiker.

“You guys are really lucky. I was transferred to the central garrison. Since you lot were from the Special Task Force, I recommended all of you to enter the Martial Officer Department of the head.”

Schiker was wearing the uniform of an Emberwing general as he brought the rest to the Martial Officer Department.

“I am truly honoured and thankful for your recommendation!” Both Leylin and Loke showed gratitude towards Schiker.

With them being allocated here, they would hold high positions wherever they went in the future. It was also obvious that they would have the benefit of getting closer to the head.

As for Leylin and Loke, they both had unspeakable secrets, so the main reason why they got close to Schiker was to use him as a stepping stone towards the head. Since that dream of theirs had come true, they were

both thrilled.

“Good! So long as you know I mean well!” Schiker patted Leylin’s shoulder. He did not wish to spare a second glance at Loke, but he still gave Loke a smile as he recalled his father’s words.

“It’s different here, completely unlike being in the Special Task Force. You have to be extra careful. Once you violate law and order, I won’t be able to help you...”

While Schiker was giving them reminders, he walked them into a small office, “This is Bowens, and he’ll be in charge of you in the future.”

A blond-haired middle-aged man in the office got off from his seat and came up to welcome them when he saw Schiker. He seemed to be rather easy going, “Haha, Schiker! You haven’t been here in quite some time. So these are the ones? Don’t worry, I’ll take good care of them.”

But Leylin and Loke dared not ignore him. Not only would Bowens be their superior in future, his aura was somewhat similar to the Duke they had encountered previously.

This new superior of Leylin’s was also an impressive elite, a Morning Star Magus that had already reached level 10 of Fireplume.

‘This familiar aura! He was one of the elite Morning Star Magi I sensed earlier!’

The red progress bar was currently already halfway full. The A.I. Chip had already begun to smoothly merge the essence of the tenth level of Fireplume into his Morning Star point mass, which would greatly increase his power.power.

‘I’m not sure how the modified tenth level of Fireplume will be... How will it compare to these true Emberwing elites? I can’t wait to find out...’ Leylin curled his lips in a subtle movement, showing great interest.

Bowens was totally oblivious to the decision of his new subordinate, who was planning on getting rid of him after completing the new Fireplume. He instead found this Ley quite genial and amiable, instantly growing fond of him.

“There are specific duty rooms and bedrooms in the Martial Officer Department, you guys cannot stay in the Special Task Force anymore, you have to move in from now on. You do have any missions yet, I want you two to join the night patrol team and attend trainings during the daytime for now, any questions? ”

After Schiker had left, Bowens turned and looked at them, his tone was less courteous, his aura full of dignity.

“Yes, Sir!” Leylin and Loke bowed together.

Night arrived.

“Something is just not right...” Leylin straightened up his body, feeling good that everyone had their individual bedrooms despite the limited area.

“Schiker has always treated us as his trusted aides... Now that he’s going to the central garrison, why didn’t he bring us with him?”

Leylin rugged his chin, “Even though being in the Martial Officer Department means to have a very promising future, it is also considered as being his father’s bodyguards. It’s unlikely that he put both of us in here, unless... someone got exposed...”

Leylin had full confidence in himself, but Loke could not even fool him much less a rank 5 elite.

“Now it seems that they’re not as cautious about me anymore, even sending me the tenth level of Fireplume. However, I’m obviously here under observation. It seems like they don’t trust me unconditionally yet...”

“As for Loke, he’s basically bait. They’re ready to net the entire organisation behind him...”

Leylin grew more assured of his assumptions as he thought it through. Suddenly, a red light glowed from the ring on his finger.

Leylin was shocked for a second, but then he lifted a map written on pale yellow parchment from the top of the table.

A little black dot was moving slowly on the map.

“I knew you couldn’t wait, but I never expected you to be this impatient.”



Leylin smiled and laid down.

A thin black string drifted swiftly out of his body and emerged from the darkness.

Hidden in the shadows, Leylin made use of his fine manipulation and the perception of the A.I. Chip, carefully avoiding numerous sentry devices and traps in the leader's area as he followed the other party.

That person was holding onto a black pearl, which had helped him get through many detection formations and the like. It seemed to be recording something.

'Collecting information, eh? It seems like Jupiter's Lightning wants to get rid of the leader of Atlan too...'

Leylin smiled, discovering the other figure who had also secretly followed after Loke. He shook his head and hid himself further.

He was here in his real body, while inside the room was a mere shadow puppet. Still, with the A.I. Chip's abilities, it was not a problem for the puppet to cover his absence for a short period of time.

'This fellow didn't even realise he was being followed. He only has himself to blame...'

Since Leylin already knew that this was a setup, he wanted to return to his bedroom, and hence he hid in silence.

Just when he was about to leave, a horrifying ferocious energy wave fluctuation in the air caused his body to come to a violent stop.

'What's this fluctuation?'

He raised his head, gazing at the sky nearby, 'Morning Star Arcane Art? No, not that! It's more like another path to power. It seems like magic, but it's actually a combination of fire elemental spell formations, not an Arcane Art.'

Together with strong fluctuations, a point of scarlet fire lit up the sky. The heavens rumbled as if they contained muffled thunder.

A rain of lava dripped down, spreading over a vast range and almost

covering up the entirety of the head's residence.

'He dares to attack this place directly?' Leylin felt at a loss for words, unsure as to how he should praise that person's bravery.

The ghastly lava rain had wrapped up the entire place, every single drop containing a power of over a thousand degrees. If they were allowed to hit the ground, all the officers except the head and a few elite Star ranks would die, and the whole place would be razed to the ground. The leader would turn into a huge laughingstock.

"Stop!" "How dare you!!"

A few ferocious and reckless voices sounded around the whole place, and dazzling energy light pillars shot up forming into a light shield that covered the whole place within.

"Kekeke! How many can you save?" A quirky voice sounded in the midst of sky, followed by a huge amount of lava rain, it extended fiercely, covering the entire city of Tylasus.

A drop of the lava rain could kill all the normal citizens easily. Were this to happen before the Holy Solar Festival, the head of the union would land in deep trouble.

Thus, Leylin judged that that person would surely take action.

"Screeee!"

Just then, a ferocious bird, huge scarlet body complemented with a stunning tail that was covered by flames flew out of the residence, the high-pitched whistle of a phoenix sounding out...

# Chapter 567: Gaia's Disc

Skree! The gigantic bird of fire dashed out of the building. It opened up its wings in a flash of light, and glorious flames shot out from its body as it enlarged in the blink of an eye. Its humongous wings closed, wrapping up the entire city of Tylasus.

The drops of lava with over a thousand degrees of power fell onto its wings, being absorbed by the flames.

When the lava storm passed, the city had emerged unscathed.

A bright light flashed across Leylin's eyes as he looked at the scene, 'Such a transformation is very similar to that of an ancient Warlock. It looks like the body of this Emberwing Morning Star has the bloodline of the fire phoenix.'

Warlocks were always fond of high-level bloodlines. As for the fire phoenix, Leylin had already seen its incredible power when he'd been trapped in the illusion previously. It was likely at least as strong as the Snake Dowager.

This bloodline posed an irresistible attraction to Warlocks even if it was diluted through sacrifices and projections.

'Before we launch our plan, I should try to get some of the bloodline of a Morning Star Emberwing. It would be even better if I manage to get it from their leader, Scarlet Eye.'

Just as Leylin's eyes brightened, the phoenix soared down from the clouds in the sky, revealing several gigantic, hundred meter long silhouettes made of flames.

The fire elementals were the most powerful living beings in the Lava World, and the most populous. They did not have blood or flesh, and instead had bodies covered in fuming flames and rocks. Their eyes were like deathly white flames that arose from the very soul.

"Divineflame Empire! It seems like you lot didn't learn your lesson at Death Grand Canyon!" Scarlet Eye's voice boomed across the sky, and the

humongous wings wrapped up the giant fire elementals, flinging them away.

Its body rumbled as explosions erupted all over it, but it did not seem bothered at all.

By the time the phoenix vanished, half the flames in the sky had subsided. Leylin widened his eyes.

‘They even have such a method? Are there still people undercover in the leader’s residence? And does that mean this was a ploy to lure the tiger out of its den?’

Hidden in front of him was Loke. He sighed in relief and pulled out a circular disk as he saw the phoenix leave.

On the surface of this disk were weird runes with countless interconnected crimson lines that formed a vertical pupil.

‘Haven’t I seen something like this before?’ Puzzlement crossed his eyes as he immediately checked with the A.I. Chip’s database. The answer showed up within a second. ‘A copy of Gaia’s Disc? Such a technique actually exists...’

Loke stopped at an empty ground in the building. He placed the replica on the ground as he showed a tinge of excitement.

Ssshh! The very moment the disc touched the ground, a large amount of sand split apart like it was a stream, revealing a pitch dark tunnel that led underground.

“Here it is! Now I’m at the weakest part of the entire building. Together with the power of Gaia’s Disc...” Loke’s eyes grew impassioned. He had endured a lot of humiliation during this mission, and now he could finally succeed in his task!

‘That was good cooperation, but I’m afraid it won’t be of help.’ Leylin saw the agitated Loke enter the underground tunnel, soon to be followed by a gloomy Bowens. This was the superior they had just met that day.

It seemed like Loke’s luck was at an end.

However, Leylin had one more doubt, 'Since they wanted to coordinate between the inside and outside, why don't they just send a Morning Star Magus in, isn't that much simpler? They already sent so many just to attract attention, one more wouldn't be too hard...'

He did not think much of it since that was a question that wouldn't see an answer soon. Instead, he followed the two and entered just as the tunnel closed up...

Boom! Schiker entered Leylin's room.

"Instructor!" 'Leylin' got up from the bed, bowing even with blurry sight.

Schiker first looked around with a cautious gaze, and he looked relieved that Leylin was still around. Soon, he reprimanded the boy, "You're still asleep under such circumstances?"

"Master Bowens and so many of his colleagues are around right now. If they can't solve the problem, what can I do? I might as well just continue sleeping..."

'Leylin' threw his hands up, seemingly helpless. With the support of the A.I. Chip, every action of this puppet was a perfect copy of Leylin's behaviour, even its character was flawless. Forget Schiker, even Gilbert was unlikely to be able to notice the difference.

"You..." Schiker was dumbfounded, but the waves in his heart secretly calmed down...

Inside the underground tunnel, Leylin followed closely after Bowens. He had weakened his breath to the maximum, and not a single energy wave fluctuation broke out. Additionally, Bowens seemed to have put his full focus on Loke, and he did not realise he was being shadowed.

"Gaia's Disc was used by the Hero Moncordol of the Emberwings' legend to lift open the stratum, it is also the powerful weapon which slew the demon king Falsace; this can easily crack open a huge underground tunnel even if it's just a replica."

Loke's voice trembled in agitation, "The organisation possessed such a precious weapon that let me avoid triggering numerous traps. Truly, this

is...”

As he reached the bottom, blood vessels popped out from under Loke’s skin, his aura growing berserk.

“The final layer of defence!” Loke was frantic in excitement as he saw a crimson defensive membrane.

He suddenly attacked, and a huge amount of fire exploded forth from his hands, rushing into the spell formation.

Crackling sounds rang out as the spell formation shook. A terrifying wave of energy was returned in counter, and surged through Loke’s body. His skin peeled off, revealing the flames burning within.

Loke’s body had been completely shredded by the formation’s counterattack, revealing a two-meter tall fire elemental, composed of flames and rocks.

The flame surged in all directions, and Loke’s aura rose to the pinnacle of the Sky rank, the equivalent of a peak rank 3 in the Magus World.

‘Hmmm? Loke is a fire elemental?’

Leylin was rather surprised. He had always thought that Loke was an undercover agent of the Mobius Organisation, Jupiter’s Lightning’s operations here, but now it seemed like he did not know the length of it. Jupiter’s Lightning had also approached the Divineflame Empire, and had signed some terms of agreement with each other.

After recovering his original appearance, Loke marched up to the scarlet spell formation.

A dot of a golden flame shot out of his body, burning a round opening in the spell formation’s light shield.

Loke turned into a ball of flames, entering from that tiny opening in the spell formation and soon returning to his normal form.

“Hahahaha... All of Scarlet Eye’s treasures and secrets are mine for the taking!” As Loke laughed, he explored the chamber. His flaming legs left a black burn mark with every step he took.

He seemed rather familiar with this area, running straight towards the chamber in the centre.

The gigantic chamber was spacious, with nothing around except a large spell formation. Strings of runes interlocked with the energy circuit. It was so refined that a Magus would go dizzy simply by staring at it for a length of time.

In the middle of the formation was a weak red light, its energy as it flickered causing Leylin's heart to palpitate.

'This aura is so familiar... Yes, the firsources stones! Wait... it's a living creature?' The A.I. Chip had made a judgement that threw Leylin into confusion.

"Found it!" Loke celebrated in his excitement. He took out a big black key, walking towards the spell formation.

Just then, a membrane of light blocked his path of return, the surging wave of energy sweeping him onto the ground in an instant.

The gigantic fire elemental fell flat to the ground with a thud, causing the chamber to shake a little.

"What happened? Doesn't this place just have a single defensive layer?" Loke touched his head, puzzled.

"Obviously it is used to guard against people like you." Bowens sneered, exiting stealth and walking out from the dark.

"B-Master Bowens?" Loke was totally taken aback.

"Hmm! The leader knew long ago that there was something wrong with you. It seems you hid quite a lot from us."

The fuming lava hand dropped onto the ground, and the black key was snatched from his hands.

"You are a very important captive. The leader and Schiker will take great interest in you." Bowens spoke coldly as the flame on his hands turned into ropes which tied Loke up.

Loke could not fight back against the power of a Star rank. Rather, he

was so flabbergasted that he did not even struggle or otherwise resist.

While both of them were unaware of their surroundings, Leylin snuck close to the membrane of light. The A.I. Chip scanned the formation, revealing the entry condition, [Aura of level 10 Fireplume required for access.]

Watching Loke being taken away by Bowens, Leylin followed them out of the basement. He recalled the shadow puppet after returning to his bedroom.

He had lots of questions, 'What was that red orb in the middle of the spell formation? Bowens settled Loke so quickly, and obviously he wasn't used as bait. Was it merely for Gaia's Disc and that black bronze key?'



# Chapter 568: Holy Solar Day

“Gilbert, Emma; the tides have turned. The Mobius Organisation might be colluding with the Divineflame Empire. Be very careful!”

Unable to come up with anything even after a long time, Leylin specially informed Gilbert and Emma about the situation. He then returned immediately to the leader’s residence. His actions were not in the least bit unusual.

Yesterday, Scarlet Eye had returned to the mansion right after Leylin followed Bowens out, making Leylin secretly heave a sigh of relief.

If he had chosen to take action then, it was likely that even after he tackled Bowens, he would have bumped into Scarlet Eye who was rushing back. That would have spelt trouble.

Furthermore, he didn’t want to make a move before understanding the situation.

“Officer Schiker! Where’s Loke? Why haven’t I seen him around recently?” Leylin questioned ‘curiously’. Upon the mention of this name, Schiker’s facial muscles twitched, and he was silent for a long while before he spoke. “He has been assigned to a top-secret mission, and will be away for some time!”

“I see!” Leylin seemed to have gained some understanding. He moved closer to Schiker and asked, “Instructor, about that night... what happened in the end?”

“What else? The leader emerged victorious of course! He struck two of the masters from the other party who were at the Star rank. He took one of them prisoner, and the foreign affairs department will negotiate with the Divineflame Empire!” A look of admiration flashed across Schiker’s eyes, but Leylin’s heart sank.

‘They paid such a high price, yet ended up with nothing. Those people from the Divineflame Empire definitely will not take things lying down. Furthermore, the trap they set previously that caused the loss of the

combat abilities of the Morning Stars was not very wise. What is the truth behind all of this?’

Combining that line of thought with the intelligence given by Emma and Gilbert in the past two days, Leylin suddenly felt as though the future was shrouded in a dense fog.

‘I’m afraid I’ll have to modify my previous plan. This Holy Solar Day will not pass in peace. Divineflame Empire, Jupiter’s Thunder, and even the Ouroboros Clan will take action. When that time comes, this place will be plunged into chaos...

‘Well, at least there’s this to look forward to!’ Leylin saw that the progress bar on the A.I. Chip was quickly filling up, and couldn’t help but smile.

The tenth level of Fireplume was the gateway to the Star rank. Leylin’s energy had already been condensed to form a point mass, and if these two systems could be fused successfully the formidable power produced would definitely not just be additive. There would be a horrifying qualitative change in him, amplifying his powers to a great extent.

Additionally, Leylin had long since used up all the firasource stones he had earned from Collins, something that caused his soul force to improve by leaps and bounds. His strength after all this would surely give many enemies a surprise.

His eyes glowed crimson as the corners of his lips rose to form a wicked smile.

The bloodline of the apex predator, the Giant Kemoyin Serpent, was pressing him to slaughter! He wanted to destroy everything, to bring it all to flaming ruin!

The emotional instability that was common to bloodline Warlocks had begun to act up. After he advanced to the Morning Star realm, the Giant Kemoyin Serpent’s soul had fused with Leylin’s own, causing him to inherit these violent moods. These were no longer an external thing, but instead part of his own nature.

Once such an illness acted up, it would have a far-reaching effect on the Warlock's personality.

Previously, Leylin had always made a conscious effort to restrain himself, preventing his feelings from eroding his character away. Now that war was upon them, he was facing unprecedented pressure, and some strange emotions managed to worm their way out...

No matter what others thought, time was still ticking by. Finally, the day of the Emberwings' festival— the Holy Solar Day— had arrived.

During his recent trips, Leylin saw the streets and markets starting to bustle with activity. Many teenage Emberwings now went against the taboo, playing on the road. The atmosphere was filled with clamour.

The various district representatives from the Atlan Union and the other tourists who came on their own accord arrived at Tylasus City one by one. The place was packed to the brim, even overcrowded, resulting in multiple cases of breaches in public security. Even Leylin, a martial officer from the Military Office, had to step in at times, something more than evident of how thin the security had been stretched.

According to the information given by Gilbert and Emma in private, many of the elites from the Mobius organisation and Triserpent Sect had also snuck into Tylasus City. They were the ones who stirred up trouble here, making the place chaotic.

Additionally, the arch-enemy of the Atlan Union, the Divineflame Empire, had also sent a large team of ambassadors, causing more trouble.

"It just seems like things will get relatively more troublesome!" Leylin lamented. He donned the dashing uniform of a military official, and stood tall and straight. He and his colleagues lined along both sides, while Scarlet Eye stood in front of a huge fitting room mirror, adjusting the butterfly-shaped necktie on his collar.

"Your Highness! Your schedule for today is as follows: first up will be the parliament lecture, followed by welcoming the envoy from the Divineflame Empire. The banquet in the afternoon..." Standing next to Scarlet Eye were a few secretaries with pen and paper in hand, chattering

away. There were also a few maids who were tidying up the creases on the coattails of his dinner suit.

Schiker, Bowens and the others were also dressed neatly and stood at the side. Outside the window, lots of fireworks and gun salutes could be seen. Colourful confetti filled the sky, and the place was filled with a festive atmosphere.

“Alright! I have my own plans for today’s matters!” Scarlet Eye furrowed his brows and waved his hand, sending away the secretaries who were still chattering endlessly.

“Schiker, you shall accompany me today.” These words seemed to move the leader’s son to tears.

Seeing his odd mix of being both moved and apprehensive, Leylin felt at a loss for words.

‘The private life of this state leader is quite confusing. His previous marriage did not produce a heir, and now that he only has Schiker, his illegitimate child, does he hope for him to inherit his political legacy and even become the next leader of the union?’

If the other officials knew that Leylin was silently cursing their almighty leader, they might have come together to tear him apart, and the outcome wouldn’t be pleasant.

“Let’s go!” After quite some time, Scarlet Eye finished his preparations and took the lead as he mounted a chariot that was drawn by numerous scarlet birds. Schiker followed closely behind.

Bowens walked behind everyone. He suddenly glanced at Leylin and commanded, “Ley, you come too!”

“But... The duty of a humble servant is to stay behind and guard the residence!” Leylin appeared to be hesitating, but he was secretly cursing in his heart.

His duty for today was to stand guard at the residence. This was perfectly normal as he lacked the proper qualifications, and thus could not show his face at the parliament. However, this was what he wanted. After all, the

places that Scarlet Eye would go to today would not be tranquil, and there would not be any advantages from following him out. How would that be more enjoyable than being able to hide in the residence and unearth treasures the minute he discovered that something was off?

What did he stand to gain from going out with Scarlet Eye anyway? That one casual sentence from Bowens disrupted his plans for the day.

Leylin felt a little gloomy as he looked at Bowens. Maybe Bowens sensed that something was amiss, or maybe he just found Leylin an eyesore, but he had been causing a lot of trouble for Leylin on the sly.

“.. Yes, Sir!” To the others, it seemed that Leylin only hesitated for a while before agreeing immediately in a loud voice, ecstasy spreading across his face. This made many of the officials who were staying behind envy him, yet they did not know that Leylin was secretly rolling his eyes.

Bowens was his superior after all, and Leylin could not do much even if he disagreed.

Leylin stood at the back of the fleet and reflected, ‘Might as well! When the moment comes, I’ll join Gilbert and Emma directly. Once something is amiss, we will immediately activate the coordinates and return. I don’t believe that Scarlet Eye will give chase and follow us back to the Magus World.’

Gilbert and Emma had first found their way into the ranks of feudal nobility through a small noble family by disguise and strength. They then wantonly betrayed the secrets of the Triserpent Sect against their interests, and attained the positions of Earl and Viscount, allowing them to attend today’s celebration.

If the three Giant Kemoyin Warlocks were together, even Scarlet Eye would find it hard to capture them successfully, so there was at least some form of assurance in terms of safety.

‘Bowens, however, has to be killed! He better not run into me today, or else...’ Leylin lowered his head slightly, hiding the brutal crimson radiance in his pupils.

Leylin kept Scarlet Eye company at the parliament while listening to an illogical and boring speech. Afterwards, he tagged along with the leader of the state and the other major ministers as they proceeded to the plaza where people pledged oaths and celebrated their victories. They were preparing to welcome the emissary from the Divineflame Empire.

Positioned behind Scarlet Eye were the delegates from several major districts, as well as a large number of high-ranking officials and influential ministers.

Boom! Boom!

it was as though there was an earthquake. Fire flashed in the distance, and Leylin noticed the arrival of copious amounts of fire elementals.

These fire elementals existed in various sizes, and some were not even humanoid. There were quite a number of beasts, bodies constituted of flames and lava, burning at temperatures that could scorch anything.

Although they moved as a delegation, they left two long burn tracks on the ground. The temperature of the entire plaza started to rise steadily.

It was fortunate that most of the Emberwings practised Fireplume. The high-ranking officials and nobility present in the plaza had all mastered at least three levels of the technique, and thus didn't find it hard to bear.

Creatures that were able to survive in the Lava World had a powerful resistance towards high temperatures.

The officials who were specially put in charge of diplomacy appeared, and engaged in a series of complicated rites and etiquette, something so boring that Leylin yawned multiple times in succession.

Regardless of as a scientist in his previous life or a Magus now, he did not have an ounce of interest in such rituals.

In contrast, he was more willing to perform a few more experiments in his laboratory, or expound upon a few hypotheses, or even meditate!

This was a common understanding between an overwhelming majority of Magi in the Magus World.

In the Lava World, the circumstances were evidently different. As compared to Magi who were much like researchers, the Emberwings who studied Fireplume were more similar to knights. They had a great thirst for the secular benefits of various territories.

The Magi of the Magus World often withdrew to the second line of duty, and manipulated the countries from behind the scenes. Those who held authority in the Lava World, however, were different. They liked to handle things personally, and preferred to take control of the entire system in the foreground.

# Chapter 569: The Opening

Leylin obviously did not think that everything done in the Magus World was right, but he did not approve of the methods in Lava World because they were too time-consuming.

Of course, that might have to do with him being a Magus, since he consciously wanted to protect his own interests.

“Greetings to the Atlan Union Leader. I am Saka, the envoy of the Divineflame Empire!”

Walking ahead of the diplomatic mission was a flaming giant who was over ten metres tall, looking like a fire demon from myths. Him bowing down to a tiny Emberwing seemed rather laughable, but nobody would actually dare to do so.

Scarlet Eye merely stood there like an eternal mountain, a sky which people could only look up to.

“Also... Our empire seriously condemns the leader, Scarlet Eye, for killing one of our personnel without reason.” Saka’s next words caused the atmosphere to turn chilly.

“Condemn?” Scarlet Eye chuckled lightly. “Anything else?”

“The leader has to take responsibility for this matter, apologise and resign! If not, the Holy Solar Festival that is a celebration for the Emberwings will mark the beginning of a war between us!”

“What?” There was a clamour amongst the audience, and even Leylin’s pupils shrunk. Never had he imagined that the Divineflame Empire’s purpose in coming here was to declare war!

Scarlet Eye’s personality was quite open. Was it possible to get him to apologise and resign?

When those words exited the envoy’s mouth, Leylin felt a chill down his spine, as if a vicious ancient beast was staring him down. This was the imposing aura that the strong unwittingly gave off, filled with a sense of danger.



“Is that so?” Scarlet Eye narrowed his eyes, and the fire elemental giant opposite him took quite a few steps back. The terrifying energy emitting from his body reached the Morning Star realm.

This member of the diplomatic mission was actually a Star rank, and that was not all. A few of the other fire elementals behind him had an abrupt change in their physiques, their bodies emanating powerful energy undulations.

“With just a few Star ranks? That’s hardly enough!” Scarlet Eye’s half-closed eyes opened slightly, as if he was stating a fact.

However, all the Emberwings knew that their leader was already at the brink of fury.

“How could we inconvenience the leader to make a move against them? Uncle Bowens!” Schiker was so frustrated that he had flushed red, suddenly standing up.

“The Military Office does not permit anyone humiliating our leader!” Bowens stood up, crimson energy covering his entire body. With a wave of his hand, military officials charged out and surrounded the diplomatic mission.

Seeing Bowens taking the initiative, Scarlet Eye’s brows lifted. “Bowens, you should first...”

At this moment, he suddenly turned his gaze north-west. Rumble! An immense blast sounded from that area.

The earth swished along like a metal plank that floated on water, drifting up and down. Giant waves rippled, and a large number of cracks appeared, spewing crimson lava and scorching flames.

It was as if there was a large flame demon underground. The cracks that formed were like a spiderweb that extended in the direction of Tylasus City.

The moment these cracks closed in, the tremendous mountain that the city stood on would completely sink, and the city itself would not be spared.

“Haha... Scarlet Eye, do you feel touched that this emperor came to congratulate you personally?” The earth split open, and a large arm that could cover the sky emerged from within, filled with flames and red lava.

Scarlet Eye’s expression was the most stern it had ever been.  
“Archibald...”

Accompanying the large hand was the frightening suppression of power at rank 5, causing the many Emberwings to feel suffocated.

‘A rank 5! Could this be the Divineflame Empire’s emperor?’

Leylin took a few steps backwards, making use of the shadows from a few buildings to hide. Amidst the terror caused by rank 5 might, his little actions remained undiscovered.

Scarlet Eye’s expression was somewhat dark. He knew that if the other party’s attack was successful, the entirety of Tylasus City would suffer great losses, and many high-ranked officials and nobles would die. Hence, he had no choice but to make a move!

A high-pitched cry appeared as a phoenix abruptly appeared in the sky, brilliant flames surrounding its body as its scarlet wings collided with the arm.

Boom! The earth and sky seemed to disappear in that instant, and everyone fell into a daze. When their eyes could finally see again, they saw the giant fire phoenix that Scarlet Eye had turned into circling a flame giant that seemed able to support the skies. The two battled further into the distance, but the residual energy undulations still inspired fear.

“Go!” Bowens’ expression was grim as he cried out. Flames with energy at the Star rank blazed on his body.

Swish! The military officials seemed to act on a conditioned reflex as they headed straight for the diplomatic mission from the Divineflame Empire, with some soldiers and nobles following behind.

Among the Emberwings of the Atlan Union, true nobles trained up to at least the eighth level of Fireplume, the Sky rank. None of them was weak. There were even a few Star rank experts keeping watch, but not revealing

their strength.

However, the diplomatic mission of the Divineflame Empire was not a pushover either. There were a few fire elementals who had already broken through the Star rank, and in that instant the two sides had reached a deadlock. Flames and lava flew everywhere, destroying the square where pledges of peace and victory were to be made beyond recognition.

Leylin hid under a gigantic sculpture of the founder of the country. The people nearby had yet to realise there was a military official breaking away from the formation and escaping.

At this moment, the sound of Gilbert's questioning voice sounded in his ear, "What should we do?"

Leylin transmitted back calmly, "Watch the changes in the situation, but don't make a move. Only the fire elementals of the Divineflame Empire have appeared, but there isn't news of the Mobius Organisation which Jupiter's Lightning controls."

He had a feeling that this situation probably had more to it than met the eye. Scarlet Eye was not someone so shallow, and wouldn't have made no preparations. Hence, there could very well be a dramatic change in this situation later on.

In this spectacle, three Morning Star Warlocks like them were not considered top strengths, and definitely needed to conceal themselves and wait for a chance to go in for the kill.

'Besides...' Leylin looked at the screen that showed the A.I. Chip's status.

The bar that signified the progress of fusing Fireplume's concepts with his point mass had reached 99.9%. Only a tiny bit was left.

A large amount of energy from Fireplume condensed within his body, but this time it was being contaminated by great amounts of darkness elemental energy particles. The energy turned darker than its original scarlet red, now tending towards black.

His point mass, as well as the nebula surrounding it had appeared as well, beginning to take in large amounts of the dark red energy from the

modified Fireplume, constantly condensing and assimilating it.

With the point mass' purification, the energy of Emberwing had become richer. At the same time, its colour grew increasingly darker, giving it a sinister feeling.

"Ley, what are you doing?" All of a sudden, a stern yell and a piercing gaze swept towards Leylin's location.

Bowens' gaze now could practically kill Leylin, "What are you doing? Trying to desert the army?"

'Damn it, why did he set his sights on me?' Leylin walked out, speechless. Seeing the quick changes in Schiker's eyes, he knew he could not explain this half-heartedly, or he would be attacked.

"Bowens is getting increasingly annoying!" Leylin took in a deep breath, Fireplume at the peak of the ninth level exploding from his body, like a dazzling meteor streaking through the skies.

"Our people have already acted according to plan. All that's left depends on you!"

A distance away from the square, in a residential building. The original owner had long since disappeared. The walls were filled with red runes, revealing a maroon luster. Some of the blood had yet to dry, and droplets of it were still dripping down, causing long blood-red lines to form on them.

Within this building, a few people dressed in black robes were watching the scene in the square from afar through the window.

The fire elemental delegation acted immediately and began to fight many military officials and nobles. Such an act caused chaos among the spectating commoners.

The attacks from the fire elementals were ruthless. If lava brushed across a commoner's body, it would reduce them to ashes in an instant. On top of that, the military officials and the nobles of the union didn't really bother themselves with protecting them. As a result, a huge number of the people watching died, resulting in great casualties. The mix of

piercing screams and feeble cries for help were filled with the taste of horror.

Many commoners of the union were wailing, pushing everyone else as they tried to leave the blazing hell that was the square. This resulted in the chaos intensifying, leading to more innocent deaths.

“Hehe... Resent us! Cry out! These souls filled with hatred and fresh blood are the best nourishment for our spell formation...” An aged voice sounded from within the mantle of a black robe.

“Don’t worry, my friend. Us of the Mobius Organisation always trade fairly!” The old man’s voice was as piercing as an owl’s screech, and would cause goosebumps on anyone who listened to him. Yet, the fire elemental opposite him did not seem to mind.

“The chaos we’re creating can only last for a while longer. You’ll need to make a move quickly!”

“Alright, alright!” the old man cackled, touching a dark green metal bracelet, “How’s the set-up on your end?”

White noise sounded from the bracelet, followed by the voice of a middle-aged man, “Enough flesh and blood have been gathered. It’s just difficult to obtain vengeful spirits full of resentment. Only 80% of the charging process has been completed.”

“That’s enough!” The old man laughed coldly. “On my command, begin!”

# Chapter 570: Chaotic Battle

“Number 1, order received!” “Number 2, order received!” “Number 3, order received!”

Along with the old man’s command, three different voices sounded from the dark-green metal bracelet.

“Begin extraction of aggrieved souls! Start the sacrifice...” The old man’s voice was calm, yet held within it a bone-piercing chilliness.

At the same time, all the Star ranks in Tylasus City felt a chill in their hearts.

“This feeling?”

“A spell formation from the Magus World, an undead element spell formation aimed at aggrieved souls!” Leylin, Gilbert and Emma immediately recognised this unique energy.

Seeing the flesh and blood flying everywhere in the square, Emma laughed bitterly, “Such an environment will do wonders for an undead spell formation!”

Even if the Morning Stars restrained themselves, they would still cause major damage to the surroundings. On top of that, it was currently the Holy Solar Day, and those gathered here were not just the residents of Tylasus City. Tourists, followers from different regions, and many others had packed the city to the brim, and the square especially held a large crowd. Now, they had all been turned into minced meat.

Even if they were high-ranking officials or nobles, many had died. Obviously, nobody would bother with the commoners.

“I’m afraid the Magi of Jupiter’s Lightning have made their move!” Leylin tangled with a two-headed fire elemental hound as he transmitted to Gilbert and the others.

In front of Leylin was a giant flaming hound about two stories high and with inverted steel spikes on its body. Its savage gaze settled on Leylin through its skull, similar to the Cerberus of the underworld in myths.

This was also one of the members of the delegation, and the energy on its body had already reached the limits of rank 3. Hence, Leylin found ‘some trouble’ when dealing with it, and even needed to depend on support from other team members to somewhat handle it.

Making use of the chaos in the square, Gilbert and Emma secretly came to Leylin’s side. The three Morning Stars made a team that might seem to have been formed by chance, and surrounded the double-headed flame hound.

There were many temporary team-ups like this in the square already. Besides, at this point not many would pay attention to Leylin.

Of course, Bowens was an exception.

“Schiker, do you see that?” Despite the chaotic situation, Schiker was devoted to his duty and was guarding at the centre, with Bowens at his side.

“There’s definitely something off about that Ley! One of the nobles near him is an Earl, and the other a Viscount. Both are people on the list for thorough investigation. Furthermore, Loke has pointed out that their existence itself is suspicious...”

“Let me think about it! Let me think...” Schiker clutched at his forehead, feeling a headache coming on. At this moment, he was more concerned for his father. As for Ley? That was just a trivial matter. As long as his father was still around, there was nothing that could not be solved.

Just when Schiker had made up his mind, the undead spell formation set-up by Jupiter’s Lightning was activated.

“What’s that...”

Dark green rays flashed out of the ground, forming a mysterious round symbol in the air. Phosphorescent green lights shone gloriously.

“It’s the symbol of the Mobius Organisation. They’re here too!”

Many loud cries sounded, and caused the square to descend even further into a state of chaos. This was especially so after many Emberwings found

that the green ring of light was absorbing the energy in their bodies, and even their flesh and blood!

Streams of black gas were emitted from the body of a noble. Before he could sense anything was wrong, he had already collapsed to the ground, a strange expression on his face as his body dried up.

The weaker nobles all lost their lives instantly under the mysterious spell formation deployed by the Mobius Organisation. Even experts at the eighth level of Fireplume and above could feel the strength being sapped out of their bodies.

“We can’t wait any longer!” A few Emberwings at the peak of level nine exchanged glances and charged into the air, blazing flames behind them forming the phantoms of large phoenixes.

Boom! The flames and the dark green light collided, but that only resulted in a few of them being sent flying, spraying blood everywhere.

“You guys can’t do it. I’ll take care of this!” Without waiting for these Emberwings to reach the ground, a pair of large powerful arms stopped them from flying. The streams of black gas being emitted from their bodies were burnt to nothingness by the flames.

“The head of the garrison!” These few Emberwings recognised him. This was the head of the garrison of Tylasus City, and they immediately saluted him.

“Mm!” He was a man of few words. He had a head of long, soft silver hair, his handsome face currently filled with annoyance.

“The Mobius Organisation! Those little mice that only know to hide in the gutters and shadows... Looks like teaching them a lesson by destroying their headquarters wasn’t enough!” He snorted, and the force field of a powerful Star rank fighter exploded forth. He soared into the air, a red fiery streak shooting towards the distorted dark green circle of light.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The streak of fire was obstructed midway, and multiple human figures appeared. A total of seven Magi dressed in black robes floated in mid-air,



unique undulations from their point mass causing this Emberwing to have a huge change in expression.

“So many Star ranks?!” Shock instantly filled his mind. According to his intel, the Mobius Organisation was quite small. Though their sacrifices were bloody and insane, they didn’t even have as many as the three patriarchs of the Triserpent Sect.

Now, however, they had deployed seven Star ranks to fight him. How could it not be appalling?

There were likely less than seven Star rank Emberwings in the entire capital! The addition of such a powerful force instantly reversed the situation.

There was one more thing to consider. If the Mobius Organisation had been concealing their strength in the past, what were they planning now?

There wasn’t any time left for him to ponder on these things, and ferocious energy was emitted as the seven Star ranks cast their spells.

Their Morning Star domains appeared, overlapping with each other to form a starry sky. This caused the Star rank Emberwing to turn deathly pale. His body had been suppressed.

“Using spells in other worlds is much too troublesome, but thankfully our organisation has prepared and analysed countless spell models. Though our Morning Star Arcane Arts don’t suit the rules of this world well, rank 4 spells are enough for now. Prepare the combination spell!” The Morning Star Magus standing in the middle spoke coldly.

A ferocious tide of elemental particles surged towards his palm like a tsunami, forming a terrifying energy spheroid. More condensed into it, and it strengthened continuously.

“Rank 4 spell— Binding Forcefield!” A female on the right pointed at the leader of the garrison.

In that instant, the leader felt like he was stuck inside a rock. The air around him became incomparably heavy, and even just moving was becoming difficult “Rank 4 spell— Five Sense Severance!” Another Magus

spoke up, their voice sounding strange. It was like a continuous shriek, piercing to the ear.

“Rank 4 spell...”

Rank 4 spell after rank 4 spell was cast by these Morning Star Magi, binding the Emberwing tightly and draining all his strength.

The overlay of seven Morning Star domains had practically created an independent space. With the strength of their combination spell, they had even sealed off this region. It left the Emberwings outside with no choice but to watch on furiously, with no way to send help.

“In the name of the flesh of Mobius, I bestow unto you your death...” As if chanting, the Morning Star Magus in the middle passed his judgement.

Boom! The Emberwing’s silver hair drifted in the wind. This garrison head’s body now completely lacked any form of an aura, and even his soul had been destroyed, giving him no chance at revival.

Though this was another world and executing spells was slightly troublesome, seven Morning Star Magi had joined hands and even used a combination of rank 4 spells. This strength did not lose out to some Morning Star Arcane Arts!

Indeed, a Star rank had fallen with a single move. The Morning Star Magi from another world showed their sharp teeth in front of the other races once more.

Even as the corpse of the garrison head fell to the ground, many Emberwings stood there in disbelief. Though there had been a large battle from earlier, this was the first time a Star rank had died!

On top of that, this was the Holy Solar Festival, a celebration for all Emberwings. This was the first time a Star rank clansman had died at the celebration, and that was the ultimate ridicule!

In that moment, the Emberwings felt like they were dreaming.

“Haha, friends of the Mobius organisation, you’ve appeared just in time!” The fire elementals, who had been at a disadvantage, suddenly roared and

quickly transformed into tremendous lava giants, beginning to wreak havoc in Tylasus City.

With the addition of seven Morning Star Magi, the Emberwings were put at an immediate disadvantage. Though they won in terms of their numbers, they were at a disadvantage in terms of their Morning Star strength.

In front of Morning Stars, tactics of victory with numbers were a joke, especially with these seven Magi of Jupiter's Lightning specialising in water and ice elemental spells. This caused the many Emberwings who had never encountered such a situation to fall into trouble.

With the retreat of military officials and high-ranking bodyguards, the entirety of Tylasus City collapsed into a mess of blood and fire.

The whole city seemed to be crying and yelling. The flying flesh and blood broke off and burnt many of the banners that had been put up in celebration, mocking them.

Seeing this scene, Schiker's fingernails dug deeper into his flesh, and blood even began to flow. However, he was told by many bodyguards to retreat.

'Father, end the battle quickly and save your people!' Schiker could not help but silently pray in his heart.

# Chapter 571: Life Extraction

“Don’t mind these people. Our priority is to break into the residence!” The leader of the Morning Star Magi glanced at the many nobles and commoners trying to escape and shook his head. Leaving them to the fire elementals, he darted straight for Scarlet Eye’s residence.

“You seem to have other intentions in this joint operation. Is it convenient for you to tell me more? As allies, we hope to provide some support!” At some point, Saka had arrived beside this Magus, and he smiled gently as he spoke.

However, when coupled with his huge stature and fierce face, this smile just seemed horrifying.

“It’s nothing much. We just have a few old enemies hidden amongst the Emberwings and need to take care of them,” the Morning Star Magus replied politely.

“Oh? Are they Magi from the other world like you?” Saka asked. This topic had him interested.

It had mostly been thanks to them that he was able to break into the capital and cause such huge damage. For this reason, he had a huge interest in these mysterious spells and this rumoured other world.

“Yes. However, they’re just a bunch of vile creatures that live off bloodlines, interested in the bloodlines of all living things. They don’t mind committing murder for this, they’re the source of all sin!” The Morning Star Magus’ criticism sounded righteous, as if he hadn’t been killing without restraint just a moment ago.

“I didn’t expect the situation to turn out this way already. Quick! Back to the leader’s residence!” Schiker’s hand subconsciously touched the pendant hung at his neck as he issued the command.

Bowens’ body was brimming with energy as he flew with Schiker, the flames in the air leaving behind a long blazing tail.

The speed of a Star rank far surpassed that of a chariot. In less than a

minute, Bowens had brought Schiker back into the residence.

Schiker looked distracted. Just this morning, he had been in a good mood as he dressed formally to go out and celebrate with his father. Never could he have expected that he would return in such a pitiful state

Even with his many years of military experience, he could not adapt to these changes instantly.

A few military officials that had been left behind as guards immediately rushed forward in salute as they noticed him, "My Lord!"

When they'd heard the explosions in the square and seen the flames, their sense of responsibility as soldiers had told them that they should continue guarding this place.

"Mm! Notify everyone that war has arrived. Activate all defences in the residence!" Bowens exclaimed, and the command was quickly sent down. A golden layer of energy that looked like an overturned bowl covered the entire residence.

"Father..." Schiker touched the pendant on his neck, his eyes glinting with a decisive light.

"So you got here first?" Seven terrifying figures flew in his direction. Even before they arrived, the powerful pressure caused everyone in the residence to feel suffocated.

"Desas' Flying Palm!" With the incantations sounding out, a giant palm with countless runes twining around it appeared in the air, slapping the golden shield.

The golden shield shook, but still stubbornly held on. Yet, cracks had already appeared on its surface.

It was as if an earthquake had occurred the moment the flying palm hit the shield. Multiple buildings cracked, and the sound of glass shattering rang out as cups constantly fell to the ground.

"Uncle Bowens, can you take care of them?" Schiker had turned deathly pale.

“There are seven Star ranks who hold the power of water and ice. Even one on one I wouldn’t be confident, let alone against seven. The rest of the commanders either died in battle or are stuck outside...”

Bowens laughed bitterly and then patted Schiker on the head, his eyes full of love, “But don’t worry, I’ll protect you!”

“Uncle Bowens!” Schiker’s voice trembled, his eyes turning red.

“The defence in the leader’s residence is rather weak! Just a Morning Star is enough to deal with it...”

Outside the gigantic golden layer, Leylin and two other Morning Star Warlocks had long since snuck in. Seeing this scene, Emma rolled her eyes at Leylin, “From the map you showed me, the defensive spell formation should not be that simple...”

“Yes! Usually, this spell formation can take on one attack from a Morning Star, but can also be recharged and have its strength increased by several times! The key is in Schiker’s hands... Of course, I made a copy as well...”

Leylin laughed, retrieving a golden gem from his sleeves. Within it, one could see the image of a flaming phoenix.

Schiker had already trusted him too much, and was not powerful on top of that. With the A.I. Chip’s scans and some psychological hints, obtaining information from him was much too easy. Leylin had even found out about this last resort, and made a copy of it.

“You’re really quite something!” Gilbert’s eyes brightened. “With this, we can sneak into the residence without being discovered. It would be even better if we could take control of the central administration of the spell formation.”

“Don’t even think about controlling the spell formation. Besides, since Scarlet Eye left it behind for Schiker, he probably hasn’t shown all his cards yet. We need to wait longer...”

Leylin saw these two Kemoyin dukes whose eyes were beginning to flare red, and his voice turned cold.

His tone seemed to have some unique power, causing the red in Gilbert and Emma's eyes to dissipate. The two of them began to laugh wryly, "Seeing the situation, I got a little affected. My apologies..."

Immediately after, Emma's eyes were full of astonishment when looking at Leylin, "The emotional instability from your bloodline has such a small effect, and you can even indirectly affect us..."

"With such a concentrated bloodline, it probably surpasses that of all Kemoyin Warlocks in history... Perhaps, the hope of overcoming our bloodline shackles lies with you!" Gilbert was beaming.

"My willpower is just slightly stronger than most others!" Leylin laughed wryly, ruthlessly pushing down the destructive desires inside him.

Even after reaching Morning Star, a Warlock could curb the emotional instability from their bloodline fusing with their soul. It was just that it was much more troublesome. Matters that had to do with the soul could not be resolved with just regular potions or other methods. For now, he could only rely on his own willpower.

Skree! At this moment, the replica phoenix phantom in his hands began to call out.

"Schiker is about to use this! We'd better sneak in quickly!" Leylin chanted a few syllables, and the scarlet energy from Fireplume poured into a gemstone. It produced a golden yellow layer of energy that encompassed the three of them.

The moment the golden energy layer made contact with the residence, the two began to blend, causing Leylin and the other two's figures to disappear.

At the same time, an even more glorious layer of gold appeared outside the residence. The cries of a phoenix rang out, blocking the attacks of all the Morning Star Magi.

"This level of defence?" The leader of the Morning Star Magi immediately turned grim.

Without being discovered by the Morning Star Magi and officials, Leylin

and the two dukes successfully snuck into the residence. While Leylin was leading the way, he seemed to be very familiar with the area.

“Strange. Did you feel that?” Leylin looked absent-minded as he judged the second activation, deep in thought.

“A life extraction spell formation! The second level of this formation is evidently a method to steal life force. It can even defend against the combined attacks of multiple Morning Stars by stealing life force, and even soul force, from a gigantic living creature...” Gilbert nodded.

“On top of that, from the course of the energy, the energy that is being extracted comes not from the energy pool of the residence, but from... underground!” Emma touched the surface of the ground and confirmed.

Those of the Magus world were much more advanced than those from the rest of the worlds, mostly because of their foresight and minds that were suited for research.

After acquiring vast inheritances from ancient Magi, there were few races in other worlds that could surpass these people of the Magus World when it came to knowledge or capabilities at identification.

“In that case, there might be a powerful ancient creature confined underground, and it’s the type with a long life...”

Gilbert gave a hollow laugh, his face changing, “The firasource stones can’t be connected to this, can they...?”

“That’s very possible!” Leylin’s expression was serious as he nodded, recalling the time he had followed Loke underground and the red rays that had formed from the heart of the large spell formation.

For some reason, a sense of sadness surged inside as he thought back to that time.

‘These feelings?’ With the instability from his bloodline, Leylin paid a lot of attention to his emotions. He immediately discovered the source of the sorrow he was feeling.

‘Fireplume? If I hadn’t changed the nature of its energy, the effects



would be even more prominent...'

"This feeling?" Bowens touched his chest, looking gloomy. "What's going on?"

"I-I don't know!" Schiker seemed to sense something as well, and began to sound flustered, "Father gave me this key in the morning, telling me that if there came a danger that could not be handled, I was to escape back into the residence and activate the second layer of defence!"

"Is that so?" Bowens' eyes glinted with mixed emotions, "Since the lord has made preparations for this, then that's great!"

# Chapter 572: Sneak Attack

“This is the Northern Duke! I hereby command all residents of Tylasus City to return to their homes. You are not allowed to leave. Anyone outside will be killed without discretion!” While the defensive formation was being reinforced at the leader’s residence, a tremendous sound was transmitted to the city.

“I am Kiel, commander of the southern military. Nobody is allowed outside from henceforth!”

“I am the commander of the eastern military. Nobody is...”

“This is an order from the Western Duke...”

Loud sounds echoed continuously throughout the city, and an expression of glee surfaced on Schiker’s face.

“It’s my uncle the Northern Duke, Turin, and the others...” The dukes and military commanders were the pillars of the Atlan Union. Every single one of them was a Star rank.

This sudden aid had excited him immediately.

Along with the voices of the Star ranks, orders were passed down and the city was sealed. A layer of fiery-red isolation layer kept Tylasus within.

“Scarlet Eye really did have something planned. Is he trying to deal with all of us at once?” The leader of the Magi sized up the spell formation from a distance away as he floated in mid-air.

“A fire-type isolation spell formation and the reckless assault of elite troops truly can stall us. With the attacks from others of the same rank... Scarlet Eye really has a huge appetite!”

Saka seemed rather confident, on the other hand. “Don’t worry! Our emperor will come and bring us back!”

“I hope so!” The leader of the Magi laughed. Watching the many troops entering the city in an orderly manner, suppressing the chaos, and taking over the defence, he couldn’t help but sneer.

Rumble! Large amounts of fire energy were emitted from the bodies of the Northern Duke and the rest, fighting against the few Morning Stars.

Fire sparked in the sky above the capital, space itself crumbling as silver storms wreaked havoc on the land.

“The leader knew you were going to do this, and had set a trap in advance. All of you shall die here today.” The Northern Duke’s expression was firm.

With the addition of the many legions and the participation of the Star ranks, the Emberwings’ impending doom was reversed, and the scales had now tipped in their favour.

“Do you think you can stop us just like this? How naive!” The leader of the Morning Stars produced multiple mechanical arms, protecting himself with the mass of steel. Seeing the Northern Duke and the others charging over, his eyes shone with pity.

“In this war, what determines victory can only be a strength above the Morning Star realm!”

“Above... Morning Star? Do you mean?” The Northern Duke and the others glanced towards the outside of the city in disbelief.

A flame giant that towered into the very heavens was contending against a similarly large, terrifying phoenix. Every attack of theirs seemed to shake heaven and earth, destroying their surroundings. It seemed like the end of the world.

This was the battlefield between Scarlet Eye and his opponent, the Divineflame Emperor. In a battle between rank 5s, Morning Star Magi could not even attempt at interfering unless there were enough of them.

SKREEEE! And at this moment, the winner seemed to have been decided. The giant phoenix’s calls sounded out as gigantic sharp claws ripped apart the elemental’s breastplate to a shower of lava and fire.

“You’ve lost, Archibald!” Scarlet Eye’s voice sounded from the phoenix’s mouth. As they heard this sound, glee appeared on the faces of the Northern Duke’s party. The leader that they had placed their hopes on

hadn't betrayed their trust!

"Yes, I've lost," the fire elemental giant clutched at his chest, rocks falling out from the huge injury, causing earthquakes as they hit the ground.

"You really are a genius, Scarlet Eye, you've already reached the peak of rank 5... I made the right decision today. If not, you could've been the key to changing the status quo between the Divineflame Empire and the Atlan Union!"

The Divineflame Emperor's voice boomed like a thunder that rumbled throughout the heavens.

"Decision?" Scarlet Eye seemed to be confused, but immediately after the giant phoenix retreated.

However, it was too late! Large amounts of thunder clouds formed in the sky, and terrifying bolts of black lightning struck down. The dark clouds covered the skies, blocking the brilliant sun.

The lightning came together to form a lance, and a Magus suddenly appeared, gripping it.

This Magus' forehead was marked with a rune in the shape of a moon. "Goodbye!" he called out in a low voice as he tossed the lance.

Swish! As if it was a deity from the World of Gods that had been enraged, a world-extinguishing bolt of lightning shot down from the skies.

This horrifying black lance seemed to transcend the limits of time and space, and even the void was subdued under the tip of the lance, carrying the might of an apocalypse. This terrifying instrument of destruction appeared before the phoenix.

Skree! The phoenix called out, the sound this time filled with sorrow and suffering.

Ka-cha! As the dazzling white light formed by the collision dissipated, the Star ranks noticed that the Phoenix Scarlet Eye had transformed into had suffered a gigantic injury. Feather after flaming feather fell to the

ground before bursting into intense flame. Within this fire, the feathers somehow seemed even more magnificent.

Leylin's pupils shrank as he saw this scene. Even if this was just a transformation, the parts that left the body still managed to retain their shape. This showed just what level his fire phoenix transformation had reached!

"Leader!" While the Northern Duke and the rest clamoured over this sneak attack, Leylin and the others who were hiding in the residence watched on grimly.

"That Magus is Zegna from Jupiter's Lightning! How did he get here?"

Leylin obviously knew the Magus in the black robe. This Zegna had come to stop him when he had travelled here from the Magus world. However, he'd pitifully been stalled by Wayde.

The rank 5 energy undulations, as well as that face that left a deep impression, were both things he could never forget.

"The Zegna now is different from the one we met before. It's probably just a clone, but why does it have the undulations of a rank 5 Magus? Even if it's much weaker than before, it's still a Radiant Moon!" Gilbert looked to be distressed, evidently unable to make sense of this.

"It should be some sort of ancient secret technique! A rank 5 clone is an exceptionally powerful trump card. I'm more curious about the how he deceived the Lava World's World Will and was able to sneak in successfully!" Leylin stroked his chin.

"Zegna, even you betrayed me!" Scarlet Eye's voice was produced from the body of the giant phoenix, the injuries on its wings quickly regenerating.

"Esteemed leader!" Zegna, who was in mid-air, first bowed slightly to him. "Our relationship only extended to a cooperation between us. Rather, it was but a transaction that consisted of mutual benefits. So then, how could there be a betrayal?"

"Alright! Scarlet Eye, that was the first round. The second round is about

to start now!” The towering fire elemental giant roared, and Zegna sprung into action as well. Black lightning and powerful lava encircled Scarlet Eye...

“Leader?!” The Northern Duke, the supporting troops, and the others immediately had a change in expression. Though Scarlet Eye was at the peak of Radiant Moon, his opponent was not weak. This long-time enemy of the Atlan Union, the Divineflame Emperor, had teamed up with a terrifying rank 5 Magus from another world. Even the most stupid person could tell that their leader was in trouble.

“Everyone, this is the day to dedicate yourselves to our country!” The Northern Duke sighed, a rare solemnness appearing on his face. It was evident that he was already expecting his death.

“Haha... Vape, Sulu, we’re heading off first!” A few Star ranked elders erupted into an insane laughter, their expressions showing their readiness for death.

Seeing such a solemn expression, the leader of the Morning Star Magi began to hesitate.

While the Star ranks of this world had fewer secret methods than Magi, if they really went all out his side could suffer a large number of casualties.

Morning Stars like them, who had been nurtured by Jupiter’s Lightning through and through, were few in number. Most of their Morning Stars joined from other races, and only Zegna could keep them suppressed. In the face of great casualties to this core team, he was beginning to hesitate.

The dukes and commanders who were all veterans in battle exchanged glances, all having noticed the strange look in their opponent’s eyes.

“Alright! It’s been revealed that the Morning Star Magi are afraid of casualties. This battle is going to be fun. Zegna is probably going to cough up blood...” Emma exclaimed, taking joy in his misfortune.

This was reality. Even if the Morning Star Magus leader could harden his resolve, the other Morning Star Magi might not be willing to. After all,

they had merely signed a contract and joined Jupiter's Lightning, and there were no rules that stated they had to give up their lives for the organisation.

When the opponent made use of this fact and displayed they were not afraid to sacrifice themselves, and that they would take their opponents down at any cost, then they would be involving themselves in a pointless fight.

"I'm afraid Zegna's already foreseen this. He won't be that enraged." Leylin shook his head, stating his opinion. "The Divineflame Emperor's plan should be to kill as many Star ranks and weaken the Atlan Union as much as possible. However, killing these people won't do Zegna any good, and it could even have the opposite effect, hurting his own forces. Thus, he won't grow mad. His main objective is likely the firasource stones. We need to monitor the residence. I believe Zegna is about to make a move!"

"You're right." Gilbert nodded to acknowledge Leylin's prediction after a momentary silence.

The battle pushed on and things turned out just like Leylin expected. The Morning Stars immediately yielded to the Emberwings who were going all out. Their inefficiency drove Saka insane, but there was nothing he could do about it.

# Chapter 573: Identity Revealed

“Uncle Bowens, how’s the situation?” Schiker’s gaze was set outside the city, at the battle between the Star ranks.

He had not advanced to the Star rank yet, and naturally lacked Leylin’s vision. All he could see was space continually being torn apart, the stray energy destroying the architecture. The defensive layer shook continually, and he couldn’t help but look to Bowens in his worry..

“Don’t worry, they’re fine! Morning Star Magi will not act without benefits, and Saka and the other Star rank fire elementals can’t match up to you Emberwings.” Bowens’ expression was slightly strange as he spoke.

“I guess I can relax now.” Schiker patted his chest, but his expression quickly changed. He had sensed something off about Bowens’ tone.

Bowens was much too knowledgeable about that black-robed person. On top of that, what did he mean by ‘you Emberwings’?

As he turned around and saw the strange expression on Bowens’ face, his heart sank. “U-Uncle Bowens, you... heart sunk. “Un-uncle Bowens, you...”

Schlick! Before the words left his mouth, a black scorpion had crawled onto his neck as a black stinger piercing into an artery.

The defence of eighth level Fireplume turned out to be useless. Schiker’s eyes rolled up into their sockets, his consciousness lost.

“What’s going on? Officer Bowens has attacked Lord Schiker!” The few remaining military officials mental strength crumbled at this sight. If this was a nightmare, all they wanted was to wake up from it as soon as possible.

“This Schiker is a spy who I’ve discovered long ago. Seize him! Do your duties!”

Bowens’ large hand quickly sought out the gem at Schiker’s neck, retrieving the key with the phantom image of a phoenix within it. His words caused the minds of the military officials present to short-circuit.



The illegitimate son that their leader thought so highly of, their Lord Schiker, was... a spy?

Many of them felt like they had just heard the joke of the year, but seeing the flame-ringed Bowens, they could not bring themselves to laugh.

“Officer, please let Lord Schiker go!”

Bowens was not completely in charge here. While the remaining Star rank commanders were either trapped outside or dead, their subordinates were still around. Even if Bowens’ own subordinates approved of his actions, these people would not.

“What? You want to attack me?” Energy at the tenth level of Fireplume exploded forth, and a large amount of flames formed the terrifying phantom of a phoenix. The energy was similar to a domain of flames, and put the entire area under Bowens’ control.

The official who had spoken of his suspicions was merely at the ninth level of Fireplume. Even though he was considered powerful among Sky ranks, he was nothing in front of Bowens.

He took several steps back, face flushing red as he stood straight, “You have restrained Lord Schiker for no reason. Please provide proof that he is a spy, or else...”

“Or else?” Crimson rays flashed, and the official who had just been speaking disappeared. All that was left on the ground was a pile of ashes.

“Did you really think I wouldn’t kill anyone?” Bowens sneered, carrying the unconscious Schiker and heading towards the back of the residence. Many officials looked around at each other, but none followed.

Leylin looked at the other two dukes from their hiding spot in the shadows, “What do you think?”

Gilbert spoke slowly. “Bowens is probably Jupiter’s Lightning’s real spy. Loke was most likely just a bait.”

“Mm! And what’s more interesting, he’s practised Fireplume to the tenth level...” Leylin’s eyes glowed with curiosity. He had needed the A.I. Chip to

modify Fireplume to harmonize with his point mass. How had this person done it? Furthermore, he couldn't have survived for so long as a spy without even Scarlet Eye finding out if he didn't have an Arcane Art that dealt in bloodlines. That was intriguing as well.

"Whatever it is, Bowens picked a good time. Scarlet Eye is engaged, and the other Star ranks are fighting hard outside the residence. As long as Bowens has the fight outside under control, he had no need to fear for anything..."

Emma did not mention the rest of the military officials within the residence. In a Morning Star's eyes, anyone weaker than rank 4 was an ant. She didn't think that they could stop him.

As expected, once Bowens showed that he was not to be trifled with, many of the officials retreated, unwilling to go forth.

Bowens snorted and went deeper into the residence. Those who dared to hinder him were burnt to ashes under his flames.

"What should we do next?" Emma glanced at Leylin.

She could not make much sense of this young man at all. He was good at tolerating things, for one. Were she here alone, she would have struck out long ago. How could she have restrained herself until now, when the best benefits were available? Furthermore, the techniques he'd used to conceal himself had duped even Bowens, which was amazing.

"We're obviously going to follow him." Leylin chuckled, pointing at Bowens who was ahead.

"He's definitely a spy from Jupiter's Lightning. He can be the scapegoat, taking all the damage from traps and conspiracies. We just need to follow him and get those firasource stones..."

"Haha... As expected of a student of mine. Leylin... you're definitely very sly. I like it!" Gilbert burst out into laughter, looking delighted. Emma rolled her eyes at his response.

Bowens' speed was very fast as he carried Schiker to a place that Leylin was familiar with. This was the area where Loke had used Gaia's Disc that

day.

“Could it be...” Leylin watched Bowens’ actions, realisation dawning upon him.

Soon enough, he saw Bowens take out a round plate, eyes on its surface formed from countless veins. He shook his head at Loke’s previous actions, “This is probably something used specifically to send equipment and confuse others...”

The earth split apart like an ocean, revealing a deep tunnel. Bowens smirked and darted in. Leylin and the two dukes glanced at each other and followed.

Very soon, the scarlet spell formation previously had appeared before Bowens, fragmented and drifting through the air like butterflies.

Bowens was very familiar with this place as he walked up to the huge secret room in the centre. A crimson spell formation in the middle of the room lit the place up, the light flickering at its edges.

A humming sound was produced as the formation let loose a layer of flames to block Bowens’ advance.

Bowens’ eyes only grew brighter at this. “It’s here!The barrier that Scarlet Eye set up himself.”

Blue light gathered at his hands, flickering. At the same time, Schiker woke up from this period of unconsciousness.

His eyes were blurred for a moment, but he still immediately raised his guard. “This... The underground saferoom! Uncle Bowens, you actually betrayed us...”

“Look closely, kid. Who’s your Uncle Bowens?” ‘Bowens’ sneered, his muscles and bones shifting. The red feathers that marked an Emberwing disappeared. In the blink of an eye, he had turned into a completely different person. The energy of a Morning Star domain burst forth.

“So Uncle Bowens is already dead...” With this sight, Schiker heaved a sigh of relief. If it really was Bowens who had betrayed him and his father,

he had no idea what to do.

“Hehe... Do you still not understand? I am Bowens, but Bowens isn’t me! Whatever, the people of this land won’t understand even if I explain it...” Bowens snickered, and that caused Schiker’s heart to sink further.

“If not for needing the tenth and higher levels of Fireplume as well as the blood aura of the leader to break through this barrier, do you think I’d have brought you here?” Bowens laughed coldly, preparing to make his move.

Schiker shook his head and closed his eyes.

“It’s better to wait!” However, a familiar voice sounded by his ear, giving him the illusion that something was wrong with his ears.

“Ley? Didn’t he die in the square?” Opening his eyes, he found ‘Ley’ in front of him, and somehow, there were traces of... fear, on Bowens’ face?

“I knew something was off about you!” Bowens watched Ley, his hands still trembling. Leylin had easily taken care of his attack, which that this person was at the same rank as him.

“Must’ve been a wild guess. That bait Loke can’t have given you that much information!” Leylin answered indifferently. As he was speaking, the characteristics of an Emberwing faded away. By the time he was done, he had morphed back into a black-haired, dreaded Warlock.

“As expected, it’s one of the remaining devilspawn of the Ouroboros Clan!” Bowens gritted his teeth.

In the meanwhile, Schiker’s jaw had dropped. He was dazed at the sight of this unfamiliar Morning Star Magus.

“So... So you’ve been lying to me too? Haha... You, Loke, you’re all liars! Have you been treating me like a fool?” Schiker roared, large droplets of tears falling from his cheeks. The cold-faced instructor from before had all but disappeared.

“Did his mental wall crumble?” Leylin shook his head, but had no plans of explaining himself.

Whatever the case may be, he'd made use of Schiker and now he'd repaid that by saving the Emberwing's life. In his mind, this act canceled out with all the help and guidance Schiker had given him.

He couldn't care less about Schiker's thoughts. If the man was so dumb as to attack or obstruct him, he would not hold back.

# Chapter 574: Open

“How about you? Who exactly are you? How could you progress to the tenth level of Fireplume?” Watching Bowens in front of him, Leylin was filled with curiosity.

“Take a guess,” Bowens sneered, “But know this. If I hadn’t come and hidden myself here in the Lava World for such a long time, Collins would definitely not be the strongest Morning Star in Jupiter’s Lightning!”

A vicious, berserk aura burst forth from Bowens’ body. Starlight twinkled behind him, forming a unique Morning Star domain.

Two orbs of golden flames appeared in his hands, emitting the powerful energy of Fireplume.

“Congratulations, you get to see this new spell I came up with after combining the path of a Magus with Fireplume. Fire Phoenix Slice!” Berserk energy from Fireplume was amplified by magic, resulting in a barrage of powerful blades of fire that sliced towards Leylin.

“Indeed, there are no fools among Magi. It’s only to be expected that someone would try to fuse the two different systems of power... What a pity, though...” Leylin shook his head, sympathy in his gaze, “A pity that you met me!”

Leylin’s knowledge of Fireplume far surpassed that of Bowens. On top of that, he was a Morning Star Warlock whose soul had been strengthened with firasource stones. His current might was incomparable to that in the past..

“Bloodline Shield!” Leylin snapped his fingers, and countless large crimson shields came into existence. The Kemoyin Serpent carvings on the shield looked vivid, lifelike, their eyes shooting out vicious glares.

Clang! Clang! The blades of fire slammed into the shields, and the result was a piercing noise that sounded like a torrential rain.

“You still don’t have enough of an understanding about the two paths... What a disappointment...” Leylin sighed, and a large phantom of the Giant

Kemoyin Serpent appeared behind him. The two pupils were like giant stars; the ancient, ominous aura causing Bowens' expression to warp,

Rumble! Two orbs of dark red fire emerged in Leylin's hands, beating back the energy from Bowens' Fireplume. Leylin darted in front of the man.

"No... How's that possible?" The move that he was most proud of had been defeated so easily by his opponent, and it seemed to have no value at all. Bowens frowned.

"Nothing is impossible!" Leylin extended his right arm, the hand passing through the opponent's defences and grabbing onto his throat. The A.I. Chip began a scan.

[Beep! Scanning opponent's energy pathways. Discovered areas that can be optimised! Recording into database, adding into simulation fusion experiment!]

Details on Bowens' point mass and the operation of his Fireplume appeared in Leylin's mind, and the information gathered allowed the A.I. Chip's simulations of fusing Fireplume into his path grew more complicated.

Though the progress was still stuck at the final bit, the originally dark red energy from Fireplume seemed to have undergone a secret transformation, advancing to form a higher power.

'Fireplume energy with darkness elemental particles fused in can easily break through the defence of the tenth level of the original, even restraining the opponent. What'll happen if I take this a step further?' A look of anticipation flashed in Leylin's eyes. His practice of Fireplume was undergoing a wondrous transformation. Even without advancing himself, he could use it to beat others at the tenth stage of the original, something that cause his expectations to increase.

"Here you are!" Shadow arms emerged, taking all of Bowens' items from his spatial storage as well as Gaia's Disc. When he caught sight of the black copper key, his eyes sparkled.

He had personally seen Loke use this thing to break through the final spell formation, and Bowens had kept it safely himself. It definitely had a special function.

“Let me go, Lord Zegna will offer a good ransom for me... Or we can even sign a contract! After my contract with Jupiter’s Lightning ends, I’ll side with the Ouroboros Clan!” Bowens had been trounced thoroughly, and had lost all methods to resist. He quietened down, the viciousness in his expression disappearing as he began to bargain calmly.

He did not want to die. As a Morning Star Magus, he believed he could still be of some value to Leylin, and began to look for ways to save himself rationally.

“That isn’t a bad deal... The loyalty of a Morning Star is worth letting you off...” Leylin stroked his chin. “What do you think?”

“It’d be more convenient to kill him. We don’t have the time to set up any powerful restriction formations on him, and he can probably destroy any regular contract.” Ice-cold bloodlust filled the room as Emma’s voice sounded out. Space distorted, and she appeared out of hiding along with Gilbert.

“So, all three of you are here!” Bowens resigned himself to his fate. He hadn’t even been able to win against Leylin alone, so what could he do when the three of them joined hands?

Hearing Emma’s unhesitating words, Bowens began to panic, “Wait! I have a crystal contract in my spatial belt! Even Breaking Dawn Monarchs won’t be able to subvert or break it. This way, you can be at ease about me. On top of that, I know a lot of inside information which will definitely be useful...”

Even though he knew Emma had likely said it to frighten him, he didn’t want to take the risk.

“Good! Tell us all that you know, and we’ll discuss how to deal with you!” Gilbert nodded while grinning.

Leylin agreed tacitly. He was now certain that Bowens was but a vile



character. If one could defeat him thoroughly based on what he had been relying on, he would completely be crushed. Not only would his initial arrogance disappear, he would even betray Jupiter's Lightning to survive.

"What do you plan to do? Are you going to kill me?" Seeing Leylin take care of the Star rank Bowens so easily, Schiker seemed defeated. He had not taken the chance to flee during the battle, instead just standing at the side.

Seeing Leylin's gaze turning to him, he laughed wryly.

"I don't like wanton killing," Leylin shook his head. Red rays flashing in his eyes, and Schiker crumpled to the ground.

At this time, Bowens spoke from Leylin's side like a follower, "Scarlet Eye's bloodline is needed to break through this flame defence. Along with the tenth level of Fireplume, our leader acquired an Arcane Art that will allow Schiker to be sacrificed to simulate his aura."

This was the very reason he had even dragged Schiker here.

Leylin shook his head in response to his suggestion. "We have our own methods to replicate Scarlet Eye's aura from Schiker's bloodline." His nail scratched out a bloody line on Schiker's neck, and fresh pearls of blood spurted out, floating in the air.

"Bloodline Trace!" Leylin's eyes flashed and he began to chant a strange, bleak runic incantation.

With his incantations, Schiker's fresh blood began to boil, even forming a phantom image of Scarlet Eye with red eyebrows and hair.

"My lord's techniques are indeed superior, I am impressed. You can even do something as awesome mimicking Scarlet Eye's Aura without using Schiker as a sacrifice!" Bowens took the opportunity immediately, trying to flatter him.

Leylin rolled his eyes on the inside, having no expectations towards the integrity of this Morning Star Magus.

"Tenth level of Fireplume!" Leylin's hand filled with dark red flames, and

he pressed it to the layer.

Buzz! The defensive layer began to tremble.

“Go!” With Leylin’s indication, the pearls of Schiker’s blood flew to the defensive membrane, a blood-red colour spreading across it.

The dark red flames on Leylin’s hands fused with this layer, and the defences gradually fell apart.

At this moment, something odd happened. Scarlet Eye’s enraged voice resounded in the basement.

“Despicable robbers, die!” Blood-red light converged in one spot, forming an image of Scarlet Eye.

“Crap, it’s a trap! There’s a full power attack from him hidden in the defences!” Leylin’s pupils shrank.

.....

SKREE! The cries from the tremendous phoenix were unceasing as it fought against the towering giant and the black-robed Magus. The fight had taken them to the boundaries of the Lava World, black spatial rifts opening up all around them as they warred.

Just at that point, Scarlet Eye received some information. “Hm? Someone is breaking into my secret room! Schiker and Bowens! How useless!”

“Scarlet Eye, what’s going on? Is there trouble in your nest?” Zegna burst out into laughter, black lightning flashing in his hands.

The Divineflame Emperor, Archibald, roared as he heard the words, blocking Scarlet Eye’s retreat.

“You’re the ones who forced me!” The phoenix that Scarlet Eye had transformed into shouted with rage.

With his words, terrifying flames spread throughout the phoenix’s body, causing the flying beast to turn into a horrifying bird of flame. At the boundary of the world, space itself was set on fire, distorting under this power.

“Flaming Undead Aves!”

“This Arcane Art burns life force for power! He’s putting his life on the line!” Zegna and Archibald quickly retreated.

However, it was too late. How could Scarlet Eye let them off? The flaming bird spread its wings and terrifying flames swept through the area, swallowing Zegna and Archibald within...

Boom! The fierce firestorm wreaked havoc, even eliminating the spatial turbulence and leaving behind an exceptionally ugly black scar at the border of the world.

# Chapter 575: Breakthrough in Fusion

Flames flashed, and Scarlet Eye's figure appeared once more. Now, however, his face was filled with fury and his aura was unstable.

He glared at the storm of fire that had burst forth and immediately turned back, his palms opening up a spatial passageway like drawing apart a curtain. He immediately re-entered the Lava World.

Rumble! Tens of seconds later, black lightning and a large rock smashed into the firestorm, revealing the miserable figures of Zegna and Archibald.

Woosh! Cracks spread across the rock like spiderwebs, and large fragments began to fall off.

At the end of it all, Archibald's body was much smaller than before, and could even be called 'pocket-sized.'

Zegna was in an even more pitiful state. Not only were their traces of burn wounds all over his body, even a great portion of his hair had been burned off.

"Haha! After this, the injuries on Scarlet Eye's body will probably take at least a hundred years to recover!" Archibald was unusually carefree as he burst into laughter.

He then glanced at Zegna, "So? Should we chase after him?"

"Forgive me, Your Highness! This body of mine probably won't be able to take the intensity of the next battle!" Zegna laughed wryly.

"Then forget it. The losses the Atlan Union suffered this time should be enough to give them a headache for a long while."

Archibald laughed, "My Divineflame Empire should have been the victor in the power struggles, but with Scarlet Eye being an Emberwing, we can't let our guards down..."

"I believe that with your guidance, the fire elementals will remain the leaders of the Lava World!" Zegna had a smile on his face.

Reputation and nice words meant nothing to him. As long as there were

enough benefits, calling the other party the leader of the Lava World was not an issue.

“Haha...” Even so, that was enough for Archibald to laugh heartily.

“Alright, based on our previous agreement...” Zegna wanted to continue on, but his expression immediately changed. “Damn it! Bowens and the rest are such trash!” he cursed, turning into a streak of black lightning and disappearing in that instant.

“Hehe... interesting!” Large flames appeared under Archibald’s feet, lifting and moving him forward as he followed.

Though he had joined hands with Zegna, he had never let down his guard against this guest from another world.

.....

Underground, next to the giant spell formation. Leylin had met with a crisis as well.

The barrier that Scarlet Eye had set up had actually been a trap. The moment it made contact with an external force, it had immediately shown the image of the Emberwing himself, and unleashed an attack.

This was the terrifying attack of a Radiant Moon! It could seriously injure if not kill even the current Leylin.

‘Schiker’s bloodline can’t be fake, and my Fireplume shouldn’t be a problem either. Is it Bowens?’ Leylin quickly shot Bowens a glance, but found him equally panicked, evidently not expecting this situation.

“Despicable thieves, die!” Scarlet Eye’s figure roared, hair and eyebrows seemingly beginning to burn up. Tremendous, fierce flames formed a blazing phoenix that charged towards Leylin’s groups.

As if this phantom had a will of its own, its first target was the traitor, Bowens.

“AAAH!” In the face of the suppression from a rank 5, Bowens’ Fireplume energy was destroyed quickly despite his desperate attempts at saving himself. He cried out miserably as he burst into flames. In one

move, Bowens of Jupiter's Lightning had died at the phantom's hands.

After taking care of the traitor, the phantom looked straight at Leylin and the other two. Leylin seemed to have become the primary target.

Goosebumps appeared on Leylin's body.

'Is there no other way but to undergo Kemoyin Serpent Transformation with the other two? If we do that, the entirety of this underground room will be destroyed!' In a short period, a variety of thoughts passed in Leylin's mind, and he gave up on this plan.

'I can only use Fireplume to fight it out.' A glint appeared in Leylin's eyes as he made up his mind.

[Beep! Simulation of Fireplume at 100%. Mission complete.] The A.I. Chip's prompt sounded out.

The A.I. Chip's progress in fusing Fireplume's energy with his point mass had already reached 99.9% completion before. Scanning Bowens' version of Fireplume was enough for it to take that last step.

"Oh!" Leylin's expression changed, Fireplume energy turning black as it was absorbed by his point mass.

His point mass buzzed as it shook vigorously, rotating at a high speed. Powerful energy undulations were emitted from it.

The nebula surrounding the point mass had increased in area by half a fold before it slowed down and stopped.

The tenth level of Fireplume had been modified to fuse with his point mass. This result was not just an addition of one plus one. Furthermore, this was a perfect fusion, not the bastardised version that Bowens had created. The amplification of power was even greater than Leylin had expected.

[Beep! Fireplume modification complete, point mass is being upgraded. Host body...] The A.I. Chip's voice was intermittent, but Leylin had no plans of listening carefully.

He felt power overflowing in his body, and facing the incoming rank 5

attack he made his move without hesitation.

After the modification, the energy of Fireplume was driven by the force of a Morning Star's point mass. The resulting power was terrifying.

Crackle! Devilish black flames appeared around Leylin, forming a phoenix wreathed in black fire.

The phoenix cried out, and this screech brought with an aura of devilish power.

"Modified obscure tenth level of Fireplume— Soaring Demonic Phoenix!" Leylin spread his arms like a soaring phoenix, slashing towards the phantom Scarlet Eye with grace.

Chirp! Melodic phoenix cries were heard, and the blackfire phoenix streaked across the horizon to welcome the phantom.

Confronting this blackfire phoenix, Scarlet Eye's face was tinted with confusion, even fear. The earth rumbled as black and gold flames intertwined, creating a shockwave that spread throughout the area.

Following that, the black flames actually began to devour the other side, becoming even more exuberant as time passed. Soon enough, it had exterminated the other party's phoenix and even drowned out Scarlet Eye's figure.

'This modified Fireplume is this good at absorbing other Fireplume energy as fuel and fusing with it?' Seeing Scarlet Eye's phantom struggling amidst the black flames and gradually disappearing, even Leylin himself was shocked, and he was the creator!

He felt that with the A.I. Chip balancing and fusing the essence of Fireplume into his point mass, the power of this already formidable technique had been furthered and reached a horrifying degree of power.

It was a pity that the A.I. Chip was unique to him, and only he could train in this Dark Fireplume version.

"What... What just happened?" Gilbert and Emma were dazed. What had they just seen? Leylin had wiped out the phantom of a rank 5 Magus in

just one move?

That was a full-out attack from a rank 5! In that moment, Gilbert and Emma felt as if they were dreaming.

It took a while before Gilbert spoke. "Ley-Leylin, did you break through to rank 5?"

"No, I just made some progress in Fireplume..." Leylin answered truthfully. Though the fusion of Fireplume energy with his point mass had immense benefits, it had not allowed him to cross over into the Radiant Moon realm. If this had been an attack by a phantom of Zegna instead, it wouldn't have been nearly as easy.

His easy dispatchment of the Scarlet Eye phantom was most likely to do with the modified Fireplume.

"I have a intensified feeling," Leylin raised his arms and watched the demonic black flames, "that these mutated black flames are the bane of all traditional Fireplume energy."

"Whatever it is, we need to leave after getting the firasource stones! It's a pity we lost Bowens." Gilbert watched the flames piteously. A bright point mass was received by starlight and floated into the astral plane.

Not caring about Bowens, Leylin pointed his hands at the flame shield. "Open!" The membrane began to be burned down by black demonic flames.

No, it was not burning. It was being corroded! The top-grade flames from Scarlet Eye's Fireplume were corroded by the modified flames from Dark Fireplume, gradually revealing a giant hole.

"Let's go." Leylin and the other two arrived before a complicated spell formation.

Emma touched the runes on the ground, looking solemn. "Spatial binding runes. Dormant sacrificial runes and life absorption runes as well! This spell formation is probably used to extract the life force of some being."



“Could that lifeform be at the centre...” Leylin immediately focused his gaze on the red light at the heart of the spell formation. It was weak, flickering like a candle in the wind. And yet, it somehow survived with all tenacity.

‘The energy undulations are similar to those of firasource stones! I can somewhat guess what it is!’ Recalling the sorrow he had felt before, Leylin sighed and produced the black copper key he had obtained from Bowens.

The large black copper key rose into the air and projected a large number of complex data and light rays.

The spell formation on the ground began to activate, and the sound of a key clicking was heard continuously.

At the same time, the runes on the ground were unsealed one by one, revealing a giant cage.

Rumble! Scalding red light filled the entire room, and the cage in the middle opened up to reveal a scarlet egg.

# Chapter 576: Blackfire Phoenix

“Could this egg be the legendary phoenix egg?” Leylin guessed absent-mindedly.

Only a creature as ancient as that would be able to automatically push Scarlet Eye’s progress in Fireplume to an unprecedented thirteenth level. On top of that, it could create amazing soul treasures such as firasource stones!

The reason he thought that way was because the moment this egg that was bathed in scarlet radiance appeared, his own Fireplume began to operate more quickly. A large, demonic version of the blackfire phoenix appeared behind him, and extreme desire filled his heart.

The blackfire phoenix chirped for a long while, extending its wings. The scarlet energy emanated by the egg was continually being absorbed by it.

[Beep! Change detected in host’s Fireplume. Energy levels increasing rapidly, currently at peak of level ten.] [Beep! Qualitative change has been detected in host’s Fireplume. Entering level eleven.]

[Beep! Unknown essence being absorbed by host. Scans show atomic configuration is similar to that of firasource stones. Soul force is being enhanced.]

[Beep! Density of host’s point mass increasing. Affinity with fire elemental particles increasing.]

The A.I. Chip’s constant prompts left Leylin stunned for a moment. The egg’s great amounts of energy had constantly been absorbed by Dark Fireplume, and with the assistance of the A.I. Chip’s simulations he had broken through to the eleventh level!

The eighth and ninth levels of Fireplume marked the Sky rank, while the tenth and eleventh marked those at the Star rank, the Morning Stars. The twelfth and thirteenth belonged to rank 5, the Radiant Moon realm. Scarlet Eye, being at the thirteenth level himself, was at the peak of Radiant Moon.

Now, Leylin's Dark Fireplume had been pushed to the peak of the Morning Star realm at the eleventh level.

'This is definitely a phoenix egg! What other than a real phoenix could propel the progress of Fireplume and enhance one's soul?'

Leylin immediately became incomparably excited. 'I've only just taken in a part of its energy. If I use all...'

He scanned his stats.

[Leylin Farlier, Rank 4 Warlock. Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent(complete form). Strength: 50, Agility: 45, Vitality: 65, Spiritual force: 956.8, Magic power: 956 (Magic power is in synchronisation with spiritual force). Soul force: ???]

"What a terrifying enhancement to the soul! Though I don't know how much exactly it was, just the difference in spiritual force is frightening." As he was mumbling, Leylin took a look at his innate elemental affinities.

The red line that was in second place, the one that marked his fire affinity, had risen by a large amount. Although it still couldn't compare to his darkness affinity, it left the third place far in the dust.

'This isn't bad either. If my darkness affinity was too high, I could easily have been forced under the control of the Snake Dowager, walking the full path of the Kemoyin Serpent. With this fire elemental affinity, I might be able to change my direction...' Leylin's eyes were glistening; the benefits he'd gained from this phoenix egg were immense.

"This egg is definitely the source of all the fire source stones. Let's take it and go!" Gilbert and Emma saw the egg emanating a scarlet radiance, and their voices began to tremble in excitement. With their knowledge, they could obviously tell that this was the egg of some ancient being, and one that was very strong at that!

Such powerful ancient creatures had been lost to the Magus World for tens of thousands of years. If the Ouroboros Clan could hatch one... Gilbert and Emma couldn't help but immerse themselves in this beautiful fantasy.

“But...” Through the black flames, Leylin could see the energy in the egg falling rapidly, “So sad...” A piteous look flashed in his eyes.

“It’s had its life force extracted by Scarlet Eye multiple times. I took some just now myself, and its life energy has become far too weak for it to be hatched. We can only use it as an extremely precious fire elemental treasure.” Leylin sighed, moving to stow the egg away.

“YOU DARE...” an enraged voice sounded, the earth cracking apart and rumbling as it spoke. High-pitched phoenix cries sounded, and a whole layer of earth was ripped off, even the rocks and soil burnt to void by the flames.

A rare light illuminated the area, and the trio looked up to see the earth above them being dug up. Scarlet Eye charged down, looking like a sun with the flames he emitted.

“He came this quick? Zegna and that Divineflame Emperor are useless...” Leylin shook his head, but he didn’t stop the motion of his hands. “Withdraw immediately, I’ll hold him off for a while.”

Normally, Gilbert and Emma would have thought Leylin a fool for such a thing. He was, after all, a Morning Star trying to stop an enraged Radiant Moon. However, the series of miraculous breakthroughs in his strength had them thinking it was the opposite way around. They actually believed in him, and even subconsciously listened to his instructions. They took out necklaces that were emanating starlight, preparing to leave.

“Return it to me!” Large flaming claws motioned to grab the egg at the center, fighting the black flames over it.

“Leader Scarlet Eye! It’s been a long time.” The energy of the black flames increased rapidly as they attempted to devour flames at the thirteenth level of Fireplume. They exploded forth with power.

Leylin grinned as he soared up, the demonic black flames that began fill the area actually rivalling Scarlet Eye’s own.

“You’re... LEY!” Scarlet Eye’s pupils shrank. “Wretched Magus from another world, how dare you deceive me!”

Swish! Leylin made a grabbing motion with his palm, and Schiker's unconscious body flew into his hands.

"Let's make a deal, shall we? Let us go, and your son won't come to any harm." Leylin felt no guilt in using Schiker to blackmail the Atlan Union leader.

Rumble! The tremendous flames immediately wreaked havoc on the area, but Scarlet Eye flushed red. Leylin's words obviously had a huge effect on him.

A long while later, he spoke through gritted teeth, "Alright, but the phoenix egg stays."

With the A.I. Chip's scanning and the opponent's own behaviour, Leylin immediately made a discovery. 'Hmm? He's injured?'

This conjecture delighted him. With the suppression of the eleventh level Dark Fireplume alone, he wasn't too confident in his chances. But now?

"No!" As the words left Leylin's mouth, he and Scarlet Eye transformed into huge phoenixes. Two birds, one red and the other black, pounced towards the scarlet egg.

The one Scarlet Eye had transformed into was huge, and had an overwhelming aura. And yet, although Leylin's black phoenix was smaller, it burnt with devilish black flames that could devour all matter.

Yuuu! Scree! Two different phoenix calls sounded as they slammed into each other. Flames of black and gold surrounded the phoenix egg as the two began a bloody battle.

"Don't you care for your child anymore?" Even in the midst of the fierce battle, Leylin did not miss the opportunity to disturb his opponent. Every sliver of fear he caused was an advantage.

"I won't give it up, not even for Schiker! Besides, do you think you qualify to threaten me?" Scarlet Eye's cold expression contrasted heavily with the fire energy he emanated, the flames burning even the air as it formed a giant phantom map of the Lava World. This image trapped Leylin.

He was ambitious and ruthless. He did indeed love Schiker, but it was not to the extent that he could be threatened by Leylin. However, even that slight bit of reservation was more than enough for Leylin himself.

‘Damn it! Is this really Fireplume? Why are the flames black?!’ Scarlet Eye’s expression grew dark. This opposing Magus was also using the Emberwings’ Fireplume, and had progressed to the eleventh level in it. However, what was shocking was that his black flames were capable of controlling his own, and if not for him being at a higher level his flames would already have been completely eaten through.

‘This Magus cannot remain, his technique is forbidden!’ Malice flashed in Scarlet Eye’s eyes, and golden flames wrapped around the true body of the phoenix.

“Flaming Undead Aves!” The terrifying attack that had seriously injured two rank 5s appeared once more, its ferocious flames causing the clouds in the sky to be burnt to nothingness.

The gigantic flaming undead aves streaked through the sky, causing all the battles to cease. The Emberwings began to revere the undead aves as if they had seen their god.

“This attack would have forced me into retreat at your peak power, but what a pity...” Leylin laughed madly, black flames engulfing everything as his entire person turned into a terrifying blackfire phoenix.

“Mutated Obscure Fireplume— Soaring Demonic Phoenix!” The Emberwings in the capital of the union saw a unique scene in the sky that day. A demonic black flaming phoenix rammed into their leader’s own phoenix form. Even the sparks from that battle would cause most Star ranks to quiver in fear. The leader’s entire residence was burnt to ashes by the flames, and besides a few Star ranks who coughed up blood and retreated quickly, everything was incinerated.

“Haha... Scarlet Eye, the Atlan Union leader, doesn’t amount to anything much!” Arrogant, hearty laughter sounded as a figure covered in black flames withdrew, his face filled with an insane smile.

“The leader... was defeated?” The Northern Duke who had met Leylin

once flew backwards as he mumbled in disbelief.

# Chapter 577: Terrifying Battle

The Northern Duke had never expected that the kid Ley, who he had once met and had a good impression of, was actually of another race!

Furthermore, the Dark Fireplume that Leylin used gave him a sense of fear. Perhaps if not for his dignity and resolution as a soldier and someone with power, he might have fled.

This was especially true since he did not seem to be losing against his most revered leader. Instead... he was winning?

“Great Mother Phoenix! Could I be dreaming? Please help me wake up as soon as possible.” While the Northern Duke’s will was strong, even he was beginning to find this situation absurd.

“Phoenix egg!” At this moment, two other powerful auras descended. Zegna observed the giant red egg at the middle of the battlefield, unable to conceal his desire.

Archibald could not stand it either. This was the peak of all fire elemental beings!

“It’s mine! The phoenix can only exist in our Divineflame Empire for all eternity!” he roared in rage, and the earth began to shake. He charged forward, large hands grabbing towards the large scarlet egg.

Swish! Zegna was even faster than him as he turned into a streak of black lightning, heading right for it.

“So this is the source of the firasource stones. This phoenix egg must be mine! With it, I’ll be able to advance to rank 6...”

“Go away!” A black wall of flames obstructed Zegna’s path, the boiling temperature causing him to subconsciously slow his steps.

“Warlock Leylin! A mere Morning Star dares stop me? Aren’t you afraid I’ll eliminate your Ouroboros Clan? Give me the phoenix egg right now, and I guarantee your Ouroboros Clan shall be greatly rewarded!” Zegna’s expression was sinister.



What answered him, however, was a wave of fire that covered the skies.

“Soaring Demonic Phoenix!” A large phantom of a blackfire phoenix sent Zegna flying. Black flames constantly devoured the radiation energy from their opponent, causing him even more serious harm.

“Hmph! A gravely injured clone still dares say such things to me. Do you have a screw loose?” Leylin snorted. Noticing Scarlet Eye and Archibald fighting. He could not help but turn back.

With him shielding them, the undulations from the battle did not spread to this side, and the arrangements of Gilbert and Emma weren’t interrupted. A door came into existence, one wreathed in starlight.

“There’s not much time left, I need to finish this quickly. The black flames on Leylin’s body gradually weakened, and substituting them were four horrifying rings of blood coloured light.

The energy rings that signified his innate spells flashed one after another and gradually fused, forming a terrifying spell– the Morning Star Arcane Art, Kemoyin Serpent Transformation!

Rumble! An ancient vicious beast appeared in Tylasus City, one that was thousands of metres long. Just its descent alone caused the destruction of a great amount of architecture. Even if Scarlet Eye could hold onto his position today, he would have to relocate his capital.

The Giant Kemoyin Serpent hissed, a terrifying aura emanating from its body. Regular Star ranks could not help but tremble in fear.

These low-ranked beings all shared the common fear that came from being placed in front of a top level predator.

Compared to his previous times, Leylin’s current Giant Kemoyin Serpent transformation at the peak of Morning Star was vastly different. Not only was it much larger in size, there were now more red patterns on the scales, with darkness and fire elemental particles surrounding the body and forming a mist around it.

“A Giant Kemoyin Serpent of this size...” Even as Morning Star Kemoyin Warlocks themselves, Gilbert and Emma were stunned by Leylin’s

Morning Star Arcane Art.

“How did this kid get so large? It’s about three times the size of my transformation...”

Gilbert sized up the body of Leylin’s transformation that spanned hundreds and thousands of metres, absolutely astonished. It was obvious that he was envious as well. Even amongst the bodies of real ancient Kemoyin Serpents, Leylin was definitely the king.

“I’m afraid... Leylin can be considered the strongest Kemoyin Warlock in history!” Emma sighed.

“Eye of Petrification” Two amber pupils that were like stars stared hard at Zegna who was flying backwards.

“Crap!” Before Zegna could react, his magic equipment had already exploded, and a layer of petrified skin appeared on his face as his movements ground to a halt. A petrification cast by an ancient Giant Kemoyin Serpent would affect even Radiant Moon Magi.

Boom! With a flick of its tail, the Giant Kemoyin Serpent struck the petrified Zegna. The earth shook wildly, and many buildings collapsed. Cracks spread in the shape of a web.

Boom! The petrified Zegna exploded, being obliterated into dust that flew around in the air. A huge pit was formed in the ground.

In front of the enhanced Giant Kemoyin Serpent, the clone of a Radiant Moon Magus had died just like that.

“Let’s take care of him first, or it’ll do us no good!” Scarlet Eye roared as he stopped his fight with Archibald upon witnessing this scene. Archibald halted his movements as well, fear evident on his face.

Hss! Leylin obviously would not let two rank 5 Magi attack him together. He took the initiative and spewed out a few large black flame blades.

Boom! The giant flame blades did not move in Scarlet Eye’s direction, but instead, headed towards the phoenix egg in the middle of the battlefield.

Boom! Boom! Boom! In the midst of immensely powerful explosions, the giant scarlet egg had cracked apart into countless fragments. Under the disbelieving gases of everyone else, a boiling heat spread in all directions.

“HOW DARE HE... How could he do that?” Scarlet Eye almost vomited blood in his fury. Never had he expected Leylin to destroy such a precious treasure.

However, he unconsciously headed towards the remains. Archibald did the same, and really, all the other Star ranks had the same thought.

This way, the recently formed forces against Leylin was dispersed.

Leylin was obviously unwilling to damage such a treasure, but he saw the big picture and knew that it was very difficult to leave safely with all their enemies watching. It was even more impossible to get the phoenix egg.

Though this treasure was precious, Leylin could still make the decision when met with issues of his own safety. Besides, he could take advantage of such a chaotic situation.

Hsss! The Giant Kemoyin Serpent charged around violently, and the Star ranks were forced away. They could only stare wide-eyed at its defensive scales. Leylin did not hesitate as he swallowed the remaining third of the egg into his belly, pulling back until he was in front of Gilbert and Emma. He had returned to his human form.

“Let’s go!” Leylin shouted.

“Let’s go!” Gilbert and Emma knew they had to leave no matter how unwilling they were. After all this chaos and contest was over, they would immediately be sieged by the entirety of the Lava World, and while they were reluctant they immediately made their decision.

The gigantic door of light expanded and swallowed the three of them, dissipating with grace.

Boom! The moment after that door disappeared, a streaking flame turned that region into a sea of fire. Atop this sea of fire was Scarlet Eye’s body, but now his eyes were bloodshot.

“Damn it, damn it, DAMN IT!” He looked at the sparkling, beautiful red gemstone in his hands that was emanating warmth. After the phoenix’s egg had been smashed apart, it had turned into this state.

He had not obtained even a quarter of the gains. Everything had been taken by Archibald and the other Star ranks.

Even if they were Star rank Emberwings, it was impossible to make them return something they had taken.

“AAAH...” Scarlet Eye, who had suffered massive losses, began to cry out hysterically...

.....

Jupiter’s Lightning headquarters, Magus World.

At the same time, Zegna was shouting as well.

Black lightning flashed and wrecked the palace, turning it to ash.

“LEYLIN! I won’t let you off!” Zegna could feel his heart bleeding. That was a phoenix egg! If he’d obtained that, he could have immediately advanced to become a Breaking Dawn Monarch! Now, however, all his dreams were ruined.

First, his secondary clone had been killed, “LEYLIN! I won’t let you off!” His secondary clone had been killed by Leylin, so he had no chance to contest for the fragments of the egg. In that sense, he’d gotten no returns for all the work he’d put in.

Even the surviving Morning Stars of Jupiter’s Lightning had been fortunate enough to get part of the fragments, and they would definitely not give it to him unless there was a trade of equivalent value. However, where would he go to find something comparable to a treasure like the phoenix’s egg?

If he used violence, he would force all the Morning Stars away.

“Ah... AAH...” After thinking for a long while, Zegna’s face contorted as he roared, “Leylin, Leylin, Leylin. I won’t let you get away with this, I swear!”

“Impulse is the devil’s emissary!” The mysterious female voice sounded once more.

“It’s all your fault. If my main body had gone over, how would my secondary clone have been killed?” Zegna thundered.

“Hehe... Can your true body go over?” The female voice asked, and Zegna immediately became quiet.

“I taught you the method of making a secondary clone without any compensation, and even told you about my experiences. This is how you repay me?” The female’s voice turned cold.

“Alright! Forgive me for that. Tha kid made me lose my calm.”

# Chapter 578: Return

Zegna was a Radiant Moon Magus after all. Even if he was enraged, it would only be for a short period of time.

“The key now is to deal with this Leylin Farlier! I have a feeling that he’ll hinder my advancement to Breaking Dawn.” Zegna looked fierce as he muttered softly.

“Oh? Has he risen to rank 5? Bloodline shackles aren’t so easily broken.” The woman’s voice now held a trace of curiosity, her interest in Leylin having been piqued.

“He didn’t break through, but he’s reached the peak of Morning Star. With some strange techniques from the Lava World and other methods, I’m afraid...”

Zegna wore a sour look. He had to acknowledge that Leylin really was a genius seen once in thousands of years. He had gained such strength even with the low-levelled bloodline of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent and its inheritance.

Now, even if his main body were to act, defeating him wouldn’t be a problem but it was just a dream if he wanted to kill him.

That was, unless he could find his opponent’s weak point. He would then have to wage a life-and-death battle.

But was that possible? Zegna recalled the intel on Leylin and gave up on that. He knew that, to some level, they were the same type of person, and would not risk their lives for anyone or anything.

Enemies who were powerful and lacked any weaknesses that could be exploited were the most frightening!

Zegna rubbed his forehead, feeling a headache coming.

After being silent for a while, the female spoke again, “In that case, let’s engage our previous plan. How about it...”

“Do you mean...” Zegna’s eyes brightened.

.....

“Finally home!” At Phosphorescence Swamp, Gilbert and Emma stood behind Leylin, watching the familiar surroundings with eyes full of an indescribable fondness and emotion.

“What should we do next?” Gilbert asked.

Emma glanced at Leylin. They were now treating Leylin as their main pillar of strength.

After witnessing Leylin’s strength, the two Warlocks would not protest even if Leylin used them as mere figureheads. With the yielding of these two Morning Star Warlocks, the real power of the Ouroboros Clan now completely lay in Leylin’s hands, and his authority was even more solid than before he had left. Such a result would cause anyone to be astonished.

“We don’t have to do anything, just maintain our current stance!” Leylin shook his head.

“Leylin, have you risen to rank 5?” Fervent hope could be seen in Emma’s expression. In her eyes, if Leylin could break through to rank 5 and had a method of circumventing the issue of bloodline shackles, that would be the best.

“How’s that possible?” Leylin smiled wryly. “I’m only at the peak of Morning Star and only have a few cards up my sleeves!”

This was the truth. Leylin was quite exact when it came to evaluation of his strength, and while he’d seemed invincible in the Lava World as he defeated Scarlet Eye and even obliterated Zegna’s clone, he was aware of his own situation.

Scarlet Eye’s main body had been gravely injured in the battle before, and had also been constrained by his technique. That was he had been unlucky enough to be defeated.

And when it came to Zegna, not only was it just a clone but it had also been seriously injured in his fight with Scarlet Eye. Faced up against Leylin’s all-out Morning Star Arcane Art, his Kemoyin Serpent

Transformation, it could do nothing.

When Scarlet Eye and Archibald looked like they were about to cooperate, Leylin rushed to escape, because he knew he would meet his death if he did not leave at that moment.

However, Leylin would not belittle himself either. With his current strength, he might not win against a rank 5 Radiant Moon, but he had a large chance of survival.

“Just a few cards up your sleeve?” Hearing his words, Gilbert and Emma rolled their eyes inwardly. Those frightening black flames and the strange Kemoyin Serpent Transformation were ‘a few cards up his sleeve’? What did that make them? From the beginning, they had only stood at the side like cheerleaders, unable to make any moves.

“But our Ouroboros Clan is now unafraid of external threats, and can start a new journey!” Leylin beamed as he gazed at the sun, the golden rays wrapped around him in radiance.

There were few in the central continent who were unafraid of Radiant Moons. Those rank 5 Magi would not want to provoke an enemy that could contend against them. Hence, with the Ouroboros Clan in Leylin’s hands, they were definitely going to expand well.

Emma and Gilbert were aware of this fact, and their gazes towards Leylin were full of hope...

“Your Graces, Gilbert and Emma, it is the fortune of our Warlock Union that the two of you could return safely!”

Within the headquarters, Leylin and the other Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks were in discussion with Paul, Philip and the helpers they had called over.

The Crystal Phase Warlock, Freya, stood respectfully behind these few Morning Star Warlocks, her eyes full of indescribable emotion.

Though even the First Elder’s side had smiles on their faces, they could not conceal the sorrow in their hearts.



Leylin's abrupt rise to power, as well as the return of the other two Kemoyin dukes meant that they would lose a large portion of their benefits. There was no Morning Star who would support them anymore.

Of course, there were few Warlocks with this mindset. The students and clansmen of Gilbert and Emma were now full of glee, and extremely grateful to Leylin.

Due to her relationship with Leylin, Freya was wedged between Leylin and Emma. Her eyes glanced past Leylin, Emma and Gilbert occasionally, and she came to a conclusion that made her gasp.

'Mentor Emma and Duke Gilbert are now letting Leylin call the shots!' Though Leylin was a newly-advanced Morning Star, he was the one taking charge of receiving all these Morning Star Warlocks, and he was even seated right in the middle in the Master's seat. Freya, who had astutely discovered this, was astonished.

This meant that even Emma and Gilbert acknowledged Leylin's rule!

For some reason, Freya sighed with relief as she found this out, even though her seniors and juniors were unwilling and perplexed.

She was Emma's student and they were on very good terms, but that still lost out to her relationship with Leylin. If the two began to vie for strength, she really had no clue about where she would stand.

Now, however, all was solved! Freya sneaked a peek at her husband, the reverence in her eyes unable to be hidden.

Seeing his wife adopting a childlike behaviour, Leylin laughed inwardly. If Gilbert and Emma did not know how to act even after he displayed his strength that was comparable to rank 5s, he would probably have to employ certain other techniques.

However, Morning Stars were no fools. Gilbert and Emma especially understood the situation, which made things easier for him.

"Yes! When we first found out the two of you were lost in another world, we were extremely shocked. Next was the battle with the allied forces, but thanks to Leylin..."

Regardless of the Crystal Phase Magi's thoughts, the Morning Star Warlocks discussed amongst themselves.

Philip was observing Leylin, but could not make sense of his sitting at the master's seat. He glanced at Gilbert and Emma, and could not help but sigh.

The magnitude of the events in the past few years had exceeded that in the past few centuries. Under crisis after crisis, many Morning Star powers in the continent had gone through a round of reshuffling.

Spirit Circle and Wind Wolf Lair had lost most of their Morning Star forces in the Scarlet Ruins, and now only had one Morning Star maintaining their organisation each. Their losses were massive.

The Ouroboros Clan had been on the brink of destruction, but a terrifying genius had suddenly appeared and successfully saved two of the dukes. Now, their strength had not diminished, and was instead increased.

'I'm afraid the situation of our three organisations in the alliance with equal power will be broken. In the next hundreds of years, Duke Leylin of the Ouroboros Clan will be calling the shots..'

Philip watched Leylin whose aura was even more profound than that of the previous First Kemoyin elder, and a thought rose in his mind.

'Whatever it is, our Wind Wolf Lair had been on good terms with the Ouroboros Clan, and my personal relationship with Leylin is more solid than his with Paul. As long as I stay cautious, nothing will happen. With Leylin as an external support, I'll be able to protect my Wind Wolf Lair until the next generation grows up...' Philip might be hot-headed, but he was no fool. Having understood this, he treated Leylin with more respect, and this attitude left Paul rather annoyed.

"Alright! Based on the contract in the Morning Star area, here are your rewards!" With a wave of his arms, three streaks of light shot towards Paul and the other Morning Star Warlocks, black light shining on a spatial item.

After Paul and the others used their soul force and checked, looks of

satisfaction appeared on their faces.

“The Ouroboros Clan being safe is all thanks to all of you, and you’ve chased away a few people. Hence, I’m giving you thirty percent more on top of the promised rewards.” Leylin’s smile was very gentle. It was like a breath of fresh air for Paul and the others.

This was obviously feigned, but when feigned by Leylin who had a rather unique status, he seemed more amiable and mysterious.

Paul and the rest were solemn, but their facial expressions displayed their thanks, and seemed touched.

Leylin shook his head inwardly, though the smile on his face remained, “Also, our Ouroboros Clan is planning to launch a war campaign and retrieve our lost territory. Please bear witness to it!”

Upon hearing Leylin’s words, the Morning Star Warlocks all carried different expressions.

# Chapter 579: Contend

If not for Leylin's appearance, the Ouroboros Clan would probably have been annihilated in the attack by the allied forces.

Even if Leylin showed off his terrifying battle might and talent, and used various methods to get the other side to withdraw their troops, all the land and resources that had been occupied would not be taken back easily.

Leylin had merely been a newly-advanced Morning Star then. How could he request a territory as large as that of the other three Morning Star Warlocks? If they were to be attacked again, he would not be able to suppress it alone.

The amount of strength he possessed dictated the treatment he could command. Leylin was very clear on this fact. Now, with the return of the two dukes and the rise of his battle power, Leylin felt that he had enough under his belt to request this.

As for whether this would offend Jupiter's Lightning... Hadn't Leylin already done so in the past? Since he had completely offended them, doing anything more wasn't a huge issue.

"Mm! The Black River Domain used to be one of the territories of the Ouroboros Clan, and it being occupied by some other organisation is an insult to us Bloodline Warlocks!" Philip stood up, looking indignant, "I'll definitely tell the union!"

Seeing him acting this way, Paul and the other Warlock rolled their eyes inwardly but did not retort against him. Rather, they were in favour of that decision.

Those territories had initially belonged to the Ouroboros Clan, and they were merely recovering them. In addition, they would at most show their support verbally and not actually act, unless the Ouroboros Clan was willing to make more compromises for their benefits.

However, Leylin was only requesting that they be witnesses, and was not planning on having them act.

Not considering his current strength, just Gilbert and Emma working together would be enough to handle this.

Hearing that Leylin had intentions of reclaiming their old land, the Crystal Phase Warlocks around did not speak, but they were very emotional.

The allied forces still occupied their lands and ruled their people. That was the ultimate humiliation!

The fact that the battle had come all the way to the headquarters and they had almost completely been uprooted was still fresh, and was deeply carved into the minds of these Warlocks. With these seeds of hatred planted, they were stirred up on hearing that Leylin was going to lead them to enact their vengeance.

Seeing this, Leylin nodded.

The reason for this expansion was to increase the size of the pie so as to avert dissent. With three Morning Stars now in the Ouroboros Clan, the resources of the area they controlled were not enough to divide amongst all of them, leave alone the rest of the people under them.

Furthermore, by leading them to take revenge, Leylin's reputation would reach an unprecedented level, which would make it more convenient for him to take control of the organisation.

This was an open conspiracy. Even if Gilbert and Emma could tell, they would not be able to say much.

Having agreed on the time, Philip and the others took their leaves, and even Freya and other high-ranked Warlocks left automatically. Only Leylin and the other two were left.

"Are you going to declare war on Jupiter's Lightning now? Didn't you say to maintain the current state?" Emma asked worriedly.

"When I said to maintain the current state, I meant our current state of preparing for battle!" Leylin laughed grimly, a tyrannical aura emanating from his body. "Besides, Jupiter's Lightning is probably too busy with their own matters..."

“Oh? How is that?” Gilbert was interested. He was always elated when there were methods to trim Jupiter Lightning’s strength. From Leylin’s perspective, this was a deeply embedded enmity.

“When I went to the Lava World, I asked the rank 5 ‘Golden Lion’ Warlock, Lord Wayde, to help hold up Zegna. He accidentally let a rank 5 clone go, but the main body did not descend. For that reason, I’m going to hold to our agreement!”

“What agreement?” Gilbert and Emma exchanged a glance. Ever since they had known Leylin, they had never seen this kid at a disadvantage before. There must definitely be some deep meaning for him to do this.

“He helped me hold Zegna back, so in return, I will give them the coordinates to the Lava World!” Leylin laughed. “Just now, Wayde received my message...”

“What?” Gilbert and Emma stood up abruptly, “That’s a world! Do you know what you’ve done?”

A large alternative world meant unprecedented benefits. Just the strength systems and paths to power they had were extremely helpful for Magi, and could help them progress rapidly.

Not considering other matters, those Breaking Dawn Monarchs had taken over entire large worlds before advancing. The fact that Leylin had obtained such benefits was also proof of the value of a world.

Hence, organisations would guard these coordinates with the highest security. If not for Zegna being absolutely confident and having been bewitched by somebody else, he would not use these coordinates to trap the three Kemoyin dukes.

A world that had not been exploited yet was very attractive. It was not as if the three Kemoyin dukes didn’t have their suspicions, but they still fell into the trap. The fact was that the benefits were immense, to the point that it affected their rationality!

Of course, it was Zegna who had lost everything. Not only had he gained nothing, he had also suffered greatly.

Now, Leylin was giving such a huge secret away? Emma and Gilbert could not comprehend this.

After all, in their eyes, only they and Jupiter's Lightning knew of the Lava World's coordinates. At this point, it was best to keep this secret to their death and when the time was right, they could destroy Jupiter's Lightning and completely take over the Lava World!

"You guys..." Leylin shook his head helplessly, "How could another world be so easy to take control of? Besides, there are numerous rank 5s there, as well as Jupiter's Lightning eyeing this strength."

"What we need the most now is not another world, but enough time to rest and regain our strength."

"Wayde is part of our Warlock Union. By luring him there, Jupiter's Lightning will definitely launch an intense battle for control of the Lava World. That will give us ample time for developments." Leylin spoke frankly and assuredly, tone full of confidence and eyes emanating an incomparable vigour.

"There are rank 5s on both ends. How could the Lava World be so easily taken over? In this period of time, it's enough for us to take advantage of the chaos and gain benefits!"

"On top of that, once we obtain more strength, it's not like we can't forcefully retrieve the Lava World from the other party's hands!"

Not only did Leylin make the final decision, he even presented a pretty picture for Emma and Gilbert.

"If you say that..." Gilbert and Emma looked each other in the eye begrudgingly.

Seeing them acting this way, Leylin was laughing inside.

He obviously didn't care much for the Lava World, because he'd already gotten the most benefits from there. Not only had he obtained the mutated Fireplume and caused his Morning Star point mass to grow to the limits, he'd even gotten a third of the essence from the phoenix egg.

These were basically the greatest treasures of the Lava World, and Leylin was obviously satisfied with his gains.

After the matter with the Holy Solar Festival, he had offended the heads of the two largest organisations in the Lava World, Scarlet Eye and Archibald, and it could only be resolved by the death of a party.

Just the knowledge that he had obtained fragments of the phoenix's egg would be enough to cause the strong ones within the Lava World to hunger after his gains.

The reason Leylin had handed over the coordinates to the Lava World was because he had considered this as well. With Wayde in control, he could still hold onto what he had. Besides, he'd already handed the coordinates over already. If Wayde or others wanted some? It was simple, they could go to the Lava World themselves and contend with each other for it!

"That Zegna from Jupiter's Lightning is probably coughing up blood right now, given that I threw these coordinates away." Leylin stroked his chin, a malicious grin about his lips.

.....

He sent the two dukes away after their discussion. Following that was a conversation with Freya over dinner before Leylin finally returned to his Morning Star Magus Tower.

The place was as towering as always, full of archaism and grandeur. As he entered the tower, the intelligent tower genie flew out, "Master!"

"Hmm. Show me all the recent records, as well as the current state of operation of the Magus Tower," Leylin commanded.

"In the time that master has been away, the astral gate has been operating at the lowest energy level. Astral stone storage has been completely used up. Magus Tower is now running on minimal energy required. 3.78% of the Host's health is injured. Supplies-wise, ...."

The tower genie was expressionless and began to send in the reports methodically. It was extremely meticulous, as if he was the most thorough



of butlers.

“Keke... I’ve practically used up all the astral stones I’ve accumulated as well as the power source of the Magus Tower.” Leylin sighed, feeling his heart ache.

“But in comparison to such a huge harvest, this investment is very worth it. The profits were immense! Of course, that’s because I have the A.I. Chip and can unearth the resources of foreign worlds to the highest degree.”

Back in his study room, Eternal Flames emitted heated light. Seated behind the study table, he began to compare his gains.

“I’ve successfully met my goal and brought the two Kemoyin dukes back. The Ouroboros Clan’s strength has risen rapidly, and just this alone means that I’ve gotten more than I invested.”

Leylin’s eyes were twinkling as he spread out a black notebook on the table and began to scribble on it.

“In terms of resources, there’s the essence of the phoenix egg. That is definitely a world-class treasure. Not only can it accelerate progress in Fireplume, it’s remarkably useful for a Magus’ soul and point mass. The resources that I especially collected from the Emberwings can also be considered to be abundant!”

# Chapter 580: Vitality Bottleneck

“In terms of techniques, the mutated Fireplume is probably comparable to a top-grade meditation technique...”

Leylin checked on the point mass in his sea of consciousness. After devouring the essence of Fireplume, the point mass had not only become more concentrated, with the nebula outside expanding by half, it now emanated a trace of fiery-red amongst the darkness.

After obtaining Fireplume, his aptitude had changed. Previously, his darkness elemental affinity was the main element. Now, his fire elemental affinity had been raised, and while it was still not up to par with the darkness element, it was catching up.

“My Kemoyin’s Pupil is no longer a meditation technique solely for Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks, but a top-grade one infused with Fireplume.” Leylin obviously would not start training in Fireplume all over again. He was, at his roots, a Magus, and a bloodline Warlock at that. Hence, while running its simulations, the A.I. Chip had fused the essence of Fireplume into his point mass.

Fireplume fused with Kemoyin’s Pupil. The two had been made compatible with previous simulations, and they now fused together to form a slightly mutated meditation technique.

The effects of the technique far surpassed that of the fourth level of the original Kemoyin’s Pupil, and even allowed Leylin to see hope of simulating the fifth level!

Once simulation of the meditation technique was complete, Leylin only needed to solve the bloodline issues and he would be able to rid himself of the bloodline shackles of rank 4, and pry open the realm of the Radiant Moon!

“Kemoyin’s Pupil doesn’t have a fifth level anyway. I’ll just continue calling this upgraded fused meditation technique the same thing.” Leylin very continued to use the already given name with no intention to think of a new one.

Whether it was the twelfth and thirteenth levels of Fireplume or the fifth level of a meditation technique, they all enabled one to enter the Radiant Moon realm. Even if Leylin had some rough ideas about that, it would require a large period of time for him to comprehend them all.

Even so, it was still much better than having no hope at all.

“Besides Fireplume, I’ve recorded a lot of information regarding the culture, technology and geography of the Lava World. The A.I. Chip’s database is much more complete, and I’ve benefited quite a lot!” Leylin stroked his chin.

The advantage of having the A.I. Chip meant that he could leave Magi far behind in the dust in terms of his learning speed. In other worlds, he was basically like a fish in water, recording even the most complicated information with just a sweeping scan by the A.I. Chip. He could analyse and understand everything quickly, and was much faster than Magi who had to study one book after another.

For this reason, he could rapidly gain clarity on the path of strength in other worlds and fuse it into his own body, a unique advantage for himself.

“In general, the harvests were so immense during this trip to the Lava World, that my absorption is bursting at the seams...” Leylin glanced at his stats.

[Leylin Farlier. Rank 4 Warlock. Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent (Matured Body). Strength: 50, Agility: 45, Vitality: 65, Spiritual force:956.8, Magic power: 956 (Magic power is in synchronisation with spiritual force). Soul force: ???]

“The lowest numbers for spiritual force among Morning Star is 500 and above, and I’ve almost reached 1000! However, soul force has yet to be enumerated.”

Looking at the numbers, a wry smile appeared on his face.

He had obtained much in the Lava World, especially with a few advancements in his soul that allowed his soul force to rise sharply in

power. While the A.I. Chip could not show the numbers, just the difference in spiritual force implied that there was a large change.

Soul force was a higher-grade version of spiritual force. Hence, advancements in the soul could be seen through advancements in spiritual force.

“However, an increase of around 400 is already beginning to exceed the limits of what my body can handle!”

The wry smile at the corner of Leylin’s lips grew even more obvious. Fireplume and the phoenix egg were treasures that put emphasis on the elements, but did not do much for strength.

While he had a large increase in spiritual force at one go, his body had already begun to show signs of an inability to endure.

This was because there was too much water in the cup, and the cup was too small. Though there weren’t any obvious residual effects yet, Leylin could only turn into a spirit and walk the path of a spirit Magus if he did not treat this in time.

“To solve this, the essence is to strengthen my vitality and allow the body, as well as the spiritual force that suddenly increased, to grow harmonious once more, and get everything done once and for all.”

Leylin commanded, “A.I. Chip, with my current control, how much vitality do I need to sustain my spiritual force?”

[Beep! Mission established, scanning of stats of host body. Beginning construction of model. Beginning deduction...]

The A.I. Chip’s robotic voice was heard as it formed a blue human figure in Leylin’s mind. Terrifying spiritual force undulations were emanated from the model.

[Deduction completed. To completely match with spiritual force, host must have a vitality of 100 or above!] The A.I. Chip intoned loyally.

“A vitality at 100 or above?” Leylin touched his chin.

As the body was a vessel for spiritual force, Magi took vitality rather

seriously. They even had some techniques and body-tempering spell formations just for this.

With Leylin's current state, with a vitality as high as 65, 90% of the techniques for increasing vitality were useless to him.

However, with his knowledge and the accumulations from his explorations in the past, he immediately had an idea.

"Not considering those remote techniques, Multilimb Strength is very suitable for me right now. Even in the worst situation, I can control my current condition and prevent it from getting worse!"

Leylin stood up with a flash of understanding and headed to another training room.

Ka-cha! His body suddenly contorted in a strange manner, arranging himself such that he looked like a strange rune. Bizarre joints and muscles could be heard vibrating within him.

These vibrations combined and gradually formed a slightly hoarse voice.

The voice seemed to be chanting some sacrificial text, full of a great, ancient feeling that also held within a barbaric air.

"Multilimb Strength!"

"Aoooo!" A shrunk six-armed figure appeared behind Leylin, and with his chanting, more runes appeared from the Multi-Armed Race figure and disappeared into Leylin's back.

When the ceremony was over, the rays of light from the Multi-Armed Race member disappeared into Leylin's back and formed a strange golden image of the Multi-Armed Race, looking like a vivid tattoo.

Multiple golden threads scattered on Leylin's skin and muscles, and everything quickly quietened down.

Leylin got up, looking at his palms. The skin was pale, bones slender, and there didn't seem to be much of a difference. Occasionally, though, faint flashes of gold would be seen flashing within.

There seemed to be a layer of dense armour on his body, which made it

heavy. This was nothing to Leylin. More importantly, the instant the tattoo was completed, the pressure from having his spiritual force straining his body at all times, while not completely dissipating, had reduced.

Seeing this result, Leylin heaved a long sigh of relief.

“Though Multilimb Strength can’t increase my vitality, it has an effect of sealing and reinforcing the body, which can maintain my current state. When I find more body-tempering spell formations...”

“Now, I need to quickly take care of the allied forces who are still occupying the territories that belong to the Ouroboros Clan. I’ll then make use of the Ouroboros Clan’s forces and get them to help me find treasures, potions, or spell formations and the like that can increase my vitality...”

Leylin made plans for himself, feet continuing to move until he reached another secret room.

On the door, there were many seals that formed a chain, locking the door tightly. However, a boiling heat could still be felt.

Buzz! A black flame automatically appeared from Leylin’s body, and it absorbed all the heat.

“Pretty good level of heat! It’s like another form of the phoenix’s flames!”

“A.I. Chip!” Leylin commanded inwardly.

[Beep! Limits to authority opened! Passed scanning!] Along with the A.I. Chip’s voice, two blue streams of data flashed from Leylin’s eyes, millions of ant-like golden words flickering and entering the seal.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! The runic chain broke open, and terrifying golden flames surged out from behind the door.

Skreeeee! As if provoked or challenged, the black flames on Leylin’s body grew more exuberant, forming a black layer of isolation that kept the door tightly shut.

Large amounts of golden flames were eaten into and devoured by the black flames as they strengthened themselves.

Such a devilish process left Leylin in shock.

After entering the secret room, one could see a giant world of ice and snow. At the heart, however, a golden sun was emanating rays of light. Numerous ice runes formed chains that restrained the sun, but it still produced a boiling heat.

In that moment, there was a deadlock between the icy blue and fiery gold.

“The bloodline of the rank 6 Sun’s Child!” Leylin’s eyes were unfocused, the black flames automatically forming the figure of a devilish black bird. Crimson eyes were glued onto the little sun in the middle, looking fearful.

“It’s a pity...” Leylin sighed once again. This was the highest-ranked bloodline he had gained thus far.

After the phoenix egg had broken, it automatically formed a dense crystal and there were no traces of its bloodline remaining, leading Leylin to start wondering if the phoenix was a bloodline creature at all. There was no way to refine any ancient bloodline in this case.

“I have a feeling that the bloodline of the Sun’s Child is very compatible with Fireplume, but it’s a pity... I already have another bloodline...”

Leylin sighed. If he had the bloodline of the phoenix, he would change his bloodline no matter how difficult it would be. However, the bloodline of the Sun’s child? That was only rank 6, and wasn’t powerful enough to motivate him to take this risk.

# Chapter 581: Commencing Counterattack

“It’s too wasteful to use the Sun’s Child’s bloodline for an ancient bloodline ignition experiment. Besides, the Ouroboros Clan is about to wage a war against the allied forces of Jupiter’s Lightning. After that, I still need to look for body-tempering spell formations and explore the Icy World. I need exceedingly powerful methods that can inspire terror!” Leylin stroked his chin.

With his current strength, he could escape from a Radiant Moon, but he had nothing that would be able to threaten them. Hence, he needed powerful, intimidating trump cards.

Kemoyin Serpent Transformation, being a Morning Star Arcane Art, was indeed one, but people would learn to counter it if he used it too often. Leylin was looking to prepare a few other killing techniques.

“Using a rank 6 bloodline to create a one-time bloodline imprint should be enough to threaten the life of a Radiant Moon, right?” Leylin predicted, “Though it’s a pity, there’s no other choice.”

A bloodline imprint could be able to display the strength of certain ancient beings when they were at their peak. Even one attack at such strengths was frightening.

In the past, Leylin could do nothing with the bloodline of the Sun’s Child even if he had these thoughts.

Now, however, not only had he risen to the peak of Morning Star and gotten a huge boost in strength, he had also gained control over the phoenix flames, which could rival this sun’s flames. For that reason, creating a bloodline imprint was a real possibility.

“Let’s begin...” Leylin watched the golden flaming sun at the heart of the secret room and took a deep breath. Dense, demonic black flames were emitted from his palms, and burst forth in the form of a thin thread...

The creation of the bloodline imprint took a few days. When Gilbert and the rest in the Magus Tower outside were beginning to get impatient,



Leylin appeared before them.

They could feel something was different about him, but Gilbert and the others could not pinpoint it.

“I’ve made my decision. Gather the army, and we shall begin reclaiming our lost territory!” Leylin wore a platinum Magus robe and had on white gloves. His temperament was full of dignity, and upon hearing his declaration, multiple Ouroboros Clan Warlocks began to cheer. They had been waiting for this day for far too long.

After showing himself and setting the hearts of everyone at ease, Leylin sent Gilbert and the rest away and took off his gloves. Observing the back of his hands, his face could not hide the ecstasy he was feeling.

Complicated runes in the form of a sun occupied the backs of both his hands. The outermost layer was a ring of black flames, as if a seal to store the power of the sun in his hands.

‘With the support from the A.I. Chip and the suppression from the phoenix flames, I finally moulded the bloodline of the Sun’s Child into a bloodline imprint!’ Leylin paid close attention to the bloodline imprints. After a long while, he sighed deeply and wore the gloves once again.

‘I didn’t expect for the blood to be sufficient to form two imprints. And I can even feel that Fireplume is nourishing these imprints on my hands, altering them in some way. They seem to have been upgraded. If I were to activate this suddenly, even a rank 5 wouldn’t be able to withstand the attack!’

Leylin’s Fireplume and the bloodline of the Sun’s Child had some mysterious response to each other, and the bloodline imprint’s power was being nourished and amplified. The A.I. Chip estimated that each of these two bloodline imprints was as strong as two all-out attacks from the ancient rank 6 Sun’s Child!

With such a great killing technique with him, Leylin now had something to count on, and was utterly confident in waging this war.

Greenflame City. This stronghold which acted as the bridge between the

allied forces and Phosphorescence Swamp, was also a key strategic region for the Ouroboros Clan.

Since the Sky Legion had taken over this place, this stronghold had been in the hands of the allied forces. Even the commoners there had accepted this fact.

Gradually, after a few years, they had recovered from the fires of war before, and were now showing signs of prospering.

“No matter which Magus organisation governs them, none would attack regular humans for no reason. Hence, their loyalty is not guaranteed. Practically all leaders will be easily accepted, or should I say, this is the survival instinct of people with low social status?”

Above Greenflame City, Leylin and a few other Morning Star Warlocks stood in the air. Seeing the prosperous city, there was little they could say.

The Ouroboros Clan had occupied this area for thousands of years, but they never expected the people to react this way.

“We’ve never had much of an interest in this area. It’s fine as long as they can provide a certain amount of provisions and materials, as well an annual influx of fresh blood.” Gilbert stood aside, slightly red in the face.

“Oh well! At least, we won’t have to feel bad about dragging them back into war once more!” Emma sneered, eyes completely red. The news that the allied forces had attacked the Ouroboros Clan brazenly after she had disappeared had completely riled her up.

The fury of a Morning Star could only be eased with fresh blood!

“If you don’t make a move, I’m going to do it!” Emma watched Leylin and the others who had been invited such as Paul, who were unmoving. Laughing coldly, her robes began to sway and make sounds with the breeze.

“The flame elf of the immemorial times, please listen to my decree and descend, turning into a rain of flames!” Emma chanted loudly as terrifying elemental particle emanated from her body like a black hole. Endless elemental tides formed a surging tsunami.

A bit of red appeared in the sky, and it accumulated to form a layer of dense flaming clouds.

“Rank 4 spell– Descent of the Heavenly Flames!” Large amounts of flames streaked down like meteors, leaving splendid long tails as they descended upon Greenflame City.

Soon enough, successive sounds of an explosion could be heard, and a large amount of black flames formed that spread everywhere.

“Enemy attack! These energy undulations... Morning Star!” Within the residence of the city’s mayor, a sentry yelled in disbelief at the data they had seen on the screen.

At the same time, he hung his head, closed his eyes and prayed, “Great Lord! Has the war between Morning Stars begun once again...”

He knew how terrifying wars between Morning Stars were. If Greenflame City was going to be the battlefield, none of the low-ranked Magi like him would be able to escape. Just the stray spells and large amounts of horrifying radiation could easily take their measly lives.

“Crap! The base of the airship forces!” After praying, this alarm watcher suddenly recalled something, and his expression changed as he activated a secret imprint in his hands.

“Hello? Is this the base of the airships? This is the mayor’s residence. This is a rank 4 warning. I repeat, this is a rank 4 warning. A Morning Star is attacking!!”

No matter how much he shouted, there was no reaction from the imprint. Knowing things were bad, he darted out of the surveillance room and immediately saw the shower of flames. The violent sounds of explosions that accompanied them meant that the airship base stationed beside Greenflame City was now caught in the blazing flames.

“It’s too late!” He laughed bitterly, about to leave the battlefield.

Rumble! Boiling hot meteoric flames fell and wrapped around him, the fierce flames burning violently.

“Warning, warning! Energy from the barrier has been consumed. Unable to maintain energy defence!”

The piercing sounds of alerts could be heard everywhere in the base. There were panicked Magi and technological staff everywhere, and the interior of the airship base was in chaos.

Occasionally, a few airships would take flight, and would then be ruthlessly smacked to the ground by a few gigantic black arms, causing large sparks in the base.

“These airships aren’t half bad, but it’s a pity they’re useless to me!”

Leylin sighed, but his hands did not stop moving. Large black Giant Kemoyin Serpent figures streaked through the skies, absorbing life force without care. All enemies in the vicinity of these figures had their life force sucked up and turned into dry corpses, with not even a bit of moisture left within.

The Ouroboros Clan was unable to handle so many airships, and besides, arrangements after the war were going to be very troublesome. Leylin could not be bothered to wrangle with the Morning Stars over this, and found it simpler to just obliterate the fleet.

“Stop!” Such unbridled actions immediately gave rise to the fury of other Magi. A streak of blue light shot out and appeared before Leylin and the others, revealing the figure of a young Magus.

The undulations of a Morning Star were also being emanated from this young Magus’ body. From his bright eyes that had seen through the ways of the world, there was now merely rage. However, after seeing Leylin, Paul and the others, which came up to six Morning Stars working together, his pupils shrank slightly, and fear appeared on his face.

“Duke Farlier, are you planning on destroying the peace treaty from before?” Leylin knew this Magus. He was one of the Morning Stars that had besieged Ouroboros Clan, and was one of the leaders of the organisations that depended on Jupiter’s Lightning.

Of course, to the current Leylin, he was as weak as an ant.

“Peace treaty? Hmph! That was just a temporary armistice!” Emma took a step forward, a snake-shaped spore landed in Greenflame City below.

Bang! The spore clung onto the body of a Magus, and fear was apparent on his face as many warts appeared on his body.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Seconds later, the warts broke open, and even more spores flew out.

In a short period of time, the entire Greenflame City had sunk into an abyss of suffering.

“You-!” The Morning Star Magus was anxious but did not raise his hand. With six Morning Star Warlocks here, he would be the one in trouble the moment he made a move.

Hence, he could only glare at Emma with hatred, “His Highness from Jupiter’s Lightning will not let you off!”

“I’ll wait!” Leylin chuckled and stepped forward while he continued the conversation.

Of course, in the eyes of outsiders, he had gone completely insane! Even with three Kemoyin dukes joining hands, as well as support from the Warlock Union, it was naive to think they’d be able to challenge a Radiant Moon!

This Morning Star began to snicker but immediately realised something was odd.

“Only Leylin out of all the Warlocks here has recently advanced. It’s understandable if he doesn’t understand the gap between them, but how can Gilbert and the others not know the power of a real Radiant Moon? Why do they look so relaxed?”

# Chapter 582: Retrieving Land

Every Magus possessed knowledge and wisdom that far surpassed that of ordinary men. How could any such person knowingly provoke a rank 5?

There were only two ways that such a thing would happen. They were either absolutely confident in victory, or had a trump card that guaranteed them their lives.

Though this Morning Star couldn't guess what trump card Leylin and the rest had, he could tell that the situation today was not in his favour.

"Alright! Give me five minutes, and I'll order all my Magi to withdraw. I'll leave Greenflame City to you," he relented, albeit grudgingly.

The city and territory were all small matters to him. His Magi were what truly mattered, and he did not hesitate to make this choice even if he was unwilling.

"There's no need for that. Whatever the Ouroboros Clan lost, we will retrieve it with our own strength." Gilbert shook his head and rejected the other party's suggestion.

"Also, even if it's you, whoever dares offend our Ouroboros Clan will need to pay the price," Leylin added from the core of the group of Warlocks.

"What?" The enemy Morning Star Magus was enraged. "The nerve! You dare threaten me?"

He had been infuriated. Morning Star Magi lorded over the central continent. With their Morning Star Arcane Arts, they had trump cards capable of taking their opponents down with them, and they'd thus developed a pride rooted in the belief that they were unrivalled.

He acknowledged that he had been defeated, and taking the initiative and withdrawing was already giving his opponent face. However, the Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan wanted him to pay a price?

"Lunatics! You bunch of Kemoyin Warlocks are all lunatics!" The Morning Star's expression turned frosty.

If he knew of Leylin's previous battle achievements, he wouldn't dare say things like this.

Now, however, the Magus was determined to teach Leylin a lesson, and terrifying elemental energy gathered on his body as rings of light formed one after the other.

"Morning Star Arcane Art!" Paul and the others exclaimed in shock.

"That's right... Since you don't know what's good for you, then let this area be completely destroyed!" The Morning Star Magus yelled maniacally. If a Morning Star were to disregard everything, the Ouroboros Clan's territory would be ruined.

"Stand down. Let me do this."

Unexpectedly, the Warlocks opposing him had not withdrawn from his threats. Instead, Leylin had stepped out.

"A mere newly-advanced Morning Star is going to stop me?" This Morning Star suddenly had the urge to laugh.

Soon enough, though, this smile turned stiff.

Hsssss!" Along with large amounts of demonic black flames, the giant phantom of a serpent appeared behind Leylin's back. This large serpent was quite similar to the Giant Kemoyin Serpent of the Ouroboros Clan, but there were red patterns on the scales and large amounts of black flames twining around its body. It was as if it was wreathed in a layer of flaming armour.

A forcefield even more terrifying than those of ancient rank 4 beings spread out, covering him.

Crack! The rings of light broke, and the energy of this Morning Star Magus' point mass began to seep out and enter the black flames.

"Wha- What monster is this?!" The Morning Star Magus' expression changed, regret filling his mind. He now knew that this newly-advanced Morning Star was the most terrifying of this group of Warlocks!

"Hsssss!" The huge serpent snarled and devoured the Morning Star...

Rumble! Air shook and created shockwaves. Gilbert, Emma and the rest shot glances at each other and began to stabilise the space around them.

Whoosh! A moment later, a blue figure escaped from the giant phantom serpent, making a strange sound as he fled pitifully.

Leylin stood quietly where he was, not even a wrinkle in his clothes or a strand of stray hair jutting out. He did not proceed to give chase.

“Why did you let him go?” Gilbert and Emma asked. They knew it was intentional on Leylin’s part, after all they had personally seen his prowess.

“Our goal right now is to regain our territory. Now isn’t the time to start wars with others. Battles between Morning Stars would attract the attention of Breaking Dawn Monarchs.”

Leylin shook his head, “Besides, the injuries to his body will take a few hundred years to heal. There’s no need to take notice of him in the future!”

It had to be said that Leylin was very meticulous in some matters. Gilbert and Emma looked to give him their approval.

“Ley- Leylin, you’re so amazing? Goodnes! That was a Morning Star!” Philip was gaping. He had to admit that what he had seen today was just too amazing, and something rarely seen even in his long life.

Leylin could actually forcefully suppress a Magus by interrupting them while they were performing their Morning Star Arcane Art. He had even gravely injured his opponent, and was confident in killing them!

This was not a strength that belonged to rank 4s. It was the might that only great rank 5 Magi possessed!

“Leylin, Your Grace. Have you advanced to rank 5 already?” Paul asked a question that Gilbert and Emma wanted to enquire about as well.

“Of course not!” Leylin shook his head, but that only gave Paul the feeling that he was enigmatic and unmeasurable.

“Alright! Since the Morning Star has already been chased off, Greenflame City shall return to the arms of our Ouroboros Clan!”



Gilbert said a few words to a secret imprint, and soon enough troops formed of multiple high-ranked Warlocks arrived at the place.

Having already been attacked by a rank 4 spell and seeing their Morning Star flee in defeat, the high-ranked Magi of the enemy had no plans of fighting on. Teleportation portals flashed and people flew away as they fled.

Greenflame City returned to the Warlocks' control in less than an hour.

"I remember that this place once belonged to the Mair Family, right?" Emma spoke, implying something.

"Yes! As the Mair Family did not guard their territory properly, I suggest we reduce their land and take Greenflame City, giving it to other bloodline nobility!" Gilbert immediately spoke.

This was a reshuffling of power. With Leylin's powerful, abrupt rise, as well as the fall of the original First Elder, there were definitely conflicts of interest when it came to the allocation of benefits. The war was a perfect excuse to make changes to this.

Leylin stood silently at the side, not seeming to have any intentions of seizing power. However, even outsiders like Paul and Philip could tell that most of the territories that were being reclaimed would definitely be placed under Leylin's Farlier Family and Freya's Blood Serpent Family.

After the war, the Blood Serpent and Farlier Families would immediately rise in power. There was no doubt about that.

"Alright, let's get to the next area!" Once all affairs at Greenflame City were taken care of, a few Warlocks immediately continued on a new journey.

With Leylin along with Gilbert and Emma as support, the organisations that relied on Jupiter's Lightning and had merely one or two Morning Star Magi were swept through.

While Philip and Paul did not do anything, just their presence represented the stance of the Warlock Union. Even Rank 5 Magi had to reconsider the consequences.

Hence, the frontlines were pushed forward smoothly. In less than a month, all the land that had been occupied had returned to the high-ranked Warlocks of the Ouroboros Clan. Of course, there were naturally changes when it came to allocation, but no Warlock dared complain.

“Hah... Onyx Castle! I’m back!”

Leylin stood above Onyx Castle in his territory, and was speechless.

The Magus Tower not far away had long since been overturned by the Oakheart family. Of course, they had immediately compensated Leylin with a brand new Morning Star Magus Tower.

The Onyx Castle below had obviously been destroyed and reconstructed. That must have been the Oakheart Family trying to curry favour with him since they were already here.

“Are you very familiar with the Azure Mountain King? The moment you arrived, he immediately withdrew his troops, and even looked impatient in doing it!”

“I just have something on him, so we’re temporary allies.” Leylin shook his head and chuckled.

“Temporary?” Emma observed Leylin’s profound smile, suddenly feeling like the breeze in the skies was slightly chilly. She began to mourn for the Oakheart Family.

“News has come in that the Green Snake Marshes have been taken back. Our Ouroboros Clan has now regained all its past territory!” Gilbert’s figure appeared by Leylin side, a sigh in his tone. “What should we do next?”

“Nothing. Just work on consolidating our original territories.”

Leylin knew when to stop. Though he did not know if it was his existence or the intimidation of the Warlock Union, Jupiter’s Lightning had displayed a high degree of tolerance towards the Ouroboros Clan’s recent activities, and practically did not interfere at all. This was also why Leylin and the rest had been able to reclaim their territories so quickly.

Of course, Leylin did not believe that they were afraid of him or the union.

Zegna probably had something more important to focus on, which was why he was temporarily enduring his activities. As long as he killed Leylin, the Ouroboros Clan would quickly fall apart even if they took up half of the central continent.

Leylin always had his guard up against this Radiant Moon.

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“The Ouroboros Clan has completely expelled our organisations and restored their territories!”

“In the Lava World, Wayde has brought a group of high-ranked Warlocks and is going around annihilating the Mobius Organisation!”

“Damn it, Damn it, DAMN IT! Leylin, Wayde... One day, I’ll bury your skulls under my palace’s steps, and have your souls wailing within the flames of my lights...”

Zegna’s eyes were bloodshot as he sent the reporting Morning Star Magus away. Recently, all that was being delivered to him was bad news.

Wayde had actually gotten the coordinates to the Lava World, bringing a whole group and vying for territory with him. His previous actions had lost him his friendship with Scarlet Eye, and Archibald had become hostile with him after this matter as well.

While Zegna was in terrible shape worrying over these, Leylin had meanwhile reclaimed all the territory that had once belonged to the Ouroboros Clan!

# Chapter 583: Pond of Lamentation

“It’s all your fault, Narsha! Didn’t you say that as long as we make use of the Lava World’s coordinates as a trap, we can get rid of them and make them disappear into a spatial rift? You said nobody would know!”

The moon rune on Zegna’s forehead dimmed as he narrowed his eyes.

“How would I know that three Morning Star Warlocks, when teamed up, were as powerful as a Radiant Moon Magus...” The mysterious female voice sounded like that of a spoilt little girl.

“Are you calling me useless?” Veins surfaced on Zegna’s forehead.

“What? How could I do such a thing? You’re my student, after all!” The little girl’s voice was suddenly replaced by a mature one.

“All we have is a trade, an exchange of benefits.” Zegna was breathing heavily as he stated this fact.

“Alright, alright! I know what you want. Wayde is fighting you over the Lava World, and Leylin is challenging your might in the central continent... But all this does not matter. As long as we succeed in our plan, you can advance to Breaking Dawn and become a King! Even wiping out the entire Warlock Union would be a piece of cake, let alone just them.” Her voice was very gentle and extremely easy to be caught into it.

With the comforting words from the female voice, Zegna gathered his composure and returned to a dark secret chamber in his Magus Tower.

Passing through layers of restrictions, one would find nothing in the room except a circular fountain in the centre. A large amount of turbulent black air was boiling within it, and a few expressionless, pale human faces were floating on the surface.

“Wuuu Wuuu!”

A little white stream of air rose up, before forming into a few tall human figures that moved slowly around Zegna.

“How is it? I spent all my treasures for this, and even...” Zegna’s voice

lowered.

“It’s looking good. The Pond of Lamentation configuration is almost complete, all that’s left is a few last steps...” The female voice turned a little cold.

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[Beep! Reserves of the Sun’s Child bloodline imprint strengthened!]  
[Beep! Host’s fire elemental resistance has increased!]

Along with the timely prompts from the A.I. Chip, Leylin’s mind wandered off for a bit as he stared at the sun-shaped runes on the back of his hands.

‘I prepared this specially for Zegna, but he didn’t even show up!’ Leylin had to admit that he hadn’t predicted the opponent’s reaction. Zegna was a narrow-minded villain, but he had remained composed under such provocation. This was out of Leylin’s expectations.

‘Or maybe someone else persuaded him not to act!’ Leylin stroked his chin, ‘If that’s the case, it must be someone holding a prestigious status in Jupiter’s Lightning. Which one is it?’

‘Eh, it’s better like this anyway. We got back all our territory, and I didn’t even have to use one of my bloodline imprints...’ These bloodline imprints were almost as strong as rank 6 spells. They were definitely a trump card of Leylin’s, and it was best that he continued to hide them.

Also, Leylin could feel that the bloodline imprint in his skin resonated with the modified Fireplume, and they complemented each other. With the passage of time, this resonance became more and more obvious.

‘Could it be that the ancient Sun’s Child was related to the phoenix?’ Leylin dismissed his own thought with a laugh.

“Mentor! These are all the documents related to the body tempering in the Ouroboros Clan!”

The door to the study opened, and Snoopy entered with tons of black documents and crystal ball recordings.

All the documents had been piled up on Leylin's desk, forming a small hill.

"Mm, great job!" Leylin nodded his head in encouragement to this handy student of this. He sent him off as he started on the documents.

There were many different types of recording apparatus in the Magus World, and they came in different shapes, sizes, and materials. Books made of real paper were very scarce. In fact, Leylin had even seen a book made entirely out of bronze before, as well as books made of bone.

After all, the Ouroboros Clan was one of the top organisations in the central continent, and the very first thing Leylin had thought of after browsing through the documents was to find a way to improve his vitality.

The side effects of the massive increase in his soul force had yet to be resolved. Moreover, judging from his current health, there were very few spells and refining methods that would be of use to him.

Leylin casually flipped opened a thick dictionary-like book. On the pale yellowish page was a brightly-coloured rose, the leaves and petals seeming to tremble a bit.

"Ah...Dearest Trivish! I adore you, adore your eyes which are so pearl-like, and..."

As he flipped through a huge amount of mixed content, he found what seemed to be like short lines left behind by a bored bard. The phrasing was poor and the text somewhat incoherent.

Yet, Leylin browsed through the thing without much thought. He placed his fingers on a piece of paper with raised markings on it, gently sliding across every letter. It was then that something bizarre happened.

A line of fire appeared at the part Leylin touched, and the rest of the letters started to twitch. There were even little black feet growing on them as they started to rearrange themselves.

"The following text contains information on the initial stages of the reformation of Hodo Worms. Only official Magi and above can attempt to..."

Another instructional line appeared, and the A.I. Chip sounded at the same time:

[Beep! Object letting out inductive radiation detected, based on the activity rate of the detected radiation, it can be transferred into the Host's vitality. Probability: 0.0000000001%!]

Leylin closed the book, feeling rather speechless.

Such hidden techniques and methods of induction could only be created by those at rank 3 and above. Rank 1 or 2 Magi who practised this would have their vitality stimulated, and would begin to improve.

However, such a thing was way too weak for Leylin.

"Reform through Hodo Worms? There's a maximum increase of 3 vitality, and added resistance against poison!" Leylin's eyes glowed blue as he stroked his chin, "But the new look would be simply too ugly... And it's useless for me currently anyway..."

He shook his head and moved on to the next source.

With his position in the Ouroboros Clan, he could use any resources he wanted. He'd finished browsing through all the documents in a few days.

No other Magus would have been able to accomplish much after one quick browse through. They would have to spend time to understand and memorise the information. Unlike them, however, all the information was now in Leylin's memory, never to be forgotten.

"A.I. Chip, scan through the new data and look for methods that can improve my current vitality," Leylin ordered.

Not only had he looked through all the documents about body refinement spell formations, he had also organised all the rumours and legends that related to improvements in vitality, giving it all to the A.I. Chip to analyse.

Even though he did not have much faith in the Ouroboros Clan's library, just a few clues were good enough for him.

[Beep! Search complete. Found 3 methods that suit the host.]

Along with its report, the A.I. Chip projected some information into Leylin's mind.

[1: Conversion into Adoforke. Will result in a one-time increase of 40 vitality.] [2: Acquire the title of Virtuous Sky Sage and come in contact with the Endowing Scepter. Will assist in advancement of host's physical strength by two ranks at once.] [3: Consume the Giant Dragon Potion together with Hades' Blood Sacrifice. Will result in an approximate increase of 10 vitality.] These were the three methods the A.I. Chip had found, the methods most suited to Leylin himself.

Of course, they were deduced from rumours and scientific content. Leylin would have to do his own work to get all the resources required to proceed with them.

Even so, it was much better for him than for those Magi who were clueless when they encountered problems, having to try all methods one by one.

"Conversion of Adoforke? Where on earth am I going to find such an ancient spell formation for the conversion of vitality?" Leylin smiled bitterly.

"Let's leave that aside for now. As for becoming a Virtuous Sky Sage..." he muttered as he touched his chin, sinking deep into thought. The Sky Castle was under the control of the Monarch of the Skies, but it was open to all scholars. The title of Virtuous Sky Sage was an honorary title in that place.

For strictness of the Magi, those were able to get the titles, were all the masters of the scholars. Coming into contact with the Endowing Scepter would be the benefit of the entitlements. Rumours had it that it could increase Magus's physique without any side effects.

Of course, with the help of the A.I. Chip, Leylin was quite confident in passing the tests. However, the Sky Castle was located in a Monarch's territory, and he was not sure of the attitude of the Monarch of the Skies held towards bloodline Warlocks. Hence, he wasn't confident in that plan.

"As for the last thing, the Giant Dragon Potion and Hades' Blood



Sacrifice are quite simple to get. I can use a bunch of kobolds to refine some dragon blood, and I also have a spell formation for Hades' Blood Sacrifice..."

Leylin's eyes flickered with light. "The increase is a little on the low end, but it's good enough!"

He had finally realised how hard it was for Magi to advance. His vitality was already great as a Warlock, and he still faced so many difficulties in advancement. Imagine how hard it would be for Morning Star Magi?

There were probably many Magi stuck in the Morning Star realm due to a stagnation in their soul force and vitality.

"Let's do this for now. I'll prepare the Giant Dragon Potion, use it to increase my vitality, then proceed to the Sky Castle!" Leylin had made up his mind.

# Chapter 584: Giant Dragon Potion

“Leylin!” Gilbert and Emma had come over while Leylin was deep in thought. Their eyes were twinkling with joy.

“What’s this? You’ve acquired an interest in body tempering?” Emma had immediately made the connection after glancing at the mess of materials on the table.

“Mm. My soul has strengthened too much recently, and my physical body hasn’t been able to keep up.” Leylin nodded. This wasn’t any information worth hiding after all.

“Seriously,” Gilbert sat down speechlessly, “Us bloodline Warlocks have the advantage of increased vitality due to our inheritance of ancient genes. We’re ahead of Magi in this field, and normally we only have to worry about how to increase our soul force. There are practically no other people in your situation!”

Leylin’s monstrous growth rate was something Gilbert found difficult to digest.

Leylin laughed, and asked the two dukes some other questions about body tempering. However, both of them knew even less than he did, and could hardly give him any useful information.

In the end, Leylin could only ask, “How much do you know about Sky City?”

“What?!” “Don’t tell me you’re going there!?” Both Warlocks stood up in shock.

“Why? What’s the matter?” Leylin asked with a smile.

The Endowing Scepter kept in Sky City was a treasure that only Virtuous Sky Sages could come in contact with, and it had the ability to increase his physique by two levels without any side effects. To the present Leylin, that was a huge temptation.

Two levels was roughly twenty points of vitality. With the additional ten points from the Giant Dragon Potion, his vitality would grow very close to

a hundred points. The remainder could be increased slowly through Fireplume or Multilimb Strength.

Therefore, if he couldn't find other methods to substitute for it, he had to go through with this.

After a moment of silence Emma spoke. "Leylin... Even though the Monarch of the Skies hasn't targeted Warlocks before, you know the situation with our Warlock Union..."

Due to unknown reasons, bloodline Warlocks had been rejected and were treated as enemies by the regular Magi of the central continent. They had even reached the verge of extinction. Despite the tremendous efforts of the few Radiant Moon Warlocks, most Warlocks still felt quite unsafe. This was why the Morning Star Area had come up.

If the Monarchs hadn't given the suppression of Warlocks their tacit approval, this would have been impossible.

In Emma's eyes, Leylin was an up-and-coming talent who she had high expectations for, even someone who she considered a son-in-law. She naturally wouldn't want Leylin to leave and expose himself to danger.

"Mentor Gilbert, what do you think?" Leylin could only laugh wryly inside, his eyes focusing on Gilbert.

"Let's not talk about the Monarch of the Skies. Sky City is a holy land for Magi in the central continent, and is considered the Palace of Truth. Countless top-grade masters, artisans and scholars gather there, calling it the cradle of knowledge. In terms of innovations and advancements in spells, rapid progress is made every single day!"

Gilbert scratched his bald head, recalling some fond memories from the past as his eyes shimmered.

"If you hadn't already become a Morning Star Warlock and the pillar that's propping up our Ouroboros Clan, my very first recommendation would be to go to Sky City if you intend to travel across the continent!"

"If this is the case, I'm even more interested in going there!" Leylin stroked his chin, yearning evident in his expression.

“Alright then, but you have to be extra careful. It’s best to hide your true identity.” Gilbert and Emma smiled wryly at each other. They knew Leylin well enough. He was the stubborn type, and now that he had already made his own decision, he would not change his mind easily. He just wanted to listen to their suggestions.

“I know!” Leylin crossed his arms, leaning slightly forward.

“Well then, is there any reason for you to come all the way here now?”

“Oh yes, of course! We’d even forgotten about that!” Gilbert slapped his forehead. He passed Leylin a recording crystal.

“After a month of hard fighting, we have finally regained all our territory. This is the new map we’ve drawn out.”

Leylin sent his soul force into the crystal, and immediately perceived a giant map. Different colours were used to divide the regions that belonged to the different bloodline nobles.

Compared to the previous map, there was not much of a change on the whole, but much of the nobles’ territories had been greatly modified.

Primely, the territory that belonged to the nobles under the previous First Elder’s wings had been greatly reduced, reallocated instead to the Blood Serpent Family and more significantly the Farlier Family.

‘On the whole, both the dukes’ rights and benefits remain the same as before, while I get a hold of the territory and resources that originally belonged to the First Elder?’ Leylin pondered over this in his mind, though on the surface, just nodded, “I think this is fine! Let’s go with this redistributed map!”

Only after Leylin agreed to this redistribution did Gilbert and Emma feel as if a weight had been lifted off their shoulders. After all, Leylin was far too crucial to the Ouroboros Clan, and if he was dissatisfied with the distribution and left the clan they would be in deep trouble.

Leylin laughed and shook his head as he saw both of these ‘senior’ Morning Star Warlocks in fear and trepidation before him.

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“Master! I’ve captured a third batch of Kobold Warlocks, and placed them in the binding room.” Tanasha bowed to Leylin as she reported. This Magus who was currently wearing a black dress had afforded him even more respect since his advancement, She had become very cautious with her work as well. At Leylin’s command, she had captured large numbers of Kobold Warlocks in the blink of an eye.

“Mm, good job!” Leylin knew exactly what she wanted.

He laid lazily on the couch, waving his right hand slightly. A demonic dark flame formed on her forehead, leaving behind a distinct brand in the shape of a black snake.

Hss! Hss! Surrounding the snake were hazy flames. The snake looked as if it was alive, about to break through the thin membrane of skin at any moment,

“Master!” Tanasha knelt down in trepidation. She could feel terrifying power from the mark, enough to crush her into powder!

“This is my secret imprint, and is representative of me. I’ve also stored within a one-time attack from my own hands. Normal Morning Stars won’t be able to withstand it...” Leylin closed his eyes slightly as he spoke slowly. In the meanwhile, Tanasha was thrilled by his words.

“I’d once promised you at Quicksand Castle that once I was strong enough, and not afraid of retaliation, I would grant you your vengeance.” Indeed, this was the reason that Tanasha had chosen to serve under him.

“Yes, Master! It’s just that I never thought this time would come so soon...” Tanasha sounded a little unsteady. Leylin’s rate of advancement was far beyond her expectations.

“The family that you are going to take revenge on has no Morning Star. I have also talked to their backing organisation, and they won’t get in your way. You should be able to handle everything. The secret imprint I’ve left on you is your last resort!”

“Thank you, Master!” Tanasha’s choked as she sobbed, her eyes red as

the memories of her being harmed and chased after came up. It was still extremely vivid in her mind, how she'd even have to hide in the wilderness to survive.

“Go!” Leylin waved his hand, and Tanasha exited respectfully.

After exiting the Magus Tower, Tanasha felt the secret imprint on her forehead, especially the immense power within it, and her eyes glinted with strength. “How have you been, Dove? I will be back soon...”

Most would think Tanasha and this Dove were very good friends from her words, but they would be frightened upon looking at the terrifying expression on her face.

“Deeply buried hatred that hasn't dissipated over time. It's instead fermented and grown...” After Tanasha left, Leylin stood up slowly, and announced something that sounded like a prophecy.

He had a feeling that Tanasha's trip back would be accompanied by a great amount of bloodshed and pain. The misery of being forced to leave home and the experience of hiding for survival was enough to turn Tanasha into a terrifying goddess of vengeance.

But the history between them didn't matter to him. No matter what had happened, Leylin would surely side with Tanasha, and for a very simple reason. He had no relationship with the other party, whereas Tanasha was his subordinate.

Leylin had always favoured people of his own. He followed his own set of rules, and would definitely side with his own people if they were engaged in conflict with outsiders. Were Freya to fight his subordinates, for example, he would support her. But in case the two of them fell out, he would choose to protect his own benefits.

His personal benefits was in the core of his set of rules. The closer an external circle of benefits was to the centre, the more priority it received.

As for fairness? Justice? To things like that...Haha.

“Tower genie! Begin the modulation of Kobold Warlocks based on the bloodline operation sequence I had entered earlier on!”

Take now for instance. Leylin's interests were in conflict with those of the Kobolds, so he would not hesitate to sacrifice them.

[Beep! First stage of modulation beginning, increase in activity of bloodline...] The tower genie's voice sounded. Meanwhile, sounds of mournful cries could be heard from the multiple cages under the Magus Tower...

.....

After days of experiments, Leylin held a purplish red bloodline potion in a test tube, his face filled with satisfaction, "Even though there were some failures in between, the Giant Dragon Potion is finally ready!"

# Chapter 585: Vitality And Formation

Leylin had tremendous achievements in Potioneering, to the extent that he'd even surpassed the realm of Grandmasters, reaching a higher level.

Even though the Giant Dragon Potion was rare and difficult to make even during ancient times, it was only a matter of trial and error for Leylin.

Even these few failures were not due to his technique, but because experiments were prone to failure themselves.

"Since the Giant Dragon Potion is done, I can begin now!"

Leylin took a glance at the surroundings. It was a huge public square located in the Morning Star Magus Tower, created with the help of the tower genie. On the ground were complex designs and magic runes, and even vicious totem images.

Surrounding the entire spell formation were four gigantic pillars, every single stone pillar the thickness of three men combined. Above them was something like a huge hollow tunnel, it seemed to be split open by sharp weapons, full of a wild ancient aura.

[Hades' Blood Sacrifice spell formation, progress 99.9999%] the A. I. Chip responded after scanning through.

"Hades' spell formation, what an affinity between us!" Leylin laughed.

Hades was one of the most terrifying dark Magi of ancient myth. His level of dark magic was said to be unreachable, and rumour had it that he had even completely grasped the rules of death. He possessed eternal youth, and was full of desire for flesh and souls.

But of course, Hades was nothing more than a super powerful dark Magus in the eyes of Leylin and other Magi, and some even looked up to Hades as a motivational target and tried to surpass him.

When Leylin was trying to advance to rank 2, he had made use of the opponent's spell formation to harvest spirits.

Of course, the current blood spell formation was a few levels higher than



the one back then, it could even absorb the sacrificial offerings' bloodlines by force in order to increase the Morning Star Magus's vitality.

Leylin took a look at his current status:

[Leylin Farlier, Rank 4 Bloodline Warlock: Giant Kemoyin Serpent (complete form) Strength: 50, Agility: 45, Vitality: 65, Spiritual Force: 956.8, Magic Power: 956 (magic power in synchronisation with spiritual force) Soul Force: ???]

"I have more than enough spiritual force, but vitality is so hard to increase!" Leylin smiled wryly. This was the side effect for his sudden, huge advancements recently.

Moreover, if his vitality still could not reach 100, it would be a huge problem once the Multilimb seal was broken.

"Begin!" Leylin's eyes shimmered with crimson light.

Crack! Crack! Under the manipulation of the tower genie, the entire square started shaking, and grieved howls could be heard from a near distance.

That was the mourning of the strengthened Kobold Warlocks. After the bloodline extraction, these creatures were being treated as waste material and processed by Leylin Waves of a terrifying aura rose continuously within the spell formation. Once the mourning of the Kobolds weakened, the whole spell formation started to change.

The four gigantic stone pillars surrounding the square began to shake. From the tunnel up above, a huge amount of sticky liquid that was blood red in colour dripped down. Mixed in were white objects that looked like crushed bones.

The red liquid first filled the pillars to the brink, before it slowly spilled out like blood flowing in veins, causing the pillars to turn crimson.

The liquid flowed all the way down, finally reaching the runes of the spell formation.

The concentrated blood red liquid filled the runes in order. The entire

process was full of a certain solemnity, and the stagnant atmosphere was stifling.

The spell formation kicked into action, and an enormous layer of crimson light shot up from the runes.

Under the attraction of the crimson light rays, the vacant void above the spell formation was broken. Light took on the form of symbols seen in sacrificial rites, as it began to radiate waves of summoning.

Awooooo...The phantom of a monstrous two-headed wolf hovered in the sky above the spell formation, howling ferociously. Greed filled its green eyes as saliva dripped down its jaws.

‘I’ve never seen such a summoning technique before, is it a summoning from a foreign world or from a different time and space?’ Leylin’s eyes flashed blue. He had ordered the A.I. Chip to record the scene down into his database for future use.

Awooooo... The two-headed wolf did not start to feast on the pulp of flesh, bones and blood immediately. Instead, it turned to Leylin, a ferocious look in its eyes as it glared at him as if he was one of the offerings.

‘It has a certain level of intelligence? Could it be a clone of Hades?’ Leylin stroked his chin, started as he sized up this two-headed wolf. This carefree behaviour of Leylin greatly irritated the phantom as it howled and aimed to pounce onto Leylin.

Sssssii A malevolent phantom of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent, this one with crimson scales, appeared behind Leylin and bared its jaws at the wolf.

A magnificent aura emanated from the Kemoyin Serpent, causing the wolf to waver.

“The summoning of a creature from another world is indeed troublesome!” Leylin snorted, started to activate a spell.

Rumble! Eye piercing white flashes of lightning struck the phantom, causing it to howl as it lost some of its dark form.

After the lightning passed, each of the two wolf heads now had a collar on, with spikes that faced the neck.

The two-headed wolf was threatened by the spikes, and dared not rebel. It then dashed into the crimson light before starting to feast on the flesh hungrily. The formation grew silent except for the bone-chilling munching noises.

After a few minutes, the flesh and light inside the spell formation were both devoured by the two-headed wolf. It then roared to the sky, the sound waves travelling far and wide as it howled loudly.

The spell formation started to warp once more under these terrifying howls.

Starlight shone down through the Magus Tower, revealing the image of a bright moon.

Under the howls of the wolf, the moon gradually turned red before it stretched into the sides and formed the shape of a human eye.

An icy gaze swept across, causing Leylin to shudder in fear. He felt as if he had called upon a disaster and his body tensed up. 'This pressuring aura must surely belong to a high levelled Magus!'

Leylin inhaled deeply. Fortunately, the crimson eye did not fix its gaze on him. Instead, it only spared him a short glance and focused on the two-headed wolf.

An eerie scene formed as the two-headed wolf howled continuously under the gaze of the crimson moon-eye.

Pop! The sound of a bubble bursting was followed by a crisp explosive sound, and the phenomenal sights in the area disappeared without a trace.

The two-headed wolf, the full moon and the starlight suddenly seemed to be an illusion, and a tinge of purple light twirled around the spell formation.

[Conscient of greed from a foreign world has been attracted, summoning of ancient Hades phantom is complete!] A notification from

the A. I. Chip sounded, reminding Leylin that what he had seen just now was not a hallucination.

“Phew...what a weird spell formation! Hades, the king of the ancient dark Magi, is truly a powerful elite!” Leylin let out a long breath and stepped into the spell formation.

Boom The rumbling of the formation acted like a signal, and a huge amount of purple olight converged on Leylin as it entered his body.

“Argh!” Leylin let out a stuffy groan and started to spasm.

After the purple light rays entered his body, they started wriggling like earthworms. This feeling was indescribable; if not for his superb vitality and great endurance, he would have passed out or even died due to the pain!

“The Giant Dragon Potion!” Leylin kept himself composed, using the purplish red medicine which he had long since prepared in his hand.

Pow! There seemed to be a chemical reaction when the potion entered his stomach, and the amount of pain increased tenfold.

Leylin’s vision turned pitch black, but he managed to persevere through it with his strong will.

[Beep! Host is undergoing Hades’ sacrificial rites! Muscle fiber strengthening in process.] [Beep! Host is absorbing quintessential materials, vitality increased.] [Beep! Giant Dragon Potion has taken effect. Radiation is creating the best environment for absorption.] The notifications from the A. I. Chip sounded continuously.

After the last wave of pain had passed, Leylin felt a stream of boiling heat gushing all over his body.

[Beep! Host vitality increasing, currently at 66.7! 67.5! 68.3! 69.9!]

The value showing Leylin’s vitality kept on increasing in the A. I. Chip’s database, and surpassed 70 within a split second before continuing on.

71! 72! 73! 74! 74.5!

In almost an instant, the number had rocketed up by ten. It only stopped

upon reaching 74.9.

Leylin straightened his body after the effects of the potion passed, and crackling sounds rang throughout it.

[Host data changed, readjusting!]

Leylin took a look at his stats and discovered a huge change in them.

[Leylin Farlier, Rank 4 Bloodline Warlock: Kemoyin's Serpent (complete form) Strength: 50 Agility: 45 Vitality: 74.9 Spiritual Force: 956.8 Magic Power: 956(Magic power in synchronisation with spiritual force) Soul force:???)

"Hmm! Vitality had increased by 9.9 units! Pretty close to the estimated data from the A. I. Chip!" Leylin nodded in satisfaction.

Right now, he had reached a monstrous value in terms of his vitality.

# Chapter 586: Setting Off And Apprehension

Based on Leylin's understanding, vitality represented defence as well as regenerative abilities. His value of 74.9 was very close to the terrifying numbers that ancient creatures possessed.

With his current body, regular rank 1 and 2 spells could not break through his defences. Even rank 3 spells would only give him tiny injuries, and he would recover instantly. His frightening vitality gave him an equally terrifying healing ability.

After checking everything once over, Leylin nodded in satisfaction.

"With the strength of my body, even if the seal of Multilimb Strength suddenly gives way, I can still hold on for a period of time. Next, if I can gain the title of a Virtuous Sky Sage and receive the blessing from the Endowing Scepter, I'll be able to solve the issue of the repercussions from having my soul force rise too rapidly!"

Leylin had to go to Sky City no matter what.

Though that was the territory of the Monarch of the Skies, and a Warlock like him going alone could be troublesome, it was already the simplest method that the A.I. Chip could come up with.

Techniques and body tempering spell formations that could increase the vitality of Morning Stars was very rare in the central continent. On top of that, Leylin's strong foundation as a Warlock made things more difficult.

The A.I. Chip had summed up all of Leylin's knowledge and used the Ouroboros Clan's large database to find these three methods. They were already the best out there.

However, Leylin had yet to find any clues on the transformation spell formation in Adoforke, and only knew it was in some ruins in the central continent from a legend. To him, taking the risk to explore ruins was too troublesome and dangerous.

He had already used the third method, and could not repeat it within a short period. If he tried, leave alone getting results, he would only face possible side effects.

Hence, the most reasonable choice to make was the second. He would head for Sky City and the Endowing Scepter.

Of course, Leylin was rather confident in his travels. He was a peak Morning Star and could escape with his life even if he met with a Radiant Moon Magus.

The two bloodline imprints from the bloodline of the Sun's Child gave him more than enough confidence.

Sky City was the home to the Monarch of the Skies. He did not wish for there to be a rank 6 battle at that place!

'Besides, I haven't provoked the Monarch of the Skies at all. I just have to be careful of Jupiter's Lightning...' Leylin stroked his chin and sank into deep thought.

.....

A few days later, in the area surrounding Phosphorescence Swamp.

A completely black private airship that looked like a water droplet soared into the skies. In just a few minutes, it disappeared into the horizon.

Atop high towers, countless figures stared at the floating airship in a daze until it disappeared.

"Relax, Freya!" Emma patted the back of Freya's hands, looking at her lovingly, "Leylin is now comparable to a rank 5 Warlock. He'll be fine!"

"Indeed. Leylin is very powerful. We just have to do our duty here at the Ouroboros Clan," Gilbert consoled her.

"Your Graces are right!" Freya bowed slightly, the concern in her eyes still not completely gone.

After all, Leylin was going to the territory of a Monarch. What if something happened? Freya did not dare think further.

“Haha... Ever since little Freya got married, she doesn’t listen to her mentor!”

Emma grabbed Freya’s hands and began to repeat, “You don’t have to care about other things right now. What’s most important is to spread the bloodline of the Farlier Family. Leylin has a lot of secrets on him, and his Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline is the best I’ve seen... No! It’s THE best Kemoyin bloodline! If you don’t spread it, it’ll be a true waste...”

“Mentor, what are you saying?” Freya protested coquettishly, two attractive flushes of red rising in her cheeks. Yet, that had eased her worry.

.....

Bang! The Colossal Serpent parted the clouds and shook off the winds, breaking through the troposphere and reaching a higher part of the sky.

One could see intense sunlight shining down through the glass windows. Below was a seemingly boundless white sea of clouds, the scenery incomparably beautiful.

The private airship was very quick, but it was not obvious from the scenery which seemed to be still.

After he finished setting up the automatic navigation system, Leylin sat alone on the sofa with red wine in his hands as he watched the scenery on both sides through the windows. He looked on absentmindedly.

A long while later, he sighed. “I’m not treating Freya well!”

Ever since Leylin had returned from the Lava World, he had extremely busy with reclaiming territory and contacting other bloodline organisations. He had basically given Freya the cold shoulder.

Now, he was going on a solo journey to Sky City. Though Freya had been strong and not displayed it, Leylin could feel her worry as she sent him off.

Whatever it was, Leylin would definitely not bring her along. He was going to take a risk here, and this was no holiday. If he were alone, it would be easier to escape, but if he had someone else around, things would get difficult.



‘I’ll make it up to her in the future!’ Thinking this through, Leylin focused on other things.

“A.I. Chip, how much longer till I reach Sky City?”

[Beep! Based on the speed of Giant Serpent, estimated time of arrival: 45 days, 13 hours, 46 minutes, 19 seconds!] The A.I. Chip loyally intoned.

“That’s really quite far. If not for me having my personal airship, it might have been even more troublesome!”

Leylin was speechless. If it required such a long time with the speed of his personal airship, it was quite obvious how vast the central continent was.

‘This is a great time to meditate! Besides, there are still some more improvements to be made to the fusion of the Fireplume and Kemoyin’s Pupil...’

Leylin sunk deep into thought, eyes glowing a blue that was indicative of the workings of the A.I. Chip. Numbers, letters and runes from different worlds were processed by the A.I. Chip. The A.I. Chip operated continuously, calculating and deducing information, forming a wondrous cycle of numbers...

.....

Within a hidden Magus Tower.

This was a Magus Tower constructed by a Radiant Moon, filled with black thunder and lightning. It gave off a dark atmosphere that would cause one’s heart to palpitate. These flashes of lightning constantly flickered around, causing the Magi walking along the passageway to break out in cold sweat.

“The feeling of this area really gives me the chills...” The Morning Star who spoke was one of Jupiter’s Lightning.

After the incident during the Holy Solar Festival, Wayde had brought along a group of high-ranked Warlocks to attack them. The Mobius Organisation lost time and time again in the Lava World, and quite a few

Morning Stars were either killed or heavily injured. This led to a lack of manpower in Jupiter's Lightning.

At such a critical time, the leader of Jupiter's Lightning, the great Radiant Moon Magus Zegna, had suddenly announced he was going to seclude himself in meditation, which had given rise to protests and confusion. Of course, that was only in the hearts of his subordinates. Those that would dare oppose Zegna overtly had been turned to ashes hundreds of years ago.

Passing through the alley, the Morning Star Magus arrived at a bronze door. The uneasiness he felt had reached its peak.

"Your Highness, this is Loki seeking an audience!" he transmitted after a momentary silence.

"Come in!" Zegna's voice was heard. It was the same old voice, but there was something oddly jarring about it.

While wondering about it on the inside, Loki showed the utmost respect as he bowed and entered.

Behind the large brass door was a giant secret room. The walls were full of binding and summoning runes, as well energy isolation spell patterns.

At the heart of the room was a large pool where streams of black gas surged, producing bubbling sounds.

Zegna stood by the pool, clad in black and gold. His eyes were fixed on the current of the black gas.

"Your Highness!" Loki bowed, watching the pool with some curiosity. This was what had caused his uneasiness!

Yet, he would not dare to ask Zegna about it. He did not even have the guts to probe it with his soul force.

"What is it? You even used the emergency communicator to contact me." Zegna's hands were behind his back, but Loki knew that this meant His Highness was beginning to be enraged. If his next words were unsatisfactory, he would be in trouble.

“Your Highness had put me in charge of information about the Ouroboros Clan, and in particular the Warlock named Farlier. I’ve acquired some intelligence!”

Zegna was paying close attention to Leylin, and hence he turned back to stare at Loki. “Speak!”

“Leylin of the Ouroboros Clan left Phosphorescence Swamp yesterday. His destination is most likely Sky City!” Loki hastily reported, but strangely enough, Zegna merely listened quietly and did not do anything special.

“Your Highness?” Loki raised his head and saw the dazed look on Zegna’s face. There were a few distorted spirit bodies hovering around him, pale, crooked palms grabbing at his collar.

Loki felt his heart lurch, but after sneaking another glance at Zegna, everything seemed like it had been an illusion.

This discovery had him sink deeper into fear.

“Your Highness, do you need me...” Loki asked as he tried to sound out.

“I’m conducting an exceptionally important spirit body experiment. I’ll take care of Leylin myself. Don’t bother with it anymore!” Zegna answered coldly.

“Yes, sir!” Loki bowed once more and left. Only after leaving the Magus Tower did he let out a long sigh. He felt like his entire top half was drenched in sweat.

His Highness, who had always been very enthusiastic about destroying the Ouroboros Clan, had been reduced to this state. The scene just then even had Loki in shock.

“Could that just now have been...”

# Chapter 587: Conjectures and Arrival

Within the Magus Tower's secret room, at the side of the Pond of Lamentation. The silent Zegna was in a daze, only turning back after he left and lifting up the sleeve on his right arm.

On his right arm, crests and troughs formed on what should've been smooth skin, taking on the shape of a mysterious female face.

"What should we do about the Ouroboros Clan?" Zegna asked.

Two cracks opened in the skin, rolling apart to form a vivid pair of eyes. "You are now at the advanced stage of the transformation. Your main body will probably not be able to..." the mysterious woman's voice sounded.

"You mean we should let go of this opportunity?" Zegna raised his eyebrows.

"No! We..." The woman's voice grew softer and was quickly concealed by the waves of water in the black pool.

.....

Above the troposphere. The large amounts of white clouds gathered to form a boundless white sea.

A black streaking was soaring through this sea, a private airship with a smooth structure. Currently on its surface was a faint layer of defence, allowing the interior to be silent.

Leylin sat cross-legged on a platform in the bedroom, a phantom Kemoyin Serpent slowly taking form behind him. Light flickered on the phantom causing it to seem illusory, and it looked more regal as fine red stripes appeared on it.

Meditation was something Leylin did every day. Even though he'd already reached the peak of Morning Star, he would not set this task aside.

After he absorbed a large amount of darkness and fire elemental particles, the phantom behind him shrunk down and entered his body.

Whoosh! Leylin's eyes opened, and it seemed like large amounts of lightning streaked past the room.

"Mm. With the A.I. Chip's optimisation, the fusion between Fireplume and Kemoyin's Pupil is now half a fold more effective than before!" This was the most precise number he could come up with through his own personal experiments.

Having a top-grade meditation technique such as the Wing of the Sun for reference, Leylin knew fully well that other than not having enough levels, Kemoyin's Pupil was rather similar to a top-grade meditation technique.

At this thought, Leylin could not help but focus on the A.I. Chip, "How is the progress on the fifth level of Kemoyin's Pupil?"

[Beep! 76.5% completed! The remaining path is being optimised.] The A.I. Chip's robotic voice intoned loyally.

"It seems like the fifth level will be completed soon." A hint of glee appeared on Leylin's expression.

The bloodline shackles had ensured that no Kemoyin Warlock had ever broken past the Morning Star realm. Hence, Kemoyin's Pupil which was specialised for his bloodline only had four levels to it.

This was a type of bloodline shackle. The meditation technique itself would hinder a Kemoyin Warlock from breaking through!

Now, Leylin could hope to destroy these shackles! The meditation technique may be just one part of them, but it had a hole in the bloodline shackles. Now, all he had to do was pry it open.

Leylin believed that, one day, he would manage to break through these shackles as long as he persevered.

'Meditation techniques are only one tiny aspect of the Warlocks' bloodline shackles. The fundamental issue is still the bloodline, as well as restrictions on the spirit...' At this thought, Leylin turned gloomy. Though he was confident in his future, that did not mean he thought the troubles ahead of him were easy to deal with.

‘The limit of a Giant Kemoyin Serpent is rank 4. I, who have fused with its blood and soul, am now bound to rank 4 as well.’ The limits imposed by a bloodline would extend to the soul once one reached the Morning Star realm. This was the true issue of the bloodline shackles.

The soul was just too complicated. Even Morning Stars could only graze the surface in researching it.

‘How do I break through the restrictions on the soul?’ Leylin touched his chin, ‘Do I have to begin experimentation on synthesising and altering bloodlines?’

Leylin, equipped with large amounts of information from the ancient Quicksand Organisation, was no stranger to all this. He also had much experience under his belt.

Leylin was perhaps the only one in the central continent in altering Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline or form a new one!

‘However, artificially-constructed bloodlines always have defects. They are less lively in comparison to those that have gone through the order of survival of the fittest, shaped by nature and history.’

This was the disadvantage of artificially-made products. The only other option was if Leylin was willing to expend much time and wait, allowing the formed bloodline to grow in nature for up to several tens of generations and slowly ripen. However, the amount of time required far exceeded Leylin’s lifespan.

Besides, though altering bloodlines could result in the creation of more powerful types of bloodlines, the chances of failure were equally high. Leylin was not going to gamble on his future.

Hence, this very attractive train of thought lingered in Leylin’s mind but was eventually abandoned.

“If this doesn’t work, I can only rely on the plan the ancient Wisdom Tree came up with! It’s a pity... At my level, I can’t use it yet...” A deep wrinkle appeared on Leylin’s forehead.

In terms of just intelligence and knowledge, it was impossible for him to

measure up to the Wisdom Tree which had lived since time immemorial. He knew that it's suggestion was definitely viable.

The A.I. Chip had also performed many simulations and verified its feasibility.

It was a pity that these plans were still far away for Leylin. His current strength was insufficient for him to carry them out.

"Besides, the method it gave me can take care of this issue once and for all. If I use it now, the effects definitely won't be as good as me employing it in the future! I must use it as a trump card, because this might be the only thing I can count on when I meet the Snake Dowager!"

Leylin's eyes glinted. "Perhaps... My ideas were wrong from the start. Rather than finding other forces to contaminate the bloodline, I should focus on developing my own bloodline. I might even get some results from that!"

Leylin made up his mind.

[Beep! Reached vicinity of Sky City! Arrival in 1h, 24min, 13s.] the A.I. Chip prompted.

"Hm? A month has already passed?" Leylin was puzzled, but then looked through the time records the A.I. Chip had created and could not help but burst out in laughter as he shook his head, "I've long since heard that high-ranked Magi have experiments that go on for years or even decades. When they come out, nothing will seem to have changed but that would be untrue. I never expected to find myself in this situation. Just meditating a few times and going through a few conjectures and proofs on experiments had time passing so quickly..."

To outsiders, Magi possessed great strength as well as an enviably long life. Even rank 1 and 2 Magi could live for hundreds of years, which seemed endless.

However, Leylin knew that their time was short, much too short. Besides meditating, they had to conduct experiments and embark on explorations. Each incident of these could take up decades, even centuries! Hence, even

after reaching rank 4 and acquiring a lifespan of over a thousand years, he still felt that there wasn't enough time.

‘This is why so many Magi transform into undeads or become spirit bodies. However, that's merely struggling at death's door. The body cannot do anything about the death of its soul, and there will be huge side effects, even going so far as the degeneration of their intelligence.’

Leylin could not help but shiver at that thought. Even if he was at the end of his lifespan anyway, he would not choose to use this method. While he could live for a longer period of time, the price to pay for that would be becoming slow-witted, a fool or lunatic. He would rather return to the astral plane with a clear mind.

Buzz! At this moment, the Colossal Serpent began to tilt upwards.

‘Am I finally there? Sky City, the holy land of the Magi of the central continent, said to be the cradle of truth and knowledge!’ Anticipation glinted in Leylin's eyes as he walked to the deck of the airship.

The great wind and atmospheric pressure did not affect the defence of the Colossal Serpent at all. Leylin, who was inside, felt nothing.

At this moment, the head of the airship tilted further, climbing upwards rapidly.

From the troposphere where the weather was peaceful, he had broken through the stratosphere, arriving even higher than that.

[Beep! Air pressure around host has dropped, oxygen supply dwindling.] The A.I. Chip prompted.

“Hehe, not yet!” Leylin shook his head, and the Colossal Serpent became a flaming arrow as it began to shoot up almost vertically.

[80 km altitude. 200 km. 500 km!] The A.I. Chip rapidly refreshed its prompts.

“If I was in another world, I'd probably have broken through the warm layer and arrived above the ionosphere, right?”

Leylin looked at the A.I. Chip curiously. He noticed that besides the



strange reduction in temperature and a change in the behaviour of ions, there were no other changes.

“No!” Leylin looked up. He did not see a universe, but just the sky from before. However, the sunlight seemed more vast and dazzling.

“The Magus World it just a world amongst many others. It naturally can’t be the same as in my previous world!” Leylin seemed to mock himself as he laughed.

At this moment, dark clouds appeared above the Colossal Serpent, as if shrouding the whole sky.

When he got closer, he realised that these gigantic dark clouds even had lightning snakes within, thunder booming constantly inside.

“The thunder layer of Akev! Sky City’s first line of defence!”

Leylin chuckled, piloting the Colossal Serpent and charging straight in.

Whoosh! The lightning seemed to be enraged and struck downwards suddenly!

# Chapter 588: Floating City

The multiple bolts of lightning twined together, converging into a giant lightning serpent. There even seemed to be a hologram behind it, as it faced the unwanted guest that had just entered its lightning zone.

Bzz Bzz! Sparks flew madly on the surface of the Colossal Serpent, and the original defensive layer began to deform, seemingly unable to endure further.

“Emergency alert? The strength of each lightning bolt is above 300 degrees?” Leylin touched his chin.

An attack strength of 300 degrees was rare even amongst rank 3 Magi. Even Crystal Phase Magi would find it difficult to take on the combination of the lightning storm and the atmosphere.

Other than Morning Star Magi, perhaps only a fleet of tens of rank 3 Magi could gain entry using the airship’s defences augmented by a continuous supply of magic crystals and potions.

This had caused tickets into Sky City to become immensely expensive, enough to make official Magi go broke.

‘If not for caring little for this meagre source of income, Morning Star Magi could earn quite a lot of money if they took charge of these airships!’ Leylin thought indifferently.

Of course, Morning Star Magi were exceedingly rich and cared little for such a meagre profit. In addition, their arrogance would not allow them to do something like this.

Leylin was not staying idle right now. A terrifying soul force emanated from this body, wrapping the Colossal Serpent within it.

Buzz! With the support of soul force, the Colossal Serpent’s defensive membrane immediately stabilised and was now reinforced with another thick layer. It was now like a solid black crystal.

The deck of the Colossal Serpent, that had been shuddering all this while, was now as solid as a mountain.

That was not all. Tiny black flames clung to the energy defence. The lightning could not even reach the Colossal Serpent itself and was instead absorbed by these flames. In fact, the Colossal Serpent's energy reserves grew rapidly.

The black flames seemed to form a pathway in the air, not allowing any lightning to strike in its path.

The Colossal Serpent was then free to move as it liked, the lightning no longer daring to attack.

"Oh?" Leylin scanned an area and chuckled. The Colossal Serpent turned into a black streak as he quickly left.

"Hah..." A long while after the Colossal Serpent disappeared, the clouds dissipated to reveal an elemental sprite whose lower body was covered by a spiral of unlimited lightning elemental particles.

"What a terrifying human!" Only now did it dare mutter to itself, a tremble in its voice, "He'd long since found me! Just his gaze alone was paralysing... Even the earlier Morning Stars haven't given me this feeling, could he be a great Radiant Moon Magus?"

This lightning elemental sprite with a body of lightning energy particles shuddered as it looked in the direction Leylin had departed, eyes full of fear...

Boom! The black clouds parted as a similarly black streak flew across the skies, with black flames trailing behind as it left a magnificent path in the air.

"Hah... So this is Sky City, the airborne holy land of the Magi!" Leylin observed a large floating city from the deck in amazement.

This city was constructed on a hemispherical island. The city itself was massive, glowing with light from all types of spells. Once in a while, a few ant-like black dots would move in the distance horizon. With Leylin's sight, he could tell that they were no ants, but magic airships that were bigger than even the most gigantic cruises in his previous world.

In comparison to the floating city, these large airships appeared to be

tiny.

“And to think I still knew that Sky City was afloat. Pictures and words can’t describe the mind-blowing nature of this view.” As the Colossal Serpent approached it, the city seemed to grow even larger. A faint golden light rose from the heart of the city, seeming to create a holy radiance in the sky.

“Peace and harmony! What a beautiful city!” Even Leylin could not help but sing its praises right now.

[Beep! The Colossal Serpent has received a communication request.] the A.I. Chip sounded. The floating city had obviously discovered the communication devices on Leylin’s personal airship.

‘As expected of something from the Fallor Family, they’d tampered with the airship!’ Leylin’s eyes flashed coldly. While he had known of this, he had allowed it because it made communications easier, which did not go past his bottom line.

Leylin had intentionally used the Colossal Serpent to come here. If he were to sneak in alone, who would discover him?

Through the communications channel, a polite and humble voice was heard. “Airship number DKGW1394! Distinguished Duke Farlier, welcome to Sky City! Please follow our guiding airship and park at the private port we’ve allocated!”

“Mm!” Leylin agreed, and the Colossal Serpent began to slow down while following the mentioned route before it stopped.

Meanwhile, in the command room somewhere in Sky City, things were in chaos!

“Morning Star undulations detected! Determined to be at Four Stars!”

“No issues with the Colossal Serpent. Kemoyin Duke Farlier is confirmed to be inside.” Information was flashed through red warning lights and many staff members gaped at the gigantic airship. The figures working the deck felt faint.

“A Morning Star has come to visit us. Why were we not notified earlier?” A burly middle-aged man shouted as he barged in after bursting through the door. He looked panicked as he snarled, “Do you know who he is? He’s the most powerful Kemoyin Warlock in history, the one who killed Demon Hunter Cyril. It’s Duke Leylin Farlier! If this kind of person flares up at us for how we receive him, we’re finished!”

Immediately after, he looked at the red warning alarm and couldn’t help but hold his head in his hands, feeling the desire to end his life there and then. “Four Star undulations? The upper-tier of Morning Star? Gods, just let me die!”

Morning Star Magi were a rarity in the central continent, and there were naturally no clear methods of classifying them. They were normally classified based on their reputation and battle achievements among others.

As the holy land of Magi, Sky City was the most advanced research centre in the central continent. It had independently come up with a standard to measure the strength of a Morning Star.

They had divided Morning Stars into five levels represented by five Stars, with a One Star Magus being the weakest. A grade of Four Stars was already at the upper tier of Morning Stars, while Five Stars was the peak!

Of course, since Leylin had intentionally hidden some of his strength, their detection was not accurate.

However, even Four Stars was already terrifying. Most of the Morning Stars were around One to Three Stars. Morning Stars at Four Stars or above were absolutely powerful, and even Radiant Moons would be apprehensive when up against them.

Sky City might be called the holy land of Magi, but there were few Morning Stars of this calibre among their ranks.

People like them in charge of the ports could not afford to offend him. Even if they were exposed to the radiations on his body, there would be massive casualties here!

“We’ve already sent out the signal and requested that he stop at the personal dock. He’s accepted our guidance airship, and is probably here with kind intentions...”

A golden-haired young man produced a handkerchief and wiped away the cold sweat on his forehead. “What we need to do now is to report this news to the Sage Committee, and then all of us should welcome him!”

“Oh, yes, yes! You’re right. Quick, report it in!” While the Sage Committee which controlled Sky City had their own methods of detection, as their subordinates, they had to do their utmost as well.

The burly man from before looked like he had just woken up as he snarled, “What are you standing there like that for? Report it in, and follow me to welcome him!”

“No need for that.” A white-gold flash appeared in the control room.

“Lord Boffel!” The staff of the control room immediately bowed to the man.

“He comes with good intentions and doesn’t want to act ostentatiously. I’ll see to him myself. Go back to your posts and forget about this!” The white-gold light spoke and diverged into many rays of light.

“Good, good! With our Morning Star taking over, anything that happens next isn’t our problem!” The burly man sighed, hands behind his back as he left the control room.

The other members in the control room looked relieved as they sat back down. The young man who had reported this earlier continued to work diligently, concealing the envy and feverish look in his eyes.

Boom! The Colossal Serpent steadily descended atop a lawn with a large rune on it, not flipping up any dust.

“Is it Lord Leylin? Welcome!” Due to the urgent message just now, there was no staff member around. A young man with platinum hair and wings of light similar to the wings of angels stood under the elevating platform of the airship.

“I am Leylin Farlier. You are...?” The door opened and Leylin walked out, looking friendly.

Though Gilbert had suggested that he sneak in and conceal his identity, Leylin wanted the title of a Virtuous Sky Sage in Sky City, and he would need to make contact with the Endowing Scepter. He would definitely be interrogated thoroughly and would even attract the attention of the Monarch of the Skies. How could he conceal himself?

Hence, Leylin had chosen to step forward without any tricks. The title of a Virtuous Sky Sage from Sky City was an honour open to all Magi of the central continent, and large numbers of scholars would be attracted here. It was not shameful in any way that he wanted to obtain this.

# Chapter 589: Lightwing

The title of Virtuous Sky Sage was an honour given by Sky City to top scholars. As long as Magi had achievements in academics and were acknowledged by the Sage Committee, they could be awarded this title.

Not only was it an honour to become a Sage, there were benefits to it as well. Not only could they gain a bonus of two levels to their vitality from the Endowing Scepter, they also had the opportunity to join Sky City themselves. Even if they did not enter, the Monarch of the Skies would still protect them, and they would be able to move around the central continent without obstruction.

Hence, whether it was for the fame, the benefits, or just to make up for their weaknesses in academics, large numbers of scholarly Magi came here every year, which allowed Sky City to gain the good reputation of being the cradle of truth.

Even if he couldn't pass, just gaining the favour of the Monarch of the Skies and being baptised by the Endowing Scepter once was no big issue.

Leylin was now feeling very confident. The gift he had prepared would surely move rank 6 Breaking Dawn Magi!

How could the coordinates of another world not be enough? He'd never promised Wayne not to give away the coordinates of the Lava World to a third party anyway.

It was attractive enough that the Monarch of the Skies could make an exception.

He was just unsure if Wayne and Zegna would cough up blood after finding out about this.

Which Magus would not take the secret of a world's coordinates to their grave? Only a freak like Leylin would actively go around, using it as a gift and giving it to others.

"Boffel!" The person who had arrived announced his name.

As he began to judge the Magus opposite him, the first word that came



to Boffel's mind was 'Young'! Whether it was his handsome face or the surging life force, everything gave him a sense of youth.

"Based on the rumours, Lord Leylin should be less than three hundred, yes? You've already become a Morning Star and gained such a huge reputation!"

Boffel observed this genius Warlock. He wore gilded robes and gloves. His eyes were full of warmth and his smile was like the sunshine. With the crescent dangling from his earlobe, his handsome face was the type that young, teenaged girls or even female Magi would go crazy over.

"So it's Lord Boffel!" Leylin looked at this person who seemed very similar to an angel, and had no idea how to react. However, the Morning Star radiation from his body was something that could not be imitated.

The Monarch of the Skies held control of various organisations across the continent, and had quite a few Radiant Moons under his wing. Obviously, the Morning Stars subordinate to him were much larger in number. Boffel here was one of them.

Official Magi could make modifications to their own bodies. By the time a Magus reached Morning Star, they were almost guaranteed to have something strange on their bodies. Presently, Leylin could not tell if the other party's shining wings were due to his bloodline or some sort of spell. The only way to confirm would be to run tests on him.

"Are you here as a representative of the Ouroboros Clan, my Lord? What is it that you require?" Boffel asked after the greetings. This was a question that had been weighing on his mind for a while. He had heard of the Ouroboros Clan's recent activities, as well as of their conflict with Jupiter's Lightning. It was unlikely that Leylin would come out at such a crucial time for a holiday.

"Mm! I heard that the appraisal for Virtuous Sky Sages is about to begin. I've come bearing the truth!" Leylin did not conceal his motives.

"Appraisal?!" Boffel was dumbstruck. Never could he have expected that Leylin would actually be interested in this,

The title of Virtuous Sky Sage was only something that made it more convenient for scholars to travel across the continent. However, Leylin was already at Morning Star. Which organisation would not give him face?

Benefits, honour and the like were as fleeting as cobwebs to Morning Star Magi. Perhaps the only thing they would regard with importance would be the baptism of the Endowing Scepter for them, the only thing that they regarded as important would be the baptising through the Adept Scepter.

An increase of almost 20 points in vitality was very attractive even to Morning Stars.

“The Sage Appraisal is a public selection of Magi throughout the central continent. Am I not qualified?” Leylin asked with a smile.

“Of course you are! Lord Leylin’s presence is sure to make the appraisal more exciting than usual!” Boffel answered without any hesitation.

The Sage Appraisal had long since gained a reputation for its independence of factions and status. It held the unanimous approval of all of the central continent’s Magi, which was how it had become a holy land in the first place. It took in fresh blood all the time, and Boffel would be a fool to refuse Leylin.

“Hehe... In that case, please follow me to the temporary villa we’ve prepared for you. You can organise the thesis that you wish to present as well as your experiments, and wait for the appraisal to begin!”

Boffel’s invitation was enthusiastic. Though they were few in number, Morning Stars were known to attend the Sage Appraisal, and Sky City had its own policy on dealing with this.

In general, as long as the Magi who came forward did not break laws and had no restrictions placed on themselves, they could do as they wished and would need to be received warmly.

“Many thanks!” Leylin did not reject Boffel’s invitation.

No matter where he went, he would be monitored anyway. He could just move into the place that had been specified, and he would be treated well

too.

.....

“My Lord!” A maid wearing a pure white silk gown was respectfully holding a towel and other items, waiting for Leylin’s summon.

“This is a pretty good place!” Leylin had on a loose white robe and was half reclining on a chair made of jade and stone. Within arm’s reach were fine food and good liquor.

He was now inside a gigantic white villa. The whole place seemed to be made entirely out of white marble, resulting in an aura of refined elegance. Three fountains were placed next to Leylin, spurting out fragrant spring water.

Outside was a flowering garden with a lawn. The lands of the villa were very expansive, and in Sky City where every inch of land was extremely valuable, this was practically unbelievable.

Of course, special privileges and preferential treatment were inevitable and only rightful when it came to Morning Stars.

After bringing him to this area and instructing the staff inside to take care of him, Boffel left in a hurry, probably to report to his superiors.

Hierarchy was etched deep into the minds of the people in the Magus World. Even if Leylin displayed his incredible battle might and terrifying talent, the one receiving him was merely a Morning Star.

The real ruler of Sky City, his Majesty, the Monarch of the Skies, was still acting behind the scenes alongside with the other Radiant Moon.

“You are a Lightwing?” Leylin couldn’t help but ask after seeing the white feathers behind this maid’s back.

“Yes, my lord!” This maid was rather tall and slender. Her legs and body were perfectly proportionate, resulting in a smooth curve.

The Lightwings were one of the winged races. They had an exceptional sensitivity to light elemental energy particles, and usually had very good results when training in light-type high-grade meditation techniques.

She seemed to be using a three level meditation technique.

Of course, if she were of Boffel's level of strength, Leylin would be unable to identify her bloodline and specific meditation technique, as they were both at the Morning Star realm.

"What's your name?" Leylin took a towel from the other party and wiped his hands as he asked in curiosity.

"Yuro, my lord!" The Lightwing maid spoke as if in a hurry. Leylin's presence just put too much pressure on her, even if he intentionally withheld his energy undulations.

"Accompany me outside." Since he had come to the place called the cradle of truth, how could Leylin miss a chance to go out? Besides, he had come as a guest. Boffel would be stupid to dare restrict his freedom.

However, he was currently in someone else's territory. With Boffel being backed by the Monarch of the Skies, Leylin had to give him some face and bring the maid along.

"Al-Alright!" Yuro lowered her head deeply. As a maid of this villa, she obviously knew her duties.

"Let's go!" Leylin stretched before taking the lead.

"Do you know where the Great Library is?" Leylin was most interested in this place. The information in his A.I. Chip only came from the Ouroboros Clan and what he'd gathered himself during his travels. Compared to the entirety of the central continent, that was like a drop in the ocean.

The Sky City, however, was different. Not only was it the territory of the Monarch of the Skies, it was also the holy land of knowledge, the academic center of the entire central continent.

The knowledge they had accumulated was bound to be at a terrifying level. How much would the A.I. Chip grow after he acquired all of it?

Knowledge was power among Magi. This was no longer just a maxim, and had instead become a fundamental truth.

"The Great Library is beside the Sky Plaza. Would you like to go there,

my Lord?” Yuro asked in a low voice. As she raised her head, Leylin’s near devilish handsomeness warmed her face.

“Of course! I’ve long since been interested in the largest library in the entire central continent!” There was a hint of worship in Leylin’s tone. There was a thirst and worship of knowledge specific only to those who were keen to learn the truth.

“Understood, my Lord. Please come with me!” Yuro began to lead the way.

Her long, soft hair came loose, occasionally floating above the feathered wings on her back, as it it were sitting on a gentle breeze.

Leylin rubbed his nose and followed with a laugh.

After heading out of the residential area, the shadows of conical buildings were seen as the buildings covered the glaring sun in the sky. There were plants growing beside the spotless streets. The bustling streams of people travelled back and forth, making Leylin feel like he had returned to his previous world.

# Chapter 590: Genius

Seeing some of these structures, Leylin suddenly understood a fact. 'Sky City occupies a small region of land, but it has a burgeoning population. It's obvious that every bit of land here is expensive. The villa that I was allotted to was probably in the wealthiest region. In this place, nobody below the Morning Star realm can have such a luxury...'

There were streams of people on the streets, and practically all the different races in the central continent could be seen here. The Magi here possessed scholarly auras and were dressed in luxurious clothing, treating the others with respect.

'Through the influence of civilisation, the behaviours of the residents of the city have evolved...' Leylin exhaled deeply. Only a place like Sky City which was under the protection of a Monarch could display such a moving scene.

As Leylin had withdrawn his aura, he now seemed like the most ordinary of low-ranked Magi bringing his maid out as he took a stroll. He did not attract any attention.

As he was walking, he saw many Lightwings like Yuro. Quite a few were dressed like servants, following behind Magi. This made him observe Yuro herself, and he found her to be lacking.

Lights flashed in Leylin's mind. Yuro's talent was nothing in Sky City, and if she truly wanted to stay here she would need to rely on the Magi. Her best option was to become a servant.

Of course, those who were already considered excellent amongst the Lightwings obtained a higher status. However, no matter how much status they had, they could only remain as subordinates in front of their owners. This was rather uncomfortable, and feeling sorrow for their own kind living this way was understandable.

Boom! There was a sudden explosion in the streets, and the place immediately turned chaotic.

“Hm?” Leylin moved several steps backwards without leaving behind any marks, and Yuro grew nervous as she looked around them.

‘This intense energy wasn’t targeting me, it seems to be a coincidence.’ Leylin thought. He had stepped backwards in order to avoid trouble and waved his hands to get the nervous Yuro to back down. He then turned his attention to the scene.

A group of white-robed Magi with jewelled crowns on their foreheads and curved blades in hand were in a fight with another group of Magi.

‘These energy undulations... They are at rank 3, but they possess a frightening vitality. Not bad!’ Leylin easily saw through the veil that the Magi had cast upon themselves.

The white-robed Magi had astoundingly high vitality. This was especially true of their leader, his curved blade launching terrifying glints of light as it forced the dark Magi opposite them to withdraw.

Leylin was rather interested in gaining information about tempering the body.

“Do conflicts like this happen often here?” Leylin shot a glance at Yuro.

Yuro shook her head, “No! I’ve been here for decades, and this is only the fourth time such a thing is happening! The Sage Committee will react soon enough!”

“They’re already there.” Leylin looked towards the sky, a smile on his face.

Rumble! Platinum flames flickered, forming a clump of light from which a Magus in platinum robes stepped forth. He looked extremely young, even childlike. However, the moment he arrived, a frightening energy swept across the area.

Thud! The two groups of Magi who were in a tussle were immediately blown backwards. The leader fell to his knees as his bones exploded under a suppressive force. Finally, he collapsed to the ground like a giant toad.

Morning Star domain! This little imp was actually a Morning Star

Magus! And what's more, Sky City's first reaction to such an issue was to send a Morning Star to suppress it!

Swish! In the meanwhile, even more Magi dressed in Sky City's uniform had rushed to the scene. None of them was below the Hydro Phase in terms of power, and all of them had a hardened, bloody aura and indifferent expression.

With the suppression from a Morning Star as well as the arrival of a large group of elites, the two groups were immediately restrained. Even their seas of consciousness were bound as they were escorted away. Their heads hung low.

'Hehe! As expected of Sky City. Their strength is so great that they can send out such elite forces quite casually.' Leylin envied them.

Yuro misunderstood his gaze. Seeing this lord watching the direction in which these Magi were taken, she thought he might be wondering how they would be taken care of.

"They're done for. Since they dared create trouble in Sky City, people from both ends will be punished. At the very least they'll be expelled, and they might even be forced into labour..." she explained to Leylin in a low voice.

"Mm! Who are they?" Leylin was not really interested in the state they would end up in. What he was more concerned about was the body-tempering spells that the Magi had used.

Though it was merely a quick glance, Leylin could tell that their body-tempering methods were complete. If there was information for Morning Stars, then it would definitely be able to affect him to a certain extent.

"I don't know, but based on their attire, they should be people from the Northern Desert!" Yuro answered.

Suddenly, she felt a chill in her body and looked around, realising something had changed.

Under the domain of a Morning Star, be it the Magi or the residents, they were all lying on the ground, too afraid to move. Actually, they



couldn't move at all, and yet she was standing as if nothing had happened. She and Leylin seemed extremely out of place in this scene.

'Is this my Lord's strength? After all, he's a Morning Star as well!'

The Magus floating in mid-air discovered this strange situation quickly. With a flash of platinum flames, the childish Morning Star appeared in front of Leylin.

"I never expected to see a Lord here!" Upon seeing Leylin, the arrogance on his expression was moderated.

When the young man turned and saw Yuro, recognition dawned in his eyes. "I remember you! You're a maid in Boffel's villa!"

"Yes, Lord Weyers!" Yuro knelt respectfully, making introductions "This is an important guest of Lord Boffel's— Lord Leylin Farlier of the Ouroboros Clan!"

"So it's you! The strongest Kemoyin Warlock, someone who killed Demon Hunter Cyril right after advancing to Morning Star."

Leylin could do little about this. As there was no obvious method of classifying Morning Stars, their reputation and achievements in battle had become their distinguishing characteristics.

And what he was currently famous for was killing Demon Hunter Cyril. As for the title of strongest Kemoyin Warlock in history, he had no idea how that had come about. It left him speechless.

"Lord Weyers became a Morning Star even before reaching a hundred years of age. Even in the entire history of the continent, he's among the top hundreds!"

"Before reaching a hundred?" Leylin nodded in understanding.

When someone advanced to become a Magus, they would permanently keep their original appearance. This fellow must have become an official Magus extremely early, and the following advances had helped him retain his looks. This was why he appeared this juvenile.

'It looks like he probably became an official Magus at eight to nine years

old. What a demonic genius!’ Leylin’s pupils shrank.

When he was eight to nine years old, he probably didn’t even know what a Magus was.

‘To reach that level, one needs an astonishing aptitude, but that is not enough. There also need to be top-grade meditation techniques and expansive resources, as well as the mentorship of famous teachers. It looks like this Weyers has a great backing.’

Even as he wondered about such things inside, Leylin feigned shock. “Lord Weyers is a rare genius in the continent! Morning Stars like us can only blush with shame...”

Words of flattery were free of charge, and he specifically picked out the nicest words. As expected, a look of pride rose on Weyers’ face.

Face was something he had long since thrown into the drain. With this Magus’ strength, talent and backing, one could not show distaste on their face unless it was possible to kill him in one move and eliminate his backers.

Leylin had nothing against him, and he began to assess his own strength. It was probably difficult to destroy Sky City, which was why his words of flattery were boundless.

Even if they were merely pleasantries, it also depended on who was saying them.

Weyers had been treated as a genius since he was young, and he had probably heard many compliments like this before. However, praises from Morning Star like Leylin evidently put him in a good mood.

“Of course not! If I, as I am now, were to be matched against Cyril, things might be slightly difficult. I quite admire Lord Leylin...”

Geniuses were perhaps the loneliest of people. Weyers had never had someone at a similar age to his who could speak to him as an equal. While Leylin was slightly older than he was, they were somewhat around the same age. Apart from being a Warlock, Leylin had some reputation in Potioneering too. Hence, Weyers felt like he had found a companion at the

same age and began to converse with Leylin.

“...Haha, Once this matter is over, I’ll definitely drop by for a visit, Leylin.”

By the end of their conversation, Weyers had automatically dropped the formality of the Lord title, calling Leylin by name. It showed that they had gotten closer.

Weyers and Leylin conversed for a long while as if nobody else was present. Whether it was the Magi on the ground or the other guards, nobody dared disturb them, and they could only wait pitifully.

Of course, due to the power of the Morning Star domains, they could not hear the contents of the conversation between the two. All they knew was that this Lord of theirs, who had always looked cold, seemed to be in a good mood.

There were very few Magi who the Lord found to be pleasant company. The guard team was astonished as they all snuck peeks at Leylin before departing with Weyers.

# Chapter 591: Great Library

“Let’s go! Leylin watched Weyers as he left and brought Yuro with him. He had yet to arrive at his intended destination, which was the Great Library. To him, whatever just happened was like a circus act and nothing more.

When Leylin’s figure had disappeared as well, the remaining Magi present immediately got up, their faces full of grime.

Being affected by the battle out of nowhere and being suppressed by a Morning Star domain for a long time had now left them in a pitiful state.

Afterwards, the officials who had arrived slowly began to tidy up the roads and calculated the losses. Everything was methodical and thorough.

“Gill!” back in the office, Weyers’ voice was low. The arrogance from before had completely vanished.

“Master!” A black shadow silently surfaced from the floor.

“Investigate this! Who’s responsible for the incident at the Floating Feather Avenue? Who was it that did this on my watch?” Weyers’ voice was frigid as he spoke in a discerning manner.

“Understood!” The black figure answered and withdrew noiselessly.

Once Weyers was alone in the room, he frowned. He began to sift through the memories of the day’s events, and a cold smirk appeared on his lips. “Trying to use me as cannon fodder, eh? Good! Very good!”

How many among those who had reached the Morning Star realm were fools? No matter how young he looked, even if he seemed like a child, Weyers had lived for almost a hundred years. It was clear to him what had happened.

Provoking a Morning Star Magus just for some false reputation? He would not do anything so stupid. Even if his backing could take on the backlash, pointless actions should be avoided if possible.

“That Warlock Leylin from today was quite interesting. Like me, he’s

being bound by some pointless reputation.” Through the events that had occurred that day, Weyers had formed a favourable impression of Leylin.

He was currently enraged at the person who had set up this situation. “Perhaps I’ve been keeping a low profile for too long, and some people have begun to think I’m an easy target...” he muttered to himself after a long period of silence. The temperature dropped as his voice sounded, and the place turned into an icy wonderland...

Of course, Leylin was not aware of any of this. After Weyers had left, he had arrived at the Great Library under Yuro’s guidance.

“Truth is my calling!” “The pursuit of knowledge is the foundation of all strength.”

Leylin was currently observing a large number of statues in a seemingly boundless palace. They were proportionate, and so detailed one could differentiate the strands of hair on their bodies. It made them seem lifelike.

The pedestals under these statues held information like their time periods, maxims, achievements and the like.

Leylin turned his attention to the time period of the central statue after reading its maxim. “Illesme. Year 1327-?”

“Just a birth date, and no death date. Could he have lived for over five thousand years?” Leylin stared at this statue in astonishment. He saw a kindly old man there, a spotless white beard floating in front of his chest. A pair of wise eyes hid behind circular rimmed glasses.

“This is the Great Sage, Lord Illesme. He was the first generation ruler of Sky City and is a Breaking Dawn Magus. While his whereabouts are currently unknown, many still believe that he is alive, and is perhaps risking his life exploring foreign worlds...” Yuro was full of admiration as she made the introduction.

“Mm!” Leylin had seen some information regarding this Great Sage, but those were all mixed in with legends and rumours. None had been as specific as the base of the statue.

He circled the forest of statues with interest, finding that only Morning Star Magi and above were allowed here. They were scholars who had made significant contributions to Sky City or the Magus World.

There was a small number of Magi who were like Illesme, with only a birth but no death date.

This meant there was a good possibility of them still being alive, perhaps stuck in foreign worlds or ancient spell formations. However, if they were to appear as a group, the strength they possessed was enough for the entire central continent to tremble.

“Without the contributions of the past sages, there would not be the Magi of today!”

Leylin looked solemn as he bowed to the many statues, “I, Leylin Farlier, shall complete all your unfinished work, and resolve all regrets!”

Of course, he could only say this inside his mind. If Yuro heard it, things would be slightly troublesome.

Though the continent was full of ambitious Magi, there were few as egotistical as Leylin.

After they paid their respects, Yuro brought Leylin to the entrance of what seemed like a greek temple. “My Lord, here is the entrance to the Great Library. The collection here in the Sky City is open to all Magi with no restrictions.”

What surprised Leylin was that the entrance to the library had no doors, nor were there any guards. Everyone could move about freely.

A comfortable warm glow from eternal light spells filled the area.

Magi would pass by Leylin every once in a while, but while there were quite a few of them, they were generally very quiet.

Yuro spoke in a low voice by Leylin’s ear. “The Great Library is set up above a gigantic spell formation and is being managed by a sentient spirit genie. It’s in charge of all management, and while there aren’t any guards stationed here, there has never been an incident thus far!”

“There’s never been an incident here?” Leylin nodded. This meant that on top of the basic effects of repelling dust, moisture and flames, the gigantic spell formation also possessed an exceedingly more powerful defensive ability.

“Yes! Rumour has it that the defensive spell formation of the Great Library can even confine a Morning Star...” She was apprehensive while she spoke, peeking at Leylin while afraid he would grow angry. However, Leylin remained calm, and Yuro could not tell if he was happy or annoyed.

“Not bad! My expectation on the information here has risen further now!”

With the spirit genie managing the area, every single corner of the library was probably being monitored. With the abiliEmbertyng to suppress even Morning Stars and the Magi of Sky City being ready to provide support very quickly if anything were to happen, there seemed to be an impenetrable defence. There was obviously a vast amount of information.

There was a large bright hall past the entrance that could hold over a thousand people without becoming crowded. At the middle were hundreds of tables, and what looked like terminals.

“The Great Library is separated into seven levels. The first three are open to all Magi, and you can browse through once you pay a certain number of magic crystals. The information and documents at the fourth level and above are kept very confidential, and one can only browse through them using information points.”

Leylin stood aside, watching a Magus operating the system. After inserting pure magic crystals into the terminal and using spiritual force to interface with it, he took out a blank crystal ball at the opening of another device. Large amounts of information was transmitted, instantly filling the crystal ball up with information.

“Transmission of data, as well as a backup!” Leylin shouted in surprise. Thankfully, the terminal could not directly send information to the Magus’ memory, or Leylin would be worried that something like the A.I. Chip

existed in this world.

“Yes! As long as it’s information that the spirit genie has a backup of, it can be duplicated using the terminal. Of course, there is a required fee.”

Some information was stored in certain special materials, and it could only be presented in that specific format. For example, there were some books that the spirit genie was unable to make a duplicate of, and required that one read using the physical copy.

Leylin now had so many magic crystals that he cared little for them. He asked Yuro, “How do I obtain information points?”

“There are two methods. One is to complete missions by the Sage Committee. The second is to furnish the spirit genie’s inner library with information it still does not possess. One will be awarded information points based on the value of the added information.”

Yuro laughed wryly, “But I don’t recommend the second method. This could have been possible in the early days, but with the addition by generations of Magi, there’s very little information that the Great Library has yet to obtain...”

After hearing how the library operated, Leylin was quiet for a long while and took a deep breath. “How bold!” he exclaimed. Even the first three levels being made public showed how bold they were.

The system of information points conversion also allowed the library to become more abundant in information, and by this point, it had accumulated a vast trove of knowledge.

Such a huge amassment of information had allowed Sky City to withstand the test of time. Considering it one of the strongest organisations in the central continent was not even a stretch.

Yuro brought Leylin to a terminal. After paying the magic crystals, she passed a white crystal card to Leylin. “This is a blank crystal card. Every newcomer here will obtain one!

“You may choose to seal it with your spiritual force, or you can leave it open. However, you will then need to keep your crystal card properly, or



else anyone can choose to use it!”

With a sweep of Leylin’s soul force, the library card began to emit a black luster. He placed the card in a small depression, and the terminal’s screen instantly brightened.

A few lines in a familiar script appeared on it and gave him a few choices.

Leylin did not try to skim through the table of contents, but instead chose to obtain information points through providing data.

Though Yuro mentioned that the database was already quite complete, Leylin was confident. His A.I. Chip had a lot of information regarding the Lava World! The Great Library couldn’t have information from foreign worlds, could it?

# Chapter 592: Shocking Accumulation

[Beep! Spiritual force data connection detected, proceed with transmission?] The A.I. Chip intoned.

Although Leylin had placed a crystal ball on the transmission port of the terminal, he was actually mobilizing his A.I. Chip for it instead.

“Try this first!” Leylin selected a piece of information regarding the one-horned clan of the Lava World and uploaded it.

“Serial number ZXC678 has chosen to contribute information. Processing...” A progress bar suddenly appeared on the terminal screen.

As the progress bar reached completion, it was replaced with new content.

“Helix Tree composite image: 89% complete! Initial inventory: 40% complete! Effectiveness: 51%! Initializing fusion of data... Helix Tree composite image: 91% complete! Your contribution has been evaluated and you will be awarded 26 information points!”

Whoosh! A golden light flashed, and the number 26 appeared in a new row on Leylin’s library card.

He drew a sharp breath. ‘It even contains knowledge from such a remote place as the Lava World, even if it’s flawed...’

After a moment of thought, though, he came to a realisation, “The ancient Magus World was in control of a great number of other worlds. Sky City obtained a portion of the ancient world’s database, so it’s no strange matter that it contains some pieces of flawed content!”

After that one attempt, Leylin had to restrain his excitement. “I’ll be living here from now, so don’t disturb me unnecessarily,” he instructed Yuro. Soon after, he left the dumbfounded maid alone and buried his head into the sea of knowledge.

.....

The huge library in Sky City could be said to have everything. Its

information was not limited to that about the central continent; there was data about other worlds as well.

Further in from the data terminals and the hall was the gigantic library that resembled a palace. Some sort of technique had been employed to expand the space within. At a glimpse, one would see bookshelves as massive as mountains, all so densely packed and numerous that there seemed to be no end.

Leylin was now standing at the foot of a bookshelf that was tens of metres tall. The giant wooden ladder brought him in front of a row of little black catalogues as per his wish.

“Mm! Raphael’s Poetic Saga!” Leylin nodded, his eyes glistening.

“The many ancient myths and legends actually contain a large amount of intelligence, it’s just that those who recorded these accounts have beautified and romanticised them. Thus, we have to separate the wheat from the chaff in order to obtain the most accurate information. Raphael was a famous poet in ancient times, yet he also had a hidden identity as a Magus. Therefore, all the accounts that he recorded have high research value...” Leylin muttered to himself as his eyes glistened. He fingered through the numerous volume numbers of a series of books and stopped when he reached volume 239.

When he tried to pull out the book, the robotic voice of the spirit genie rang in his mind, “Beep! You are requesting to read Raphael’s Poetic Saga, Volume 239. Fee is 2 information points. Do you wish to proceed?”

“Yes!” With a motion of Leylin’s soul force, 2 information points were automatically deducted from his library card. The energy that had been protecting Raphael’s Poetic Saga also disappeared suddenly, allowing Leylin to remove the book easily from the shelf.

He clicked his tongue. “Although I know that library books of grade 3 and above are very expensive, even these mere historical records have such exorbitant costs...”

Leylin shook his head. The wooden ladder, as though a living creature, automatically transported him onto the ground.

Leylin was now in the fifth storey of the library, which was much quieter than the previous levels he had been to. There was practically no one there, and beside the tens of bookshelves, there would always be a small area where Magi could peruse the books.

Leylin found a random chair and sat down as he began to flip open the jet black cover of Raphael's Poetic Saga.

"I have come.... I can see..."

The pages of the book were a dazzling flame-like red. The words, especially, were like fire sprites, jumping around the pages.

'A.I. Chip, record this!' Leylin commanded inwardly.

[Assignment established, beginning scan! Beep! Raphael's Poetic Saga, Volume 239 discovered. Supplementing Raphael's Poetic Saga in the history folder!] The robotic voice of the A.I. Chip sounded. Seconds later, the entirety of Raphael's Poetic Saga had been recorded.

"I've been searching high and low for this portion of Raphael's Poetic Saga, and was lacking just these few volumes. Who would have thought that this huge library would actually contain the full set! Now that it has been supplemented..."

An expression of satisfaction surfaced across Leylin's face. As a bonus, he had discovered the shortcomings of the spirit genie and the data terminal.

Through data transmission, the spirit genie could only fully engrave low grade data records into crystals. However, Magi would still have to obtain the knowledge within them through studying them, unlike the A.I. Chip which was able to directly transmit information to one's memory.

Comparing the time consumed by the two methods, the disparity was rather frightening. This further proved that the A.I. Chip's operational and analytical abilities were far better than that of the spirit genie.

Moreover, content that was at grade 3 and above were mostly engraved using the Magus' own energy. The materials the books were made of were also very special. The spirit genie was unable to duplicate such

information, and thus Magi had to come down personally to study the content from the physical book itself.

“Even so, this huge library is still rather overwhelming!” As compared to his previous database, the amount of information in the entire library was seemingly like a vast ocean—boundless. It was incomparably enriching. Leylin felt like a person who was nearly dying from thirst being thrown into a freshwater lake all of a sudden. He absorbed all the content as though his life depended on it, and never stepped a foot out of the place.

The same went for the A.I. Chip. As its database grew with even more detailed and complex subjects, its technical ability was supplemented unceasingly.

The copious amount of information in here formed a foundation for all disciplines of magic scholarship.

Leylin had a premonition that the numerous resources he had amassed this time would result in a relatively drastic upgrade for the A.I. Chip. After this upgrade, he would definitely reap harvests that he would not have even dreamed of before!

[Beep! Supplementation of foundational information complete. Refreshing and restarting system, estimated time: 2 hours, 34 minutes and 13 seconds!] The A.I. Chip prompted, startling Leylin.

“It actually grew to such an extent? What surprises will be the renewed database bring me?” This was a happy occasion, and Leylin’s face almost lit up with delight.

“Indeed, I made the right choice to come to Sky City. Even if not for the Endowing Scepter, I just had to make this trip.”

Although there was loads of information in the huge library, Leylin felt that content that was grade 3 and below were the most important. This was because he possessed a near unlimited amount of magic crystals, and coupled with the data terminal the convenience of information transmission was unparalleled. In just a short span of time, the foundational information that could be duplicated by the spirit genie had all been backed up into the A.I. Chip.

As for more advanced content that was above grade 3, Leylin had tossed out all his information to the spirit genie—as long as it was eligible for conversion and would not attract any trouble, of course. This allowed him to exchange his data for a monumental amount of information points. He then specifically searched for topics that Warlocks and the A.I. Chip lacked information on before commanding the A.I. Chip to scan and record it.

With the A.I. Chip, a large amount of academic content could be derived from just the foundational information alone. No matter how high the grade, the content could still be deduced.

After all, now that he already had a great foundation, all that was left was to perform derivations that would consume copious amounts of operational energy.

Leylin used his information points to directly access the content that the A.I. Chip did not have the ability to derive, thus completing his database.

In this manner, within the short span of a month or so, he had already recorded roughly all of the content in the huge library.

One must know that even Radiant Moons, Breaking Dawns and other Magi or scholars who grew up in Sky City wouldn't be able to remember so much. The excessive accumulated information would have conflicting information, causing the Magus to forget some things. They would have to constantly refresh their memory.

With their standards, being able to remember all the grade 1 and 2 information would mean that one was an absolute genius. Leylin, however, had exceeded them by leaps and bounds. He'd accumulated a lifetime of information!

If others knew about his terrifying rate of progress, Leylin would definitely attract a lot of trouble. Thus, he could only be secretly satisfied with himself, not revealing anything.

“When the A.I. Chip is done refreshing, I'm afraid that I will be worthy of being called the most learned person throughout the entire central continent, and will be knowledgeable about even the research done in

other worlds...”

Leylin had now thoroughly understood the meaning of the phrase “knowledge is power!”

While his further studies did not increase his strength by a single bit, the underlying effect on his foundation was truly terrifying.

“This is just right! The information points are mostly spent, so I might as well use up all of the remaining ones as well!

Leylin fished out his library card, the thin lines of golden numbers immensely glaring. They couldn’t be compared to the single long line of numbers on his card previously. The astronomical number of information points had only lasted him a month or so.

Crash! Opposite Leylin’s desk, a female Magus raised her head and peered over her book curiously, gazing at Leylin’s back. A pair of spectacles with thick lenses was perched on the bridge of her nose, and her hair was tied in two braids.

She had been paying attention to this strange Magus in front of her for a long time now.

He didn’t seem to lack information points, which could be seen from how he often referred to thick stacks of resources. Even if she worked all day and night for a month without rest, she wouldn’t be able to earn the amount of information points required for such information.

After selecting his resources, he didn’t read the information carefully, but instead flipped through it briefly before casually casting it aside. This made her heart ache.

Library resources that were grade 3 and above were only for private browsing in the reading room. They couldn’t be brought out of the library or exchanged with others. Under the supervision of the spirit genie, there were no loopholes.

Thus, this female Magus could only drool with envy at the mountains of resources Leylin had acquired with his information points, and couldn’t do a single thing about it.

Without the scanning abilities of the A.I. Chip, Leylin could only depend on reading the resources himself to obtain knowledge. Thus, he chose a book on how to optimise one's vitality, and laid back in his chair as he slowly started to read.

The eternal light spell was adjusted by the spirit genie, gently tuning the light rays for a better reading experience. Time ticked by along with the rustling sound of the pages turning.

'This odd Magus is finally acting normal!' The female Magus secretly nodded, then continued to immerse herself in her books. Time was precious, and she could not afford to waste any of it.



# Chapter 593: Soul Profiling

[Beep! Database has been refreshed. Update completed.] After Leylin had flipped through about half of the book in his hands, the A.I. Chip which had gone silent for a while suddenly sounded out.

“Good! Let’s see if there are any differences in the upgraded A.I. Chip!” His attention immediately wandered from the book, and he focused on his A.I. Chip.

[Beep! Database on soul force is complete. Beginning collection of host’s data, recalculating.] The first prompt that the A.I. Chip gave had Leylin elated.

“So soul force has finally been enumerated...” He had been at a loss due to the A.I. Chip’s inability to enumerate soul force for a very long time. All this while, he had collected a lot of information on the soul, and performed many experiments and thought of numerous conjectures. However, all that had not been able to complete the database on the soul.

Now, the A.I. Chip had completely deduced this information.

“Show me my current stats!” Leylin immediately commanded.

[Leylin Farlier. Rank 4 Warlock. Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent (complete form). Strength: 50, Agility: 45, Vitality: 74.9, Spiritual Force: 956.8, Magic Power: 956 (magic power is in synchronisation with spiritual force). Soul force: 96 (Five Star)]

The A.I. Chip intoned.

“96 soul force? What does ‘five star’ mean?” Leylin asked.

Soon after, a passage of information was shown by the A.I. Chip, [The star rating is a method that the Sky City has come up with to evaluate Morning Stars, based on organisms in the astral plane. Newly-advanced Morning Stars are at one star, while the peak is at five stars...]

“I see. What beings are used as the standard?” Leylin wasn’t that interested in this star system. Instead, he was rather tempted to perform research on the organisms that had been set to be the standards for

Morning Star Magi.

[The organisms that have been set as the standard are the beings of the astral plane— the Heavenly Astral Race! At birth, they possess strength at the Morning Star realm, and it's unknown how powerful they can become. The race was wiped out during ancient times. The Magi of Sky City obtained some of the data from ancient times, which is how it became the standard when it came to evaluating strength!]

“Heavenly Astral Race? Beings from the astral plane? Morning Stars at birth?!”

This piece of information had Leylin completely stunned. Never did he expect there to be dwellers in a place like the astral plane, and they were even so powerful that they had Morning Star strength right from birth.

If compared to the Heavenly Astral Race, Giant Kemoyin Serpents could only cry. Their end point was this race's beginning! There was no way to begin to compare them since they weren't even on the same level.

“Even such gifted creatures went extinct. Looks like the events during the ancient times were unfathomable...” Leylin sighed deeply.

[Acquired information on a standard individual of the Heavenly Astral Race. Change standards?]

Leylin's current system of measurement used the standards from his previous world, which was why the numbers in each attribute seemed to be so phenomenally high, especially since they were calculated with regular humans in mind. If he used the standard criteria of the Heavenly Astral Race, his stats would immediately drop sharply.

Compared to before, with the standard strength of a regular person at 1, this was now compared with the terrifying strength of a Heavenly Astral Race at 1. There would obviously be a marked difference in quantity.

‘Changing the measurement units? Let's try!’ Leylin touched his chin. “Display it!”

[Beep!] A blue light flashed, and the numbers immediately changed before Leylin.

[Leylin Farlier. Rank 4 Warlock. Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent (complete form). Strength: 1.5, Agility: 1.2, Vitality: 2.7, Spiritual force: 4.3 Soul force: 4.3 (Five Star)]

Seeing the numbers that had decreased drastically, Leylin was rendered speechless.

‘In other words, my strength and agility are only slightly higher than a Heavenly Astral Race at Morning Star. My vitality is twice that of theirs, while my spiritual and soul force are more than four times greater. All in all, I can take on two or three of them at once?’

This comparison had stunned Leylin. He was now considered to be at the apex amongst Morning Stars in the central continent. He could even rival a Radiant Moon, and yet he was only slightly stronger than a child of the Heavenly Astral Race?

This was quite a blow to his ego.

“Forget it! Show the numbers according to the units from before. At the very least, the smaller the base numbers, the higher the precision!” Leylin stroked his chin, ‘When the numbers in all aspects increase by a large amount, I’ll then begin using the units of the Heavenly Astral Race. That’s better!’

With a flicker from the A.I. Chip, all his data reverted to the original.

[Display host’s soul diagram?]

At this moment, the A.I. Chip showed another prompt.

“Of course!” Leylin did not hesitate at all. After the soul force database was completed, his grasp on soul force was even greater, and he could do things that would have been very difficult before.

One of these included the structural diagram of his soul.

Bzz! A diagram that had been magnified countless times was projected in front of Leylin’s eyes.

His soul, which was also the truesoul of a Morning Star, was protected within the point mass. The point mass’ terrifying density and strength was

the last defensive layer protecting a Morning Star's truesoul.

There were few Magi who could clearly observe their own truesouls within their point mass, and make appropriate changes to train the soul. In fact, there were practically none.

With the help of the A.I. Chip, he could finally pass through this barrier.

In the diagram, Leylin's truesoul was like a tiny star, emanating bright rays of light, with a tinge of crimson within. It was as if a crimson Giant Kemoyin Serpent was cruising inside the thing.

[Beep! Host's soul composition is loose and not dense enough. Suggestion...] Through the diagram and the A.I. Chip's analysis, Leylin's issues when training the soul were made apparent, and the A.I. Chip gave concrete suggestions.

If other Morning Star Magi were to know of this, they'd want to commit suicide out of envy.

When had the mysteries of the soul ever been displayed before Magi?

'It was probably because of the hasty infusion of Fireplume.' Leylin stroked his chin, 'Luckily, I can still salvage the situation through the improved meditation technique.'

Every three ranks in training as a Magus was a major hurdle. The first to third focused on training spiritual force, and the fourth to sixth on the soul. If problems with the soul were not resolved now, there would be huge issues during his future advancements.

However, this was not the end of the surprises that the A.I. Chip had to offer.

[Beep! To generate a conjecture of Radiant Moon soul and compare it to a diagram?] The A.I. Chip asked robotically,

"Yes!" Leylin obviously chose that option.

Afterwards, beside his soul diagram, a few other similar ones appeared, marking out the initial, middle, and late stages of Radiant Moon.

In the diagram, the difference between Morning Stars and Radiant

Moons was made obvious. The soul of a Morning Star was similar to a star, dazzling and condensed, but a Radiant Moon who had just advanced had a soul that was tens of times larger than that of a Morning Star, forming a large and full sphere.

In other words, it resembled the moon.

As for the Radiant Moon stages, those who had just advanced had souls which only emanated bright rays from a small portion of its full area. The rest of the moon was dim, forming a crescent. It was like a new moon being blocked by the sun.

Magi at the middle stage of Radiant Moon had half their soul emanating clear rays, like a half moon. Peak Radiant Moon Magi had light that was dazzling and transparent, like a full moon.

“Name these stages New Moon, Half Moon and Full Moon!” Leylin did not hesitate to label these Radiant Moon stages.

Of course, his soul was now merely a star and was a large distance away from reaching Radiant Moon.

‘There were mistakes in my previous conjectures. Zegna was probably merely a New Moon, while Scarlet Eye was at most a Half Moon. He had yet to achieve the peak, Full Moon!’

Leylin’s eyes suddenly flashed with understanding. He had not obtained the twelfth and thirteenth levels of Fireplume, so it was plausible that the fourteenth level could still be at the Radiant Moon realm, and was representative of the soul reaching Full Moon.

‘In that case, the road from rank 4 to rank 5 has completely unravelled in front of me!’ Leylin looked ecstatic. The third and fourth ranks had a very large disparity between them, with spiritual force upgrading to soul force. There was another huge gap between rank six and seven, with soul force upgrading to the manifestation and wielding of Laws. Hence, all these gaps were immense and usually caused tremendous changes.

Advancing from rank 3 to 6, one’s training was mostly on the soul, because it was the level of one’s soul that signified one’s strength.

“First is Morning Star, where the soul becomes a tiny star, with power from one star up to five. Next are the New Moon, Half Moon and Full Moon phases at the Radiant Moon realm!”

The path through Morning Star and Radiant Moon were completely presented before Leylin.

‘That’s basically it. Of course, there might be some odd geniuses at the apex who break through these boundaries, but in general, that’s how this is divided.

‘This upgrade was definitely worth it! Even just the completion of the soul force database alone would have been enough, not to mention the rest.’

An expression of elation rose on Leylin’s face as he could not hold himself back and burst into laughter.

“My Lord!” At this moment, Yuro’s voice travelled over. It was very low, and she was obviously afraid of disturbing the other scholars.

“Mm?” Leylin turned back and saw Boffel behind her.

“Haha! So Your Grace has been staying in the library all this while. Such a thirst for knowledge is definitely admirable, but the Sage Appraisal is about to begin. Besides, the Monarch of Skies would like to meet Your Grace...”

Boffel had on an amiable smile, while the female Magus beside him looked rather flabbergasted.

# Chapter 594: Stuart

‘Boffel? Could it be the ‘Divine Luminescent Wing’? And calling him ‘Your Grace’? Isn’t that a title used in ancient times for Morning Stars? And the Monarch of the Skies? Oh, goodness. Could this Magus be a Morning Star as well?’

The female Magus who had a pair of thick glasses on peeked at Leylin, feeling like he was as unfathomable as the mountains and the seas. She could not help but lower her head, feeling ashamed at her previous conjectures.

Boffel did not spare her a glance. Since violence could not be employed in the library, the usage of Morning Star domains was restricted. She could hear some of what they were saying, but since this was an honest conversation there was nothing to be hidden anyway.

“Oh, my apologies. The information here is just so abundant that I forgot about the time!” Leylin stood up, looking apologetic.

“Anyone who disturbs a Magus immersed in the ocean of knowledge should have their souls scorched in the flames of the ninth hell. Why would I mind?” Boffel had a very witty way of speech, and Leylin immediately formed a better impression of him.

Boffel was not at all surprised about Leylin staying in the library all day. Many scholarly Magi would treat the Great Library as their home upon reaching Sky City for the first time. There were people who stayed within from a few months to even decades, and if not for having too little information points, they would even stay there for their whole lives! Compared to these people, Leylin had only been there for a month, which was very normal. Boffel felt that he seemed to have too many information points, but then again, considering he had just returned from a foreign world, he must have gained large amounts of knowledge from it, so this was understandable.

“Alright. I shall head there now.”

Leylin placed the book back in its original position. He had reaped a

great harvest this time, and the Great Library currently did not have anything especially useful to him. Besides, the Monarch of the Skies had summoned him, and it was best that he tidy himself up. This was a necessary part of etiquette.

“And you, earnest young lady!” Leylin shot a glance at the female Magus who only wished she could hide behind her book.

“Your Grace, Boffel, and this... your Grace. Please forgive me for my offensive behaviour!” Cold sweat was already dripping from the female Magus’ forehead.

Though Sky City was a peaceful area that paid attention to the law, Morning Stars always had privileges. The moment Leylin or Boffel found her an eye sore, she would wind up in a pitiful state even if they didn’t act themselves.

“Haha... don’t be afraid! I want to thank you for accompanying me while I studied for this past month. Treat this as a gift!”

Leylin laughed, and the library card in his hands flew out. Scanning the female Magus’ library card, he transferred his remaining information points to her.

The Great Library now held little meaning for Leylin, which was why there was no point in having these information points with him.

“This...” Though Leylin felt that the number of information points left was pitifully low, to the point that it had almost hit zero, this was still a gigantic amount for the female Magus! She immediately cried out in surprise.

By the time she had recovered from her shock and wanted to thank Leylin, she found that they had long since left.

“Your Grace’s act of providing financial aid to other Magi is truly admirable!” Boffel could not understand Leylin’s actions, since the information on him showed that Leylin was not someone so charitable.

“Hehe... I’m just in a good mood!” Leylin chuckled.



This explanation rendered Boffel completely at ease. Warlocks were truly a group of Magi who were very emotional. In such good moods from the benefits from the library, they could indeed reward any low-ranking Magi as they wished. This unusual situation lost all strangeness when Warlocks were involved.

Boffel did not pay much attention to Leylin's momentary act of kindness, and instead brought to attention some things to take note of when meeting the Monarch of the Skies.

"I don't get it..." Leylin immediately asked Boffel, "I'm merely a Morning Star. Why would the Monarch of the Skies want to see me?"

The other party was a Breaking Dawn Magus with influence all over the central continent. He had complete control of the airship networks, and possessed a foreign world of his own that had been completely taken over. The Morning Stars and Radiant Moons under him were innumerable.

This sort of person should, by right, be far superior to him. Why was there the sudden desire to meet Leylin?

Leylin had once had the idea of making a trade with the coordinates of the Lava World, but he'd never once expressed these thoughts.

'Something's suspicious...' Leylin stroked his chin and immediately, Jupiter's Lightning came to mind. It could not be helped. He had few enemies in the central continent, and Zegna was the only one of them could influence the organisation behind Sky City.

'I was just worried you wouldn't come!' A smirk appeared about Leylin's lips.

The heart of Sky City was a large-scale floating garden, forming the 'floating' landscape that gave the title of the floating city.

This garden— the Drifting Garden— was the heart of Sky City's power. It was also the temporary imperial residence of His Majesty, the Monarch of the Skies.

"This is Boffel. Step aside." Boffel flew all the way to the Drifting Garden with Leylin in tow. The Warlock had tidied up and was now dressed in

formal attire.

The deeper into Sky City one went, the more the instances of probing and detection, to the point that Leylin's expression changed slightly. If not for Boffel guiding him, it would have been inconvenient for him to sneak into the Drifting Garden without being detected.

Looking down from the edges of the Drifting Garden, one could see all the sights of Sky City. It left one's heart free and unfettered.

Further in was a cobbled lane. On both sides of the path were Devil Fungi Taro, Heavenly Intoxicating Nectar, and large amounts of other precious plants that Leylin did not even know the names of. They were numerous, and all in full bloom. If not for the A.I. Chip detecting powerful shackling runes there, Leylin would have had plans of taking a bunch.

"After walking through this area, we will arrive at His Majesty's residing quarters. I can only accompany you up to this point." Boffel laughed as he spoke, "His Majesty is a very amiable person, and he'll definitely..."

"Boffel, you seem to have brought someone new here. That's against the rules!" Another voice sounded, and Leylin especially went stiff, feeling like he was being stared at by a poisonous snake.

"You!" He raised his head, seeing what looked to be a kindly old Magus approaching them.

"Lord Stuart! This is Duke Leylin Farlier of the Ouroboros Clan, here to meet His Majesty." Boffel bowed. At the same time, he introduced the person to Leylin in a quiet voice, "This is Lord Stuart, a Radiant Moon Magus. Since His Majesty is often absent, he is usually in charge of managing Sky City..."

"So it's Lord Stuart!" Leylin bowed, neither too enthusiastic nor too cold. His sensitive soul immediately found a trace of ill intent directed at him. In that case, he wouldn't bother being too cordial.

"Hm?!" Such an attitude rapidly increased the distaste that Stuart already had. He did not hold back and began to criticise Leylin. "As expected, it's a little chap with no manners. Is it really alright for this kind of person to

meet with His Majesty?”

“Lord Stuart, Leylin is a treasured guest of our Sky City.” Boffel coughed and answered with a warning. Stuart’s attitude was obviously biased, and he could not watch further.

“Your Highness, Stuart, you are in no position to judge whether I have any manners!” Leylin retorted without restraint.

This immediately left Boffel dumbfounded. This was a Radiant Moon, a great rank 5 Magus! In Sky City, he had tens of thousands of subordinates under him, and yet, Leylin was not giving him any face?

In actuality, if the other party was merely a little arrogant, Leylin did not mind humbling himself and treating him the way he did Weyers. However, Stuart was obviously here to create trouble, finding Leylin an eyesore before even meeting him. No matter how much Leylin tried to endure this, he would only be humiliated, and all for nothing. There was therefore no reason to be courteous.

“Good! I’ll teach you some manners right now!” Hearing Leylin’s tone, Stuart was evidently exasperated. Never did he expect a Morning Star like Leylin to speak to him in such a manner!

Rumble! Formless soul force was like a raging sea as it gushed towards Leylin.

He had intentionally controlled the might of the spell, such that it affected only this small area. With Stuart’s control, he was confident that he could keep the battlefield within the area and not alarm anyone else.

Boffel could only laugh wryly. While he did agree that Stuart had gone too far, he only stood aside.

“Hmph! Is a rank 5 so fantastic?” Leylin sneered, his soul force that had reached five stars surging forth.

The gigantic phantom of a Giant Kemoyin Serpent with scarlet lines on it appeared behind him, hissing at Stuart.

“Hss!” The ferocious soul tide formed a gigantic black snake, colliding

fiercely with Stuart's soul force.

"Hm?!" Stuart's eyes widened, not expecting to have difficulties in dealing with Leylin. 'Five star soul force? Didn't the intel say four stars?'

Crackling sounds rang out as the two bouts of soul force cancelled each other after the collision. The forces that went astray caused an explosion.

Pak! Pak! Pak! The sounds of countless runic chains breaking could be heard. The concealing spell formations that Stuart had previously set up were completely broken through!

"Urgh!" Leylin staggered backwards, face completely red.

Stuart, on the other hand, stood completely still as he stared at Leylin expressionlessly, not intending to pursue this fight.

The strength of this Morning Star before him had exceeded his expectations, and he was a five star Warlock! It would take a large amount of time and energy to take him down.

What was even worse was that this would not be hidden from His Majesty, and Stuart's expression turned dark.

# Chapter 595: An Audience

“Hmph! Count yourself lucky!” Stuart glared at Leylin with resentment and dissipated into wisps of soot.

“What are you waiting for? Let’s go!” Leylin neatened the creases in his shirt with an indecipherable straight face.

“Y-You...

“You managed to withstand an attack from Lord Stuart? But he’s a Radiant Moon Magus! Hold up, what did he say just now? Five Stars? You’ve reached Five Stars?” Boffel stammered and pointed a trembling finger at Leylin. Uncertainty brewed inside of him.

Leylin reaching five stars carried a great amount of significance. There were less than thirty Five Star Morning Stars in the entire central continent, and Leylin was one of them. He was someone at the peak!

Furthermore, being able to withstand a strike from a Radiant Moon? The more Boffel looked at Leylin, the more he thought that this fellow was a monstrous genius like Weyers.

‘You’ve found a rival, little Weyers.’ Boffel laughed bitterly in his mind before he walked forth. As he looked at Leylin, he felt helpless and lost.

“Let’s move quickly, we shouldn’t have His Majesty wait,” Leylin said considerately.

He already realised the intention behind Stuart’s behaviour. The man was obviously trying to catch him unprepared. The ideal situation was to be able to capture him directly, but if that failed he could always sow the seeds of mistrust between Leylin and the Monarch of the Skies. If those seeds were to sprout, Leylin would be done for.

Of course, Leylin was still patient about it all. Even though Stuart was already a dead man in his eyes, none of his thoughts surfaced on his expression.

“Oh! Indeed, we can’t let His Majesty wait!” Boffel seemed to have woken up from his daze.

After passing through the garden, they came upon a chain of fragile and complicated buildings that seamlessly formed a sort of circuit.

Green vines coiled snugly around the spotless marble pillars decoratively, but a thorough scan by the A.I. Chip showed that there were actually a huge number of spell circuits here.

“Circuit structure?” Leylin was slightly taken aback. “Could it be that of a perpetual motion disk?” He remembered coming across such a thing in the library.

“Right! This is it, rumoured to be able to move indefinitely without an energy source!

“The sages of the Sky City will join hands with the addition of you, my Lord, to perfect this hypothesis and create an energy source for the whole Drifting Garden.” Boffel continued.

“Sadly, this system is still quite a distance away from actual perpetual motion. As it is right now, it consumes 9826 magic crystals a month, and it’s also impossible to expand the system to use it for the entire city.”

“Still, it’s impressive enough that it can support the whole of the Drifting Garden for an entire month with just that amount of energy!” Admiration was painted all over Leylin’s face.

As for it being used for the entire city? If such a thing had succeeded, the entire continent would be filled with floating cities, and Sky City would definitely not be the only one.

Leylin held back his admiration and sauntered into the palace alone, leaving Boffel behind. He had actually wanted to bring Boffel along, but the person himself refused outrightly. This left him at a loss for words, but he was also astonished at the imposing presence of the Monarch of the Skies.

In front of him was a jade-built snow-white door, at least ten metres tall. It exuded a sense of divinity and dignity, and instantly led Leylin who was standing in front of it to think that he had arrived in a land of giants.

‘No traces of spells or restrictive measures?’ Leylin’s eyes flashed blue as

he scanned past the gargantuan door and the enormous statue in front.

‘Can I not detect something set up by a Breaking Dawn yet? Or are such things no longer of any significance to the Monarch of the Skies?’ Leylin believed in it being the latter assumption, but he secretly hoped for it to be the former.

“But...” He stroked the white gloves in his hands, seemingly gaining strength from that action. He then took a deep breath before arriving in front of the door.

The door rumbled open upon sensing Leylin’s arrival and revealed the spacious site within, closing once more with a thud as he stepped in.

“This is...?” Despite being stunned for a bit, Leylin observed his surroundings, realising he was in a big hall. The two side walls were littered with countless paintings— mostly depicting scenes of war between Magi and other races, but also demons on occasion. The deeper in the hall one went, the more abstract the paintings, slowly turning into mere meaningless lines and streaks at the end.

Directly opposite Leylin was a huge statue; a human with six pairs of wings walking out of an enormous shell accompanied by horn-blowing angels and petal-throwing maidens.

The entirety of the statue was carved with such realism that it had an aura of life about it. This was especially true for its eyes that were made of black pearls. They seemed to move, focusing upon Leylin.

“Leylin Farlier!” A voice resonated within the hall.

“Huh?!” Leylin turned his head to the statue. Its eyes were pinned on Leylin, and it seemed to be smiling.

Snap! The statue moved all of a sudden, and walked out of the shell, ripping off the plaster on the wall.

The whole hall seemed to have come to life in tandem with the male statue’s descent, differentiating itself from the outside world and forming two distinct domains.

“Greetings, Your Majesty!” Leylin knew the identity of this person by now. The difference in their statuses was clear; even if this was only an embodiment of the Monarch of the Skies, he still had to show the utmost respect. Not only was his etiquette perfect, even his expression shouted out ‘humility’.

Leylin did not mind bowing down in front of someone he could not oppose at the moment. Furthermore, the Monarch of the Skies was a pioneer in the pursuit of truth, a good role model who deserved Leylin’s salutations.

“Leylin! You’re a fine lad! I apologise for Stuart’s rude actions!” A gentle voice sounded from the statue.

At the same time, Leylin was slightly taken aback by its sharp observation as he felt its gaze on his earrings and the two gloves.

“Is the purpose of your visit to enhance your vitality with the Endowing Scepter? If so, I can grant your wish directly!” the winged statue said unhurriedly.

Yet, Leylin had other plans in mind. “No, Your Majesty. Only a Virtuous Sky Sage can come into contact with the Endowing Scepter, that is a tradition of Sky City. I don’t wish to break this balance; I’ll obtain it through the proper channels, honourably!”

“ ... ”

His reply was clearly unexpected; he felt a dignified yet hidden force scanning across his body. He didn’t show anything in his expression, but the A.I. Chip had already begun working its magic.

In the past, Leylin would have been worried about his secrets being revealed. But now, with the advancement of the A.I. Chip, if he could not manage to hoodwink the mere embodiment of a Monarch, he might as well give up on life.

The only things the statue found out were the things he wanted it to.

The force circulating on his body was retracted, and it was apparent that the Monarch of the Skies did not detect anything out of the ordinary.



“You’re good! Very good!” A voice sounded from the statue after a good while.

“Your Majesty! I am willing to offer you the coordinates of the Lava World!” Leylin took action immediately upon sensing the imminent departure of the statue and presented his long-awaited gift. A ring of shining coordinates flew to the side of the statue.

“Hmm?!” The twelve-winged statue did not accept it readily, but rather stared at Leylin, “Leylin, I believe you recognise the value of foreign worlds. The fact that you offered such a treasure means that you want something.”

“Your Majesty, I only wish for Sky City to remain neutral when conflict breaks out between the Ouroboros Clan and Jupiter’s Lightning,” Leylin replied humbly.

“To remain neutral?!” Leylin felt the statue’s gaze pause at his hands before it replied, “Alright!”

.....

“My Lord! There is a Mister Leylin who wishes to see you!” A phantom reported in Weyers’ room.

“Leylin?” Weyers raised his petulant face, shock evident in his eyes, ‘Didn’t he go see His Majesty? Is he done already? And why did he come to me first?’

Even if he was taken aback, Weyers still managed to pass an order, “Invite h– no; I’ll go pick him up myself.”

Leylin did not beat around the bush when he entered the room, dropping the bomb directly. “Weyers, do you want to go up against Stuart?”

“Wh– What?” Weyers’ smile hardened, “Are you nuts? Why would I go against a Radiant Moon Magus of my own organisation?”

“Is that so? Then why do I feel like you’re someone who bears grudges? Moreover...” Leylin smiled and pointed a finger, causing a blue light screen to appear.

It showed two people in the midst of a conversation, one of them that sinister-looking old man, Stuart. His eyes were burning with hatred, “You lied to me! That Leylin was obviously a Five Star Warlock. I’ll have to sacrifice a lot more in order to go up against him. Zegna had better give me a remuneration I’ll be satisfied with!”

In front of him was a Morning Star engulfed in darkness, bowing his body and looking extremely humble,

“Lord Zegna said Lord Stuart has been a close friend of his for many years, and would definitely help him out. Also, our plan to pin the blame on Weyers almost succeeded, didn’t it?”

Weyers was appalled enough by Leylin’s Five Star status, but his expression turned even darker as he listened to the conversation.

# Chapter 596: Sudden Attack

“So what if our previous plan failed and Leylin managed to pass the Monarch’s test? We still have a chance!” This Morning Star from Jupiter’s Lightning was still trying his hardest to persuade Stuart. “Leylin is about to participate in the appraisal for Virtuous Sky Sages. As long as we get Weyers to participate as well, they’re likely to come into conflict eventually... After all, they’re both geniuses, and those kinds of people love glory and solitude...”

“Your plans are just too troublesome...” Stuart shook his head, “I can tell you from experience, the more complicated a plan is, the more slip-ups there are. The simpler plans usually have a higher rate of success! Leylin is merely a Five Star Morning Star, and no matter how crafty he is, he can’t break through the bloodline shackles and reach rank 5. I’ll just have to deal with him personally the moment he leaves the vicinity of Sky City. Of course, the price will double.”

Weyers not falling into the trap had instilled a sense of crisis in Stuart.

“If Your Highness can do this for us, we will be grateful!” The Morning Star Magus in the black mist immediately bowed in thanks.

“Actually, the rewards can still be the same as before, but you’ll need to help me eliminate someone.” Stuart’s voice turned low.

“Who is it?” This Morning Star suddenly had a bad premonition.

“Weyers!” Stuart looked vicious all of a sudden.

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“Enough!” Weyers announced coldly, black lightning breaking the screen apart.

“What do you want?” He was beginning to trust Leylin.

Though images like these could be forged, the screen from before had displayed even the soul undulations belonging to the other party, and Weyers had no choice but to believe it.

At the same time, he was now beginning to feel terror towards this Leylin who had the ability to spy on even Radiant Moon Magi!

This was a rank 5 Magus! On top of that, from what Weyers knew, the other party had something similar to a world's protective sphere that could isolate his residence from everything. Yet, Leylin had been able to snoop on him!

'This is just too terrifying!' Weyers glanced at Leylin. The Warlock's smile suddenly sent a chill down his spine.

"Simple! I'll go and take care of them. You just have to stop the powers of Sky City from interfering!" Leylin straightforwardly explained his plan.

As for how he had found out about the other party's scheme? Of course, that was due to the stardust bugs! This formidable, incomparably minute being of the Oakheart Clan could not be detected by even the most advanced spell formations. It was the best way to spy on someone, and he'd planted them on Stuart's body in secret during their clash.

Leylin's previous methods only allowed him to discover when he was being spied upon by stardust bugs. However, after reaching the Morning Star realm and extorting the Oakheart Clan, he had obviously gotten a hold of some young stardust bugs by force, using the A.I. Chip to form his own way of manipulating them.

He'd wanted to learn of Stuart's plans, but he'd never expected to see such a scene which had much more potential to be exploited.

'Weyers is an absolute talent, and there are definitely people in Sky City who oppose him...' Leylin was confident in this assumption. Weyers was an arrogant person, and someone trying to make use of him or take his life was not something he could take lying down. He was sure Weyers would act on this.

Leylin merely wanted him to stop the interference of external parties and took on the more dangerous job himself. Thus, there would not be any issues.

However, Weyers had one last question, "What if the Monarch of the

Skies finds out?”

“Haha...” Leylin burst into laughter, “I just returned from meeting him, and he agreed that Sky City would remain neutral in a conflict between the Ouroboros Clan and Jupiter’s Lightning. You can go ask him if you want!”

“That’s not possible!” Weyers cried out in alarm, and began to say a few words into a secret imprint. His expression immediately changed, and his voice even turned hoarse, “What did you use to move His Majesty?”

“Coordinates to a foreign world. Is that enough?”

“Enough! You’re insane, but I like it. Let me accompany you in your insanity!” Weyers’ pupils began to burn with what seemed to be an ambitious fire, growing gradually in intensity.

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Leylin and Weyers stood side by side in the sky, watching a building in the distance that had a large number of runes flickering on it.

“Stuart’s villa is over there! He’s a Radiant Moon though, can you handle him?” Weyers’ voice was low.

“That’s my problem to deal with. You just have to focus on holding down the fort. Besides, even if we can’t handle Stuart, we just need to get that Morning Star from Jupiter’s Lightning. That’ll be enough to discourage him from further action. The higher-ups in Sky City will also be disappointed in him, which will lead more Magi to side with you!”

Weyers didn’t refute Leylin’s calm analysis. Since the two of them were already working together, all attempts at concealing anything would merely be a joke.

“In the future, I will definitely take on any of the pressure that Sky City might exert on you, as well as suppress Jupiter’s Lightning’s forces!” Weyers’ voice was icy cold. He’d already discussed these terms with Leylin, and they’d even inked a contract.

“That’s enough!” Leylin chuckled, turning into a streak of black light and

piercing into the dense spell formations like a sword. A large amount of runic chains flickered into existence, but they were quickly shredded apart.

“He actually dares to barge into the nest of a Radiant Moon. Where does he get his confidence from?” Weyers muttered to himself in the distance.

“Stuart, prepare to meet your maker!” A booming voice was transmitted into the entire area, causing many Magi to gape in shock. Since when did someone dare to barge into the residence of a Radiant Moon Magus in Sky City without an invitation, even acting so unbridled? Was something changing?

A large number of conscripts gathered at the place, watching the alarming scene nearby.

“Soaring Demonic Phoenix!”

Chirp! The phantom of a terrifying phoenix wreathed in black fire emerged along with high-pitched cries, its gigantic wings breaking apart the spell formations in Stuart’s residence. Black flames spilled in all directions.

The remaining spell light was devoured by the black flames, and the formations completely lost their might. Yet, the giant blackfire phoenix was still unsatisfied, and it pushed at a building underneath.

Rumble! Like a natural calamity, the black flames swirled through the area and all that was left behind was merely a huge pit, as well as two stunned figures. All other life energy was gone.

With Leylin attacking at full power, besides Stuart and that Morning Star who could somewhat take it, the region had been completely levelled. The many maids, servants, and the like were completely obliterated.

The might of just one attack had reached this extent!

The onlookers grew crazed at this scene, thinking they were still dreaming.

“That is Lord Leylin!” Yuro’s hand clamped on her mouth.

“Ah! It’s that Morning Star who gifted me information points!” In her

shock, the spectacled female Magus dropped the books she was holding.

“Wha-What’s going on?” Stuart was still in a daze. He had obviously reacted, but long years of a pampered life had resulted in his disbelief when someone dared to attack his residence. What’s worse was that they succeeded!

The stupefaction was soon replaced by rage.

“You... You dare—” Stuart snarled, terrifying energy undulations sweeping through the area. Weyers, who was already a distance away, immediately moved much further backwards, now more fearful as he watched Leylin’s back at the centre of all of it.

“I am Duke Leylin Farlier of the Ouroboros Clan, here to kill the Morning Star of an opposing organisation, Jupiter’s Lightning. All unrelated personnel are to leave!” Leylin did not wait for Stuart to speak, an immense voice travelling everywhere instantly.

“What? He’s that Leylin, the most powerful Kemoyin Warlock in history?”

“Yes! The Ouroboros Clan and Jupiter’s Lightning are now at war!”

The clamour from around the female Magus with thick glasses allowed her to get Leylin’s name. Watching Leylin’s back, traces of concern and admiration flashed across her face.

“Die!” After proclaiming this, Leylin did not give Stuart any opportunities to speak. A gigantic Kemoyin Serpent phantom with scarlet stripes on it appeared behind his back. As it thundered forth, two vertical pupils like stars gazed at the Morning Star wrapped in black mist.

“My- My Lord, save me!” Though similarly a Morning Star, he knew that there was too large a disparity between him and Leylin, and only Stuart would be able to save his life.

“You’re going too far!” Terrifying flames began to burn around Stuart, all a result of his anger.

He even vowed, deep in his heart, that no matter the cost he had to kill

Leylin right here on this day!

“It’s you that I want to bully!” Leylin laughed manically, the gigantic phantom serpent swallowing both Stuart and the Morning Star whom he did not know the name of. Frightful energy undulations were immediately dispelled, and if not for the two of them controlling the situation, these undulations would have spread to the outside.

Even so, Weyers’ expression changed as he activated quite a few layers of defence, ensuring that the battlefield was only above Stuart’s residence.

A red signal alarm sounded in the control room of Sky City along with a voice, “Beep beep beep! Beep beep beep! Warning: dangerous energy detected! Warning: dangerous energy detected!”

“Discovered intense energy undulations. Location: Above Lord Stuart’s residence!” The phantom images of two Magi fighting appeared on the screen, showing another Morning Star that could only hide in a corner.

The screen locked onto Leylin. “Determined target to be a Morning Star Magus!”

“What? The person who’s fighting at the same level as Lord Stuart is actually a Morning Star? Have you gone stupid?”

The person in charge smashed a file on the supervising staffer’s head.



# Chapter 597: Hot On The Heels

“Rescanning. Confirmed to be a Morning Star Magus!” As the spirit genie’s voice rang out, the person in charge was silenced. One instance could be considered a glitch, but what if it happened a second or third time?

He watched the figure on the screen in disbelief, “What level is he at? Display his star grade!”

The screen quickly changed, “Target is Leylin Farlier. Saved data: Four Stars.”

“What a joke! Rescan him.” He was practically yelling at this point.

Swish! An energy bar appeared, and the four star level was filled almost instantly. The meter arrived at five stars.

“So it’s a peak Morning Star. It’s no wonder that he can contend with Lord Stuart. But don’t worry, he can’t hold on for long...”

He sighed suddenly, but immediately after, the monitoring staff pulled him to look at the screen once more. In that moment, he practically turned to stone.

On the screen, the meter filled up even the five star grade, and then burst through it!

The screen glitched out and was restarted. The spirit genie then gave another evaluation.

“A Morning Star at the Six Star grade! It’s a monster, a monster!” He collapsed feebly onto his chair.

“My Lord! What do we do?” The staff watched the man in charge, hesitating to speak.

“What else can we do? Activate the most powerful defences and ensure that their battle won’t affect any other regions. We can’t handle the other matters...” The man’s eyes rolled back as he lost consciousness.

.....

Weyers was on the battlefield, and he slowly gained more clarity on Leylin's strength.

"This level of strength..." Weyers watched the giant phantom of a serpent soaring through the sky as it let loose terrifying sounds. He had become slightly dazed, "This is definitely stronger than a Five Star. Is he a legendary Six Star Morning Star?"

There were only five normal ranks for Morning Stars. However, history always produced frightening geniuses that defied common sense. This was the Six Star grade! A Morning Star who could match up to a Radiant Moon!

"He's actually reached this level?" Weyers clutched his fists tightly, thinking about his pride at breaking through to Four Stars, and he suddenly flushed red. He wanted to find a place to hide in.

Swish! Swish! Large numbers of elites rushed over, looking solemn and preparing for death.

Platinum flames flashed, and Weyers stood in their way, "I'll take over here. Step back for now."

Though he was envious, he still had to abide by their agreement. Weyers watched these guards and the Morning Star that arrived behind them in a lofty manner, and offered his greetings...

Boom! A tremendous energy tornado split open, and a blackened Stuart was ruthlessly sent flying as he arrived beside Weyers.

Leylin threw the Morning Star Magus to the ground, the black gas already completely removed from him.

"It's a Magus from Jupiter's Lightning!" "The spirit undulations are correct as well. I've seen him once before, and those can't be hidden!"

Many Morning Stars looked at each other.

"Everyone can see that Lord Leylin was merely attacking the Magus from the opposing organisation, Jupiter's Lightning. Based on the decree of the Monarch of the Skies, our Sky City is to maintain a neutral stance,"

Weyers stood up and spoke righteously.

Many Morning Star Magi exchanged glances, and watched Leylin who did not back down despite his injuries. In the distance, Stuart looked exasperated as he maintained his silence.

Leylin and Weyers glanced at each other, grinning. The outcome had been decided.

.....

Information about this huge battle in Sky City spread like a storm.

The Warlock Leylin took on a Radiant Moon Magus by himself, only suffering light injuries to capture a Morning Star Magus from the other party. His name spread far and wide, and Stuart had been delegated to a supporting role.

The commotion grew further and further, dwarfing that over the Sage Appraisal.

Now, Weyers watched on as a black airship left Sky City from a private port. A strange expression was on his face.

The person leaving was naturally Leylin. Though he had successfully taken care of the Magus from Jupiter's Lightning and humiliated Stuart, he had completely ruffled the feathers of Sky City.

After all, he had ruthlessly attacked on of their esteemed elders in their own territory! If not for Weyers helping him control the situation, the Magi of Sky City might have just declared war against him.

Weyers obviously did not go uncompensated for his help. They had discussed that part beforehand, which was the only reason Leylin was cocky enough to rush to the frontlines.

Even then, knowing that he was garnering too much attention, Leylin did not dare stay in Sky City much longer. He accepted Weyers' proposal and went through unofficial channels to be baptised by the Endowing Scepter, keeping a low profile along the way. With his vitality increased by about 20 points, he secretly left the area, not participating in the appraisal.

As long as he obtained the profits, Leylin did not particularly care for such a title, and he tossed the conversation he'd had with the Monarch of the Skies to the back of his mind.

Leylin looked at his stats.

[Leylin Farlier. Rank 4 Warlock. Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent (complete form). Strength: 50, Agility: 45, Vitality: 94.9, Spiritual Force: 956.8, Magic Power: 956(Magic power is in synchronisation with spiritual force). Soul Force: 96 (Five Stars)]

"My vitality increased by 20 points, which means my body is pretty much adapted to the increased soul force now. The Endowing Scepter was truly essential!"

Leylin couldn't help but mumble to himself as he recalled the scepter.

He had realised during the baptism that the Endowing Scepter was the energy core of Sky City. If it was attacked, the entire city would fall to the ground, leading to a horrifying disaster.

The Endowing Scepter was not an actual scepter, but instead a gigantic energy reaction furnace. Its refined looped structure was something Leylin admired, and he had the impulse to steal it and study it.

Leylin suddenly came back to himself, a slight smile about his lips. "It's about time they caught up to me."

Rumble! Immense energy undulations swept through the area, and the Colossal Serpent vanished in a puff of smoke. Leylin, who had been prepared, merely stood in mid-air while staring at Stuart who had suddenly appeared ahead of him.

.....

Within Sky City, Weyers watched the direction Leylin had left in, and muttered to himself, "Though I agreed to help you take on the pressure from Sky City, you'll need to deal with Stuart's retaliation yourself!"

His gaze was full of complicated feelings, "Leylin, I admit that you're the biggest genius I've seen, to the point that you can tussle with a rank 5.

However, the disparity between ranks is not something one can step across so easily...”

In the battle before, Leylin had successfully captured the Morning Star Magus alive, but he had also paid the price of getting injured. Meanwhile, Stuart had been covered in dirt, but he had no real injuries.

Now that he was away from Sky City, it was hard to tell the outcome if he was caught.

The most likely outcome was that, after an intense battle, Stuart would end up with serious injuries and Leylin would wind up dead.

Insanity flashed in Weyers’ eyes, “There needs only be one true genius, and that will be me!”

“Is he gone?” Flames flickered, and a Magus stood beside Weyers that looked similar to him. The Radiant Moon energy he gave off was even more terrifying than Stuart’s.

He glanced at Weyers with a look of encouragement, “You did well this time! With Stuart dejected, our organisation can now make ourselves known in Sky City!”

“Leylin’s already gone. I’ve also received news that Stuart has followed him!” Weyers’ voice held a trace of laughter. Weyers daring to oppose Stuart was not because he was a fool, but because someone else was backing him.

“Weyers, do you know why His Majesty, the Monarch of the Skies, promised not to interfere in the battle between the Ouroboros Clan and Jupiter’s Lightning? A Radiant Moon isn’t nearly enough for His Majesty to do this...”

The Radiant Moon looked serious as he spoke.

“Could it be...” Weyers’ expression changed.

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“Leylin, you can’t run this time. I will return the humiliation you gave me today tenfold! No, a hundredfold!” Stuart’s voice was distorted, and his

expression vicious.

Though Leylin was powerful, his total strength could still not match up to his own. This was what he had depended on when he chased after Leylin. Besides, he had help today, and could absolutely kill Leylin here!

.....

Meanwhile, Jupiter's Lightning headquarters, in a Magus Tower.

"Is it all prepared? It's about to begin!"

Observing the bubbling Pond of Lamentation, Zegna's expression fluctuated as a female voice was heard.

"This will consume 21% of the Pond of Lamentation's energy reserves, and might even affect your transformation! Have you thought it through properly?"

"I've thought it through enough. Do it!" Zegna's voice was low.

"Alright! Give me a portion of the control rights..."

Mysterious, complicated incantations sounded in the secret room, and multiple black masks arose, disappearing into the void.

"Hm?" Leylin, who was facing Stuart, had a change in expression.

Large numbers of black masks suddenly surrounded his body, sticking onto his face.

[Beep! Host has been inflicted with a curse. Vitality and soul force have weakened!] the A.I. Chip's voice transmitted.

"A curse? And it's a long-distance ancient curse?" Leylin's pupils shrank.

"Haha... You're fated to die here. I will extract your soul and torture you for a thousand years!" Stuart laughed madly before he charged forth.

A terrifying rank 5 spell formed a snarling black monster that opened its large, ferocious mouth in Leylin's direction.

"Scarlet Earring!" Red light flashed from Leylin's ears, and a crescent-shaped blade of scarlet light slashed out...

# Chapter 598: Usage

The scarlet crescent of light slashed through the sky. The humongous black monster howled in grief as it disintegrated into black vapour and dispersed.

From the black vapour came Stuart's voice, full of fear, "A piece of high-grade magic equipment! You actually have a piece of high-grade magic equipment!"

He looked at the crimson earring hanging on Leylin's ear, his eyes filled with restraining fear and insatiable greed, "I'll kill you! All of this will be mine!"

'A.I. Chip, begin resisting the radiation from the curse, and find the source!' Leylin looked solemn as he secretly gave the command. If it was in the past, such an ancient curse would be highly troublesome to deal with, but with the vast amount of information from the Great Library as his trump card, and the A.I. Chip's ability to successfully quantify soul force, he had formed a decent database, allowing him to resist.

The same went for the Scarlet Earring. Before he thoroughly understood its origin and functions, he didn't dare to use it much. However, he had managed to find the history of and a detailed introduction to the Scarlet Earring in the Great Library, including operational instructions. This naturally allowed this piece of high-grade magic equipment to be put to full use.

Most of the magic equipment circulating around the central continent was low-grade. Middle-grade magic equipment was rare, and high-grade magic equipment would make even Radian Moons green with envy!

His ability to use the Scarlet Earring had boosted Leylin's strength tremendously in one go, especially against things such as suppressive curses like now.

[Beep! Task established, begin projection of soul interference. Searching for source of curse!] The A.I. Chip immediately intoned.

A layer of light yellow light was emitted from Leylin's body, while the numerous black masks rushed up like moths to the flame.

'A curse way beyond my expectations! And with such horrifying crippling abilities! It must've been cast by a Radiant Moon. I'm 90% sure Zegna is behind this. Who would've thought that he had talent in the field of curses...'

An icy glare flashed in Leylin's eyes. Even he could not deploy such an ancient curse, especially if it was a technique that involved crossing space. This even exceeded the boundaries of what a rank 5 could do!

'Or maybe... Someone is helping him? An even stronger Magus at that?' This idea had Leylin face turning darker. Not only did he have to fight against two rank 5 Magi who had joined forces, he had to pay even more attention to as mysterious high-ranking Magus who was spying on him.

"I really underestimated you previously!" Seeing that the black masks attacking Leylin from all sides were decreasing in number, Stuart unexpectedly did not continue attacking him, but instead started to gasp.

'He actually has a method to resist the ancient curse. He may be at the peak of a Morning Star formally, but his strength is comparable to that of a Radiant Moon Magus! And he even possesses a piece of high-grade magic equipment! If I had known all this earlier, I wouldn't have taken action even if Zegna multiplied his remuneration by tenfold!'

No matter how he felt, Stuart was a Magus after all. After his rage had subsided, he regained his senses and grew rational.

However, Leylin had a rather bad feeling about Stuart's calm and straightforward manner of speaking.

"What a pity... Since the seeds of hatred have already been planted, I will not allow them to take root and germinate!" Stuart looked at Leylin with a profound look in his eyes, "If I cannot make you fall today, the day you advance to rank 5 will be judgement day for me! Even the Monarch of the Skies will not be able to save me..."

Leylin was silent, and didn't say much. Indeed, his enemy understood



him best. Once he had sufficient strength in the future, he would definitely return for revenge and even eliminate him completely. He was not the only one who thought of this, as Stuart had as well. Neither of them tried to conceal it.

“So you must die here today, lest I be destroyed and return to the astral plane!” Stuart was resolute. Bizarre undulations appeared on his body, and the rings of light representing his five innate spells flickered into existence behind him. Even spacetime seemed to have been frozen at that moment.

“A Radiant Moon Arcane Art?!” Leylin’s expression was extremely solemn.

Morning Stars, powered by their point masses, could combine their four innate spells to produce the Morning Star Arcane Art, and Radiant Moons could do the same with their five. This terrifying fusion of powers was strong enough to cause massive destruction even at rank 4; how strong, then, would it be at rank 5?

Leylin had never seen a Radiant Moon Arcane Art before, but it was evident that the entirety of Sky City would be hard pressed to survive Stuart’s attack.

If not, he would have long used his Radiant Moon Arcane Art when he was humiliated then. He wouldn’t have been so afraid of the Monarch of the Skies and forced himself to endure for so long before finally taking action now!

This place was rather far from Sky City. Even if the undulations spread to the Sky City, its defence mechanisms and the Magi inside would be able to handle it. Thus, Stuart could go all out without any qualms!

At this moment, Leylin seemed to have seen Stuart’s true soul through his point mass! His soul was sparkling with the frigid, dazzling radiance of a crescent moon!

‘The superposition of innate spells to form a Morning Star Arcane Art does not result in a simple additive effect. With the introduction of a fifth, rank 5 innate spell, the formidability of a Radiant Moon Arcane Art is definitely exponentially greater. It should be at least ten times as strong, if

not more!’

Leylin stared at the fused rings of light behind Stuart, fear rising within him. They were rippling with a bright radiance that seemed like it could destroy the world in one sweep!

“Stuart has really firmed his resolve. He actually dared to show his Radiant Moon Arcane Art in the main world!” Leylin sighed deeply and didn’t go on the offensive directly. While Stuart was casting the Arcane Art, a frightening protective mechanism had automatically formed around him. If he attacked now, he might have to face the dreadful wrath of the Radiant Moon Arcane Art directly!

‘The disparity between our powers is too large. Such a formidable strength is enough to cause my fall!’ Leylin’s face flushed red. ‘The only way now is to....’

He slowly took off the white glove on his left hand, revealing an imprint in the form of a sun that was surrounded by black flames.

[Beep! Curse procedure found. Initializing tracking mode. Source confirmed.] At this instant, the A.I. Chip brought him a piece of good news.

“Might as well settle them together then!” Leylin’s eyes glistened as he rushed towards Stuart...

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Sky City.

“What does that mean? Didn’t Leylin obtain an agreement of neutrality from the Monarch of the Skies in exchange for the coordinates of the Lava World and his outstanding strength that could match a Radiant Moon’s?” Weyers gazed at his elder, puzzled.

The Radiant Moon Magus, however, shook his head. Weyers could even detect a bitter smile at the corners of his lips, much to his astonishment.

This elder of his was relatively strong among the Radiant Moon Magi, so why would he have such an expression? Could it be that Leylin’s strength

had already grown to the extent that even he felt helpless?

Weyers shook his head firmly, as though trying to expel this thought from his brain. He didn't consider that the more he did this, the deeper this conjecture took root in his mind.

Rumble! Horrifying vibrations were transmitted over, accompanied by dazzling white light.

"This is... a Morning Star Arcane Art? No! An energy undulation more terrifying than a Morning Star Art... Could it be Leylin?" Weyers lifted his head, gazing at the bright flames in the distance with a glint in his eyes.

"Stuart could not control himself in the end!" The Radiant Moon Magus sighed deeply, then said to Weyers, "You're lucky to be able to witness a Radiant Moon Arcane Art in the main world; and even other, greater things!"

"Greater things?" Weyers was rather confused, but soon after his mouth dropped agape in shock.

What did he see? A sun! An existence from ancient times, a boundless sun that was incomparably vast! It suddenly eclipsed the radiance of the Radiant Moon Arcane Art.

The degree of heat and undulations of heat waves emitted by it struck terror in his heart. Weyers knew that even a thread of those flames was sufficient to seriously injure or even kill him!

Under the rays coming from this sun, the white radiance of the Radiant Moon Arcane Art popped like a bubble. The corona had grown enormous and still continued to expand, quickly spreading to the outskirts of Sky City.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Numerous defensive spell formations shattered one by one. Terrifying golden-red heat rays intruded into the place, and it was as though the sky had disintegrated and the sun had fallen. Many buildings collapsed as the entirety of Sky City descended into chaos.

"Ah..." Weyers' jaw hung open. He had never imagined that Sky City, which had always been incomparably stable and never experienced a

single tremor, would waver like a small sailboat in the stormy seas under such a horrifying attack, facing destruction and death at any moment.

Under the dreadful might of a rank 6 spell, even Sky City, the most academic progress in the entire central continent, was on the verge of collapse!

The humongous floating city wobbled violently in the storm of pure gold flames, seemingly about to fall apart any moment!

“This cannot do! We must escape as quickly as possible, and be far away from the range of this spell. This is utterly terrible...” Weyers murmured to himself.

Just as his defence mechanism could hold no longer, a hand landed on Weyers’ back, stabilising him instantly.

“Don’t panic! We still have our lord! The Monarch of the Skies will not sit still and allow the fall of Sky City!”

The words of the Radiant Moon Magus seemed to have a strong reassuring effect, allowing Weyers to recover from his previous state. Still, the shock in his pupils did not fade for a long time.

“That spell... Is it... No! That’s no longer a spell! It’s the law! The law of fire!” Weyers had never acted like this before. Never had he felt that he was so immensely insignificant and powerless. The disparity between him and Leylin was huge.

Chirp! Spotless white feathers floated down like snowflakes, accompanied by pleasing chirps. They firmly wrapped around the entire city, blocking out the flames.

With the assistance of this strange force, Sky City started to regain its stability.

“It’s the Monarch of the Skies! He has made a move!” The Radiant Moon Magus gasped.

The numerous Magi in the Sky City kowtowed devoutly in the direction of the Drifting Garden, expressing their gratitude to the monarch for

saving their lives.

# Chapter 599: Surging Waves Through The Continent

The Monarch of the Skies wrapped his city up in a strange energy barrier, and the tremors grew less violent.

After the energy storm outside passed, Weyers looked at the sight not too far away from him, and suddenly cried out involuntarily, “The thunder layer of Akev! Where has the thunder layer of Akev gone to?”

Below Sky City was originally a gigantic sea made of black thunderclouds. This was a natural skyscape that acted as the first defence of Sky City.

Even Crystal Phase Magi would find it so difficult to pass through it was practically impossible.

Now, however, the gigantic sea of black thunder clouds had disappeared, leaving only a fog formed of condensation.

“Obviously, everything has been destroyed. Even the city itself has been reduced to this state...” The Radiant Moon Magus laughed wryly.

Weyers recovered from his surprise and glanced at Sky City, which was now in ruins, and lowered his head as if in disappointment.

Even if they had been protected by the Monarch of the Skies, which prevented the city from being destroyed completely, most of the buildings had been devastated by the firestorm. Even if the core hadn't been destroyed, the losses were still hard to estimate.

Even most of the gigantic floating island had been burnt to a crisp, and it seemed incomparably ugly.

“Wha-What's going on? Could Leylin have done this? How's that possible?” Weyers' eyes looked lost.

“The peak of rank 6, a power that's already beginning to touch on the might of laws. That should be the ancient Sun's Child's ‘Sun Scorching Nirvana’!” The Radiant Moon Magus' voice was solemn. “Leylin was

somehow able to obtain the bloodline of the Sun's Child, and he's probably unrivalled in his knowledge on bloodline spells. To be able to recreate ancient attacks like this using a bloodline imprint..."

"Leylin?" Weyers grew bitter. "Then Stuart..."

"With Sky City in this state, how do you think he ended up?" The Radiant Moon sighed slightly, "We were still colleagues..."

Seeing his colleague fall just like that, he wasn't feeling that good.

"Stuart went against my decree and took part in the battle between the Ouroboros Clan and Jupiter's Lightning. I hereby declare his expulsion from Sky City!" An odd voice rang in Sky City.

"It's the Monarch of the Skies' voice!" Weyers cried out involuntarily. "Even His Majesty isn't willing to provoke Leylin?"

Only now did he realise the disparity between Leylin and him, to the point that he felt utter despair...

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Rumble! The void was shattered, and large amounts of golden-red flames surged into the area.

'What is that?' Zegna had this one thought before he was swallowed up by the golden-red flames in an instant as he cried out sharply.

The golden-red flames did not let anything slip by and began to wreak havoc on the surroundings. Even the Magus Tower of a rank 5 Radiant Moon Magus could do nothing against it.

The faint sound of a woman's piercing scream was sent out from Zegna's arm.

"Damn it, it's the ancient Sun's Child!"

"Curse of ancient times, heed my command. Show me the wrath of time and space..." The woman's voice quickly chanted.

Tss tss! Accompanying the strange and terrifying incantations, the black gases in the Pond of Lamentation surged outside, tangling with the sun's

flames.

Multiple distorted souls appeared in the air, forming a durable layer of light that disallowed the roasting flames entry.

Once the storm passed, the black streams of gas from the Pond of Lamentation had decreased by a large amount, and all that was left of Zegna was a charred arm on the ground.

Whoosh! The charred arm exploded, and flesh and blood began to grow at a rapid rate, forming Zegna once more.

Now, however, his expression was terrible, and he had frightful burn marks on his body.

“The ancient flames of the sun thankfully exploded a fair distance away from us, and through the and a great part of its might was reduced through the spacetime channel. If not, it wouldn’t be just you losing your life...” The mysterious woman’s voice sounded.

“Damn it, DAMN IT! How did it come to this? Everything should have been smooth-sailing... Ugh...”

Zegna roared in his fury, but suddenly, he stopped, as if his throat was being clutched. Little flames were beginning to burn on his body once more.

“The Sun’s Child was at the peak of rank 6 Magi, and a being beginning to comprehend laws. Its flames hold within some of the power of law, and cannot be so easily taken care of!”

A hint of helplessness could be heard in her voice. Large amounts of water from the Pond of Lamentation flew into the air, forming a black robe and draping over Zegna.

“Ugh...” Zegna sighed in satisfaction. After he wore the black robe, the terrifying golden-red flames finally went out.

“Sun’s Child? How did he do that?” Zegna was puzzled, and even afraid. He had to admit that Leylin was full of miracles, and seemed to be his nemesis.



“I don’t know.” Narsha’s voice turned cold. “What you need to worry about is the Pond of Lamentation... To save a fool like you, I consumed more than half of its energy. You need to begin amassing resources more...”

“What?” When Zegna saw that there was only a thin layer of black gas left, his face fell, “That’s not possible! I put in all of my accumulated wealth to construct this...”

“Then you’ll need to launch the next plan...” She spoke slowly.

The secret room descended into silence, and only after a very long while could a low sound of acknowledgement be heard.

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The incident in Sky City ended with the fall of a Radiant Moon Magus. The fall of someone of such status immediately swept through the continent like a hurricane.

This was a great rank 5 Magus! There were few of them even in the entire central continent, and they were truly among the top strata of the Magus World’s society. They were the goals of all young Magi, and each one held an immense reputation for their battle strength. Even if they weren’t in control of the large organisations, their statuses were second only to Monarchs. Their experiences could be written down as legend, forming an enriching story!

Someone like that had actually fallen? And at the hands of a Morning Star Magus?

The first reaction most Magi had after hearing this was disbelief, but when conclusive evidence was shown, and especially with the announcement of Stuart’s subsequent expulsion by the Monarch of the Skies, the central continent sank into a strange silence.

The Magi collectively lost their voices. This was killing a Radiant Moon at the Morning Star realm! It was no longer the purview of a genius. Leylin was a demon!

If he could even kill Radiant Moons, what were Morning Stars worth?

How many organisations had Breaking Dawn Monarchs in their midst in the central continent?

Hence, many Magi organisations added Leylin to the list of people they absolutely could not provoke. The Ouroboros Clan even received regular expressions of goodwill and discreet inquiries, both out in the open and in the shadows. It kept the two dukes extremely busy.

The main character in this story—the most powerful Kemoyin Warlock, and the most powerful Morning Star in history— went missing. Duke Leylin Farlier had mysteriously disappeared from the public eye.

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Torrential rain fell down from the skies. There was lightning everywhere, and one could see meteorites every once in a while.

The heart of the fight between the Radiant Moon Arcane Art and rank 6 bloodline imprint had been in Sky City, but close to 10% of the central continent had been affected. Abnormality in the climate was only a small part of it; spatial rifts had opened up everywhere, and would likely have to be closed up by Monarchs.

A secret room had been opened in the middle of a desolate mountain. There were no channels for external communication, and countless concealing runes filled the surroundings, sealing this place up.

A figure dressed in tattered platinum robes was half-leaning on the rock walls, observing the back of his hands and looking deep in thought.

“My battle might right now is comparable to Radiant Moons! On top of that, the bloodline imprint of the rank 6 Sun’s Child has an immensely terrifying radiation. Even if all the Prophets in the central continent work together, they still won’t be able to track me down...”

Leylin was very confident in his hiding abilities. It would require a Breaking Dawn Prophet to act, and even they would only be able to find slight traces of him. However, there were few such Magi across all of history, and there were likely none in the present. Hence, he was rather at ease when it came to his safety.

“I never thought that the backlash from the Sun’s Flames would be so immense!” Recalling the scene from that day, a wry smile appeared about his lips. Under the threat of Stuart’s Radiant Moon Arcane Art, Leylin had brazenly used the bloodline imprint on his left hand and launched a terrifying attack.

It was as if the ancient Sun’s Child had been revived. The moment Sun Scorching Nirvana was launched, the Radiant Moon Arcane Art was torn apart, and even Stuart had fallen there and then.

That was not all. Leylin had even followed the path of the curse and sent a portion of the might of the spell to the caster. Even if Zegna wasn’t dead, he would at least have some injuries at this point.

Such a terrifying rank 6 spell had been launched through a bloodline imprint, and had still almost extracted everything from Leylin.

As Leylin was not rank 6 and definitely not the Sun’s Child, he had also been hit with a backlash from the Sun’s Flames.

If not for him having another of the bloodline imprint to protect him and the black flames of the Emberflame Technique having the unique effect of controlling those flames, he would not only be gravely injured but even die!

There were definitely more than one or two in history who had died from the backlash of employing a spell that far surpassed their ability, and Leylin had almost followed in their footsteps.

“Thankfully, I’m fine. It would’ve been way too sad if I’d been killed by my own spell...” Leylin’s heart was still palpitating in fear.

“Whatever it is, I’ve finally healed all of my injuries today. What should I do next? I need to think it over properly!”

# Chapter 600: Evasion

‘A.I. Chip, show me my condition!’ Leylin commanded in his mind.

[Leylin Farlier, Rank 4 Warlock. Bloodline: Giant Kemoyin Serpent (Matured Body). Strength: 50, Agility: 45, Vitality: 100.2, Spiritual force: 956.8, Magic power: 956 (magic power is in synchronisation with spiritual force). Soul force: 96 (Five Stars)]

His vitality had finally broken past 100, solving the issue arising from the rapid advancement of his soul force. Seeing this, Leylin could finally heave a sigh of relief. After all, his main goal in coming to Sky City was to solve this issue completely.

The Endowing Scepter had initially increased his vitality by two levels, the equivalent of twenty points. Afterwards, the disaster that was the Sun’s Flames had actually resulted in a profit for him. His Fireplume had managed to take in quite a bit of the energy from it, and it resulted in a surprising transformation that pushed his vitality past the mark.

Now, he had completely reached his target, and all that was left to deal with were the repercussions, which were slightly troublesome.

At this thought, a wry smile appeared about Leylin’s lips as he grew gloomy.

After all was said and done, Stuart was still a Radiant Moon from Sky City. There were few even amongst the subordinates of the Monarch of the Skies who were ranked as highly as he was.

And now, such an important person had fallen at Leylin’s hands. Even if the Monarch of the Skies expelled Stuart from Sky City afterwards, it was likely just to avoid provoking him for now. Leylin would not believe that the Monarch had no thoughts on this matter.

Leylin could very well raise his hands and leave just like this, but the Monarch of the Skies could not. He had to pay the cost of Leylin and Stuart’s battles, which included things like mending the spatial rifts and the like. However, it wasn’t his fault that this occurred in his domain.

Leylin had been left without a choice.

He was sure that, at this point, the Monarch hated him to the core. In fact, he had probably provoked the entire organisation of Sky City.

After all, Leylin had used the coordinates to a foreign world and the help of some other Sky City Magi to put pressure on Stuart. This had already depressed the Monarch of the Skies, but it was still acceptable.

However, even Weyers and his backers would feel sympathy for his killing of the man.

By the looks of it, the entirety of Sky City harboured no favourable impression of Leylin, and could even act against him.

“This is getting troublesome...” Leylin laughed wryly, and the cold glint in his eyes became increasingly obvious. Since others were going to plot against him, he would prepare his vengeance.

Besides, the other party was just a Breaking Dawn Magus. How amazing could he be? With the A.I. Chip, the advice of the ancient Wisdom Tree, and the Kemoyin bloodline, Leylin was confident that he would reach that realm in due time, even surpass it.

“However, I still have to face the real problems. As I am now, I can somewhat deal with New Moon Radiant Moon Magi. If I activate the bloodline imprint, I can even threaten Full Moon Magi!”

Leylin had an accurate estimation of his battle might.

“However, there’s only one chance left to activate the bloodline imprint of the Sun’s Child. After this, there’s nothing left... Even if it’s the attack from the ancient Sun’s Child, a Full Moon Magus still has a chance of survival. A Breaking Dawn Monarch can definitely take it on, obviously, and it’s just a matter of the price to be paid in exchange...”

“If I appear now, there might be Full Moon Magi, even Breaking Dawn Magi trying to kill me in fear of my potential. I won’t be able to defend myself against them at all.” That was why Leylin had been in hiding all this while, and the reason he had not returned to the Ouroboros Clan headquarters. Though such a scenario wasn’t likely, he was still prepared

for the worst case.

If he really was caught by a Breaking Dawn, there was no chance of survival even if he used his trump card.

One only lived once, and Leylin didn't believe he'd get one more opportunity to travel to another time after death.

"I'm afraid that, before I reach Radiant Moon, I'll need to hide in the shadows." Leylin sighed.

The moment he reached rank 5, Radiant Moon, the strength of his Warlock bloodline, in addition to his methods as well as trump cards would give him a chance to flee with his life even when faced with a rank 6 Magus.

If that was possible, he would be a Magus at the peak in the central continent, and he would no longer need to fear any attacks, whether in the open or in the shadows.

"Rank 5, Radiant Moon!" Leylin sighed. "How could the bloodline shackles of Kemoyin Warlocks be solved so easily... It doesn't matter; I have to break through them no matter what, else I'll have to remain in hiding for the rest of my life. If that were the case, it'd be better to start anew in another world!"

At this thought, Leylin flipped through the book of imprints in his hands and tapped the image of a Giant Kemoyin Serpent.

After a static sound, Gilbert's agitated voice was heard. "Leylin, is it you?"

"It's me!" Leylin answered concisely. Though there were restrictions when it came to secret imprints, both users were Morning Star and with the amplification of soul force the distance across which information could be transmitted was increased by a large amount.

"It's great that you're alright, hehe... You've done something incredible! Emma and Freya are very worried about you." It was no surprise to hear Gilbert's wry laughter from the other side of the secret imprint.

“My apologies for making you two dukes worry. Also, please help me apologise to Freya! I probably won’t be able to return for a period of time...” Leylin’s voice was low.

“What? Are you in trouble? Do you need us to come over?” Gilbert began to get worried. Leylin was currently not just the pillar of support of Ouroboros Clan, but also their hope!

“I’m fine! I’ll just need to go on a journey for a period of time. I shall leave matters of the Ouroboros Clan to both of you in the meanwhile.” Leylin concealed his imminent attempts at breaking through to Radiant Moon, and gave Gilbert the impression that he was going to wait until the fuss died down.

It was enough for the two Morning Star dukes to be in charge of the Ouroboros Clan. Leylin, who had disappeared, would act as a huge deterrent anyway. Before he popped up again, any Magi who wanted to attack the Ouroboros Clan would have to consider the consequences of offending a Magus with the might of a Radiant Moon!

“Alright, that works.” Gilbert was old and wise, and quickly thought of this matter in a short period of time.

After a brief silence, Gilbert presented another piece of news. “... Actually, someone from the Warlock Union looked for me. He hoped that you’d go to the Morning Star Area, and they’d definitely ensure your safety!”

‘Morning Star area? Warlock Union?’ Leylin pondered over it, ‘With a few Radiant Moon Warlocks in charge, safety should not be an issue, but throwing this idea out at this time... Are they trying to rope me in, or is this a conspiracy?’

Thoughts churning at lightning speed, Leylin quickly answered, “It’s alright. Thank them for their goodwill on my behalf!”

Even if they were protecting him without any ulterior motives, Leylin would not go to the Morning Star area. He would never place his own safety in the hands of another person. In other words, even a Radiant Moon Warlock was not qualified to guarantee his safety.

“Even rank 7, 8 or 9 existences can’t be relied on. The most steady method is to count on oneself.” Leylin’s eyes were full of mirth as they shot out his resolution.

“Alright. Oh, you....” Gilbert on the other end could only laugh wryly.

“Well then, take care!” “Take care!” After they bade their farewells, Leylin closed off the channel and left the area.

It was still possible to monitor communication via secret imprints. This was merely a temporary place used to recuperate, and he had long since planned to leave it. If not, he would not take the initiative and communicate with the external world.

After Leylin left, blazing black flames immediately began to burn, turning the desolate mountain into ashes.

Bzzz Bzzz! Not long after Leylin’s departure, space began to ripple as it twisted on itself, forming a door flickering with light.

A few human figures walked out, their bodies emanating terrifying energy undulations. Seeing the mountain that had turned to ashes, they sighed, “We’ve come too late.”

A figure stood above the ashes and tightened his fist, but could only shake his head helplessly, “He was very cautious and did it cleanly, not leaving behind any trace of his scent. It’s impossible to chase him down.”

“Prophetic spells are useless against him. Are we really going to let him go?”

The few black figures began to discuss amongst themselves.

“This Warlock has the highest potential out of every one I’ve seen. At rank 4, he can kill a rank 5, and once he reaches Radiant Moon, how much more powerful can he get?”

“You seem to have forgotten something. He’s a Giant Kemoyin Warlock, and he has the problem of bloodline shackles. The limits of his own strength are rank 4. This is a restriction on his soul! Since ancient times, there have been so many bloodline Warlocks, and yet none have broken



through it. Do you think he can?"

There was a trace of pity in this new speaker's voice, "But I must admit that Leylin is definitely a genius. He's among the best in all history, but it's a pity that he's chosen the path of a Kemoyin Warlock. If he walked the path of a Magus, we might have seen the rise of another Monarch!"

"It's not a pity. It's fortunate instead, fortunate that he chose the path of a Warlock!" The black figure right in the middle suddenly spoke, his tone icy.

"Yes! It's fortunate that he's chosen to be a Warlock!" The other black figures agreed with each other, turning into great amounts of black gas and dissipating.

Leylin knew nothing of what happened after his departure. He had not even left stardust bugs behind.

Though this method was very discreet, Radiant Moon Magi had terrifying soul force, and there was a chance of being discovered. Leylin was not going to allow people to track him by making use of the bugs.

He quickly switched locations, his methods of destroying his scent all because of his cautiousness. Thankfully, he had dodged this bullet.

'How should I begin to tread the path of rank 5, Radiant Moon?' Leylin had now used an altering spell to change his outer appearance and arrived at another area in the central continent.

What was in front of him was a sea of fire...

# Chapter 601: Return To Twilight Zone

A tremendous volcano thundered and bellowed, as if a giant from the legends launching a flaming iron fist into the skies.

Lava fell like rain, forming rivulets that flowed together to become a network of rivers.

The black volcano towered high into the sky, looming over the region just like the clouds and causing the skies and the ground to turn dark.

The lava glowed red, flickering between dark and bright. The scene was magnificent, a rose amidst the thorns.

“Mount Asura! It’s been such a long time. I’ve never come back since I arrived at the central continent...” Leylin’s eyes were filled with a certain profoundness. The events that brought him to the central continent and the people and his history with Twilight Zone became incomparably vivid once more.

Indeed, Leylin was preparing to leave the central continent for a while and return to Twilight Zone. Even though that place was barren and inadequate compared to the central continent, it held a treasure trove that only he knew of.

‘The body of the Scorpion Man, as well as the blood of the protector of the Icy World!’ Leylin’s thoughts drifted to the contents of the Icy Jade Scorpion Emperor’s memories that he had acquired from its bloodline when he explored the Icy Cave.

That terrifying ancient battle still brought shivers to his spine to this day; even Morning Stars barely met the requirements to participate in it.

The remains of a Morning Star level bloodline creature were only a small treasure to Leylin, and didn’t mean much, but the bloodline of that bronze female giant wasn’t so simple.

That was a bloodline that crossed rank 7, one that had already begun to touch upon laws! In front of that, the current Leylin was like a moth drawn to the flame. Whether it be refining the ancient bloodline into an

imprint or trying to assimilate it, either one of these actions would be extremely helpful to him.

Parts of his hopes for advancing to the Radiant Moon realm were placed on this. Furthermore, the protector of such a world would definitely have information about the world's coordinates in its bloodline and genetics.

That was the powerful ancient Icy World that even the Snake Dowager coveted and yet was unable to occupy! It was an unknown number of levels more important than the Lava World, and Leylin would be the sole benefactor of it.

It was because he had this that he was confident enough to give away the coordinates to the Lava World as a gift.

Leylin had other plans for the Icy World and the female giant's bloodline.

When she had been killed by the Snake Dowager, would her body retain any scent or aura from the Purgatory World, which would allow him to deduce the coordinates of that world?

Even if it wasn't on her body, the Icy World had been invaded by the Snake Dowager who had come from the Purgatory World, so how could there not be any traces left behind?

With the Icy World as a springboard, the difficulty in locating the Purgatory World would be reduced by a large amount. Once at the Purgatory World, finding the bloodline primogenitor, the Snake Dowager, would make breaking through the bloodline shackles a simple task.

Of course, the whole process wouldn't be that simple, but the general idea wasn't bad, and it was the best way to break through the bloodline shackles.

Of course, Leylin did not dare confront the Snake Dowager just like that. That was basically sending a lamb into a tiger's den. He didn't believe that he had any way of resisting strength that had surpassed that of Breaking Dawn and controlled Laws. Therefore, ample preparation was necessary, and this method could only be used as a last resort. Unless all his other

options were exhausted, Leylin didn't even want to consider this option.

He would lie low in the Twilight Zone, and find a way to break through to Radiant Moon. That was Leylin's basic plan.

"Mount Asura will be dormant for a period of time every hundred years, which makes it the best time to go underground right now!" Leylin recalled the time he had come up from the subterranean world. While he had grasped the right timing and prepared well, it had still been very dangerous. He could not help but smile slightly at that.

He came to the crater of the volcano, and observed the terrifying lava channel.

"The volcano is filled with boiling hot lava all year round, and only when it's dormant will a channel show itself. It's still not time yet... even if a Crystallised Phase Magus were to charge down there, they would be burnt to smithereens...."

Of course, that was for rank 3 Magi. After he reached the Morning Star realm, what should have been horrifying and dangerous was as safe and stable as the garden in his backyard.

Rumble! A layer of black flames appeared on the surface of Leylin's body, forming an oval layer that wrapped him within. A black bubble parted the lava, quickly disappearing into the depths...

The terrifying heat from the lava was absorbed by the black flames, blocking all from Leylin who was contained within. As time passed, the black bubble endured the spurts of lava to head straight down.

He was withstanding a natural disaster on his own and going through the lava against the current. Even Mount Asura erupting could do little against him. This was the power of a Morning Star!

Boom! In the subterranean world, large amounts of magma flew out of a pool, accompanied by tremors. A bubble of black flame burst through the thick, durable rocks at the top and fell to the ground. Leylin's figure appeared once more as he withdrew the flames.

Compared to before when he had to rack his brains and look for

opportunities, the current Leylin could travel anywhere as and when he wished. It was extremely convenient.

Seeing the dark sky and the stifling rock ceiling, Leylin sighed, "Twilight Zone, I'm back!"

Feeling the large difference in the concentration between the central continent and this place, Leylin shook his head, "It's no wonder that Morning Stars pay no attention to this, the elemental particle concentration is so low here."

Compared to the central continent, this place was like the barren countryside, if even that. The restriction of a low particle concentration would reduce the might of any spells used here by a large amount.

Morning Stars cared little for this place, and regular Magi had no way to pass through the lava channel. Hence, Twilight Zone still retained its own path, and the influence from the external world was minimal up till Leylin's arrival.

One sweep of his soul force and the surroundings were displayed in his mind. He had been the master of Twilight Zone in the past, and was somewhat familiar with the general area. He knew where he was instantly.

"When I left, there wasn't even a rank 3 Magus in Twilight Zone, right?" Leylin touched his chin. Here, even rank 2 Magi could be considered the rulers, while rank 3 were the emperors. Morning Star? There hadn't been one in years.

"Am I like a high-levelled player in a newbie village, crushing everyone here?" Leylin touched his chin, a grin on his face, "But I like it!"

It was a fool's behaviour to still try to fight even when the enemy was powerful. Even if one could win for a while, a single failure would leave him with no hope of reprieve.

Leylin did not like these methods. Often, he would act only when he was very confident, and all he hoped for was for the Magi in the world to all be at rank 1 and 2, which made it easy for him to manipulate them.

It was because he had this stable mindset that he could leave till today.

“I wonder how Nature’s Alliance Academy is doing. Has Celine been able to take care of it? And then there’s the dark elves, gnomes and other races...” After he determined the direction, Leylin’s body turned into a streak of light as it hurried towards the headquarters of the northern Nature’s Alliance academy.

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The northern region, Nature’s Alliance academy.

Eternal Light spells brightened up the room, reflecting a black desk with innumerable documents on the surface, as well as ink, quill pens and other stationery.

A female Magus with a delicate face wearing luxurious upper-class clothing kneaded at her brows with slender fingers, seeming very tired.

“Director!” The door was pushed open, and a female Magus hugging a file ran in hastily.

“Urgent news from the frontlines! Potti City has been attacked again. All of our subordinates were killed, and two professors were even...”

“Alright.” The beautiful director nodded her head from behind the desk, giving a drawn-out sigh. “Almost a hundred years ago, the fall of the northern region also started from Potti City. I just don’t know if anyone will come and turn the situation around this time...”

She stood up and pulled the curtains open.

There was a gigantic square of the academy outside the windows. At the middle, the statue of a young Magus stood proudly, still having a slight radiance.

“Leylin, where are you? With your strength, I’m sure you must be doing well wherever you are, right?” This beautiful director was naturally Celine.

When Leylin had left Twilight Zone, he had left behind a series of tricks, allowing Celine to take control of Nature’s Alliance academy for almost a century. She had also advanced to rank 2. However, the academy was now facing the largest crisis since its establishment!

The tide of darkness creatures had come forth once more! And in this wave, there were countless beast emperors that had mutated and reached rank 3!

That was not all. The gnomes and elves had now joined hands in rebellion and distanced themselves from the humans. They were now attacking in the north as well.

The defensive stronghold of the north, Potti City, had fallen under the cooperation of the three races, and two rank 2 professors from Nature's Alliance had fallen as well.

"Director, we need to react to this, or Lord Banker will use this opportunity to create issues! The exchange between academies is about to begin as well, and I'm afraid..." Concern was evident on this female Magus' face.

After hearing this, the look of helplessness on Celine's face grew more obvious. The immense pressure came not only from the outer world, but also the inner departments. Banker had initially been an ordinary professor of Nature's Alliance, but he'd had a miraculous encounter and gained the inheritance of some ancient Magus. His strength had shot up, and had now entered rank 3!

With power, he obviously desired the corresponding status. In Banker's eyes, that would be Celine's position.

Though he was fearful of Leylin, which meant Banker did not dare go too far, there were still countless Magi who sided with him. After all, Leylin had already disappeared for almost a century.

# Chapter 602: Changes in the North

The passing of time could erase everything. More than a hundred years passed, and the number of Magi who could still remember the mighty Leylin were few and far between.

If not for the longevity of Magi, the situation now would definitely be much more severe. Celine might even have been stripped of her position as director long ago.

But even now, things were far from good.

Among the Magi in the entire Twilight Zone, Banker was the only rank 3, and thus he had a good reputation. He even tried to imitate Leylin, and wanted to crown himself as the Radiant Guardian, and even the emperor of all of mankind! His attempts, however, were futile.

Celine could distinctly see the ambition in Banker's eyes, but could not stop him.

Most of the academies in the other regions were already relying on Banker's help.

There was no doubt that he would exert pressure on Celine during the exchange between the academies, as well as the establishment of the allied armies.

'How will I get through this one?' Celine was at a loss. The tricks that Leylin had left her could only deal with rank 2 Magi at most. There were clearly limitations if used against a rank 3 Magus.

The mere proof of Leylin's existence would not be enough to obstruct this Magus' insatiable greed and ambition. Celine was very clear about this.

Bang! At this moment, the door of the office suddenly swung open, and a youthful Magus entered.

He had wine red eyes, and his long blue hair was not tied up, but instead cascaded down to his shoulders. There was a frightening power surrounding him.



“Lord... Lord Banker!” Another female Magus from before hurriedly rushed to salute him.

“Director! I bring good news. Doroy Snail Academy and Ray College have acceded to my request, and have agreed to rely mainly on us, Nature’s Alliance. They will elect the allied armies as the ruling party!”

Banker eyed Celine’s silhouette greedily.

Celine furrowed her brows, “Banker! Don’t you know that you have to knock before entering my office? Or do you no longer have the most basic of manners?”

“This place will soon undergo a change of hands anyway!” Banker seemed absolutely unrestrained.

“Have you considered my previous suggestion?”

“Impossible! Don’t you forget that I am Leylin’s wife!” Celine’s face flushed red.

“Indeed! A woman who has been abandoned in the Twilight Zone for more than a hundred years...” Banker shrugged his shoulders. He looked at the obsidian statue in the plaza, especially the radiance above it. A trace of restraining fear flashed distinctly in his eyes.

“When I become the leader of the allied armies, this statue will be destroyed! Only a statue of me, Banker, is qualified to stand tall here! The next few days will be your last chance, think about it carefully!” Banker walked out, but his voice still resounded in the room.

Not only was Celine regarded with tremendous prestige, the Magus that Leylin left in her hands was controlled by the spirit. What was more crucial was that Leylin himself was still around. Although no one knew where he was, he was still alive, somewhere.

Banker was still rather afraid of his senior. If not for these apprehensions, he would have forcefully seized the position long ago.

Even so, Banker’s patience was rapidly wearing thin.

“What now, Director?” There was a hint of a sob in the female Magus’

voice.

“Let me think about it!” Worry was written across Celine’s face as she gazed at the statue of Leylin in the plaza. It might have been an illusion, but when she turned around, she felt as though the radiance above the statue seemed to have turned... brighter?

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As the days passed by, numerous Magi rushed into the northern region unceasingly. Due to the underlying reason to deal with the other races, the exchange between the institutions was even more important.

The turbulent undercurrents in the subterranean world never stopped flowing. Not only were the human Magi plotting conspiracies of their own, the other races also played an extremely important role in the impending chaos.

In the vast yet solemn venue, the directors of all the academies were sitting around a long round table. They couldn’t help but turn their gaze towards the main seat in the centre.

The golden chair was adorned with many ornamental gems and appeared incomparably gorgeous. This seat was still vacant at present, but it could be inferred that only today’s victor would be able to occupy that spot and cry out his commands.

“President of Nature’s Alliance, Celine, and House Professor, Banker, have arrived!” A voice sounded abruptly, making the numerous directors turn their gazes towards the entrance.

Celine was there, dressed in a splendid ceremonial robe. She was accompanied by Banker. Banker was even walking in front of her.

“That’s too much! He’s not even the director yet!” Will, who was seated amongst the spectators, secretly clenched his fist.

He was brimming with rage at the thought of the director whom he had always admired being coerced into this. But as a mere official Magus, he had no way to confront a rank 3. This was a lesson he had learnt the hard way, through tears and blood.

“Director Celine!” “Director Celine!” “Director Celine!” A few well-acquainted Magi profusely greeted her, but even more people gathered around Banker, just like stars revolving around the moon as they grouped around their revered leader.

‘These fellows!’ Celine was secretly angry. When Leylin was still around, these Magi who were now kissing up to Banker, were all itching to kneel at her feet to express their loyalty. Now, they were betraying her without the slightest hesitation.

Even though she knew that the society of Magi followed the law of the jungle she couldn’t help but feel a tinge of discouragement.

Just as she was walking towards the seat in the centre, another Magus obstructed her. “Wait a minute!”

“What’s the matter, Director Barca?” Celine recognised him of course. This Magus was the president of Ray College, and had already been completely subdued by Banker.

“This is the main seat, only the president of Nature’s Alliance Institution is qualified to sit here! Don’t tell me you’re trying to disobey him?”

Celine raised her eyebrows. A greatly menacing air surrounded her. She was no longer the weak female Magus from before, but a formidable Magus who had undergone the trials of blood and fire, and had been promoted to rank 2!

The appearance of such an aura immediately weakened Barca’s imposing manner.

“Indeed! This conference should be hosted by the president of Nature’s Alliance Institution!” Banker walked out and the first sentence he uttered surprised Celine.

“Therefore, before the conference begins, I propose to first conduct the election for the president of Nature’s Alliance Institution!”

“You!” Celine was utterly enraged. The director of Nature’s Alliance had always been her, and that had never changed. Based on the traditions of Nature’s Alliance, only Celine’s disciples were qualified to succeed the

institution. How could they choose the president based on an election?

However, Banker was now making use of this crucial moment, with the support of the other directors, to make Celine step down from office.

“That’s right! I am completely in favour of Banker’s suggestion. Besides, the strength of our lord Banker surpasses everyone else, and all of the Magi presents unanimously approve of his moral character. Thus, I recommend our lord, Banker!” President Barca raised his point immediately after some thought.

“That’s right! We stand by President Barca!”

“Well said!” Many Magi started to cause a din, especially a great many of the rank 2 professors from Nature’s Alliance Academy, who all stood behind Banker.

Only a handful of students and Magi who used to be controlled by Leylin stayed by Celine’s side.

“All of you...” Celine looked at the hostile Magi, and suddenly felt as though she was among a pack of wolves.

The green tint of greed glistened in the eyes of these Magi, seemingly waiting to tear her to shreds before devouring her.

“Look at that! The majority of the professors all support me! It seems that we don’t even need an election!”

No matter how self-restrained Banker was, he couldn’t help but be pleased with himself. He walked next to the main seat, and looked at Celine. “How about now? My suggestion from before still holds! I hope you won’t make a choice that will anger me!”

‘Among Magi, trickery and these tactics can only assist you, but ultimately it is one’s strength that is the deciding factor!’ Celine now understood why Leylin could abandon everything in the Twilight Zone, and resolutely go off in search of strength.

But it seems that it was a little too late.

“All of you!” Celine raised her head, her voice suddenly filled with pride.

“Have you forgotten the former Radiant Guardian? Once Leylin returns, he definitely will not let any of you get away with this!”

Celine’s voice was sharp. Most of the Magi present knew how savage Leylin could be, and couldn’t help but hesitate at this point.

“Hmph! He’s just a rank 3 Magus all the same! If he dares come here, I will let him know who the ruler of the Twilight Zone is!”

Banker snorted coldly. Powerful undulations of a rank 3 Magus shook the place, and the illusion of holy light appeared behind him.

“A forcefield with such energy intensity that is infinitely close to a domain? Perhaps it can even surpass Leylin!” The other Magi were all in awe.

That’s right! Leylin still existed, but it was not known if he would return to Twilight Zone. Banker, however, was a true blue rank 3 Magus! Even more importantly, merely relying on one’s reputation to make others cower in fear was not enough.

Thus, many Magi started saluting profusely to Banker, “Lord Banker, please assume the position of Director of Nature’s Alliance, and lead the allied armies!”

The voices rose to a clamour, and Celine, who was sandwiched in between, seemed incomparably pale.

“Hahaha...” Banker started laughing like a maniac. The dream he had had for years has finally been fulfilled, and his heart was brimming with ecstasy. He could already see himself unifying the entire Twilight Zone, and the moment where he would become the supreme emperor!

Banker’s eyes twinkled and was about to take his place on the main seat. Right at this moment, strange changes started to occur.

“Is that so?” A black silhouette suddenly appeared, standing in Bank’s way. The mere eye contact they shared was enough to fill Banker with dread, as though he was meeting his nemesis.

Upon the sight of this figure, tears started to rush out of Celine’s eyes

involuntarily.

“Who is he? Why do I find his appearance so familiar?” The many directors were dazed. It seemed that they knew all found him familiar, but couldn’t seem to recall his name.

“It’s the Radiant Guardian! The Radiant Guardian, Leylin Farlier!” Will, who was standing next to Celine, clenched his fist and shouted, his eyes aglow.

“Lord Leylin!” Following which, Iren, Gordius and the other elderly subordinates under Leylin’s previous command immediately bowed respectfully.

“It really is him!” The numerous Magi suddenly had a realisation. Didn’t this Magus look exactly the same as the obsidian statue in the plaza of Nature’s Alliance?

# Chapter 603: Clown

Leylin Farlier!

This name was a legend in Twilight Zone, a myth. His stories were passed down as legends, sang of in praise by numerous bards!

And now, this legend had once more appeared before their eyes.

“Quite a few interesting things seem to have happened in my absence.” Leylin looked around as he said this, and many directors took a few steps back in order, be they rank 1 Magi or rank 2.

Finally, a rank 2 Magus could not take it anymore. He fell to his knees with a thud, and called out, “Master Leylin, please forgive me! I never wished to betray you, and was only forced by Banker.”

As someone from the same generation as Leylin, this Magus named Akazawa knew well about him and his ruthless ways. This was why Leylin’s appearance frightened him, almost to the point of wetting his pants.

And just like that, as if via a domino effect, more and more Magi knelt, all their knees banging into the ground. Regardless of the effort Banker had put into establishing ties with them and threatening them, it was all a joke in front of Leylin..

“Didn’t you want me to come before? Well, I’m here now, what do you have to say?” Leylin glanced at Banker, almost not bothering to even talk to small fry like him. Banker realised the sarcasm in his tone immediately.

“Loke’s Shadow!” Banker’s face turned green for a moment, then red before his fake domain spread out. Energy at rank 3 spread out, and a low-grade magic artifact twinkled in his hands.

Banker unleashed his strongest attack with confidence, and dashed straight towards Leylin.

He was very clear that Leylin’s appearance had ruined all his plans. He only had one hope now; he had to smash apart the myth with his own hands, to defeat Leylin! And he was confident in doing that, in his

inheritance.

An enormous 'domain' opened up, pushing even many rank 2 Magi to the side. The ferocious and berserk force caused a change in the expressions of many Magi.

"What a commendable courage!" Leylin squinted his eyes slightly, and the piece of low-grade magic equipment in Banker's hands shattered apart inch by inch. Following that was the fake domain, The rank 3 radiance was snuffed out, and a layer of ash grey stone appeared on the surface of Banker's body. Within moments, he had become nothing more than a stone statue.

The surface of the statue captured the frantic look on Banker's face perfectly.

It was like a clown trying to run away, highly comical.

"Didn't you want to be honoured, for your legacy to be passed down? Very well, this statue can be placed at the plaza of Nature's Alliance, it'll be a good contrast!" Leylin nodded, and the place fell into a dead silence. Many of the Magi present felt like they were dreaming.

What had they just seen? The strong rank 3 Banker had attacked Leylin at full force, but his opponent simply blinked his eyes and he'd turned into a statue. Even his soul had been annihilated!

This Radiant Guardian was evidently quite a bit more terrifying than in the legends!

"What? Anyone else wants to interfere in the internal affairs of my Nature's Alliance Academy?" Leylin looked around.

By this time, Barca and Banker's other loyal followers had already had a bad premonition, and began to retreat one after the other. The lights of teleportation burst forth as well.

Unfortunately, it was already too late.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Blood sprayed like fireworks as Barca and the rest combusted into bits and pieces, filling the whole sky.



A scalding rain of morselized flesh fell onto the faces and shoulders of the Magi present on scene. However, not a single person dared to wipe anything off, forget stopping it.

‘The Radiant Guardian didn’t even move his hands, and there were no energy waves from spells at all. How did those rank 2 Magi...?’ Shocked to the extreme, the hearts of the Magi at the scene were already growing sluggish.

“N-No, no objections at all! Director Celine’s achievements are obvious to everyone!” They really did not dare to come forward again.

As for these rank 1s and 2s, Leylin could indeed easily kill a whole bunch of them with just a slight puff of air. He simply could not be bothered with people of their power anymore.

“Leylin!” Celine stepped forward, an excitement in her voice which surprised him.

Originally, he’d thought that after he left the power hungry Celine would not be eager at all for his return. But from what it seemed, the passage of time had instead made this woman think about his good points.

Leylin could not help but break into laughter. He directly sat in the host’s seat while Celine stood respectfully at one side.

The eyes of the other Magi who had supported Celine previously, like Iren, Gordius, Will, and the others, were all brimming with ecstasy.

They were mostly under Celine due to her having their spirit sources, and had no choice but to force themselves to support her. Although this was the case, with Leylin’s reappearance, not only had things taken a new turn immediately, their efforts were even more than amply rewarded.

Leylin did not care about Iren and the others. Instead, he directed his gaze onto a young Magus. This brightly handsome Magus was actually the one who was the most supportive of Celine just now.

“This is Magus Will! A second generation student of Nature’s Alliance Academy. He has already advanced to become an official Magus and is a professor in the institution...” Celine rushed to introduce him to Leylin.

“Of course I know that...” Leylin smiled. As he looked at Will, he found his face familiar.

“Your mother, is she well?” Leylin suddenly asked.

“Hm? My mother?” In his heart, Will was extremely shocked. He did not know why Leylin suddenly asked such a question but he still answered, “My mother was just an acolyte, it’s been over 50 years since she passed away...”

“I see...” Leylin sighed with a rasp in his tone, “Time is the great enemy of all living creatures...”

“Lord Radiant Guardian, did you know my mother?” Will became excited. Ever since he was born, he had never seen his father. He heard from his mother that his father had gone to do something very important and righteous but never returned. Could it be...

Leylin’s question and Will’s answer had an extremely deep meaning. Not only the surrounding Magi, even Celine made a bad association. She looked at Leylin, and analysed Will. Her eyes reflected a thoughtful expression, and nobody knew what she was thinking.

If her conjecture was true, even if Will was a capable assistant, she would have to suppress him slightly in the future in secret. However, on the surface, they should appear to be more intimate.

If Leylin knew about Celine’s thoughts, he would definitely roll his eyes ruthlessly. Even though time had passed, Celine was still that power hungry creature from before.

“We pay our respects to the Radiant Guardian! We hope the Lord will lead us to defeat the allied armies once again!”

By this time, Banker and his followers had all been annihilated. With the support of Leylin whose strength was unfathomable, what other choices did the attending Magi have? They immediately knelt down respectfully.

Although Banker and Celine had invited them as allies, in front of the fierce Leylin how would these Magi dare to act big? One after another, they began to label themselves as subordinates.

Leylin's eyes scanned over them slightly, and, "You all disappoint me..." The very first sentence he spoke made the many kneeling Magi break out in such a fierce cold sweat that it drenched their clothes.

"The other tribes' allied army has already reached the gate, and you're still fighting for power over such a trivial thing." Leylin shook his head, pity in his expression.

"Gate?" Celine covered her mouth and gasped in surprise.

"What?" The Magi below also began to clamour; this news was really too shocking.

"Why? You thought that those other tribes would wait quietly at Potti City?" A mocking smirk flashed across the corner of Leylin's lips as he thought of an idea.

The Magi who were present suddenly felt an enormous force locking up their entire bodies. They were unable to use any sort of spells, and soon after they felt very dizzy as if the whole world was spinning.

When they came back to their senses, they had already left the venue as a group and were somewhere outdoors.

Opposite them, a group of dark elves, gnomes in mechanical suits, and even beast emperors were staring with wide open eyes, surprised by their sudden appearance.

Celine's eyes were filled with confusion for a moment, but she responded immediately after that. "This is... the mountainous region outside Nature's Alliance, you all were indeed preparing a sneak attack!" Her limbs could not help but feel ice-cold.

In front of them were obviously the elites of the other races. Every one of them had strength at least equivalent to a rank 1 Magus, and there also quite a few rank 3 powerhouses. If they had taken the opportunity to launch an ambush while she was fighting Banker, it would certainly spell a great defeat for the humans of Twilight Zone. Forget the rest, even Nature's Alliance Academy would not be able to protect itself. And after Banker died, the entirety of Twilight Zone... Celine didn't dare to think

further.

‘To be able to suppress all of us Magi instantly, and bring us here without any resistance, that means that if the Radiant Guardian wanted to, he wouldn’t need much effort to just eliminate us all....’ Contrary to Celine, the other Magi were instead shocked at the terrifying strength that Leylin had displayed.

Not only had he just killed Banker a few moments ago, but he had also transported this entire group. This had used just a small fraction of Leylin’s strength, and it left them without the slightest thought of resistance.

“Human Magi! You could actually see past our concealment?” A laughing voice spread out as the dark elves separated to expose a queen dressed in a golden robe.

This queen had an exquisite face, sharp ears, and the energy waves emitted from her body had impressively reached the rank 3 level.

After she came out a sturdy dwarf as well as a gnome steering a large machine walked out as well. Beside them, a few beast emperors that let loose terrifying howls.

“Rank 3! All rank 3 powerhouses!” Numerous Magi murmured despondently.

Leave aside the legendary queen of the dark elves for now, it was unexpected for the tribes such as the dwarves and gnomes to produce rank 3s after a long period of suppression.

Including the beast emperors, there were a total of six rank 3 powerhouses gathered here!

# Chapter 604: Invincible

“Since when has the strength of other tribes and the darkness creatures grown to such a point?” Celine bit her lips, blaming herself slightly and feeling a little remorseful.

Leylin’s rule had forced the other races in Twilight Zone to slavery, only to be exploited by human Magi. It was unexpected that in just a hundred years’ time, they had actually gotten powerful again.

If not for Leylin’s appearance today, even if the opponent hadn’t launched a sneak attack they could’ve won just based on this army that infiltrated their borders. It could practically wipe out all the human Magi.

After all, before this the humans had only one rank 3 Magus, Banker.

“Luckily, there’s still him!” Celine looked at Leylin’s silhouette, eyes filled with an unconcealable pride.

As Leylin looked at the beautiful ruler of dark elves, he could not help but let out a chuckle, “Alicia! I didn’t expect to see another familiar face. Not only have you advanced to rank 3, you’ve also become the queen of the dark elves. It’s truly worth congratulating!”

However, as this laughter echoed in the opposing queen’s ears, her entire body grew rigid. It was as if she had been struck by lightning.

The many humiliations that the owner of this voice had brought to the dark elves immediately appeared in her mind, something that Alicia would never forget.

Yes, this new ruler of the dark elves was impressively, Leylin’s old ‘friend’ – the matriarch of dark elves, Alicia. Even that time, it was her who had surrendered to Leylin outside Potti City, personally offering the high-grade meditation technique of the dark elves and their piece of magic equipment.

“You’re Leylin! Leylin Farlier!” The opposing queen directed her gaze that was on Celine towards Leylin, gritting her teeth.

When Leylin restrained himself, he seemed just like an ordinary person,

and it made the other rank 3s overlook him.

But with Leylin speaking, a sort of confidence that came from a control of the overall situation emerged from him, making him seem outstanding and superior.

“It’s him! The humans’ Radiant Guardian!”

“I’ve seen his portrait before, I’m definitely not wrong!” One after another, the other races exploded with rage. The fear that Leylin instilled in them was etched deeply.

“Mass murderer! Butcher! Leylin Farlier, repay my father’s and the other tribes’ hatred with your blood!” The sturdy dwarf ruler jumped out, a hammer in hand which seemed to be made of thunder.

“Oh! I remember now, you’re that lucky survivor from the dwarf royal family right? The little rascal who hid in the corner of the palace, not daring to move at that time...” Leylin patted his head with an amiable sense of familiarity.

Yet, this expression and his words had instead caused the dwarf to instantly fly into a rage.

Leylin was not bothered by him. He turned his attention to the gnome steering the large robot, “Hm... a mechanical colossus... You gnomes have managed to create another one? The craftsmanship has improved as well, and the problem of low battery has been solved as well!”

“Sir Leylin’s knowledge really leaves me in awe for life. Furthermore, if you hadn’t seized our most precious gnome’s book at that time, I believe we could still have sat down happily for a chat...” The one controlling the frightening colossus was an old, senile gnome whose hands were covered with all sorts of scars and burns.

“Oh, there’s also rank 3 beast emperors,” Leylin looked at the three mountainous darkness creatures at the side, “This is great!”

“What’s great? Is he mad?”

“Even if he is the former Radiant Guardian, for a rank 3 to think of

fighting us all together is too arrogant of him..." Many of the tribes began to clamour.

Alicia, on the other hand, was different. People like her had seen how terrifying Leylin could be, and they had a bad premonition instead.

Even if she had advanced to rank 3, the fear she held towards Leylin had once more surfaced from deep in her memories after she saw him in person.

On top of that, he had such a confident expression and there was an enigmatic aura on his body...

Alicia's expression changed several times, and at last, she kneeled in front of Leylin before the widened eyes of the many Magi and tribes, "Alicia greets the Lord, the Radiant Guardian! Please forgive my tribe's mistake this time!"

"Grand Matriarch! How can we just let them go like that?"

"Is the humiliation that the humans have already brought us not enough? How can we simply grovel at their feet like that?" Even before Alicia's allies spoke, the matriarch under her caused an uproar.

"Enough! I am the Grand Matriarch of the dark elves. I will take responsibility for this matter alone!" Alicia responded coldly.

"Haha... Good! Alicia! I admire your ability to have a clear view of things!" Leylin clapped and laughed heartily.

Roar! Seeing that something seemed amiss, a small black elephant, one of the beast emperors with large fleshy wings on its back started howling in tandem with a two-headed leopard. Both of them pounced towards Leylin. A terrifying power beyond the normal rank 3 level caused the earth to tremble.

At the same time, a beast emperor in the form of a large blue ape secretly slipped away from behind.

The movements of a few emperor darkness creatures seemed to trigger some sort of chain reaction; the tribes at the opposite side had join forces

to attack Leylin together. Ignoring the indecisive dark elves and Alicia who was still kneeling, the dwarf ruler threw the large hammer in his hands with a howl, and terrifying blue thunderbolts swept across the area. The colossus, too, created a roaring sound that caused many rank 2 Magi to retreat with pale faces.

These tribes were attacking with a common target in mind— Leylin!

Four rank 3 attackers led the charge! On top of that were a whole group of fighters that were as strong as rank 1 and 2 Magi, many of them using treasures. Such an attack would leave even Crystal Phase Magi seriously injured as they fled.

In the face of this earth-shattering attack, Leylin's kept an unchanging expression, chuckling as he spoke, "Do you know why I said this is great just now? It's because, with all of you gathered together, I don't have to go through the effort of going to your lairs to finish you off one by one!"

Immediately, a terrifyingly strong energy wave burst forth from his body. A starry domain expanded, engulfing the entire area within it.

Many energies were snuffed out in an instant, and all of the energy attacks within the Morning Star domain had completely dissipated, exposing the silhouettes of the foreign races, all of them at a loss.

All Leylin had done was release the power of his domain, and the joint attack of the many tribes had been ended completely!

Surging waves! Surging waves of disbelief and fear rolled in their hearts!

All the Magi who had been worried about Leylin just now were stunned. Seeing the tribes' combined attack, they'd thought nothing could surpass that amount of power. However, the moment Leylin made his move was the moment they realised that what they'd been looking at was like the glow of a firefly in the night. Although such a glow was visible in the dark, once the sun came up, they would disappear without a trace.

The frightening aura being emitted from Leylin's body was so powerful that these Magi could not help but kneel down, not daring to harbour any other thoughts at all.



“Such strength?” Will stood behind Leylin, but he could not help but kneel either. He only felt that the Leylin now was entirely different from before. He was like the sun, moon and stars in the sky, up high and eternal.

“This... this is the domain that belongs to a Morning Star!” Celine murmured, her tears spilling out helplessly. She finally understood the magnitude of the opportunity she had lost at that time, and that she could never get it back.

Ka-cha! As if hitting emergency brakes, the elephant and the two-headed leopard suddenly stopped. They retreated with even greater speed, their bodies bursting forth with blood-red light. Their massive bodies rapidly grew emaciated, making it obvious that they had utilised some secret technique which exhausted a lot of energy.

“Still want to escape?” Leylin shook his head.

Two gigantic, yellowish-brown palms extended from the ground with a sudden boom, grasping the two beast emperors within. The sound of bones shattering could be heard, and be it physical attacks or magical attacks the two could not leave a scratch on the palms..

The two beast emperors looked at Leylin, an obvious plea in their eyes.

“You’re quite smart, even comparable to ordinary humans!” Leylin gasped slightly in admiration, but the pair of gigantic hands suddenly exerted a bit of force.

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! Following two loud sounds, the two rank 3 beast emperors had been pinched so hard they exploded.

“Ra- Rank 4! You’ve already advanced to rank 4. You’re a Morning Star Magus!” A voice like that of a dead man echoed from within the throat of the gnome inside the colossus.

Morning Star!

The crowd was sluggish for a moment, unable to react instantly. Only after a while did they suddenly realise what that meant.

Indeed, only a Morning Star Magus would be able to withstand the attacks of the numerous tribes without changing his expression, and even slaughter two beast emperors with just a light touch.

It was just that this happy news for the human Magi was a total tragedy for the tribes!

What did a Morning Star represent? In Twilight Zone, such a person was invincible! And with Leylin's youth, these tribes would probably have to be enslaved for thousands of years.

This was still fortunate. If Leylin wanted to hold them responsible for their rebellion, their entire race would probably go extinct! A Morning Star's anger was exactly that terrifying.

The large hammer-shaped magic artifact in the dwarven ruler's hands fell to the ground with a bang, and two streaks of blood flowed down from his eyes. Although many of the tribes had been stripped of all their abilities in the Morning Star field and were lying limp on the ground like dead dogs, he was still barely able to stand, "Oh, Fate! Why are you so unjust, even allowing that murderer to become a Morning Star in the sky? And for us of the other tribes, there's only suffering?"

Pearls of blood flowed down his eyes with each word he spoke. And just as his resentful questions ended, the radiance in the dwarven ruler's eyes dimmed. He was dead.

"There's still one more!" Leylin stretched out his hand and grabbed the air, and it was as if a huge hand appeared out of nowhere and a large blue ape was captured.

Once the large blue ape fell onto the ground with a bang, it kowtowed to Leylin repeatedly, continuously begging for forgiveness.

# Chapter 605: Entering the Caves Again

There were a total of three beast emperors who had snuck in to launch the surprise attack.

This giant blue ape was obviously a lot more intelligent than its two companions, and from the very beginning, it had planned to escape, secretly heading to the edges of the battlefield. Seeing Leylin extending his Morning Star domain, it ran even harder without regard for its life.

It was a pity that little ruses like these were akin to jokes in front of a Morning Star.

“Blood Extraction!” Crimson light flashed in Leylin’s eyes, giving the giant ape a feeling that catastrophe was coming. However, under the suppression of the Morning Star domain, it could not resist.

Blood dripped from its pores, quickly taking form in Leylin’s hands. With the loss of such large amounts of blood, the ape’s aura grew increasingly weak, and its howls of pain gradually turned into whines.

Thud! A withered corpse fell to the ground, turning into multiple pieces of dried meat with no nutrition.

[Beep! The weak aura of an ancient bloodline has been discovered. The source has been determined to be the Water Monkey.] The A.I. Chip quickly prompted.

“Oh? Not bad! No wonder it’s much smarter than the rest of the darkness creatures.” Leylin glanced at the scarlet and crimson intertwined with a trace of blue, and stowed it away.

The terrifying Blood Extraction was still kept up, but the bloodline crystals being formed weren’t nearly worth Leylin taking them. He tossed them to Celine, Will, and the others, and they stowed them away like they were treasures.

Boom! Boom! Boom! Their blood having been drawn out, the beings of the other races fell to the ground, dried out. No matter how powerful they were, they were but ants in the face of a Morning Star domain.

In just a few breaths, most of them had disappeared, and all that was left was a bunch of fragmented corpses. The essence of their bodies had already been taken away with their blood, and their bodies now held less nutrition than even the soil. They would soon crumble apart.

After Leylin withdrew his Morning Star domain, the human Magi had realised that besides Alicia and a few other matriarchs who were kneeling, all members of the other races, as well as the indecisive dark elves, had been eliminated.

In a single move, countless rank 3 rulers and a hundred years of accumulated power had gone up in a wisp!

Many Magi almost fainted as if they were in a nightmare.

.....

In the snow-white passageway, Leylin had his hands behind his back, surveying the surroundings with interest. Celine followed behind him, constantly giving him reports.

“All the academies have sworn their allegiance to us once more and are willing to listen to the commands of Nature’s Alliance. The allied armies of the other races have been completely exterminated. Congratulations, the whole of Twilight Zone is now under you once again!”

“Oh!” Leylin agreed with a sound, eyes still sizing up the ice on the walls, as if all of Twilight Zone was not as important as this piece of ice.

Seeing him act this way, Celine could not help but sigh inside. If this was in the past, she would have grown ecstatic due to the power she had been given.

Now, however, her previous experiences had dulled her thirst for power. She simply tucked her hair behind her head and continued making the report. “Our armies have already broken through the dwarves’ palace and mechanical capital of the gnomes. All of them had enslaved.”

The terror of a Morning Star was immense. After Leylin was done showing off his power, the other races had learnt the meaning of overwhelming despair.

Though conspiring together had raised their strength to a certain extent, nothing could be done about a disparity as wide as the distance between the heavens and the earth.

Hence, the humans had quickly unified the area, and it was all under Leylin.

The foreign races, who had lost many powerful commanders, could not resist the humans' attacks at all.

"Also, at the dark elves' side, the Grand Matriarch has already retreated to their original territory, and is willing to sign a firm contract that the dark elves will be the humans' vassals and servants for all eternity."

This kind of agreement that affected the whole elven race was very harsh. If violated, the backlash could cause the entire race to be killed. Hence, this was just secondary to being exterminated. The last time, Leylin had merely forced them to escape to the edges of Twilight Zone, and they had to offer tributes every once in a while. There had not been any pledges like this.

Now, with the deaths of the dwarves and gnomes, even this was quite a good choice for them.

"Alicia is quite tactful!" Leylin laughed, but that only caused Celine to grow jealous as she felt an impending crisis.

Walking through the icy tunnels, Leylin and Celine came before a rift where large amounts of chilling winds surged out, even having attacks from icy blades and the like.

Buzz! A green defensive layer appeared on Celine's body, but could not withstand the corrosion of the ice. Her expression changed. The cold winds of the cave were something even rank 2 Magi could not resist!

Just as Celine felt the chill about to enter her body, Leylin finally made his move. Black flames formed a wall of fire in front of them and kept the cold outside.

"When did this area become like this?" Leylin sized up the cave, looking grim. This was the entrance to the Icy Cave, but its appearance had

changed drastically. Terrifyingly chilly storms surged within, so cold that even rank 2 Magi could not hold on for long. Things like having acolytes practising inside was naturally not possible anymore.

“87 years ago, the storms inside the Icy Cave grew increasingly violent. First, the acolytes could not take it anymore, and after that, even the guard Magi had no choice to leave and abandon this area.”

Celine watched the Icy Cave, feeling as if she was seeing an ancient monster opening its mouth ferociously. She could not help but hide behind Leylin.

“Based on the scanning by our academy, the icy caves’ icy radiation has already reached dragon-grade! Even rank 3s cannot enter the place anymore...”

“Mm!” Leylin nodded. He had long since found that there was an even larger world of ice under the Icy Cave, a world stemming from the radiation caused by the blood of the female bronze giant from the Icy World. This miniature version of the Icy World was vast and full of dangers, a place even he would not have entered at rank 3.

And by the looks of it, this world of ice was growing larger.

“The blood of a being that has grasped laws is this powerful even after death!” Leylin sighed ruefully, his eyes emitting blue rays as he peered through the darkness of the caves and into its depths.

“Leylin, you- you want to go down?” Celine asked from the side in concern.

“Yes, there’s something I want to retrieve from there!” Leylin nodded. There was no harm in admitting this. He feared nobody in Twilight Zone. Even if all the Magi here teamed up with all the members of the other races to oppose him, they could be taken care of with a single Morning Star Arcane Art.

“Be careful!” Celine bit her lips. Leylin had not shown a whit of interest in anything in Twilight Zone after his return. The only thing he’d done was take care of the attack by the other races.

She felt like Leylin had returned just for the Icy Cave, and would leave once more soon enough.

Even so, what could she do? She watched as his figure disappeared into the Icy Cave with a complicated expression. She couldn't even handle the chilly gusts, so how was she to catch up to his footsteps? She could only sigh.

"Is the difference between me and Leylin already so huge?" In that moment, Celine was disappointed and frustrated.

With the howling of the winds from both sides, Leylin no longer bothered with Celine. He had only helped out with Twilight Zone because he'd encountered it on his way. If not, even if the entire Twilight Zone was placed in front of him, he probably wouldn't really care.

Twilight Zone really was too barren for a Morning Star. It held nothing valuable other than its large lands.

Leylin had only one goal in coming here, and that was the world of ice!

At this moment, the A.I. Chip's robotic voice sounded out. [Beep! Ambient temperatures dropping rapidly. Activating real time detection.] [Current temperature: 173 Kelvin... 123 Kelvin...] The number in the field indicating temperature dropped continuously, eventually even dropping below absolute zero!

Terrifying cold covered the area, and even spacetime seemed to freeze over. The place was bathed in blue light.

"As expected, one can't use common sense from my previous world here. Even the physical constants have changed..." Leylin's body had been wrapped up in black flames, like being covered in an armour of flames.

The ground he was walking on was blue, the rigid ice as glossy as a mirror and yet surpassing even many magic alloys in terms of hardness.

The A.I. Chip's prompt sounded again. [Beep! Detected icy radiation. 69% similar to radiation in database from the Icy Jade Scorpion. Strength multiplier is 178.6.]

“The world of ice has already expanded to this point?” Leylin was shocked.

In the meanwhile, he looked at the topographic map that had been stored inside the A.I. Chip’s database. It was evident that the terrain of the Icy Cave was similar to before, but the surface now had a much firmer layer of blue ice on top, and many creatures had been affected.

Chik chik... Not far away, a being called out, and the A.I. Chip immediately sent a reading. Leylin’s expression changed as he walked over.

In front of him now was a creature he was very familiar with— an Icy Jade Scorpion!

Compared with the elite Icy Jade Scorpion he had seen before, what appeared in front of Leylin was several times larger, and the strength of its energy had reached rank 2!

Even the female face on its back seemed more vivid.

“Has the radiation from the blood of a creature that comprehended laws begun to affect even physical growth?” Leylin grew serious.



# Chapter 606: Arctic Underground

Chik chik! The foraging Icy Jade Scorpion saw Leylin, and immediately lifted its two giant claws. The stinger of the large beast swayed as it positioned itself, ready to attack.

“Good timing!” Leylin laughed at the sight, and a fiery shadow appeared on the back of the Icy Jade Scorpion.

Chik chik! The scorpion tried to struggle, but a palm with a terrifying energy and intent covered its head.

The intent in the palm immediately smashed apart all resistance, and the large Icy Jade Scorpion crouched down. From this person’s body, it seemed to feel a familiar and amiable energy that belonged to an emperor.

“Let’s go!” Leylin commanded, and the Icy Jade Scorpion immediately stood up, carrying Leylin on its back and running ahead...

In the frosty world of ice, a green figure carried a black dot on its back as it moved forward at an extreme speed.

It had to be said that in this underground version of the Icy World, Icy Jade Scorpions were very useful tools for transportation. Not only did they have a high tolerance for icy radiation, their limbs were like hooks, every step digging holes in the steel-like icy ground. It did not slip at all.

The large Icy Jade Scorpion was intimidating and could avoid a lot of little inconveniences. At the very least, regular beings of the world of ice would not dare provoke it.

“Here! This is the limits of the map Celine gave me before.”

Thud! A large green figure jumped up and fell on the ground, its pincers sweeping across and opening a hole in the wall, revealing deep pathways inside that had obviously been altered with time.

Watching them Leylin’s eyes filled with pity. At that time, he had brazenly captured a bunch of Icy Jade Scorpions to treat the emotional instability stemming from his bloodline.

‘The icy radiation has been strengthened, and the Icy Jade Scorpions have mutated. I wonder if there’s anything now that can heal the emotional instability at Morning Star?’ Leylin thought as he touched his skin. Then, he had only used a peak rank 1 Icy Jade Scorpion Emperor to suppress his emotional instability until he became a Morning Star.

Now, even the regular Icy Jade Scorpions had strength equivalent to a rank 2 Magus, so the Icy Breath of a rank 3 elite or emperor would definitely be effective at dealing with the emotional instability of Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks at the Morning Star realm.

This was especially true for Leylin. The A.I. Chip managed to deduce that the Icy Breath of an Icy Jade Scorpion was very suitable for his Warlock physique, and therefore he would have no more issues in that aspect.

‘After I extract the bloodline of the female bronze giant, the world of ice underground will probably collapse due to losing the icy radiation. I should capture an Icy Jade Scorpion Emperor.

‘Of course, things don’t need to be so complicated! The bloodline of the Icy Jade Scorpion Emperor comes from the Scorpion Man, and as long as I obtain his remains, the effects will definitely be better than from regular emperors. Perhaps it could solve the issue permanently...’

“Let’s go!”

The laboratory was completely empty. When Leylin left previously, he had brought everything inside with him. Now, he was only here to determine the coordinates.

After a brief moment recalling it, Leylin patted the head of the Icy Jade Scorpion under him.

Chik chik... The large Icy Jade Scorpion whined as it brought Leylin into the depths of the world of ice.

This place was out of the bounds of the map he possessed and had many dead ends filled with unknown mysteries. Of course, there was also danger!

Whoosh... The chilly gale howled as it accompanied the Icy Jade Scorpion deeper in, the surrounding temperatures lowering continuously. The ferocious icy radiation became even more violent.

A green luster began to form on the shell of the Icy Jade Scorpion; even it was starting to find it difficult to withstand the temperature.

The tremendous darkness completely shrouded the region, and only the green light from the Icy Jade Scorpion's body could light up the path ahead.

Pairs of large eyes were filled with bloodthirst and greed as they appeared around Leylin like flames hidden in the night.

Chik chik... The large Icy Jade Scorpion did not really want to move forward anymore. It was merely a rank 2 creature, and while it was considered powerful in Twilight Zone, it was nothing in the world of ice that was deep within.

Any of the creatures shrouded in the darkness could capture and kill it easily. Normally, the Icy Jade Scorpion would scurry away in retreat, but right now it was quite confident. It was not alone now, and its owner possessed a terrifying power!

"Rank 2 and 3 creatures?" Leylin, who was sitting on the Icy Jade Scorpion's back, suddenly laughed.

Though these creatures didn't seem like much to him, they would definitely be a disaster for the Twilight Zone if they ever left the Icy Cave.

Rank 2 Magi were already considered powerful in Twilight Zone, while rank 3s were rulers. If they were to see the world of ice, this miniature version of the Icy World, their eyes would probably fall out of their sockets.

"Even Celine probably doesn't know how dangerous the interior of the Icy Cave is." Leylin shook his head, the void behind him distorting and exerting a terrifying pressure. The phantom of a terrifying snake that was tens of thousands of metres long came into view, producing loud snarls.

Winds surged, bringing with them the might of an ancient being at the

top of the food chain as they spread in all directions.

The spying eyes were immediately filled with fear, and the sounds of footsteps and bumping sounded. Large numbers of eyes quickly retreated, bloody battles occurring in the darkness just for the escape route. Explosions and shrieks of horror sounded everywhere.

No matter how intense these battles were, none of the icy creatures dared take another glimpse in Leylin's direction.

"You useless thing!" Leylin was annoyed at the incompetence of the Icy Jade Scorpion under him. It had lain on the ground the moment the Giant Kemoyin Serpent figure appeared, and would not get up no matter how he shouted at it.

Hss... The large Kemoyin Serpent phantom lowered its head and looked at the little green thing that could pass between the gaps in its teeth. It opened its mouth threateningly, revealing a crimson tongue and fierce teeth that were like little hills.

Chik chik! Chik chik! The Icy Jade Scorpion that had been lying on the ground suddenly got up, and began to run like lightning.

Strong winds constantly blew at Leylin's ears, and he didn't know whether to laugh or cry. "This scorpion is really..."

Explosions boomed as a large amount of icy rocks flew into the sky. A layer of ice broke from the top, and a large scorpion that was carrying a black figure jumped through the hole and landed firmly on the ground.

"Hah... Here!" Leylin led the Icy Jade Scorpion to higher ground, looking over the surroundings.

This was a world of ice! Ice and snow covered the place, leading the ground to sparkle. Even the hills and rivers were made of ice! The vegetation that was spread around the area was covered with frost as well. Flowers bloomed and trees bore fruit, all with a terrifying chill.

Things that looked like ribbons hung from large trees, with eyeballs that looked like longans on them, emitting a blue lustre.

‘This scene is so similar to the Icy World in the Scorpion Man’s memories!’ Leylin touched his chin, and a powerful soul force scanned over a large area.

The beings within hundreds of kilometers seemed to have met their natural predator. Whether it was the mountainous icy monsters or the tiny snowflake bugs, everything fell to the ground, trembling.

After a long moment, Leylin opened his eyes once more.

‘Just from what I’m able to see, this place is already more than a tenth of the size of Twilight Zone. Could this be the second layer to the subterranean world?’ There was naturally more than just one layer underneath the Magus World. It was rumoured that there were seven layers that the ancient Magi had taken over, and the further one went the more dangerous it was. There were even existences like Matriarch of the Abyss.

Of course, the resources there were more plentiful as well. They could be called places where risk met reward.

Twilight Zone was merely in the first layer, and it was quite a normal place. It was only a region which was isolated from the external world.

‘No, that’s not right! The distance is far too small, it can’t be the second layer. It should be in the empty space between the first two layers instead...’ Leylin stroked his chin.

‘When the Scorpion Man fell through the spatial rifts that popped up during that ancient battle, he was transported here. The continuous radiation from the blood of the female bronze giant had transformed this area until it grew similar to the Icy World. It even included the formation of a large number of creatures of the ice.’

Leylin’s expression turned solemn. Existences like these that had stepped across the two-thirds of realms and entered rank 7 were the most troublesome, as they had grasped laws.

Just a droplet of fresh blood from the original body had such a powerful effect. How powerful would the original body have been?

“With such a large area, I wouldn’t find it strange even if I found icy beings of the Morning Star level...” Leylin sighed. The Morning Star realm was a threshold, and if there were Morning Star icy beings here, the difficulty in exploring this place would increase severalfold.

To be direct, if Leylin had come here when he was rank 3, he would definitely have died. Even after he’d advanced to Morning Star, he might not have been able to completely unravel the mysteries of the Icy World.

Of course, Leylin was no longer the same as before. He had improved through his excursions to both the Lava World and Sky City. His true strength now far surpassed the Morning Star realm, and he could even rival Radiant Moons!

Hence, after entering the Icy World, he could use his soul force and probe the area without fear of inadvertently alerting any enemy. Power was enough to pulverise all conspiracies.

‘From the reaction to my soul force just now, the life undulations from here are the strongest!’ Leylin patted the Icy Jade Scorpion that was now seated, and it immediately budged. Jade green limbs began to move with rhythm, each step carrying them a good distance as it crawled in the direction Leylin pointed.

# Chapter 607: Arctic Tribe

When the formidable soul force of a peak Morning Star, which could even rival a Radiant Moon, swept across the area, the entire world of ice started to bubble with activity.

The power of a rank 4 was something that a great many of the icy beasts could not resist. When Leylin's soul force swept over, they could only lower their heads to express their humility, hoping that they wouldn't anger the owner of this soul force.

The energy of a Morning Star, however, also awakened other presences.

In the depths of a castle constructed completely with ice, the frost radiation was so rich that it had hit its limit. Colourful streams of light could even be seen twinkling continuously in the air.

"Arwen!" A cold voice resonated in thin air. Although there was no radiation of energy, it could make the surrounding space tremble faintly.

"Your Majesty, your most loyal servant Arwen is here!" An elderly man dressed in the clothes of a butler walked out of thin air and knelt towards the source of the voice. He looked incomparably respectful. This man's hair was combed so neatly that not a single strand was out of place, yet his eyes shone with a strange crimson radiance.

His skin was eerily fair, exposing translucent green veins and red arteries.

"Did you sense it?" The female voice asked.

"Yes! A foreign Morning Star has arrived in your territory!" The old man spoke with respect. He was able to sense that Leylin's soul force was different, which had to be of Morning Star rank at the very least!

"A foreign Morning Star is very important to my evolution. Go! Capture him and bring him to me!" the female voice said.

"Your wish is my command!" The old man accepted his orders respectfully and retreated.

It was when he got up that an abnormality appeared. While the top half of his body had the appearance of a human, the bottom half strangely took the form of a scorpion.

When the butler left, the entire icy castle immediately started to rouse from its slumber like a lion and went into operations.

“All of you, go! Immediately send out a signal once you discover an unfamiliar strong intruder!” The butler, Arwen, stood on top of the tall castle, his voice spreading to every corner below.

As he overlooked everything, large amounts of icy giants in armour started to roar, circular icy shields and blue spears in hand.

The huge door of the icy castle creaked open, and squadrons of icy giants headed out just like human patrol teams. They disappeared into a flurry of snow as far as the eye could see in minutes.

Only Arwen was left standing alone at the highest point of the castle, his thoughts a mystery.

Leylin, of course, had no idea about what was happening there. However, he had already mentally prepared himself after displaying his soul force. Thus, with the icy scorpion under his control, he hurried towards the place nearby where the life aura was the most concentrated.

The Icy Cave that Nature’s Alliance controlled previously was only a passageway. It was here that the real world of ice lay...

The humongous icy scorpion galloped wildly across the ice plains with Leylin on its back. Leylin sat cross-legged, dispatching a few shadow servants in his tracks from time to time to pick a few fruits as well as botanical stems, leaves and the such.

He was now examining a fruit that looked like an apple, his eyes aglow.

[Beep! Unknown fruit detected, composition has been recorded. Please give it a name!] The A.I. Chip responded faithfully.

“Frozen Apple! Classify under Icy World: Botany.” Leylin ordered.

[Recorded. Graphic and composition have been recorded under Icy



World data, subject: Botany.]

“Mm,” Leylin nodded. The apple in his hand was covered with a layer of blue ice. Using his fingernail, he swiftly sliced a piece and popped it in his mouth.

It felt like a piece of ice— no, a sensation even colder than that of ice spread in his mouth. If it was any normal human, a mere touch would perhaps freeze them to death, forget consuming it! Yet, Leylin who had a vitality of above 100 was already immune to most of the dangers in the world of ice. Hence, to him, it was as cold as ice cream was for an average person.

“Tastes pretty good, just that it’s a little too sweet.” Leylin had little interest and threw the frozen apple in his hand to the Icy Scorpion.

Chik chik! The Icy Scorpion whined excitedly and swallowed the frozen apple in one bite. After arriving here, it seemed to have become more lively. Leylin watched this while lost in thought.

‘Judging by the number of rank 3 spies and guardians at the passageway previously, the Icy Jade Scorpion wouldn’t have made it here if it came alone...’ Leylin raised his head and took a look at the world of ice. “The icy radiation here is even more terrifyingly concentrated; maybe if we stay for a while more, this Icy Jade Scorpion will be able to evolve to a higher level...”

Since the world of ice was born from the blood of the female bronze giant, the icy radiation would grow more powerful the closer one was to the source.

As long as he searched for the place on the basis of this rule, all conspiracies and methods of concealment would be rendered useless.

Moreover, Leylin discovered that more icy creatures gathered at the places with more icy radiation. They seemed to serve as a form of all-around protection.

“Hmm... The source of the radiation... there’s a Morning Star there, but there’s also an even stranger aura...” Leylin furrowed his brows. Initially,

though the aura was very weak, it felt exceptionally dangerous, hence he did not dare to act rashly.

“They should have discovered me already. I wonder how they will deal with me?” The corners of Leylin’s lips curled into a faint smile. At this moment, the huge Icy Scorpion had broken through an ice tornado, and it arrived opposite an ice canyon.

Enormous icicles littered the place, layering on top of each other to form a fortified hill village. There were even a few icy creatures patrolling above.

“Intelligent icy beings?” Leylin exclaimed, and then he urged the Icy Scorpion to head towards it.

“Stand still, intruder! If not, you will suffer from the combined attack of the Aufker Canyon!” The guards on the fort had long discovered Leylin, and hence began to yell at him.

With his astonishing vitality came powerful vision; it allowed Leylin to clearly spot the creatures in the canyon in a split second.

They both belonged to entirely different species. One was a giant more than three metres tall with icy-blue skin, patterned with ice elemental runes. It was covered in a layer of frost.

These giants had boorish facial features, and the harsh lines across their faces emphasised their manliness, a distinctive feature of male creatures.

The other type was an elegant snow fairy with translucent wings and a slim figure. Large amounts of ice energy particles condensed around them, much like a miniature tornado. Most of these fairies were very pretty, and they were likely all female.

‘Wait, are these the two genders of the same race? The frost giant males being exceedingly strong in terms of physical strength and defensive capabilities, and the snow fairy females that specialise in ice element spells?’

Leylin noticed one other thing as he made his conjecture. He understood their language, and this was because it was some variant of the ancient

Byron language.

Seeing that their language was centered around the Byron language, it seemed like the influence that the Magus World had on the Icy World had was not small.

“I am a foreign Magus, and I wish to see your leader!” Leylin made the Icy Scorpion stop in front of the village, and slowly started to speak. Although his voice was not very loud, it was somehow transmitted far away.

There was some movement, and soon after, a few frost giants came running down.

Leylin seemed to be waiting quietly, but he was actually using the A.I. Chip to scan for information and statistics on these intelligent icy creatures.

[Frost Giant (unnamed) Strength: 50.9, Agility: 10.1, Vitality: 40.1, Spiritual force: 80, Innate skill: 1) Frost Skin: The skin of the frost giant has extremely high resistance towards frost radiation, which may even cause the natural formation of a spell rune. It is an important material in the manufacture of some frost magic weapons. 2) Freeze Rebirth: Its astonishing vitality gives the frost giant terrifying recovering powers. In the Icy World, if increased by two energy levels, such recovering powers may even achieve the effect of regrowth of broken limbs!] [Snow Fairy (unnamed) Strength: 10.3, Agility: 37.6, Vitality: 20.5, Spirit: 157.3, Magic Power: 157, Innate skill: 1) Frost Attraction: Snow fairies have a natural affinity for ice energy particles, and may produce innate ice spells following advancements in rank. 2) Ice Tornado: The rich ice energy particles provide extremely strong defence for snow fairies. They automatically generate an ice tornado for protection, that has a similar effect to the Magi’s Defiant Ring of Flame.]

He randomly drew data from two of them, and the A.I. Chip immediately displayed specific statistics on the targets. The current A.I. Chip could get information about even those in the Morning Star realm without their knowledge. These members of this race were only at rank 1 or 2, and

would not be able to detect it at all.

“Indeed, these two races, which have such glaring differences in body size, are in fact just two forms of the same race!”

Leylin gasped secretly. The work of nature, and the mysterious majesty of the other worlds, all contributed to his strong thirst for knowledge.

They didn't make him wait for long. In practically a few minutes, the gigantic ice doors opened with a rumble. Squadrons of frost knights riding on huge icy monsters came forth.

These riders were all frost giants, and they were seated on all kinds of monsters, all with strange, unique appearances. There were wolves, bears, cheetahs and other forms, but they were all covered in blue frost. It was as though humongous ice sculptures were roaring at Leylin with deep voices.

In the centre of the riders' formation were many snow fairies who had rich concentrations of ice energy particles swirling around them. They stood guard around a double-headed creature.

This creature examined Leylin, and although its eyes revealed a trace of bewilderment, it still spread open its arms, “I am the leader here, Yamos Andre. Welcome, guest from a foreign place!”

Leylin sized up this leader. He was flabbergasted but instantly restrained himself.

# Chapter 608: Duchess Rose

The leader of the Arctic Tribe who had appeared in front of Leylin was an impressive double-headed creature. Not only that, its body shared characteristics unique to both the frost giants and snow fairies.

A blue radiance flashed in Leylin's eyes for a moment, unbeknownst to the leader opposite him. A three-dimensional hologram formed in Leylin's mind, projecting information on this creature.

It was almost three metres tall and had a sturdy yet well-proportioned body, a pair of beautiful translucent wings on its back. What was special was that above its shoulder were two heads, one of a frost giant and another of a snow fairy. They both looked somewhat aged.

The A.I. Chip displayed the rest of the statistics at lightning speed.

[Arctic Tribe (fully grown, unnamed) Strength: 55.7, Agility: 41.9, Vitality: 40.1, Spiritual Force: 261.2, Magic Power: 261. Innate skills:

1) Twins: A fully grown member of the Arctic Tribe integrates the features of both the frost giant and the snow fairy. It has two hearts and two sets of body organs, and thus they two lives. They can recover from any attack that does not completely devastate the body, and also make up for a deficiency in vitality in their other halves. 2) Frost Skin: The Arctic Tribe's skin has extremely high resistance to icy radiation, and will even cause the natural formation of a spell rune, which is an important material in the manufacture of certain frost magic weapons. 3) Frost Affinity: The Arctic Tribe possesses an affinity for ice that surpasses that of the snow fairy, and has the ability to produce innate ice spells following advancements in rank. 4) Ice Tornado: The rich ice energy particles provide extremely strong defence for the Arctic Tribe. They automatically generate an ice tornado for protection, that has a similar effect to the Magi's Defiant Ring of Flame.]

'These stats show that the members of the Arctic Tribe are an amalgamation of the snow fairy and frost giant, completely inheriting the advantages of both. It's quite strong for a rank 3.' Leylin's pupils glowed.

“Hehe... Does our guest find our tribe’s form very astonishing?” Yamos Andre discovered Leylin’s amazement and started to explain to him, “During infancy, a member of our tribe has two different forms. Only upon reaching adulthood and finding their other half will they conduct the Arctic Blessing Ceremony, after which they join together as one body and become a true member of the Arctic Tribe!”

The one who explained was the head belonging to a snow fairy, its voice was similar to a female’s.

“Oh, my apologies!” Leylin hurriedly waved his hands. Peeking into another party’s private affairs was considered disrespectful no matter which world one was in. “I was just curious for a moment!”

“Haha... Our Arctic Tribe members appear somewhat odd indeed. Even the other creatures in the Icy World were surprised when they first saw us, so it’s understandable for a guest to feel this way...” The speaker this time was the frost giant head. His voice seemed to be filled with a bold, heroic air.

“Since you are a visitor from far away, we would like to invite you to rest in our village...” The double-headed chief of the tribe, Yamos Andre, invited him in cordially.

At this moment, the low-pitched sound of a bugle horn sounded from the lookout post, following the trembling voice of a frost giant. “Chi... Chief! Ice troops have been discovered headed our way!”

“What?” Both of Yamos’ heads cried out together involuntarily. The frost horsemen on the sides even started to fall back one after another, incessant dread written across their faces.

“Why would they come here? Is it because of you?” Doubtful gazes instantly focused on Leylin.

“Oh? I didn’t expect that the Morning Star here holds a decent amount of power!” Leylin stroked his chin. He didn’t say it directly, but he’d already admitted it with his words, and there was no more room for doubt.

“We do not welcome you here. Please leave immediately. Do not bring

disaster to our tribe!” Yamos immediately became hostile, and the frost horsemen lifted the spears in their hands, angling the points towards Leylin. It seemed like they were ready to attack him at a moment’s command.

“May I know who’s coming?” Leylin seemed as if he did not care about the Arctic Tribe’s attacking stance, and instead asked a question while engrossed in thought.

“You’ve already provoked the Arctic Queen, and you still pretend to be unaware?” The female head of Yamos seemed furious, already about to break down.

“The Arctic Queen is the dictator here, and the source of all fear. She is the root cause of all calamity and suffering, and everyone who is related to her will suffer from a curse...” The female head muttered a few words. Leylin was not sure if it was a prophecy or an ancient expression, but it was eminent that its dread towards the Arctic Queen was present.

“The Arctic Queen?” Leylin stroked his chin, “I’m actually interested in meeting her...”

“Foreigner, leave at once! Do not bring disaster to our village!” The female head of Yamos screeched once more, an ice element storm already formed on her hand.

Thump! Thump! Thump! The tightly packed sounds of many footsteps sounded, and another frost giant sighed. “Yamos, it’s too late!”

As their chief sighed, the guards from the castle had already surrounded the place under the lead of someone mounted on a huge horse.

The cavalry riding the arctic horse was covered in a set of heavy blue armour from head to toe, and in their hand was a large translucent sword that was burning with ice-cold flames.

Two balls of pale soul fires lit up from within their mask, first scanning coldly across Yamos and the rest of the Arctic Tribe, then focusing all of the attention on Leylin.

“Noble Arctic Knight, Duchess Rose! You are the most dazzling star in

the Icy World; even the most beautiful snowflake is not comparable to your beauty!” Leylin was rendered speechless as he saw the members of the Arctic Tribe all crouch on the ground, loudly praising the Arctic Knight. This made him roll his eyes.

‘They really speak without thinking. This is a creature who even revealed its soul fire! Perhaps under her mask is nothing but a human skeleton. You’re seeking your own death...’ However, much to Leylin’s surprise, the Arctic Knight appeared to enjoy their praise. “All of you have committed a crime! You actually dared to interact with this criminal here. But seeing that you did not let him enter the hill village, I will spare you this time...”

The Arctic Knight brandished her huge sword, but did not take further action.

“Ah! Duchess Rose, our lord! Your benevolence is just as boundless as all the oceans in the universe...” Sparkling teardrops flowed out of both of Yamos Andre’s heads, forming something similar to a glass ball before falling to the ground. It made a crisp sound.

Hearing their response, Leylin felt goosebumps rise all over his body.

“As for you, foreigner, return with me to the castle! The Arctic Queen wishes to see you!”

Swish! The many giant guards turned their spears towards Leylin.

With their physique and their resistance towards the cold, an average rank 3 Magus would be unable to handle the all-round attack of this small team.

But Leylin didn’t seem to mind a single bit, and even asked with interest, “Was it that empress’ order to capture me?”

“It was General Arwen’s command. But his word is the same as that of the empress.” The Arctic Knight clearly did not wish to speak much to Leylin. She straddled her giant horse and was about to escort Leylin away.

“Then... Did he tell you that you have to be careful and immediately send out a signal once you see me, particularly that you should not confront me alone?” Leylin laughed lightly, which gave Duchess Rose a bad feeling.



“Be careful...” Almost the moment these words left her mouth, a few black sparks appeared on the bodies of the surrounding troops.

Boom! More than ten black columns of flames burst out in human form. The guards who had an even stronger physique than frost giants were burnt to ashes without a chance to resist.

“You citizens are to blame!” Duchess Rose roared, and the huge ice horse that she was on suddenly leapt up. The Duchess on the horse’s back brandished the gigantic translucent sword in her hand. The flames on the sword rose suddenly and ruthlessly came down upon Leylin.

Ting! The huge sword with terrifying strength that had advanced without fear was stopped by a single finger, unable to budge an inch.

“If we were to use the Magus World’s classification, you’re at least a Crystal Phase Magus, and you even cultivate pure physical strength. It’s quite a rare thing to see, but it’s such a pity that all that’s useless...” Leylin seemed to sigh as his finger slashed out.

A crescent of light hummed as it pierced through the Arctic Knight’s armour, forming a humongous slit. Her body was flung backwards as fast as an incoming train, leaving a deep gutter trail in the solid ice, which extended far into the distance.

Even the huge arctic horse she’d ridden was smashed and shattered by the tremendous force, splintering apart into a heap of sparkling fragments.

“.....”

“...”

Silence. The entire scene had fallen into a deathly silence. Yamos Andre found it hard to even swallow his saliva. He looked at Leylin, unable to believe his eyes.

‘Almighty Arctic Queen, what did I just see?’ The Duchess Rose who had been renowned for her strength, the Arctic Knight who struck fear into the hearts of all the denizens of the world of ice, was defeated by this mysterious Magus with just a single finger?

It was not just Yamos Andre. The other frost giants and snow fairies had lifeless looks on their faces as well. They felt like they were hallucinating.

“So? Do you still welcome me now?” Leylin turned and smiled at Yamos Andre. Yet, to Yamos it seemed like the smile of a demon.

A few timid snow fairies were so intimidated that they hid behind the frost giants, as though Leylin was some ancient fearsome creature.

“Of... Of course!” The frost giant head of Yamos nodded, “Please forgive my rude behaviour earlier. Respected lord, you are the saviour of the world of ice, our new master!”

Leylin rolled his eyes, dumbfounded. The Arctic Tribe was completely hopeless when it came to morals.

# Chapter 609: Arwen

“Found it! It’s there!” The moment Leylin defeated the Arctic Knight, a hint of happiness emerged on Arwen’s face. He’d been waiting in the castle at the core of this world of ice the whole time.

He pulled out a few pieces of black crystal from his arms, among which one had already cracked quite obviously.

“It’s the canyon area that Rose is in charge of!” After discovering the target, Arwen’s entire person blurred into a phantom as he shot towards the canyon area.

Of course, he’d never hoped that his subordinates would capture a Morning Star; that would just be a joke. Those he’d sent out this time would serve as nothing more than a warning.

Once they came into contact with that Morning Star, Arwen who was in control of their spirit sources would know immediately.

Hence, that Duchess Rose from before was just cannon fodder in his eyes.

Arwen who was far away had an indifferent and emotionless expression. In a battle between Morning Stars, it was in fact very extraordinary that Duchess Rose ended up being cannon fodder.

.....

At the same time, in canyon area within the hill village of the Arctic Tribe, Leylin looked at Yamos speechlessly as the creature crawled and knelt at his feet, both hands clinging to his boots.

“My Lord! The Arctic Queen is the most evil of demons! She greedily exploited our Arctic Tribe’s resources, and even asked our matured members to become blood sacrifices... She has brought us great suffering and tears of blood. We beg you, Sire must help us with our vengeance! Defeat the Arctic Queen...”

Yamos was over two metres tall, veritably a small giant. For such a creature to kneel before him and cry so hard left Leylin at a loss for words.

The chief of the snow elves, Amos, was also apologising with tears in his eyes, complaining about the Arctic Queen's evil deeds simultaneously.

"Actually, other than a regular tribute and having your matured members become blood sacrifices, it seems as if this Arctic Queen hasn't committed any evil?"

Yamos was clearly just one person, but there were different thoughts from two different brains buzzing beside Leylin's ears continuously, making him feel a little fed up.

However, he still endured it by force of will in order to obtain the information, all the while plotting something in his heart.

The situation in the world of ice also grew clearer to him. From Yamos' introduction, he learned that the place was very vast, with many tribes scattered across it. They were all being ruled by someone called the Arctic Queen.

This queen seldom appeared in public, and it could be said that she had almost never shown her face before.

All the affairs were handled by her butler, Arwen. The man possessed a formidable strength. The tribes that had been exploited and oppressed had allied together in several crusades but had easily been defeated by him. After a few bloodbaths, there was no one else in this miniature Icy World who dared to go against the Arctic Queen's regime.

Leylin felt like the tribute this Arctic Queen demanded was still quite mild. It was only her demand for blood sacrifices that was terrifyingly huge.

There were almost no adults other than the chief in the Arctic Tribe. Based on Yamos' accusations, they had either fled or were sent to the castle to be used as blood sacrifices.

'It seems like the Scorpion Man's remains and the female bronze giant's bloodline are definitely related to the Arctic Queen. They may even be right in her castle!' Leylin stroked his chin, thinking of something, 'All these blood sacrifices, could it be...'

His eyes sparkled, and soon after he suddenly lifted his head and looked into the distant sky.

A small black dot grew larger and larger, pressing down like a small mountain. The approaching figure was that of an icy creature who was half human, half scorpion. His upper body was dressed in a butler's suit, the bloodshot eyes leaving a deep impression.

"It's Arwen! Oh God, Sir Arwen has come personally!" Yamos burst out at a shocking speed, and with a whoosh it arrived at the platform where Yamos had arrived and knelt down. Emotional tears flowed down from all four eyes.

"Sir Arwen, you're finally here! This criminal has committed a grave mistake, we need you to judge him! Yamos is your loyal servant—"

Before Yamos could finish speaking, a faint blue light enveloped it in a moment, turning it into an ice sculpture.

A web of cracks emerged on this sculpture, covering it up entirely before it shattered into pieces. It sounded like a glass cup had fallen to the ground.

Yamos, along with the ice sculpture, had turned into dust. Faced with such strength, even the Arctic Tribe's innate ability of symbiosis was rendered completely ineffective.

"Greetings, foreign Morning Star!" After killing Yamos, Arwen pulled out a clean, white handkerchief and wiped his palms, greeting Leylin as if he was an unconcerned person.

"Hello, powerhouse of the world of ice!" Leylin bowed.

Arwen's form was slightly similar to the Scorpion Man he had previously seen. However, there were also major differences. His figure was smaller and did not carry the fierce aura that came with the bloodline of an ancient creature. Having the Giant Kemoyin Serpent Bloodline himself, Leylin could easily identify it.

But seeing how he had shown up here, and also his appearance, he was related to the Scorpion Man.

“I represent my master, the Arctic Queen, in inviting you to her castle. I wonder if Sir is willing to accept her invitation?” Arwen bowed humbly.

“I’ve admired the Arctic Queen for a long time. But what if I refuse?” A mocking smile emerged at the corners of Leylin’s lips.

“That would be a great pity!” Arwen shook his head, as if he was feeling sorry for Leylin’s irrationality.

A blood-red light shot out of his eyes in a flash. As if the entire earth was shaken, thunder roared and his entire body jumped into motion from his stationary state, coming before Leylin as if he had broken through the boundaries of time and space, Swoosh! A long and translucent dark green needle rushed towards Leylin, a bright, dazzling radiance at its tip.

A tail was attached to the long needle. It was the tail section of a scorpion!

However, Leylin already knew about the Scorpion Man’s strong body from the Icy Jade Scorpion Emperor’s memories. How would he let Arwen get his way?

A small round shield emerged to block the stinger almost the same moment it rushed forth, blocking the unavoidable strike. Giant Kemoyin Serpents moved around on the shield’s surface, hissing on occasion.

The dark green needle broke through the center of the bloodline shield with a snip, arriving in front of Leylin.

“Kemoyin’s Scales!” Instantaneously, the innate defence emerged on the surface of Leylin’s body. After his vitality surpassed 100, this rank 1 innate spell seemed to have undergone an intriguing change. Not only was there an additional layer of blazing stripes on the scales, they had even grown dazzling.

Ka-cha! A small white dot emerged on the black scales and Leylin’s figure retreated. At the same time, the red crescent of light from his earring swept across Arwen’s chest. Dazzling sparks flew out as it collided with a translucent icy armour that suddenly appeared.

“High-grade magic artifact?” Arwen looked at the huge crack on his

chestplate as a trace of apprehension appeared on his face. Large amounts of white, icy fog solidified, mending the damage to the armour.

‘There are no weaknesses to exploit in a Morning Star!’

The confrontation just now had occurred very quickly, and was very dangerous. Although the spells that Morning Star Magi took most pride in were not used, the mere confrontation in strength and vitality created a lingering fear in Leylin.

Arwen’s previous attack was very strange. If not for his vitality breaking past 100 and the addition of his bloodline, an attack at such close quarters would have probably injured him severely.

‘Morning Stars from a foreign place may not excel in magical abilities! Hence there’s a need to pay attention to all aspects!’ After opening up some distance between them, Leylin directed a cold gaze at Arwen.

“You’re the first person who was able to escape my ‘Breath of Doom’!” Arwen looked at his own stinger, his face seeming a little regretful yet gratified.

“Damn you! In this world of ice, is there another Morning Star apart from you and your queen?” Leylin secretly rolled his eyes.

Because the outside world did not have any icy radiation, it was very rare for Arwen to go out even after he advanced to Morning Star. In fact, because he had to protect the Arctic Queen, he probably even rarely left the castle. He used Morning Star strength to bully the aboriginals of the world of ice, yet he still had the nerve to act like an expert.

Although he felt a little speechless, Leylin still looked at his opponent carefully. Arwen would rank as a Four Star Morning Star according to Sky City’s rankings. If his body’s special abilities were included, his strength would probably even reach Five Stars.

A certain amount of effort would be needed to take down such an enemy.

A splendid starry sky suddenly emerged behind Leylin, illuminating a sea of blood. Facing Arwen, Leylin emitted his own Morning Star domain. His

terrifying pull on bloodlines attracted Arwen's own, making his face flush slightly red.

With him being a Warlock with an ancient bloodline who had also received that bloodline's legacy, Leylin's Morning Star domain was naturally connected to it.

"So this is the Morning Star domain of a Magus... In our world of ice, we call it the 'Power Aura' or 'Vitality's Forcefield'!" A realm of ice emerged behind Arwen as he spoke, offsetting Leylin's Morning Star domain.

The two huge domains collided, making even the void vibrate. The illusory walls shattered, creating the feeling as if the world being destroyed.

However, Arwen's icy realm was evidently suppressed by Leylin's domain, causing his expression to change.

"Did you know the most terrifying thing about us Magi is still our spells?" Leylin's smile made Arwen's hair stand on end...



# Chapter 610: Capture

Magi mastered the usage of laws through knowledge and comprehension. Using their spiritual force, they manipulated elemental particles to form all sorts of spells. This was their path to power.

They didn't stop at that, though. Along with comprehending laws, they also integrated other power systems into their own spells. This was what led to the glory of ancient times.

Leylin knew from the Scorpion Man's memories that the creatures of the Icy World were famed for their strength and vitality. Arwen, who stood opposite him, had evidently inherited these traits.

Although Leylin was a bloodline Warlock, he still did not measure up in a contest against an actual ancient creature. Hence, as a true Magus should, he tried to shift the battlefield to one in his favour.

As in the words from his previous life, one had to match one's strengths to their opponent's weaknesses.

After widening the distance between them and using the domain to restrict movement, the efficacy of Arwen's frightening speed and strength, as well as his powerful stinger, had been minimised.

In the meanwhile, Leylin could unleash a barrage of spells, obtaining the greatest result at the lowest cost. This was what 'Knowledge is Power' meant!

"I've experienced the Morning Star creatures of the Icy World. Now, it's your turn to taste the terror that is a bloodline Warlock..."

The enormous phantom of a Giant Kemoyin Serpent emerged behind Leylin. Two starry pupils shot out petrifying rays of light as the huge snake's body coiled up, covering Arwen within.

The earth rumbled as terrifying energy ripples were transmitted across the sky, completely annihilating the Arctic Tribe in an instant. The frightening energy ripple destroyed the entire fortified hill village to a state beyond recognition, and it happened in a flash. It was like the

apocalypse had hit the village.

Arctic Tribe members who had previously been sluggish due to the death of the chief were now all shrieking, running out of the fortified hill village in hopes of getting far away from this place.

To put it bluntly, this place was completely destroyed.

Explosions sounded one after another. The competition between the two Morning Stars even affected the void, causing space to splinter away.

“What’s going on? How is this Morning Star infiltrator so powerful?” Arwen grew more and more shocked. He had a bloodline’s legacy and even the guidance of a mysterious presence, which made him think himself a powerhouse in the Morning Star realm.

But today, the foreign Morning Star that the queen wanted him to capture was much more powerful than he was. Those casting of spells that emerged endlessly and the strange innate skill of the bloodline made it very troublesome for him.

As the void shattered with a bang, Arwen and Leylin both fell into the crack between the worlds.

“I have to seize him! It’s an order from Her Highness!” Arwen looked at Leylin who was in front of him with a determined gaze. Streaks of dark green energy suddenly emerged from his body, forming strange patterns that covered it. The skin on his back exploded with a boom and a huge figure rushed out from his back.

This huge mountain-like scorpion’s entire body was dark green in colour and there was the extremely distinct face of a woman on its back.

Arwen’s previous human body was now like a piece of skin, floating in the void.

“Icy Jade Scorpion!” Leylin cried out involuntarily. Arwen’s true form was actually a large Icy Jade Scorpion! With such a figure, it probably surpassed the existence of species like that Icy Jade Scorpion Emperor he’d fought before.

“Chik chik!” The large scorpion yelled. The huge claws in its hands were like falling meteorites as they smashed towards Leylin with a terrifying force.

This frightening strength caused even the void to shudder.

“Hoho... It seems like I share a destiny with you Icy Jade Scorpions. Moreover, the breath of an Icy Jade Scorpion at the Morning Star realm will surely have an unimaginable effect on my bloodline disease. I’ll have to modify my plans...” Leylin’s pupils sparkled.

Although his battle prowess was comparable to a New Moon, and he had killed a Radiant Moon Magi before, all of that power was only acquired using the imprint of the Sun’s Child bloodline.

As for his true power, he could still take down a Five Star Morning Star, but it would require a great fight and there was a chance that he’d let the enemy escape.

Now that his opponent had revealed his true form as an Icy Jade Scorpion. Leylin’s desire to capture him alive grew even greater.

If he used the bloodline imprint to cast Sun Scorching Nirvana, Arwen would undoubtedly be burnt to nothingness. But Leylin still hoped to obtain his breath to try and treat the bloodline disease at the Morning Star realm.

“I admit you are very useful, Arwen! I won’t kill you that easily as you have things that I want!”

Leylin spoke indifferently. Four scarlet halos lit up behind him. and even fused together to form a terrifying spell.

“Rank 1 bloodline innate spells, Kemoyin’s Scales, Eyes of Petrification! Rank 2 innate spell, Toxic Bile. rank 3 innate spell, Intimidating Gaze! Rank 4 innate spell, Bloodline Metamorphosis! Combining to form the Morning Star Arcane Art— Kemoyin Serpent Transformation!”

With Leylin’s point mass and bloodline giving him Six Stars of strength, the power of the Kemoyin Serpent Transformation had almost reached the peak that all Kemoyin Warlocks desired.

The earth rumbled as a giant serpent, nearly a hundred thousand metres in length and with blazing stripes on its body as well as starry pupils emerged.

The Icy Jade Scorpion from before was like a tiny toy in front of this behemoth.

Its huge claws slashed across the serpent's scales. They managed to cause some sparks to fly, but could not even push the giant serpent away slightly.

“WHAT? You're not a bloodline creature, why can you carry out atavism?” A voice full of disbelief echoed forth from the Icy Jade Scorpion. Before the terrifying Giant Kemoyin Serpent, almost all of the stubbornness and pride inside Arwen disappeared.

This was the technique that only Morning Star Kemoyin Warlocks possessed, the Morning Star Arcane Art— Kemoyin Serpent Transformation! Once again, it displayed its monstrous might in front of this foreign tribe!

Although the ancient Morning Star Magi possessed a large variety of spells, they were nothing much to flaunt in front of the powerful Morning Stars of other worlds. Amongst the many Morning Star tribes, there were plenty of Magi whose abilities surpassed those of Morning Stars.

However, the greatest strength of ancient Magi was that they were good at learning.

By imitating their opponents, ancient Magi obtained all sorts of powerful abilities and even figured out the way to modify and stabilise innate spells through meditation techniques, creating the first of the Morning Star Arcane Arts!

Against the terrifying Morning Star Arcane Arts, the powerhouses of all the other worlds retreated one after another. Even the World of Gods had suffered heavy casualties.

Arwen was someone who'd only been born much later. He hadn't even left this world of ice in his entire life, and thus he naturally couldn't

understand such terror. It led to him receiving a great shock.

Hissss... Of course, Leylin would not explain anything to Arwen. The enormous Giant Kemoyin Serpent directly crushed the creature down, firmly binding the Icy Jade Scorpion. At the same time, a petrifying light danced about on its body.

The large Icy Jade Scorpion wailed continuously for a short while...

.....

With the writhing of the void, a dark passageway opened up. Leylin, dressed in a black robe, walked out with one hand holding the petrified Arwen.

Arwen had already regained his human form, just that his entire body was covered in a layer of stone. He was like a statue.

Only, the fearful expression on this opponent's face had not disappeared. It was as if he had seen something extremely terrifying before he was petrified.

"Too easy, simply too easy!" Leylin sighed, "In fact, Morning Star Magi and strong Morning Stars of the other worlds don't have much of a difference in their nature. Their energies are almost at the same level, but once the Morning Star Arcane Art is used, we can steamroll over the other worlds' powerhouses!"

Take for example this instance. Both he and Arwen were Morning Stars, one at Five Stars and the other at Six Stars. Common sense dictated that, if he were facing another of the Magus World, he could defeat his opponent but without using the Sun's Child imprint, it would be relatively difficult for him to kill them. The opponent could always use his Morning Star Arcane Art and flee.

However, Arwen was different. When confronted with his Morning Star Arcane Art, he seemed to be suppressed without any resistance.

"No wonder the ancient Magi could crush a lot of the other worlds!" Leylin could not help but admire the ancient Magi who attempted high-level meditation techniques and used point mass to activate the innate

spell fusions to create a terrifying killer move. Even for him at the present, it would require a lot of time to deduct things from scratch, and it may not even be successful. However, the ancient Magi managed to do it and from this, the strong foundation of the Magus World was established!

“It’s not such a bad harvest this time! I can probably use his Morning Star icy breath to curb the emotional instability that comes from the Purgatory World.” Leylin analysed Arwen’s statue as he stroked his chin.

The bloodline disease of Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks originated from the Purgatory World. Due to their defeat in the Shadow World, the Snake Dowager brought all her clan members with her and migrated to the Purgatory World.

However, descendants of the Snake Dowager that were originally had darkness element attribute were all contaminated by the chaotic World’s Will in the Purgatory World, giving rise to berserk characteristics. In order to solve this problem completely, the Snake Dowager thought of the using Icy World, and that was the battle that Leylin had witnessed.

According to the A.I. Chip’s deductions, the Icy Jade Scorpion tribe here possessed excellent curbing effects for Leylin’s own emotional instability. Last time, he’d managed to use just a peak rank 1 Icy Jade Scorpion Emperor’s Icy Breath to suppress his emotional instability all the way up to Morning Star.

And now, with an Icy Jade Scorpion at the Morning Star realm, Leylin was confident in eradicating his bloodline disease.

With the A.I. Chip having completed its database on the soul recently, Leylin could now control his influence on the soul much easier, boosting his power even further.

Leylin tilted his head as he pondered. Arwen’s statue in hand, he transformed into a black streak that disappeared into the horizon.

Only after that did the frost giants and snow fairies who did not manage to leave in time pop their heads out from various corners, eyes full of consternation as they looked towards the direction that had Leylin departed in.

What had they just seen? The Arctic Queen's chief lackey— mass murderer Arwen, was actually defeated by a foreigner just like that?

Their fear towards Arwen even exceeded that towards the Arctic Queen. After all, although this place was ruled in the name of the Arctic Queen, she basically did not appear in public at all, and all affairs were taken care of by Arwen.

One could imagine the kind of shock that Arwen's defeat brought them.

# Chapter 611: Extraction and Elimination

CHIIII— The very moment Arwen was taken away, a piercing sound exploded in the icy castle, causing the air to quiver and the ground to tremble.

Large numbers of guards knelt on the ground, shuddering as they begged the Arctic Queen to quell her anger.

However, their prayers were to no avail.

A dazzling blue light swept out, wrapping up the entire castle within. The icy beings in the castle, be they guards, maids, servants, or prisoners, all turned into ice sculptures. Streams of blue light gathered from their bodies, tunnelling into the ground like earthworms.

Whoosh! When all the blue lustre disappeared from the ice sculptures, numerous cracks appeared on them as they crumbled apart to form a snow-white powder. The castle sank into a deathly silence.

Meanwhile, in another place deep underground.

The steel-like ice opened up automatically, showing a structure similar to a basement. An Eternal Light spell illuminated the entire area.

Many beakers and tools were placed on a translucent tabletop, seemingly in a mess yet possessing some kind of order. Some of the beakers were full of colourful, even smelly fluids.

Leylin stood at the simplified laboratory table, watching the stone statue that was once Arwen at the centre of the spell formation, a teasing look on his face.

This Five Star Morning Star, someone who was considered the leader of the world of ice, had now been turned into a mere stone statue. Even his soul had been frozen completely, leaving behind a shell that still had life force within.

Based on previous experience, he would get the best results when the breath of the Icy Jade Scorpion was used together with icy radiation.



And in order to preserve the freshness of the material, Arwen was forced to suffer, becoming Leylin's captive. He would definitely not meet a good end.

'When I probed the area during my entry to this place, there was still a more mysterious aura than Arwen's in the icy castle. Was that the Arctic Queen?' Leylin frowned, and threads of blood-red light were emitted by a spell formation with but a thought. They began to spread to the inner parts of the stone sculpture.

"Hand over your memories, little lamb that has lost its way!" Leylin's eyes were serene as he chanted some kind of ancient incantation with a strange pitch. Runes began to disappear into the spell formation.

Ooooo— A woman's wail sounded out, and three long-haired female figures appeared within the spell formation.

These three female youths wore blood-red dresses, not looking a day over thirty years of age. They seemed very pretty, but their expressions were varied.

One was beaming, the crescent of her eyes so pronounced that they were practically closed. The other showed distress, while the one in the middle was emotionless, like a block of ice.

"Go!" Leylin pointed towards the statue. The three female figures floated and circled the stone statue, occasionally extending translucent hands into the stone statue's brain.

Afterwards, three red figures entered Arwen's mind, and the stone statue shook continuously. The spell formation had no choice but to strengthen the seal.

"Arghhh—" In that moment, the ghastly wailing increased tenfold in volume, a layer of demonic blood emanating from Arwen's body.

[Reached critical period. Target is about to break down.] The A.I. Chip produced a timely reminder.

"Come back, my darlings!" Leylin's eyes were filled with a strange light as he made a very attractive sound.

As if some invisible force-field had appeared, the three figures were pulled out from within the stone statue.

The three figures' varying expressions had been enhanced further. They shrank to a tenth of their original size, gathering on top of Leylin's palm. Boiling hot, complicated emotions flooded Leylin's mind.

"Chaotic emotions as well as memory fragments.... A.I. Chip!" Leylin immediately commanded.

Rumble! The surge of complicated emotions seemed to have hit a tall mountain. Though Morning Star Warlocks had intense emotions, they were merely complicated hormone secretions to be recorded down for the unfeeling A.I. Chip.

Once the emotions were intercepted, the A.I. Chip began to arrange the scattered and fragmented memories.

One after another, scattered images were formed in front of Leylin's eyes. They were very fragmented, and even with the A.I. Chip's reorganisation Leylin could not find any information that was significant.

After the extensive data was transmitted, the three spirits in Leylin's hands exploded, dissipating like a fog. Leylin's expression did not change as he sighed.

"Extracting the memories of a Morning Star is truly troublesome..." The soul force of a Morning Star Magus was extremely powerful, and memories protected by it were akin to the most stable fort. Leylin could destroy it with ease, but he would find it difficult to find the content within, even with the support of the A.I. Chip.

However, with its strengthened abilities and the database on the soul, the A.I. Chip was able to give Leylin a nice surprise.

An image that was not quite as incomplete was projected before Leylin. This was a map of the world of ice, with a red dot of light at the centre. It was extremely dazzling.

As he zoomed in, the red light was magnified, revealing a castle built entirely of ice. Multicolour light formed a splendid view of it.

“Such dense icy radiation?” Leylin sucked in a cold breath. He could now confirm that the bloodline of the female bronze giant was within the palace.

“But where’s the Arctic Queen?” Leylin asked with doubt as he skimmed through the other information found by the A.I. Chip. However, there were no records of this Queen, which was rather interesting.

Even if the Arctic Queen rarely showed herself, Arwen who was her number one subordinate should have had opportunities to meet her.

“Memory seals?” Leylin touched his chin. Some Magi could choose to store or seal their important memories, and that was an even easier task for Morning Star Magi.

‘It looks like this mysterious Arctic Queen has a lot of secrets...’ Leylin shook his head and commanded, “A.I. Chip, begin the second phase. Obtain the Icy Breath and purify the bloodline.”

Arwen’s memories were merely an appetiser. The full course that Leylin was waiting on was the unique Icy Breath that belonged to the Icy Jade Scorpion. It was very effective for his emotional instability.

On top of that, Leylin had the premonition that for Giant Kemoyin Serpents, rank 4 should not be the limit. However for some reason, be it because of genes restrictions or the influences from the Purgatory World, Giant Kemoyin Serpents had lost the ability to evolve further.

If he could completely treat his emotional imbalance, his grasp of the Kemoyin bloodline would reach unprecedented levels.

Only after reaching this state would he have the confidence to attempt at tackling the Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline issue.

With Leylin’s command, the A.I. Chip began its precise task. Arwen’s statistics in all aspects were recorded, and it formulated the most accurate plan of operation, presenting it before Leylin.

“Record all the information in its entirety!” Leylin took out a silver surgical knife with complicated patterns on it, eyes emanating a heated radiance.

‘Dissecting an ancient bloodline creature completely, especially one at the Morning Star realm, is not an easy opportunity to come by...’

[Mission established. Beginning recording.] The A.I. Chip intoned loyally.

“Begin!” Leylin was now wearing a snow-white gown, the plastic gloves on his hands having gone through rigorous sterilisation. With the power of magic, while it looked primal, the level of this laboratory was rather similar with the one in Leylin’s previous world, and in certain ways even surpassed it!

Thud! A layer of rocky skin fell, revealing the skin and flesh on Arwen’s arm.

Under Leylin’s surgical knife, the two were easily separated to reveal translucent blood vessels...

Swish! A black ray of light streaked through the horizon, as glorious as a shooting star.

Leylin’s eyes were like stars, a hint of glee in his expression.

“I feel better than I’ve ever felt before!” Feeling the coldness in his mind and no longer having any jittery emotions, Leylin was in a great mood.

The icy breath from the Morning Star ranked Arwen was the best medicine for Leylin’s emotional instability. Added to the soul treatment with help from the A.I. Chip, the negative effects that came together with fusing with the Giant Kemoyin Serpent’s soul had been completely eliminated.

In other words, the chaotic World Will that had come from the Snake Dowager migrating the entire species to the Purgatory World was now forever gone from his body!

[Beep! Host has removed influence from chaotic World Will. Kemoyin bloodline being purified...] the A.I. Chip called to his attention.

When he looked with his soul force, the purplish-red bloodline in his body now ran deeper, and each time his heart pulsed a purifying force was

pumped to all parts of his body. The various parts of his body reacted strangely to this purifying force, resulting in a complete transformation from head to toe.

‘Morning Star soul force is supposed to nourish a Magus’ body, transforming it qualitatively in order to form the perfect Morning Star body... That is supposed to be equivalent to the standard of a normal Heavenly Astral. Not only does my current body already surpass this so-called standard, it even has a chance of evolving further...’

Leylin felt that after his bloodline’s transformation was complete, he would be able to peek at an even more terrifying realm. The natural rank of their bloodline was what prevented Kemoyin Warlocks from ever advancing to rank 5. However, there was currently a high possibility that he would be able to break past that!

# Chapter 612: Arctic Queen

A black shooting star streaked across the horizon, its magnificence amplified under the translucent icy sky.

Leylin was sending out a thread of soul force every once in a while, scanning the energies of the surrounding beings.

‘It seems like Arwen’s fall caused some sort of chain reaction.’ As far as he could see, the various regions in this world of ice had been disturbed at least on some level. Many of the intellectual icy beings, such as the Arctic Tribe, and even the ice leopards and the frost dragons were beginning to rebel against the Arctic Queen’s rule.

‘It’s understandable though. The other races never could stand being under her rule anyway. Since she’s fallen, a frenzied rebellion is only to be expected,’ Leylin thought as he touched his pouch. Extracting the Icy Breath to treat his emotional stability was not the only thing he’d done. He hadn’t wasted any part of the body, not even his bloodline. It was all currently stored in his pouch.

There were still many survivors who had seen Leylin defeat Arwen, and news had spread quickly. Without the suppression of a Morning Star, the rebellion of these various races was not surprising.

‘But the Arctic Queen has been in power for so many years... It doesn’t make sense for everything to fall apart so bad so quickly...’ Leylin’s eyes twinkled with a distinct light. Even with Arwen’s death, the Arctic Queen’s guards should not have been defeated so quickly. It was like the headquarters had been destroyed with no clear commands given.

At this point, Leylin suddenly had a thought, ‘Could there be something wrong at the Arctic Queen’s palace?’

That was all he managed to think of. The shooting star that was Leylin whizzed faster into the horizon, only leaving behind after-images in the sky.

Even rank 3 creatures could only crouch on the ground, unable to move

after seeing Leylin hurtling past. They were terrified by his speed and prowess...

The castle of ice was located at the heart of this world, and when Leylin came here he found that the vicinity of the place had gone up in smoke.

The many suppressed races had formed an alliance, gathering troops at the centre of the icy plains.

The few remaining guards were led by Arctic Knights as they used the terrain of the great valley at their stronghold to fight back, but it was a losing battle. It looked like this alliance would be able to enter the castle in no time at all.

‘Keke... With Arwen’s death, the entire castle’s defence is rendered useless!’ Watching the bustling camp of the allied forces, a smirk rose about Leylin’s lips, ‘When they breach the walls of the palace and, instead of victory, see the Arctic Queen who’s even more terrifying than Arwen, what kind of expression will they have?’

Leylin’s eyes did not stop on the battlefield, and instead switched to the castle.

There were a few loyal guards and the like who wanted to stop him, but they were no match for him at all. They were not even able to hold him back for a few seconds.

What Leylin found strange was that the closer he got to the castle, the weaker the resistance grew. The moment he arrived on top of the place, the guards only dared to look at him from afar, not advancing. It was as if there was some kind of terrifying danger within the castle.

‘This is the place? There’s no life force in here at all, only some kind of absorptive force...’ Leylin hovered above the castle of ice and observed its magnificence, though his eyes only held solemnness.

The icy radiation had peaked here, and the concentration was hundreds, even thousands of times greater than in the outer world. It was constantly changing and growing, distorting continuously.

“Those below Morning Star probably won’t be able to survive here...”

The radiation was far too powerful, to the point that no ordinary beings could handle it; it had become a life-threatening poison!

However, what astonished Leylin was not the concentration of the radiation, but the mysterious absorptive force coming from the ground.

The area under this castle of ice was like a terrifying black hole to his senses, continuously absorbing the life force of everything on the ground. On top of that, it was expanding without end.

A thick layer of white, icy powder had formed on the ground, left behind by some unlucky fighters.

Blue light shot out from Leylin's eyes, and he cried out involuntarily. "No! It's not their life force that's being absorbed... It's the frost energy and the icy nature of their bloodlines..."

Suddenly, as if having sensed Leylin's arrival, the entire surface of the castle began to quiver.

That vague scent and aura Leylin had sensed began to awaken, its strength increasing.

"Ugh..." The mumble of a female voice resounded above the icy castle.

Large amounts of winds and snow gathered, forming the statue of a female giant.

The woman had a crown on her head, a dignified pair of freezing eyes under slender eyelashes. She extended her arms towards the distant battle.

Rumble! Terrifying blue pillars of light emerged from the ground, and seemed to break through into the heavens, releasing endless ripples of energy.

The eyes of those who had been embroiled in the bloody battle were suddenly filled with confusion and regret.

"All hail the Queen!" "All hail the Queen!" "All hail the Queen!"

A guard was the first to toss away his lance and shield, running towards the danger zone that he'd avoided as if it was a den of scorpions and snakes, looking extremely enthusiastic.



His legs were frozen as a blue light emerged from them and travelled underground. They then cracked off.

The guard did not notice at all. Even when his two legs were torn off, he still tried to get to the castle on his hands, the injury clotted with a layer of frost.

The frost continued to expand, covering the entirety of the guard. Traces of blue light were absorbed by the ground, causing his life force to weaken continuously.

He was zealous unto death, as if the Arctic Queen was his goddess to whom he was willing to sacrifice his everything.

‘This is even more terrifying than an illusion. Even his soul isn’t his own anymore...’ Leylin sighed from high in the sky, watching everything apathetically.

It was not just the guards. Even the opposing allied forces threw their weapons away, showing the same fanaticism after one glance at the female giant. They rushed towards the castle as well.

Countless icy statues formed and then broke down, forming a thick layer of white powder on the ground. Yet, even that did not prevent them from surging forth, wave upon wave.

Blue light was emitted from Leylin’s eyes, and great amounts of information were stored in his database. With the A.I. Chip’s collection of statistical data, everything was presented before him.

‘The attraction of the bloodline? The icy radiation too had affected their behaviour!’ Leylin touched his chin. This was not a temporary control from illusory spells, but a terrifying effect that was formed over a long period of time. That was why the effects were so good, such that even rank 3 beings could not escape.

“Looks like this is a blood sacrifice...” Leylin suddenly guessed. Perhaps the Arctic Queen had herded the various races in this world like livestock. Every once in a while, they would be harvested after reaching maturity.

“If that’s so, the Arctic Queen is probably...” A flash of determination

appeared in Leylin's eyes, Morning Star radiation engulfing the area.

The void itself seemed to tremble, and the world instantly turned black and white.

The scope of the radiation continuously widened, and the few that had yet to enter the range of the castle suddenly showed looks of pain and suffering as they collapsed to the ground, their faces distorting. Even their internal organs swelled and ruptured.

Leylin had already reached the peak of Morning Star. He usually kept his radiation sealed, which was how he brought no harm to his surroundings wherever he went. Now, his suddenly unleashing it was difficult for the rank 3 beings to bear.

The sufferance was enough for these icy beings to regain their senses. They raised their heads, eyes full of terror as they stared hard at the floating Leylin and the female giant. Making some strange sounds, they escaped without turning back.

Even so, they'd come into contact with Leylin's powerful radiation. There were a few rank 2s and 3s at the side who could still use their own strength to rid themselves of the contamination, but those weaker than that would probably die if they were contaminated. It was only a matter of time.

Before their lives were completely burnt through, they would still have to deal with bearing the pain from the contamination.

The disturbance seemed to spread further and further as more of these tribals regained their sanity. No matter what camp they were in, these life-and-death enemies all escaped pitifully, only wanting to get as far away as possible.

The female giant in the air suddenly turned back, her eyes focussing on Leylin. Coldness was laid bare in them, but Leylin met her gaze head on.

He hadn't interfered at first because he needed to collect information and calculate the way the energy was used. Yet, once all was said and done, he wouldn't be so stupid as to let his opponent grow in power.

The giant made of ice snarled, and a large icy tornado was formed at her fist, hurtling towards Leylin.

A gigantic Giant Kemoyin Serpent appeared at Leylin's back. Compared to before, it was now even larger, and its eyes glowed with greater intelligence as it hissed at the giant.

Boom! Formless sound waves clashed with the tornado, and snow filled the sky.

# Chapter 613: Illusion and Manipulation

“A mere clone wants to attack me?” Leylin sneered, the phantom Giant Kemoyin Serpent behind him rapidly shrinking. Its body was now more substantial, and its scales reflected a dazzling luster.

The Giant Kemoyin Serpent snarled, its tremendous tail whipping at the female giant like a mace.

Boom! The female giant’s body blew up, and snowflakes fluttered in the sky.

The aftershocks were transmitted to the castle below, and large cracks began to appear on the walls.

Whoosh! As the wind and snow calmed, the entire area turned strangely silent.

The white powder formed from the life energy and consumption of frost energy of the many icy races covered the ground. There were also the remains of armour and weapons, which made the area seem even more desolate.

Leylin heaved a long sigh, producing a test tube from his spatial pouch that was filled with a purple liquid.

The seal at the mouth of the test tube opened automatically and a liquid dripped down to the ground, spreading quickly.

Large amounts of white powder were dissolved by the potion, creating a gigantic pool of water. There were countless bubbles constantly being produced on the surface, and they instantly turned the surroundings of the castle into a purple swamp.

The purple swamp continued to expand, also showing signs of going deeper.

‘I’ve made calculations with the A.I. Chip and developed this potion from Arwen’s blood and flesh using his memories. Let’s hope this is effective.’ By this point, Leylin had guessed the origin of this Arctic Queen. Hence, he was currently feeling very serious, hoping that his conjecture

was wrong.

However, what he had just seen had validated his suspicion.

Large amounts of purple bubbles were constantly produced, and the original castle of ice was beginning to be eaten into, the main body of the building slowly sinking down.

Buzz! A pure, powerful spiritual force extended and began to fuse with the surroundings.

Almost instantly, Leylin found himself in another wondrous environment.

The sky was no longer filled with ice, it wasn't the crust of the earth. The moon sparkled in a starry sky, and below was a white continent that spread a vast ocean, as far as the eye could see.

Ice Mountain Wyverns, Chilly Giants and other creatures were roaring out, and most had surpassed the limits of Morning Star.

"This is... the real Icy World!" Leylin muttered to himself. He, who possessed some of the memories of the ancient Scorpion Man, was naturally somewhat familiar with this place.

"Yes. The real Icy World, my homeland! Foreign Magus, can you fulfil my wish of returning to my homeland?" The Arctic Queen spoke with a gentle tone as she appeared by his side. Looking somewhat similar to the giant from before, she had on a crown and platinum imperial robes.

"Arctic Queen?" Leylin's pupils shrank as he scanned the surroundings. "Not a bad illusion!"

"The most beautiful of illusions is still not reality. Even the fake world of ice in reality does not measure up to a smidgen of the splendour of the real Icy World..." The Arctic Queen sighed, her tone so sorrowful Leylin couldn't bear it. He wanted to speak up, helping her solve the issue.

"As long as you're willing to help me, you shall be the sole emperor of the entire Icy World!" As if she had seen Leylin wavering, the Arctic Queen added a bargaining chip.

“Pretty good conditions! It’s a pity that I don’t see any sincerity in them at all. How can someone who uses illusory magic on potential allies be trusted to abide by their promises?” Leylin shook his head, his words causing the expression on the Arctic Queen’s face to change.

Blood-red flames came into being on Leylin’s hands. They crackled as they were shot to the Arctic Queen’s feet without hesitation, starting to burn her.

“You’ll regret this!” The Arctic Queen, who was now covered in flames, showed a wavering energy. Yet, she was like an expressionless paper doll as she spoke.

“If I agree to your conditions, I might regret it even more!” Leylin was still slightly fearful at this time. He’d believed that he had a very powerful resistance to illusory magic, and yet he had easily been pulled into the illusion that his opponent had created, and almost lost his senses.

If not for the A.I. Chip’s timely warning, as well as the many secret techniques of Spirit Warlocks he’d learnt from Paul, he might very well have died here.

After all, who would have thought that the ruler of the Icy World was proficient in illusory psychological hints?

“You’ll regret this!” “You’ll regret this!”

An icy female voice resounded in the illusion, causing his hair to stand.

Paper dolls that resembled the Arctic Queen sprang up one after another, the icy world collapsing with a rumble. Whether it was the stars in the sky, the continent, or the creatures upon it, everything turned into an Arctic Queen, giving Leylin a terrifying glare.

[Beep! Host’s brain is suffering from an unknown influence. Determined to be illusory magic,] the A.I. Chip’s voice sounded.

“That’s obvious damn it, but my connection to the real world hasn’t been severed. If I die here, my main body outside will probably die as well...”

Morning Star energy rippled as traces of soul force lingered around the

surface of Leylin's body, giving him a few layers of protection.

Such a high-level illusion could render a Magus' spiritual force useless. However, it could not restrict a Morning Star's soul force, which still had a good effect.

However, this was the opponent's home ground. If he used up all of his soul force, he would be in trouble.

"A.I. Chip, scan the structure of the illusion and search for the point of three-dimensional construct and Wors' Space!" Leylin silently sent down the order.

The A.I. Chip did not have a good method of dealing with such a situation before, but now with the database on the soul, its ability at analysis had improved by leaps and bounds.

"You can't escape!" Like the many galaxies in the universe, countless three-dimensional Arctic Queens were formed. These clones that looked like inverted images of the original held weapons in their hands, going on the offensive against him.

Ting! Soul force condensed to form a blood-red cross blade in Leylin's hands.

Leylin quickly took a step forward, the cross blade blocking large numbers of icy blades that produced dazzling rays of light.

"Cross Slash!" A cross-shaped light flashed, and tens of paper dolls turned into fragments that filled the skies.

"It's of no use. This is my spiritual world! No number of deaths will cause any exhaustion to me. How long do you think your soul force can last you?" The doll accompanying this icy voice was torn to shreds, but it then reformed into the Arctic Queen once more.

"Stop resisting when it doesn't even matter. Together, we can—"

Schlick! Before the Arctic Queen could finish her words, her head was chopped off.

The flat head that was like a piece of paper fell to the ground, and

continued to chatter on, "Your only choice is to serve me! Hand over your soul source and become my servant. This way, I might even let you off!"

Rumble! Red flames flashed and burnt the paper into ashes.

There was a cold smirk on Leylin's face. "I'd be a fool to listen to your commands!"

"Kill him!" As if the Arctic Queen had been enraged, large numbers of two-dimensional paper clones pounced on him.

"Cross Slash!" Leylin's expression was cool as he launched attack after attack, sending fragmented paper flying into the skies, filling it like butterflies. They even covered Leylin's clothes, his weapon, and his hair.

"I told you, you can't escape!" The paper on Leylin's body became as heavy as lead, a few pieces joining to form the face of the Arctic Queen.

Leylin's body grew sluggish as a blade swiped at his chest. The fine Kemoyin's Scales unexpectedly could not hinder the blade at all, and a wound opened up on his chest, blood spurting out.

"I told you this is my mental world. Even if your defences are extremely powerful in the external world, I am the ruler here!" The paper doll standing in front of Leylin spoke slowly.

"Is that so?" Leylin's face was pale, his body in the external world evidently receiving a real injury.

"If it's true, wouldn't you have killed me long ago? Why would you still be here spouting so much nonsense?"

"Nonsense?" The Arctic Queen's brows lifted and raised her arms. Leylin had no idea which part of his speech had irritated her.

The number of illusory figures increased greatly, and in practically an instant the area was completely filled with paper dolls of various colours.

"Since you wish to die, let me fulfil your wish!" Countless Arctic Queens pounced forth.

At this moment, however, a slight smile appeared about Leylin's lips. "Found it!"



He suddenly moved forward, soul force undulating at his body and gathering on the cross blade, resulting in rays of flaming light that seemed endless.

“Cross Slash!” The gleaming cross blade sliced at a point in the sky.

Crack! Crack! It was like a mirror being shattered, and numerous shivering, spotted lights that resembled tadpoles appeared behind it.

“No! Impossible! How did you find out?” The Arctic Queen’s voice became high-pitched and piercing.

“Haha...” Leylin laughed maniacally, ignoring the fury of the Arctic Queen behind him and rushed headfirst into the sea of tadpoles.

“A.I. Chip! Begin destruction based on the previous plan...” Countless black threads appeared in Leylin’s hands and quickly dispersed. Even more mirrors shattered.

Bang! A slight tremor was produced by Leylin’s body, and his eyes instantly focused. He glanced at the icy castle and purple swamp as well as the cut on his chest and sighed, “I’m finally out!”

Chi chi... At this moment, a furious, high-pitched sound was emitted from under the castle.

“The opponent’s illusory spells are too powerful. I need to leave for now!” Just now, Leylin had lucked out. Depending on the A.I. Chip’s ability to find the gaps in the illusion, he’d managed to escape. The next time, the situation would be different. Even if he could find the gaps again, successfully breaking through them was still an issue.

Leylin’s eyes flashed as he moved a long distance away in an instant.

# Chapter 614: Deduction and Advancement

The central region of the icy plains, outside the castle.

Dazzling blue pillars emitted bright light, the most radiant of landmarks.

Groups of icy race clansmen and even beasts were attracted by the blue rays of light. The appeal was so strong that anyone who barred their paths was considered an enemy to be attacked.

Leylin thought the pillars were like terrifying large-scale summoning spell formations. Anyone that possessed a bloodline related to ice and had grown up here could not resist the allure.

Currently in front of him was a strange group. Savage icy beasts mingled with snow fairies and other intelligent beings, the only thing they had in common the desire and fervour in their eyes. They crossed land and water, heading in the direction of the palace as if on a pilgrimage.

Leylin had seen this many times already. After the illusory fight at the icy castle, the Arctic Queen had not moved to chase him, evidently being limited somehow. Instead, the range of her spell formation extended further, encompassing the entire world of ice. Icy beings flooded into the area day after day, nourishing their Queen.

Leylin obviously would not just watch on. Looking apathetic, he pressed down with his right arm.

Rumble! A gigantic palmprint appeared on the surface that was formed of solid ice. The snow fairies, ice leopards, and other creatures all turned to powder.

Having taken care of this, Leylin's brows furrowed as he hurried in another direction in which an even larger group had formed.

How populous was the world of ice? Even if Leylin did all he could to intercept them, many still managed to break through, turning into powder at the icy castle.

"Such absolute control... It's a tragedy for the other races." Watching the scene, Leylin sighed a little. It was obvious that the bloodlines of the

various races in this world of ice had originated from the Arctic Queen, so when she decided to take them back, they could not resist at all.

The same situation would apply with the Snake Dowager. With her might and bloodline control, Leylin would probably be unable to rebel even if he was ordered to die. This was also what Leylin was trying his utmost to avoid.

‘It looks like the Arctic Queen has some sort of restriction on her body, which was why she had to groom Arwen. She also had to groom the many races in this world of ice, and use regular blood sacrifices to obtain strength, life force, and...’

Lights flashed in Leylin’s eyes. ‘The previous incident obviously enraged her. She actually summoned all the races in this miniature Icy World to their sacrificial deaths! Her aura is strengthening every day...’

At this thought, Leylin produced a few test tubes and flicked them out with his fingers.

Streaks of purple splashed on the backs of a few gigantic rank 3 beasts, forming strange runes that sank in. Noticing Leylin wasn’t blocking them anymore, they roared as they pressed forward towards the castle of ice.

Leylin frowned and arrived at a temporary dwelling. He’d been doing such a thing every day, but could not determine the efficacy of such an act.

“A.I. Chip, how’s the simulation of the soul defence coming along?”

[Beep! Soul defence spell pattern deduction at 97.6%!] The A.I. Chip loyally intoned. It projected a faint phantom of a spell model that was almost complete.

[Rank 4 spell– Soul Guard! Summing up the bloodline models of the Spirit Warlocks, the information from the database on the soul has been used to deduce a spell to defend against soul invasions. Referenced material: ‘Way of the Soul’, ‘A Primer on Spell Models’...]

There was a detailed introduction under this model, including the referenced materials which made up a long list.

Leylin wanted to deal with the Arctic Queen's invasion into his soul. That she could actually break through his point mass to drag his truesoul into an illusion had horrified him.

The moment a Morning Star Magus' truesoul lost the protection of their point mass, it was extremely fragile. He had been lucky enough to escape the last time, or else with the opponent's ability at connecting her illusions with reality, he would have died in the real world if he died in the illusion. This was why he'd had the A.I. Chip simulate a spell model urgently to protect his soul.

With the opponent not able to move freely, Leylin had a good opportunity. However, with the terrifying summoning currently underway and the vast region within which she could absorb life force, Leylin had no choice but to plan his move quickly.

He had considered using his Morning Star Arcane Art to destroy the castle, but he had no idea where the bloodline and remains of the Scorpion Man were. Furthermore, even the Giant Kemoyin Serpent would be restricted by the opponent's main body, and wouldn't be able to destroy the place in a single move.

An ancient bloodline creature's usage of soul force could not compare to that of a Morning Star Magus, and they were particularly vulnerable to such attacks.

"Based on the current progress, it should be completed by tomorrow!" Leylin's eyes glowed with intelligence.

A normal Morning Star Magus would have to spend decades, even centuries, to deduce a rank 4 spell. This was especially true for one that dealt with the mysteries of the soul, and it would take even more time. With the A.I. Chip, it was merely a matter of how much processing power was allocated to the task. Once the model was done, it could directly be transmitted to Leylin's memory, and even the process of familiarising himself with it could be done away with, saving him much time.

.....

A day later, above the castle of ice.

Creatures and other beings with bloodlines related to ice would approach this place with a dazed look in their eyes, turning to powder at the place.

The region of the energy absorption had grown several fold, and even the purple swamp had been weakened.

“It looks like the Arctic Queen’s been working hard!” Blue light shone from Leylin’s eyes, and an energy beam struck down, opening up a pathway.

Through continued observation and calculations, he’d long since learnt the details of this method of absorption. Finding an energy node based on the distribution was a simple task.

“Rank 4 spell— Soul Guard!” A green lustre appeared in Leylin’s eyes, spreading throughout his body.

Fine runic chains formed in his sea of consciousness, yielding an even tighter defensive layer around the point mass.

Footsteps sounded in the pathway that had been created by the explosion. What was formerly only a basement currently had a number of roads and spaces below it.

The surface was full of solid ice, forming intricate patterns and images on the top.

Leylin took in a deep breath and stepped into the basement, “Arctic Queen, I’m here!”

The path was long, and light was sparse, only some feeble jade-green light leaking from the walls on both sides.

The terrifying icy radiation even affected spacetime here, causing Leylin to feel a sense of disorder.

A dense smell of rust spread throughout the channel as a multicolour light spread from the end. It was piercing to the eyes.

“Do not... come...” “Sinner...”

Deformed sounds were intermittently transmitted to Leylin’s ears, the

contents only faintly discernible. The soul force of the Arctic Queen spread out, attempting to break through Leylin's point mass and pull his true soul into another illusion.

Prepared as he was, the green rays grew brighter on the surface of Leylin's body, creating an illusory layer that began to tremble vigorously.

Large amounts of soul force were consumed as Leylin persevered under the Arctic Queen's relentless attack on his soul.

[Soul invasion detected. Soul Guard has been engaged to resist. Beginning automatic adjustment of defensive structure.] The A.I. Chip's voice sounded continuously. With its precise calculations, Leylin's soul force consumption was suddenly reduced. The external layer of green light somewhat stabilised.

"You will regret it!" "You will regret it!"

As she noticed that she was unable to break through Leylin's defences, the Arctic Queen's voice became piercing and seemed to hold within a poisonous curse. It then disappeared.

"I will only truly feel regret if I don't get what I want!" Leylin sneered, eyes full of an intense resolution as he stepped onto the unknown path ahead.

Boom! Large amounts of solid ice turned into powder, the jade-green runes breaking apart and then revealing the exit.

"You even needed Arwen to help you set up the defensive spell pattern! Seems like your body can't move at all!" Leylin sighed as he walked out. After leaving the pathway, everything suddenly seemed spacious.

Leylin surveyed his surroundings. This seemed to be a natural underground cave. At the top was a tremendous slanting passageway. Deep imprints could be seen in it.

At the heart of the cave was a large depression, rays of jade light flickering within like fine threads that formed an enormous network.

Terrifying radiations were being emitted from within the depression, so

dense they were practically tangible.

Leylin advanced grimly, finding a terrifying corpse at the centre of the depression. It was emitting Morning Star ranked energy undulations.

This was the real aura of an ancient bloodline; deep and lofty, bringing with it a sense of history that was filled with grandeur.

Arwen seemed like a mere inferior product in comparison to the giant corpse in front of him, full of flaws.

“We meet again, Scorpion Man!”

Leylin could not help but recall the ancient memory fragments that he had acquired from the Icy Jade Scorpion Emperor’s bloodline. Those fragmented pieces of information had originated from the Morning Star creature before him.

Leylin glanced at the depression and then the trail at the top, a scene appearing in his mind. The void had shattered, and Scorpion Man had dropped into the crust of the earth like a meteor, forming a tremendous depression. The radiation from his body had altered the area, forming the world of ice, and the being that succeeded him had built the icy castle above the depression!

# Chapter 615: Scorpion Man and Scorpion Woman

“This is the source, the source of everything!” Leylin sighed. If not for the Scorpion Man dying here while carrying the bloodline of the female bronze giant, the entire world of ice would not have been formed. Hence, it wasn’t too much of a stretch to call him this world’s progenitor.

Leylin’s body floated up to the place and slowly descended, arriving at the floor of the hollowed-out area. After seeing the Scorpion Man in full view, his pupils suddenly narrowed.

In front of him was reclined the corpse of an enormous creature, half human half scorpion. Streaks of icy blue connected to the Scorpion Man through his skin like a spider web, injecting great amounts of life force and icy energy into him.

And on the back of the Scorpion Man, strange green blood wriggled as if it had a life of its own. It even covered the Scorpion Man’s entire back, spreading in all directions.

Green veins bulged all over the Scorpion Man’s body, writhing around. They were like lifeless pupils, full of eeriness.

The corrosion of the green blood and blood vessels had slightly transformed the Scorpion Man’s appearance.

Compared to the body in Leylin’s memory, the Scorpion Man’s now seemed thinner. Even its face had become more exquisite, appearing more feminine. Female characteristics were showing on its upper body as well.

“Oh, no no no! This isn’t a corpse!” Leylin was astonished. Only after drawing close had he realised that the Scorpion Man had a weak breath, his chest slowly throbbing.

However, the small waves of life force seemed incomparably small when paired with the huge body, so small in fact that Leylin had neglected them at the start.



“This Scorpion Man is actually alive!” Leylin stumbled a few steps back. At the same time, the Scorpion Man suddenly opened his eyes.

“You’re here!” A familiar soul force wave began to attack Leylin’s defences.

“You’re not the Scorpion Man! You’re the Arctic Queen... No, you’re the guardian of the Icy World, the female bronze giant!” Leylin blurted out. Dense black scales covered his entire body, and a few test tubes containing potions exploded out, forming a huge screen of light. His earring was activated, in standby to attack.

Even as he was currently, Leylin did not dare to take the risk of facing an ancient creature that comprehended laws. Although he had made a rough guess before, the truth coming out still dazed him slightly.

As he saw this scene, all the events flashed across Leylin’s mind rapidly, and he managed to establish a picture of what had happened quite quickly. The Snake Dowager had attacked the Icy World, and the female bronze giant had died during the war. A drop of her blood fell on the Scorpion Man’s body as he fell into a spatial crack, accompanying him as he arrived here by chance. The Scorpion Man had died on the spot, but the green blood on his back had survived!

The female bronze giant was a terrifying creature that had crossed rank 7! She could even control certain laws and can reborn from a single drop of blood!

Her bloodline inherited a part of her spiritual imprint. On top of that, even if the Scorpion Man’s Morning Star strength faded, his body retained its vitality. The drop of such an ancient bloodline could obtain a new life here after separating from the main body.

Yet, it was incomparably difficult to be reborn from a single drop of blood. Hence, it acted like a virus, seeking life to live off of, attempting to infect another party and transform it as required.

And in Twilight Zone, was there any creature more suitable for this than the Scorpion Man? Without considering other factors, the mere problem of distance was enough to make a decision!

Thus, the giant's bloodline began living off the Scorpion Man's corpse, even transforming it. This led to the emergence of female characteristics in his appearance.

Such transformations not only required a large amount of time, but also a terrifying amount of life energy.

Hence, the imprint of the giant formed a miniature Icy World through icy radiation, even producing life in this world of ice!

Soon after, she used a portion of the Scorpion Man's flesh to create a guardian for herself, Arwen. A guardian at the Morning Star realm was enough to suppress anything else in Twilight Zone.

Hence, the giant hid behind the scenes while Arwen took charge of all the matters on the surface, regularly gathering icy creatures as blood sacrifices. This was to strengthen the Scorpion Man's life energy, so as to nourish the giant's blood.

Initially, all of this was close to success. Once the transformation was successful, the giant would be reborn from the Scorpion Man's body and become a new life. That is, it would have if Leylin hadn't appeared.

However, there are no ifs in life. Leylin's appearance, and especially Arwen's death, left the giant with no choice but to come forth personally and hasten the collection of flesh and life energy until this point.

The Scorpion Man stared at Leylin and a calm soul force was transmitted from his body. "No! I am only a part of the giant. The current me is a combination of a synthesised memory imprint and this Scorpion Man's body! Thus, I am indeed the Arctic Queen!"

Upon hearing that, Leylin heaved a deep sigh of relief. Even if the opponent had the blood of a creature that controlled laws, its body was still not done with the transformation. It could not be considered a full resurrection yet, only a bloodline imprint struggling at death's door.

Hence, the current Scorpion Man could not move at all. Even speaking needed to be accomplished through soul force, never mind anything else.

"If it's like that, I still have a chance!" A brilliant glow burst forth from

Leylin's eyes.

Even if the Scorpion Man was done with its body's transformation, it would only be a peak rank 4 at most, and by relying on the bloodline's strength be comparable to a rank 5 Radiant Moon Magus. However, Leylin had many cards in his hands and could still put up a fight. The opponent's inability to move even gave him an advantage.

"Scorpion Man? This is the creature's name?" Leylin asked.

"Yes! But I don't like this appearance and need to modify him to draw him closer towards a Scorpion Woman. After all, the Scorpion Woman's illusory ability is well known in the entire Icy World. Coincidentally, this innate skill matches with my bloodline as well. It's just that this process and the reincarnation both require a lot of time..."

The Arctic Queen began answering Leylin like she was obliged to, as if she had suddenly become a different person.

"No wonder..." Leylin nodded but his pupils reflected a mocking look.

With a bang, the ground shook and something that seemed like a blue root emerged. Branches and leaves merged with the blue antennae on the Scorpion Man's body, forming a cage which sealed Leylin in it.

Snow white fog emerged from the Scorpion Man's pores continuously, merging with the blue antennae and even forming a natural frosty rune on the surface.

"But luckily you're here! With a human Morning Star's flesh, by using Wor's Sacrificial Rites to offer your point mass to the Ice Sovereign, I believe I can speed up the transformation process, even take it till completion!"

The Arctic Queen's voice was cold, "Since you've killed Arwen, use your flesh to pay back your debt!"

A blood-red light blade emerged on Leylin's palms, slashing the cage suddenly and causing a piercing boom.

Many snow white runes flickered, even forming a layer of hard blue ice.

It froze the blade on the cage, and many more blue arms stretched towards Leylin.

“A 700 degree attack is also ineffective?”

Leylin dodged and retreated, analysing the runes on the cage, “Mere energy loops cannot have such an effect, could it be these runes?”

“Frost confinement runes from the ancient Icy World, with a record of imprisoning even Radiant Moon Magi! If you won’t believe that, you can try it for yourself!” The Arctic Queen began laughing hysterically, “Did you think that I won’t have the strength to strike back because I cannot move? I’ve said this before, you’ll definitely regret coming in!”

Leylin was not bothered by her piercing laughter, instead minding his own business as he came to the edge of the cage. “A.I. Chip, conduct a scan.”

[Beep! Ancient frost confinement runes discovered. Effect: Enhances the firmness of the attached item by 5 levels, and frost resistance by 7. Provides reflective abilities to ice. Estimated strength: 890-1120] the A.I. Chip quickly responded.

“I’m afraid, with such a level, I could only escape from this place by attacking a few times with full strength, using Kemoyin Serpent Transformation,” Leylin sighed, “Only, is there a need to?”

He stretched out both his hands, revealing a purple radiance. The moment this purple radiance came into contact with the cage, something bizarre happened. Black spots began spreading across the cage, unstoppable even by the ancient confinement runes.

The entire cage was like an old wooden frame. It began to corrode rapidly, and thousands of holes appeared on it.

Leylin only exerted a slight force with his hands, and a huge hole opened up in the cage. He then walked out.

“Impossible!” The Arctic Queen’s piercing laughter immediately stopped.

“Nothing’s impossible! You ‘analysed’ my potion in detail, even removing the poison, but how can a potion I created be so easy to defeat?” Leylin laughed as a purple rune on his fingertip flickered irregularly.

As if this rune triggered some sort of chain reaction, large amounts of purple dots appeared on the Scorpion Man’s body, even sealing off the blood on his back.

Through his previous setup at the castle of ice and the trick he’d played on the icy creatures, Leylin had turned the tables in an instant, gaining the power to take the initiative.

“Hmph! Mere poison!” The Arctic Queen hummed coldly.

“I know. A bit of poison won’t affect an ancient Morning Star creature, unable to even last a few minutes. However, I only need a few minutes anyway...” Leylin averted his gaze from the Scorpion Man, watching the green blood on his back.

“You still don’t know right? I’m actually a Warlock, even a bloodline descendant of the Snake Dowager that caused your death! And for us Warlocks, separating blood and purifying genes are the simplest things ever...”

# Chapter 616: Successful Planning

Leylin's voice held no enthusiasm as he mercilessly released thread-like rays of crimson light that pierced into the Scorpion Man's back. The green blood began to squirm as if it had just seen its worst enemy.

Unfortunately, it was not just the blood of the female bronze giant that was affected by the poison. Even the voice of the Arctic Queen was turning sluggish.

Leylin paid no attention to the fervent pleas and offers of the Arctic Queen, instead focussing on refining the bloodline in his hands.

With his manipulations, the green blood from the Scorpion Man's back was slowly extracted, veins showing themselves one after the other.

"Ahhh! The Snake Dowager... The Snake Dowager again." The Arctic Queen's voice calmed. "Even if I'll die right away and be damned for eternity, I won't let the Snake Dowager prevail!"

The green blood began to boil and rumble, bursting into verdant flames.

'Hmm? The toxins were removed ahead of time... As expected, the vitality of an ancient Morning Star creature is more powerful than that of one from the present. The potion's been counteracted...' 'Leylin's brows furrowed, but he did not do anything to indicate he would give up.

It was way too rare to acquire the chance to refine the bloodline of an ancient creature, especially one that could comprehend laws. Such a thing was almost never seen! Obviously, Leylin didn't want to give up just like this.

Hss! A large phantom snake appeared, and space immediately froze. Great power burst forth from Leylin's body, locking onto the Scorpion Man and the blood.

"Plan B then," Leylin's voice was cold, his eyes without any emotion.

Great amounts of blood-coloured threads dug into the Scorpion Man's back, forming forbidden runes after mixing with the poison. It caused the Arctic Queen's movements to grow even more sluggish.

“Give up! I know everything already, and have come up with a method specifically to deal with you!” Leylin’s voice held no sympathy, he spoke the truth.

After a period of external observation, he’d run over ten thousand simulations with the A.I. Chip, preparing many contingency plans for this trip underground. He’d predicted this situation already, and prepared specific countermeasures against it.

Leylin had stored tens of spell patterns to seal ancient bloodline in the A.I. Chip’s database.

The Arctic Queen could not move about freely and had not finished her resurrection. In front of Leylin who had made meticulous preparations, her various attacks were destroyed in practically a single blow.

Her cries had transformed into mournful wails. Even her sorrowful cries grew softer and softer. Her soul was being suppressed and weakened.

“If your main body was around, you’d definitely be able to crush me like an ant, but it’s a pity that you’re only a droplet of her blood. You haven’t even revived yourself completely...” Leylin spoke calmly, eyes flashing with a peculiar light.

There was no reply as the soul force from the other side died down, and then began to weaken at a terrifying rate. Large amounts of green blood withdrew and returned to the back of the Scorpion Man, and the green blood vessels rejoined with the blood.

Green blood mixed together, decreasing in volume yet becoming brighter and more vibrant. It emitted a dark, bronze light.

‘What’s going on? Has she really given up?’ Suspicion flickered in Leylin’s mind. He put his guard up, but still retained the same front.

With the Arctic Queen’s movements, the green blood that had been spread out gathered to form a single droplet of resplendent bronze blood.

“The original blood of the Icy World’s Guardian?” Leylin’s eyes grew dazed, his voice full of emotion.

This was the blood of an existence that controlled laws, an existence with rank 7 strength at the very least! It even held the imprint of its original owner, able to revive the being from this single drop.

The effects of Leylin's purification began to show themselves as the blood condensed on the Scorpion Man's body.

"Yield!" Leylin took out a notebook with a slightly yellow cover. He opened it up to reveal a slight lustre from the title page. At the centre of the page was a round sealing spell formation.

"Bloodline Sealing Tome? No!" The Arctic Queen's originally feeble energy undulations suddenly reverberated once more, her voice distorting, becoming androgynous as it turned hoarse.

"The Snake Dowager and her blood, the Icy World shall forever be your enemy!" Her voice became masculine, awakening some sort of ancient memories and sending a malicious curse Leylin's way.

"As the bronze empress, the Guardian of the Icy World, I offer a sacrifice... skmgkl..." Leylin did not recognize who exactly she was making a sacrifice to.

"You may have had the upper hand today, but you could never have thought of laws! That is a strength that surpasses your understanding..."

"I offer up all the laws I possess. Strength of skmgkl, descend!"

The dark green flames crackled as their strength grew tenfold, and even the tremendous Morning Star body of the Scorpion man was eaten into rapidly.

Large amounts of runic chains cracked, and the poison withdrew. Even Leylin's bloodline extraction spell was forcefully interrupted.

"This is... the power of laws? Unthinkable! It's only a single drop of blood..." Leylin's face grew pale, suffering the backlash from a spell being interrupted.

However, he did not have the time to think further. That droplet of blood which contained laws had already been offered. After breaking the seal, it



turned into a shooting star as it charged towards Leylin.

The energy defences shattered layer by layer as the blood advanced, unimpeded even by the Kemoyin Scales and the Scarlet Earring.

The blood slammed into Leylin's chest, splattering all across his body. One could hear the hissing as it corroded him away.

White fumes shot up as the Kemoyin Scales on Leylin's chest fell apart visibly, piece by piece. A pool of green liquid had latched onto his chest, burning into it.

The Kemoyin Scales softened and fell off one after another with no end in sight, revealing charred flesh and bones.

[Beep! Host's chest has severe burns. Immediate treatment recommended.] [Beep! Detected corrosion of host by unknown energy. Expulsion procedures recommended] the A.I. Chip reported immediately.

"I've burned the power of the laws in my body as well as the remains of the Scorpion Man. The result is an explosive force that can kill even Radiant Moons...

"Let us be buried together in the ice and snow, you who contain the bloodline of the Snake Dowager!" The Arctic Queen's voice grew lower and lower as it eventually disappeared.

The terrifying green blood had spread from his torso to his limbs, verdant blood vessels crawling over Leylin's face. It caused him to look sinister and horrifying.

[Beep! Warning! Warning! Life and soul force of host is being consumed at a heavy rate. Immediate action required. Time until collapse of genes: 34s...]

The prompt box that the A.I. Chip ejected had a very dense blood-red colour in the frame, displaying the danger of the situation. If he was not careful, he could lose his life.

"It's finally reached this point..."

Though half of Leylin's body was being corroded by the green blood as

he laid on the ground, there was no trace of dismay on his ice-cold face. Instead, it seemed as if a scheme of his had succeeded.

“With 3410 possible scenarios as well as 982 sudden occurrences, the opponent chose the method of mutual destruction. Not like that was a surprise...”

Even with preparations, the corrosion from the bloodline of a creature that comprehended laws caused Leylin to cough violently, large amounts of fresh blood seeping through his fingers.

Hss... Behind him, the tremendous figure of a Giant Kemoyin Serpent came into view once more. Now, however, its energy was unstable. Tinted dark green, were burning on the body of the giant serpent.

It was not just the figure behind him. Leylin felt even the Giant Kemoyin bloodline in his body being eaten into; expelled and even destroyed!

“Bloodline Ignition!” Blood-red light surged from Leylin’s eyes as the purple blood of the Kemoyin Serpent was enriched several fold which was now filled with insanity and fury.

A large amount of his own blood bubbled up, purple confronting green.

Leylin rolled to his side and got up. Though using Bloodline Ignition to fight was like fixing thirst by drinking poison, he now had control over his own body again, albeit temporarily.

“The A.I. Chip has already simulated this several times, and the rate of success is as high as at 90%!” Leylin clenched his fists tightly. “A 90% chance is enough for me to take the risk!”

A resolute look appeared on Leylin’s face. “If I can’t climb to the top in this lifetime, I would rather die and rot as sludge!

“Sun’s Child imprint!”

He abruptly took off the white glove on his right hand, the golden-red bloodline imprint emitting dazzling light.

[Activating plan ‘Thoroughfare’. Support and trajectory activated!] The A.I. Chip intoned.

An enormous blazing light spread in this underground world, as if a sun had risen within.

Everywhere the flaming light, be it soil, rocks, or spells of ice, everything was vapourised immediately, causing the underground cave to expand rapidly.

The beings still in the world of ice could see a tremendous sun rising from the castle, imparting heat and light to this underground world. The ever-unchanging ice began to melt, mountains collapsing as doomsday seemed to have arrived.

Ice melted into flowing water, which quickly evaporated itself. The white vapour spread everywhere, turning into a layer of fog in the surroundings. Quickly, the original dark brown soil was revealed once more.

The range of this heat continued to expand, as if ready to transform the entire world of ice.

# Chapter 617: Snake Emperor

Sun Scorching Nirvana! Formed from the similarly ranked bloodline of the Sun's Child, this was a rank 6 spell that Leylin had spent a lot of effort to create. It had finally displayed its terrifying prowess. The last time it was used, not only had this spell caused the fall of a Radiant Moon Magus, but it also caused near irreparable harm to Sky City.

And now, the emergence of the golden sun was about to completely melt this world of ice.

"Here we go!" Leylin's right palm was placed on his chest, terrifying rank 6 spell undulations flowing out berserkly like a stormy tide. The rank 6 spell this time was going to be used on himself!

Boiling heat caused Leylin's body to immediately turn transparent as if turning him into a human-shaped light bulb.

If not for his outstanding vitality and Fireplume operating at full strength, Leylin would probably have turned into ashes in that instant. Perhaps it wouldn't even be ashes; his body and soul might just have been burned to nothingness.

However, with his high resistance towards fire, the fact that he had experience using this spell, and Fireplume, he could somewhat control the strength of the spell. With the immense control of the A.I. Chip, golden energy flowed past Leylin's body, tangling with the greenish bronze blood.

"Energy of the sun, destroy the power of laws found in the bronze bloodline" Leylin howled maliciously, his facial muscles contorting.

Rumble! Boiling golden flames vapourised the green blood. In the process, threads of energy that had been purified to the extreme began to emanate from the bronze blood, flowing into Leylin's limbs and bones.

The Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline that had been bubbling and boiling began to absorb this energy frantically, resulting in a strange transformation. The colour of the blood grew deeper, and the phantom serpent grew silent as it was surrounded by a layer of greenish gold

flames.

By now, the Kemoyin bloodline was rid of the contamination of the Purgatory World's will and its seals were unlocked. It operated and surged madly in Leylin's body like the bluster of a gigantic dragon.

[Beep! Host bloodline absorbing unknown energy. Evolution has begun...] the A.I. Chip loyally intoned, at the same time displaying a progress bar that rose quickly with help of that bronze blood.

"It's a success!" Leylin's lips twitched, though the tremendous pressure on his body made even such a small action difficult.

Indeed, this has been his original plan! Leylin had no better options regarding the bloodline shackles, and had been looking for a way to bypass them. Through the database he'd acquired at Sky City as well as the A.I. Chip's terrifying calculation and simulation abilities, he'd acquired two methods to do it.

One was to try changing his bloodline, though that would cause issues with the soul. With the A.I. Chip as it was now, though, he had some confidence in achieving this.

The second method was to dig deeper into the power of his own bloodline. Bloodline shackles restricted Warlocks to the upper limit of their base bloodline. Practically everyone thought this was rank 4 in the case of Kemoyin Warlocks, but what if he could dig into the roots of the Kemoyin's genes itself, evolving the bloodline further into the realms of rank 5 and above? That way, he could advance to Radiant Moon successfully!

Of course, both these methods still had the same fundamental problem. They could not break the bloodline shackles themselves. Whether it be changing bloodlines or improving his own, it would only push the bar higher. The bloodline shackles would remain, waiting to present themselves at a higher rank.

However, Leylin still had the method given to him by the Wisdom Tree. Although it was feasible, it was not something he could accomplish with his current strength. Thus, he was confident that once he possessed more

strength, he could execute his other plans. This was why his main objective in this journey to the subterranean world was to strengthen his bloodline.

Leylin's soul had already fused with that of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent, so he would not be foolish enough to try and change his bloodline. Even if he could succeed somehow, it would still cause devastating damage to his fragile soul once he did it. Thus, digging deeper into the power of his own bloodline was the only method.

Through Arwen's Icy Breath helping him resolve the problem of his emotional instability, the purity of his bloodline had reached an unprecedented level. Now, it had a chance to advance further. And the bronze giant's bloodline? It was just the kind of powerful force that could push this sort of advancement!

With the Sun's Flames suppressing the world of ice, he had burned away the miscellaneous soul imprints, spirit imprints, and other such things out of the bronze blood, leaving behind only the primal strength of the bloodline itself. This was what allowed him to advance the power of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent.

This was the plan Leylin had come up with. For this reason, he had deliberately provoked the Arctic Queen. For this reason, he'd forced her to offer up the laws in her body in an attempt to deal him a fatal blow!

Now, with no more free will, the bronze blood could no longer stand the burning of the Sun's Flames. Not only did it reduce in volume, even the bronze lustre on its surface gradually died down.

[Beep! Host body igniting ancient bloodline. Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline in process of evolution. Progress: 80%... 95%... 99%...] the A.I. Chip loyally intoned.

Rumble! At this moment, the bloodline imprint on Leylin's right hand completely dissipated, and the Sun's flames grew to their greatest intensity. Terrifying golden flames fused with the bronze bloodline and the two suddenly exploded, destroying each other.

A bloodline energy that seemed as vast as the starry sky burst forth from

that explosion. Leylin cried out as this burst of strength pushed it over the edge. The A.I. Chip showed that the progress bar had been completely filled!

[Beep! Host bloodline evolution complete. Searching for information... Determined to be Kemoyin Serpent Emperor!] [Kemoyin Serpent Emperor: A rare evolved form of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent. Possess a great strength and magical ability. Having broken through their original limits to enter a higher level, these creatures rule colonies of Kemoyin Serpents. Rank 5. Attributes: Darkness, Fire. Supplementary abilities:

1. Control: The Kemoyin Serpent Emperor possesses sovereignty over all Giant Kemoyin Serpents and their descendants. 2. Devouring. The Kemoyin Serpent Emperor can digest all energy not supported by laws to supplement its own life force.]

The A.I. Chip's voice sounded once more, but Leylin was unaware of this all. The moment his bloodline evolution had succeeded, he felt dizzy, his body practically floating.

Large amounts of images streaked past his eyes. In the boundlessly vast starry skies, numerous Giant Kemoyin Serpent figures appeared, lowering their gigantic serpent heads to him as if welcoming their ruler.

At the same time, a terrifying giant serpent that was over a hundred thousand metres long appeared behind him. It had beautiful scales and flowing, graceful curves. On the head, a few protruding bones formed something similar to a crown.

The whole serpent was filled with an elegance and grandeur typical to a ruler, the original savage and terrifying aura having dulled. However, Leylin knew that this ruler of snakes was far more terrifying than before. This graceful demeanor was a facade, concealing the bloodthirst and insanity within.

With but a slight thought, Leylin could sense Freya, Gilbert, Emma, and the other Kemoyin Warlocks through their bloodlines.

'This terrifying control... truly worthy of the emperor of Giant Kemoyin Serpents!' Leylin smiled as he observed his true soul. His soul had gained

the most through this evolution.

Crimson light expanded rapidly. His true soul was now several times larger than before, half as large as the soul of a Radiant Moon Magus. The light within it even surpassed that within the soul of a New Moon Magus!

The soul had begun to expand, about to transform into a full moon.

“With the strength of my soul, I can probably be considered a rank 5 already. As long as I go back and settle things, it won’t be a problem to break through.” Leylin huffed roughly, but the elation was evident in his expression.

He was currently not in very good shape. Though he had prepared ample defensive measures, it was still no easy task to let his body be a battlefield between the Sun’s Flames and the bronze blood.

Leylin laughed wryly as he scanned his body. The injuries to his chest were the most serious of all; skin, blood and flesh had melted away, revealing internal organs that were pulsing slightly. An arm had disappeared, and the rest of his body was severely damaged as well.

If this were a regular Magus or Warlock, such grave injuries would probably have long since resulted in their deaths. However, Leylin’s heart was still throbbing powerfully, displaying his tenacious life force!

[Beep! Damage to host body at 45%. Recommendation: Immediate cryostasis in combination with the usage of bloodline force to recuperate.] the A.I. Chip loyally reminded him.

“That isn’t urgent. Show me information on the fifth level of Kemoyin’s Pupil!” Leylin commanded. Immediately after, he was delighted to see that after attaining the bloodline of the Kemoyin Serpent Emperor, the A.I. Chip’s deduction of Kemoyin’s Pupil had proceeded successfully. The fifth layer of the meditation technique was completed!

“The last piece of the puzzle is in place...” Leylin muttered.

Having reached Morning Star, he had been thinking about how to break through to Radiant Moon. The bloodline shackles and meditation technique were the two biggest problems, and now that he’d evolved to an



emperor bloodline and the fifth level of Kemoyin's Pupil had been deduced, Leylin had spent much effort on them, and now, the fifth level of Kemoyin's Pupil had been deduced, there were no more problems in this aspect. It could be said that all his problems had disappeared.

Hss! The phantom of an enormous Kemoyin Serpent Emperor appeared behind Leylin, wrapping him in bloodline energy.

# Chapter 618: Rank 5 And The Snake Dowager

Gigantic and graceful, the phantom of a Kemoyin Serpent Emperor that held an elegance befitting a ruler appeared behind Leylin's back. Large amounts of blood-coloured energy shrouded him. The serpent emperor snarled as a black hole appeared in front of it, sucking in the surrounding ice, earth, rocks, the remains and even the air.

Once large amounts of materials disappeared into its mouth, Leylin felt a powerful life force begin to circulate within his body. His body buzzed as first the skeleton, then his internal organs, blood, flesh, and finally the skin was regenerated. With the help of a powerful life force, the injuries on his body recovered at a frightening rate.

'Could this be the rumoured devouring ability of the Kemoyin Serpent Emperor?' Leylin had a thought.

Immediately after, he felt his arm go numb, and the limb that had been broken off began to regenerate. In just ten or so seconds, the grave injury was completely recovered.

This speed left even Leylin in shock. 'With this rate of recovery, I can recover quickly even in a battle against a Radiant Moon. I could even endure a Morning Star Arcane Art with just my body, immediately restoring myself afterwards! If the devouring ability is already so terrifying, what about that of control?' he wondered.

The information about the Kemoyin Serpent Emperor had been lost in ancient times, and a large portion of the information that was gathered had been derived by the A.I. Chip from his bloodline memories. It was rather small, but just looking at the description he could tell that his control over Kemoyin Warlocks was great. Great enough, in fact, that if he commanded a Morning Star Kemoyin Warlock to die, the other party would not be able to resist at all.

Hss— Though he had completely recovered, the Giant Kemoyin Serpent

figure at Leylin's back was still unsatisfied. It abruptly broke through the layer of soil and soared into the air.

A terrifying suction force appeared, and everything, be it living or otherwise, was dragged towards the black hole that had appeared in the serpent's mouth.

The force spread out farther than even the bounds of the castle, radiating into the surroundings. Leylin could see several powerful creatures, many at the Crystal Phase, dragged from the sky by force as they disappeared into the black hole.

Practically every being in this world of ice automatically bowed their heads in respect and fear, trembling bodies paralysed under the suppression of the Kemoyin Serpent Emperor.

The accumulated life force was enormous, eventually forming a cocoon that covered Leylin. The Kemoyin Serpent Emperor at Leylin's back continued to snarl unceasingly, and only after almost devouring the entirety of the central icy plains did it pull back into the cocoon of light, satisfied.

Leylin was undergoing a wondrous transformation within. Powerful bloodline energy fused with boundless life force, aiding Leylin in his bid to charge into rank 5.

He was becoming a rank 5 Warlock, a Radiant Moon! There were likely no more than twenty Radiant Moons in the entire central continent, second only to the Breaking Dawn Monarchs. It was also precisely due to the Radiant Moons in the Union that bloodline Warlocks still survived to this day.

On top of that, this event was even more significant for Leylin. He had finally moved past the bloodline shackles of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent, and now had the wherewithal to try to become a rank 5.

"I already reached the peak of Morning Star after fusing Fireplume into my point mass, so I already meet the requirements for the advancement. And now that the bloodline and technique that were holding me back are solved..." Leylin chuckled lightly.

With the cooperation of the bloodline of the rank 5 Kemoyin Serpent Emperor, his advancement was smooth. The fifth level of Kemoyin's Pupil that the A.I. Chip had just deduced began to operate slowly.

The point mass in his sea of consciousness buzzed as it revolved quickly, growing in density as the nebula surrounding it began another round of frantic expansion. Another layer of fine black runes emerged on top of it.

With the probing of the soul through the A.I. Chip, Leylin could see the truesoul located at the heart of the point mass beginning to evolve.

Probing through his A.I. Chip, Leylin saw his truesoul at the heart of his point mass breaking through its limits at the peak of Morning Star, expanding to form the shape of a moon. It was glittering with a fine radiance that filled it with a sense of perfection.

Soul force was constantly poured in, causing the round moon to emanate a cool lustre. Once that was completed, his soul that was a size larger than that of normal Radiant Moon Magi had on it a layer of soul force that looked like a crescent moon that emitted an intense radiance.

'I don't have enough soul force to fill my truesoul. In fact, I don't even have enough to fill half the volume... It seems like I'm a New Moon...'  
Leylin suddenly came to an understanding of how Radiant Moons trained.

Ranks 4 to 6 involved the training of soul force. Morning Stars were still fumbling around without direction; it was when one advanced to Radiant Moon that they began true training.

The soul, which was in the shape of a moon showed how much soul force one had with its radiance. Rank 5 Magi had to train and fill it up. The different amounts of fullness represented the different stages of New Moon, Half Moon, and Full Moon Magi.

[Beep! Host's soul force has been strengthened. Chip upgrade commencing... Time to completion: 4m24s.]

With the advancement of his soul, the A.I. Chip was undergoing its upgrade immediately as well, having been fused into it. Perhaps it was because it had already gained quite a bit from Sky City, the advancement

this time was quite rapid. In less than five minutes, it had completed its upgrade and rebooted.

The sounds of the A.I. Chip rang once more. [Beep! Host's Kemoyin's Pupil meditation technique has reached the fifth level. Advancing to rank 5 Warlock!]

[Beep! Host has advanced to become a Radiant Moon Warlock. All statistics have been significantly strengthened, recalculating...]

The familiar robotic voice seemed to be accompanied with a changed interface, the screen projected in Leylin's mind even more solid than before.

'Looks like the A.I. Chip has undergone a huge transformation!' Leylin touched his chin.

[Data collection complete. Display?] The A.I. Chip launched another prompt. Leylin nodded as he voiced his approval. The A.I Chip immediately projected the refreshed numbers before Leylin's eyes.

[Leylin Farlier, Rank 5 Warlock. Bloodline: Kemoyin Serpent Emperor. Strength: 75, Agility: 61, Vitality: 137.5, Spiritual force: 1326.7, Magic power: 1326(Magic power is in synchronisation with spiritual force). Soul force: 133 (New Moon)]

"It really deserves to be called the bloodline of the Kemoyin Emperor. The numbers were raised to such a huge extent!" Leylin's expression was filled with glee. Not only had his spiritual force broken through 1000, his strength and agility which had not improved in a very long while had increased as well. His vitality had been raised by over 30 points, which was just terrifying!

"I never expected that the growth of Kemoyin Warlocks would only become more frightful with time!" Leylin read through his stats and could not help but sigh.

He felt the soul energy in his body that was as cool as water. It was soul force that had reached rank 5, and was of a higher quality than that at Morning Star, therefore having better effects. However, there was no

elation in Leylin's expression.

"The issue of the bloodline shackles still has not been dealt with. I've only pushed it back by a rank, and this time there's no such thing as raising the rank of my bloodline anymore!" Leylin gazed at the prompt at the bottom of the stats frame and turned grim.

[Host's Kemoyin bloodline has reached limits of genes. Unable to advance further.]

The A.I. Chip was plainly telling Leylin that after reaching the Kemoyin Serpent Emperor, he had reached the limits of his bloodline. At least Kemoyin Serpents had no way to advance to a higher realm.

An ominous feeling, like his future path had been cut off, emerged in Leylin's mind...

BOOM! The cocoon of light in the world of ice burst apart, revealing Leylin within.

"Whatever it is, I've finally attained my goal in coming to the subterranean world this time. I just didn't expect the remains of the Scorpion Man to be burnt up along with my opponent. It's slightly regretful that I didn't manage to obtain the coordinates to the Icy World..." Leylin sighed ruefully, turning into a black figure that disappeared into the void.

.....

The long majestic river that was the astral plane flowed on, many foreign worlds like the stars in the galaxy. They were a brightly coloured array, twinkling with varying lustres.

In one such world, full of flames and shadows, a boundless darkness formed a dense fog that completely covered the continent.

Numerous ancient, terrifying serpents grew and multiplied in this place, terrifying auras at Morning Star advancements appearing everywhere.

At the heart of the continent, the holy land of all snakes, Morning Star serpents could be seen everywhere. The closer one got to the centre, the

more horrifying they became, as rank 5 and even rank 6 snakes flashed by on occasion.

In a gigantic spatial crack, a coiled ball of snake the size of a star revealed the alluring figure of the Snake Dowager. The moment Leylin reached rank 5, she opened a pair of misty eyes that seemed like water.

“I’d never thought that today, after the end of the ancient era, an Emperor would awaken among the Kemoyin race!” The eyes of the Snake Dowager seemed to penetrate across multiple worlds and the astral plane, locking onto the Magus World and a young Warlock.

To her, a Morning Star was just a basic soldier. Rank 5s and 6s were worthy of attention, and such a thing as the Kemoyin Serpent Emperor that could control the Giant Kemoyin Serpents was even more worthy of interest.

“The power of destiny is guiding you here...” The life and death of multiple worlds flashed across her beautiful eyes. Two mandara flowers, one bright and one dark, bloomed in them before dissipating.

Destiny, seen through the eyes of the Snake Dowager!

# Chapter 619: Tracking And The Statue

The beautiful eyes of the Snake Dowager seemed to see into fragments of the future, penetrating the long river of destiny.

After her prophecy, the Snake Dowager coiled back into the ball, seeming to sink back into a deep slumber.

“What’s going on? I feel like somebody’s watching me and I have an ominous feeling!”

The very instant the Snake Dowager’s sight set into the Magus World, Leylin who was in the midst of flying, felt his hair stand on end. An odd mixture of terror and reverence appeared in his mind.

“The Snake Dowager...” Leylin felt a bitterness in his mouth. Never had he expected that once he had advanced into a rank 5 Warlock, he would arouse her interest.

‘But this is the Magus World. It isn’t that easy for her to come over!’ Whether this sort of attention was good or bad, Leylin had no wish to form any sort of relationship with an existence at such a level. He’d always liked to operate after careful planning, and even if it was the Snake Dowager, he hoped to seek her out only after making his own preparations. That was better than being passive and letting her find him.

‘A Radiant Moon strength shouldn’t be enough to arouse the interest of the Snake Dowager, unless...’ Leylin touched his chin, light flickering in his eyes, ‘Could it be that my Kemoyin Serpent Emperor bloodline is making her feel... threatened?’

Leylin couldn’t help but turn his attention back to the summary the A.I. Chip had given him about his bloodline, specifically the row that detailed his control ability.

“Kemoyin Serpent Emperors have a total dominance over Giant Kemoyin Serpents and all their descendants. Could this result in some overlap and conflict with the Snake Dowager’s own rule?”

Leylin suddenly had the urge to try it out. If he and the Snake Dowager



were to give a Kemoyin Warlock an order at the same time, what would they do?

However, such an insane idea was quickly suppressed. With his current strength, challenging the Snake Dowager's authority is equivalent to death.

The ability of the Kemoyin Serpent Emperor to rule over others was, in fact, a breakthrough for him to resist the Snake Dowager's control over himself. It was like a seedling that needed to be watered regularly until it bloomed and bore fruit.

Before all this, he needed to keep a low profile, silently amassing strength and prepare to soar, waiting till he completely broke through the bloodline shackles and also broke free from the control of the Snake Dowager!

.....

"I've found it! This is it— Mount Asura..." A few figures robed in black appeared over a volcano. Large amounts of lava spurted into the sky, but it bypassed their bodies without even so much as a ripple.

"Time Recall!" One of the black robed figures looked solemn as he used a spell, dazzling light being generated at his fingertips.

The translucent face of a mirror suddenly appeared before him, revealing a blurred scenery.

After summoning this mirror, the black-robed figure seemed fatigued as he spoke to another Magus behind him, "Carol, it's up to you now, you're the most adept in this aspect..."

"Alright!" While the Magus behind him was wearing a black robe, her physique was evidently smaller than the others, and her voice was gentle and agreeable.

"Aura Extraction!" She stood before the screen, right arm as smooth and bright as jade as it went through the surface, grabbing hold of a black gas.

Wooh wooh... After this stream of gas appeared, the magic equipment

on the bodies of these people displayed a dazzling luster and made noises.

“The nose of the hound has reacted. Looks like he was here before, and not too long ago either!” The leading Magus spoke with conviction.

A Magus began to gnash his teeth. “And here we were thinking he’d return to the south coast. Who’d have thought he’d escape into the underground like a mouse!”

Leylin’s concealing techniques were far too complicated, and even Magi who excelled in prophecies could do nothing against him. Things were even more complicated for these Magi.

However, the powerful organisation backing them had gathered a lot of information, and through the method of elimination, they’d found a trace of Leylin’s whereabouts.

The Magus who had spoken before evidently was very hostile towards Leylin, emanating a dangerous air. “Warlocks have enhanced bodies, and their skin is the best raw material for art pieces. This Leylin’s skin will be a perfect addition to my study room!”

The female Magus from before shrieked, “Eugene, if you don’t change that disgusting hobby, I’ll break off all relations with you!”

“Enough! Though the target is merely a Morning Star, it’s publicly acknowledged that he possesses battle strength at the Radiant Moon realm. Don’t underestimate him!” The leader said, putting a stop to their conversation, “Be more careful. He’s taken a Radiant Moon down before; if you don’t want your truesoul to be thrown back into the astral plane, buck up and don’t look down on your opponent!”

“Hmph! I alone can take care of two Radiant Moons like Stuart!” Eugene huffed disdainfully, but did not continue speaking after that.

After all, he believed that he could defeat Stuart, but he had no methods that could cause the other party’s death.

Not even a peak Radiant Moon or Breaking Dawn Monarch dared guarantee that they could eliminate a Radiant Moon Magus without letting their opponent escape. Leylin, who possessed the power to kill a

Radiant Moon Magus, was very outstanding.

“Though he made use of a bloodline imprint to kill Stuart, even I have to admit that he’s a genius to be able to push the Giant Kemoyin bloodline to the peak of Morning Star until it is comparable to Radiant Moons. He’s a real genius! Even in ancient times, he would be one of the most dazzling stars!” Carol’s voice held a sigh within.

“A genius amongst Warlocks!” The leader spoke coldly, causing Carol to fall silent, “The more geniuses the enemy has, the weaker we are. Leylin must be erased!” His voice was icy cold, and Eugene and Carol nodded solemnly.

“Boss, I just don’t understand. Even if Leylin’s amazing now, he has the Giant Kemoyin Serpent bloodline. Kemoyin’s Pupil only has up to four levels, and the Morning Star realm is his limit. Why are we hunting him down so fervently? Even while we were chasing Golden Lion Wayne when he was a Morning Star, we didn’t operate on such a large scale...” Carol’s face was full of doubt, and Eugene’s ears perked up.

“That’s because you don’t understand the terror that is the Giant Kemoyin Serpent...” The leading Magus answered coldly, but did not continue, leaving Carol and Eugene bewildered.

“I don’t care what you think, but whatever it is, killing Leylin Farlier is the most important task sent down by our organisation. It must be completed, even at the cost of our lives!” The leader’s expression was solemn.

Carol and Eugene nodded coldly. Amongst Magi, this was truly a rare sight. To be able to bind the ever-rational Magi to this extent meant the organisation backing them was exceptionally powerful.

“In addition, Leylin as he is right now is very difficult to deal with, especially with people from the Warlock Union meddling. They’re rather protective of this younger generation...”

In spite of the warning, Eugene was full of confidence. “Don’t worry, boss! If the real bodies of those Warlocks dare emerge from the Morning Star area, our Monarch wouldn’t let them off so easily...”

“Mm! Based on the intel, the target had been a ruler of Twilight Zone for a period of time and must be extremely familiar with the situation there. We need to act very cautiously when we go down there...”

The leading Magus continued to express his caution before three flickering rays of light pierced into the lava like sharp blades, following the lava pathway and sinking downwards.

If even Morning Star Magi could pass through the barrier, there was no issue at all for Radiant Moons.

.....

In Twilight Zone, the headquarters of Nature's Alliance Academy.

The academy had now regained its previous vibrance. Ever since Leylin's return, the humans of Twilight Zone broke away from the darkness of war, and even gained a glorious victory! All this would have been unimaginable in the past, but had been easily attained with Leylin's arrival.

Leylin's gigantic black stone statue was still at the center of the bustling square in all its glory, but now there was another in the corner.

This statue had a distorted human face, nose and eyes squeezed together due to extreme shock and terror; it seemed rather comical. Coupled with the assumed motion of the body, it looked like a clown, creating a stark contrast with Leylin's statue in the middle.

Whenever a few of the official Magi in the academy passed by the statue, their eyes filled with a trace of panic that did not dissipate for a long while.

This clownish stone statue was naturally that Banker from before. Though he was a rank 3 Magus who was once regarded as the strongest human, he'd been killed by Leylin without any chance to retaliate. Even his body had become a stone figure, exhibited here for eternity to be sneered at by later generations.

This method immediately resulted in incessant terror in the Magi's hearts. There were also some who were filled with reverence towards Leylin.

“What is it? Is there anything else?” In the luxurious villa, Leylin reclined on the sofa, watching the Magus that seemed to be short of time.

It was obvious that this young man was extremely nervous, his eyes showed his admiration and apprehension at meeting his idol face to face.

“Lord Protector!” Will’s face was filled with emotion and uneasiness, “If you knew my mother, would you know about my father?”

“Jenny never told you?” Leylin watched Will with interest. It had to be said that he was still somewhat similar to his father.

“No. Everytime she talked about it, she got so sorrowful...” Will hanged his head low.

“There are some things we don’t know, and something things we can’t tell you even if we knew!” Leylin laughed as he stroked Will’s head. “The only thing I can tell you is that I’d chosen to bring you into Nature’s Alliance Academy...”

# Chapter 620: Of Curses and Dreams

Will walked out dejectedly. He had gained no further insight than Leylin's encouragement. Other than that, he felt that this father whom he had never seen before was shrouded in a layer of dense fog.

"What's wrong with Will?" Celine had instantly noticed this anomaly as she walked into Leylin's villa carrying a silver plate.

"Freshly grounded coffee, personally made by me!" On the silver plate, white mist floated above the beige can and mug.

"Nothing much! Just a youth's confusion!" Leylin smiled, held up a cup of coffee and said, "The taste is still as good as before!"

"You... How long are you going to be staying this time?" Celine bit her lips, watching Leylin with an evasive gaze. Compared to the previous time they met, Leylin now seemed like an ordinary man; there were no powerful energy waves being transmitted from his body anymore.

And yet, she knew that this was only a sign of Leylin becoming more powerful. It seemed like he had gained many things during his journey to the Icy Cave.

However, even if she'd known beforehand, Celine could only smile bitterly. One could only gain as much as their strength allowed them. Even if she knew about the existence of the world of ice before Leylin, any one of the giant icy creatures in there could kill her without even leaving her corpse behind.

And now, Celine keenly sensed that Leylin had already gained what he wanted, which was why Twilight Zone no longer attracted him. This discovery immediately made her uneasy.

"It may be quite some time, but it won't be longer than a year!" Leylin took a sip of the rich and mellow coffee. However, the words he said caused Celine's face to turn pale.

For a Magus, a year's time was too short. Regardless of what was being done, it was not nearly enough. Even an experiment required a lot more

time than this.

Seeing Celine's unwilling expression, Leylin secretly sighed, but he did not say anything else. The entire Twilight Zone was just too barren. This place where even a rank 3 Magus could act like a tyrant and become a ruler was honestly too small. Only the larger central continent and the astral plane where there were endless profound mysteries were worthy of Leylin's residence, allowing him to travel as much as he wanted in the future.

"In that case, can you let me follow you to the central continent?" Celine clenched her teeth.

"Of course you can, but I have to tell you a few things first!" Leylin looked at Celine with a profound expression in his pupils, "In the central continent, rank 2 Magi are merely like ants, their sheer number inconceivable. With your current strength, you will only be in the lowest rung of society there. Also, I already have a wife... Are you going to be willing to give up everything in Twilight Zone and leave with me?"

After hearing Leylin speak honestly about him already having a wife, Celine stumbled a few steps back, obviously not expecting it. And upon hearing that she had to give up the entirety of Twilight Zone, her expression darkened even further.

After a long silence, she finally made a decision. Smiling bitterly, she said, "Alright! I cannot give up on Mentor's wish, nor on Twilight Zone. This is my home!"

Leylin smiled, "Perhaps I can make it up to you in other aspects! For example, didn't you want my bloodline very badly before?"

This was a decision Leylin had made after long and careful deliberation. His current Kemoyin's bloodline had already evolved to an extreme point, even reaching its genetic limits. There was no more room for improvement. Hence, the time was finally right to grow his family.

A rank 5 Warlock's bloodline would be sufficient to form a terrifying power in a short period of time. With the restriction of the bloodline and his own ability as emperor to control all Giant Kemoyin Serpents, these

bloodline descendants would become his most capable assistants in the future. Since he was prepared to grow the Farlier Family after his return, there was no harm in leaving another child behind in Twilight Zone.

“Really?” Celine’s eyes sparkled, and her face even flushed red with excitement. The terrifying innate abilities Leylin had displayed was proof enough that his descendants definitely wouldn’t turn out too bad. They might even inherit some powerful abilities from him. Such a bloodline was one that many female Magi sought, but few could obtain.

One Morning Star’s family always had a great chance of producing another among their ranks, much greater than that of other Magus clans. Perhaps one of her own descendants would be a strong Morning Star as well!

As she thought along this line, Celine’s breathing could not help but gradually get heavier.

Seeing Celine in such a state, Leylin could not help but burst out laughing. Although this woman had changed slightly, she was still that same old Celine in essence.

However, he did not hold much hope for her at all. Even if she was willing to give up everything in Twilight Zone and return to the central continent with him, she would at most be another good friend for Freya.

Furthermore, letting his bloodline grow in multiple places was also safer overall.

Leylin stroked his chin. His decision to grow his bloodline in many different places was certainly not about something as simple as expanding his influence.

Through his endless study on bloodline mutations and gene changing, he’d come to know that, with enough descendants, there was a chance that a genetic mutation would occur, allowing the individual’s strength to rise further than normal. Although such odds were small enough to be disregarded, there was always hope.

In fact, many Kemoyin Warlocks and other bloodline Warlocks practised



this method. Whenever descendants of exceptionally rich bloodlines appeared, they would perceive it as fate's blessing.

'I have to go back once my Kemoyin Serpent Emperor bloodline has fully matured and I develop my Radiant Moon strength.' Leylin's pupils dimmed...

The boiling lava boomed endlessly. Many fiery dragons splashed about, and rocks shattered to expose a passageway that led upwards. A few black figures rushed out of the place directly.

"Damned Leylin and damned Twilight Zone! Chief, don't you know that concentrated fire elemental particles are a great enemy for a female Magus' skin? My maintenance charges for this mission are going to increase!" Carol pouted coquettishly, taking out a mirror and looking her skin over carefully.

However, the leader and the Magus called Eugene evidently did not care much.

"As long as this mission can be completed, no one would care even if you rested for a hundred years!" the leader snorted coldly. He ignored his subordinate's complaints, much more interested in this territory.

"Tsk... This underground... the elemental particles are already so barren... It's simply a desert for Magi!" On the other hand, Eugene also sighed while clicking his tongue, showing his disdain towards the barrenness of the Twilight Zone.

"Compared to the central continent, this place is indeed a desert. However, the darkness and earth elemental particle concentration is still passable, even if barely. Use spells of these two elements as much as possible to conserve your soul force..." The chief's head tilted to one side, looking at Carol, "Carol, found the opponent yet?"

"Let me see..." Carol took out a transparent crystal ball. In the core of this ball was a black wisp of air that swayed back and forth. This was Leylin's aura, collected from Mount Asura.

Although Leylin had covered his traces very carefully, as long as such

Magi had the correct location and suitable spells, finding his tracks was only a matter of time.

A black stream of air emerged on Carol's face. After pondering for a moment with her eyes closed, she pointed towards the north and spoke confidently. "He's in that direction, I'm sure of it."

"Good! Now that we've discovered the opponent's position, won't three Radiant Moons like us be able to deal with a simple Morning Star?" Eugene licked his lips, "That rascal made me run about outside for such a long time. I want him!"

This leader nodded, "We can. But the target is still as strong as a Radiant Moon himself, do not underestimate him. However, I have information that the target still has a weakness. Even if he has fighting strength at the Radiant Moon realm and powerful bloodline imprints, he is still a Morning Star at his core. The strength of his truesoul is limited to the peak of Morning Star. If we cast curses or attack the soul..."

"It'll be very safe!" Carol nodded. "Just nice, there's been some progress in my research on soul curses recently, just leave it to me!"

"The two of us will assist!" The leader looked at Eugene, and the latter agreed with a little reluctance, "Alright! You're the leader. Whatever you say goes!" Evidently, he was a little depressed because he was unable to draw blood directly.

.....

"Leylin! Hurry to school, you're going to be late!" A foreign yet familiar voice echoed in his ears, making Leylin a little confused.

"Where is this? A.I. Chip?" Around him was a road, cherry blossom trees in full bloom on both sides. Blossoms drifted down to the street one after the other.

The ground was very clean, without any sorts of paper scraps. Leylin looked at his own hands, his skin that was milky white without much musculature was full of youth.

"..." There was no response from the A.I. Chip, causing Leylin to fall into

a deep silence.

At this moment, a large chunk of memory entered his brain. “I’m Leylin! Innocent Saints High School, year 3 student! I also have an elder sister and a younger sister in my family, I’m supposed to go to the campus festival....”

“Why... Why do I feel like I’ve forgotten something important, and what is an A.I. Chip? Why did I remember it subconsciously?” Looking at the checkered shirt on his body and the student name tag on his chest, Leylin became quiet in an instant.

“Hey Leylin, what’s wrong with you?” A blonde haired student walked over, pulling Leylin’s arm along with him.

“Serway...” Leylin called out the student’s once he opened his mouth, which made him fall into greater confusion, ‘I need to calm down... Why do I know his name? Where exactly is this?’

“What are you waiting for? We won’t make it in time!” Serway stopped a taxi, shoving Leylin into it before following closely behind, “Driver, Innocent Saints High School!”

“Have you lost your mind? The famous singer, Carol has a concert at the campus festival today...”

# Chapter 621: Carol

“Carol?” Leylin leaned back against the couch while feeling the familiar rumble of the engine, his mind fuzzy. ‘Seems to be a very famous singer, said to be the idol of teenagers in the Furze Federation... Also seems to be slightly related to me, but... I don’t remember anymore...’

Memories related to the other person immediately emerged in Leylin’s brain, ‘Only, why do I keep feeling that something’s wrong? This shouldn’t be my life... My life...’

Leylin stretched out his right hand and a word suddenly emerged in his brain: “Fire!” This was pronounced in the ancient Byron language, but tens of seconds passed and nothing happened.

“What’s wrong with you Leylin? Devising new words? Why haven’t I heard this before, is this German or Spanish?” Serway asked thoughtlessly as he looked at the scenery outside the window from time to time.

“Neither! I may have pronounced it wrongly...” Leylin’s face was slightly flushed, but his heart was stirring, ‘What happened just now, why did I have a premonition that something interesting would happen after reading that phone... No! Why do I remember this syllable?’

Skrrrrr! Following the sound of sudden brakes, the taxi stopped in front of a beautiful institution.

A large coniferous tree and a holly tree stood on both sides of a white marble statue. In front of the entrance was a banner— Innocent Saints 57th Campus Festival.

Below the banner, there was a row of tiny words written in black ink using felt-tip pens and spray paint — Welcoming the beautiful Miss Carol’s arrival. We will support you forever! A smiley face was even drawn after it, and Leylin felt like laughing upon seeing it.

“This lad is a student of Innocents Saints High School? Work hard...” The taxi driver waved his hand and disappeared into the road. Leylin secretly rolled his eyes at the hand that was stretched out of the car’s window.

After walking into the school, Leylin could see the bustle of a large crowd. Many teenage boys in shirts and teenage girls in dresses hovered around a colourful tent that was set up temporarily. From time to time, playful giggles also echoed from within. Colourful confetti fluttered gently while a sweet, symphonic music permeated the place.

“Brother! Why aren’t you moving? You were the last one we were missing!” A small girl came over and pulled Leylin by the hands, giving him a feeling of warmth.

Leylin fell into a trance for a moment as chunks of memories emerged one after the other in his mind. This young lady was his younger sister Gail, currently in year one. And yet, this familiar face seemed foreign as well, causing him to be somewhat dazed. “Aren’t I here now?” he said in reply.

“Let’s go! Let’s go!” Serway and Gail, one behind the other, brought Leylin to the side of a large open stage.

“Hurry and start work, oh Debugging Master!” Serway pushed Leylin to a mechanical platform that was filled with joysticks and buttons, taking out a huge heart shaped bouquet of roses from his back as if he was performing magic. He shifted his attention towards a tall girl in the dance team, a sight that caused Leylin to roll his eyes.

“What’s the matter? Is there a problem? Nooo! Miss Carol will be here soon!” Gail was looking at Leylin who stood looking silly in front of the debugging platform. Thinking that the machine malfunctioned or something, she couldn’t help but pace back and forth as a layer of tears appeared in her eyes.

Seeing Gail like that, Leylin secretly heaved a sigh of relief and came before the debugging platform, “Oh it’s fine, I was just thinking about something and my mind kind of wandered off...”

The moment he came in front of the platform, his hands moved to its surface, beginning to work subconsciously. Numerous lights lit up, and the curtains on the stage were slowly drawn back.

‘Okay! The joysticks and sliding platforms are all normal, just do it

according to the previous procedure and it'll be fine...' Leylin rubbed his forehead, feeling that things had grown more unexpected. The knowledge of the debugging machine seemed to have been shoved into his brain all of a sudden, and although he felt extremely familiar with it fear began to rise in his heart.

"Yay! My brother is the best, you're awesome!" Gail jumped in glee. Seeing her like that, along with the gentle and kind memory of his elder sister, Leylin suddenly felt that such a life... didn't seem all that bad.

This thought seemed to have only come up for a moment, but it made his heart stir as if he discovered something incredible. Fragments of memories poured into his mind, as if he was watching some sort of movie.

He'd seen an ignorant and underdeveloped world that was filled with a mysterious force called magic. He seemed to have been exploring that place.

'Hmm... Is this what I dreamt of last night? Maybe I can use it as an idea for a novel or something...' Leylin stroked his chin, but he still had the nagging feeling that things weren't so simple.

While Leylin had sunk into deep thought, a loud, deafening clamour sounded out. Many people rushed out to gather at the front of the stage in a flood, breaking his train of thought.

"Look! Sister Carol is here!" Gail shouted in excitement as well, squeezing forward on tiptoes.

"Isn't she just a celebrity? Just you wait, I'll get a few autographed photos and postcards for you later!" Leylin snorted.

"Of course you can take as many photos of her as you want, but the current scenario is different! I'm so excited..." Gail squeezed forward even more, but Leylin grew confused, "Wait, what do you mean I can take as many as I want, am I very close to her?"

But Gail had already disappeared into the crowd, making Leylin lose someone to question.

Carol slowly walked to the centre of the stage, accompanied by the

hysterical shouts of the crowd. The many spotlights emitted a dazzling brilliance even in the day as colourful mist spread out and surrounded her.

“Carol!” “Carol!” “Carol!” “We love you!”

Numerous teenagers screamed at the top of their lungs, almost to the point that Leylin could not help but cover his ears, feeling as if his eardrums had been destroyed.

At the same time, his gaze shifted, attracted to the girl at the centre of the stage. Carol wore a magnificent costume that wasn't the dazzling kind, with two plaits hanging down gently from her hair. Her face was so exquisite she looked like a doll.

“Thank you! I love you all too!” Carol looked at the fans below and smiled sweetly, causing many fanatical fans to cover her in another round of adulation.

Her voice was very airy, melding well with her personality to form a unique aura. Even a few words from her generated an extraordinary attraction.

“Next, let's invite Miss Carol to perform her famous song for us – Flight!” Because of Carol's presence, the two emcees were almost forgotten. Patiently waiting for their chance, they immediately announced the song.

“Okay! Start the background music!” Leylin wore his headphones, but Carol who was on the stage, made a signal to stop.

“Wait! I have another piece of news here for everyone,” Carol smiled, carrying a rare hint of excitement in her voice. “My trip to Innocent Saints' campus this time was on my boyfriend's invitation. Yes! I'm in love!”

The place instantly fell into a deathly silence. Carol, who was famous across the entirety of the Furze Federation and had always been lovely idol, was actually in love, and with a high school student?

This storm immediately petrified the surrounding audience. Soon after, a howl echoed, livening the atmosphere at the scene.

“What? No! Carol, you’re my goddess, how can you...” “Oh! No! How is that possible?” Many teenage boys clenched their chests in pain and collapsed. Leylin even felt like he could hear the sound of their glass hearts shattering.

But even more of the audience waved the fresh flowers, lightsticks and other items in their hands and said, “Carol, we support you!”

“Thank you!” Carol bowed at the audience below with reddened eyes, “I’d like to invite my boyfriend up to sing Flight with me! To commemorate this day...” Upon hearing this, many of the students looked at one another, as if they were trying to identify Carol’s boyfriend.

‘Wahaha... This Carol’s boyfriend is going to get unlucky!’ Leylin thought gloatingly.

“Then, aren’t you going to hurry up there?” Who knew since when, Serway and Gail had appeared beside Leylin again, pulling him onto the stage.

“Brother! Sister Carol has already mustered her courage like that, what are you still waiting for?” Gail tugged on Leylin’s sleeve, laughing like a small fox that had successfully stolen a chicken.

“Eh? What what? It’s me?” Leylin pointed at his own nose, “Carol’s boyfriend is me?” Suddenly, another memory appeared again.

“Leylin, remember our promise!” Wearing a pretty ribbon on her head, Carol pulled Leylin’s hand.

Only at this moment did Leylin recall. it seemed... As if... Should be... Roughly... Carol had actually been his neighbour for 3 years, and it was at that time that the two had embarked on a romantic relationship.

After being dragged onto the stage with Carol pulling his hand, facing the multiple spotlights and the fervent gazes of many geeks, Leylin’s face was still a little stiff.

“Are you serious? This scenario just isn’t right...” Leylin felt slightly dizzy. At this moment, the gentle background music started playing, and an angelic voice echoed from beside him.



Leylin looked slightly dazed as he watched this beautiful fairy-like girl beside him. Her voice was airy like no other, as clear as spring water. It seemed like even her spirit could cleanse him, it was extremely refreshing. This was especially true of her eyes. Those eyes were full of emotion as she sang, making it extremely difficult for him to part with her.

‘An affluent life, and the admiration of a celebrity, all this is so wonderful... What am I still waiting for?’ Leylin could not help but question himself.

But at the same time, the uneasiness in his heart grew stronger, a feeling that he would regret the wrong decision here for the rest of his life.

‘That’s right! My dreams, my goals, my original pursuits, what exactly are they?’ Leylin asked himself repeatedly.

# Chapter 622: Fleeing and Awakening

“My goal?” Leylin stood on the stage. Although he was the focus of attention of thousands of people, his mind still wandered off.

“Is it to live my life ordinarily and peacefully? Yes! With time, money, and a wife who loves you, what’s there to hesitate?”

‘But why, why do I still feel a little indignant deep in my heart?’ Leylin touched his chest, ‘If everyone is like that, then fine. But if there is a path leading to eternal life, and I don’t try and pursue it, how could I face myself?’

Eternity? Eternity! Yes, pursuing the ultimate of everything and obtaining eternal life, that is my pursuit!’

Leylin’s pupils instantly grew resolute. Grabbing Carol’s hand, he gently said, “Sister Carol... S-Sorry...”

Right at this moment, an intense rumbling explosion echoed, engulfing the place in crimson flames. The crowd screamed and dispersed as a black, armoured car barged recklessly into the campus, stopping at the side of the stage.

Numerous figures in steel armour jumped out in an orderly manner. Clearly, they were well-trained.

“External armour? And nuclear-powered laser guns?” As Leylin looked at the metal skeleton in their appearances and the oddly shaped gun barrels, he could not help but show a shocked expression, his pupils narrowing rapidly.

“Seize her!” These armoured men did not even notice the other students running about, as if all of them were ants in their eyes. They lunged towards the centre of the stage directly with cold expressions in their eyes. This was the disregard one developed for life through years of bloody warfare.

“Carol! Their target is Carol!” Leylin was surprised.

“Brother Leylin!” The girl shrieked, holding Leylin’s hand. Given that she

was a celebrity, she naturally had a few bodyguards by her side, but they'd been burnt to ashes by the lasers before they could even pull out their weapons, becoming what seemed like piles of charcoal.

In an instant, the screams of the crowd grew more intense. Those armed soldiers looked like steel mountains. All obstructions they encountered on their way, be it furniture or even human life, were ruthlessly destroyed.

'These people... they're definitely not normal soldiers or mercenaries...' Leylin's pupils narrowed and every muscle on his body stiffened. And yet, the moment he looked at the pathetic Carol beside him, her face full of panic as she nearly fell limp to the floor, he suddenly started running.

"Go!" He shrieked, pulling her along. Using the obstruction from the crowd, he successfully brought her off stage and headed in the direction of a teaching block.

"Seize her, we don't need that boy alive!" A person who seemed like the leader of the soldiers commanded. Immediately, Leylin saw many laser guns aimed at him.

"Get down!" He suddenly pressed Carol's head down, pinning her to the ground.

A dazzling radiance shot out as laser blasts sounded everywhere. When they stopped, the stage behind him had already become flat ground. A broken, burnt arm fell in front of him.

"Leylin!" Carol's eyes turned white, her fingernails tearing into Leylin's hand and causing it to bleed.

"I know! Go quickly!" For some unknown reason, Leylin felt very used to such bloody scenes and did not feel the slightest bit of discomfort. He was still able to think calmly in this situation.

'The opponent's target is Carol... At a crucial time, if I abandon her it'll give me the chance to survive!' He then glanced at Carol, 'Still, we're neighbours and lovers after all. I'll escape with her for a while, but if we're unable to pull away from the enemy even with our best efforts, I can only give up...'

Although a bad thought stirred in his heart, a determined look emerged in Leylin's face as he grabbed Carol and ran. At a corner, he glanced at the entrance where many students had gathered in a crowd, no longer daring to look at the figures in black. It was like they were some sort of monsters.

He caught a glimpse of Serway's eye-catching blonde hair and the small girl beside him.

'Hmm... Serway and Gail are both there, I can't draw fire to the place...' Immediately giving up on the entrance where the students were, he brought Carol along as he ran into another crowd.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Large amounts of flesh flew into the sky. With Leylin and Carol drawing the enemy's firepower to this place, these people were instantly met with annihilation.

With the bombardment of laser guns, these students grew more panicked in their frantic running. Under the bombardment of the laser guns, these students ran around in an even more panicky way, making it difficult for the enemy to recognise people.

And with this as a cover, Leylin successfully brought Carol and escaped to the teaching block.

"Stay here! Don't run!" Leylin shoved Carol into the changing room's cabinet as he chose another ventilation duct for himself and crawled in.

'There's another way out here. I should be able to escape through this duct if Carol gets caught...' Leylin's eyes glowed from their depths. His relationship with Carol only consisted of fragmented memories. Although both Serway and Gail said that Carol was his girlfriend, Leylin still felt a strong sense of disconnect. The weight of these 'feelings' in his heart had dissipated completely during their escape. Or, put in other words, this relationship was only worth so much to him.

After this, she would have to rely on her own luck. If she faced the fate of being captured, Leylin would not rescue her, as in doubt as he was right now.

Furthermore, the enemy evidently wanted to capture Carol alive and did

not care about others' lives. Leylin would certainly not risk so much for her. Carol would still have a chance of survival after falling into the enemy's hands, but for him, it would be game over. Thus, he naturally knew his choice.

"Close this place off! I saw them escaping into the building and they never came out!!" A large boom echoed, accompanied by footsteps. They were heavy footsteps, every thud beating right into his heart like the steps of Death itself.

"Search every room. Don't miss even a single corner" the enemy's cold voice echoed over again.

Now, Leylin could only smile bitterly and pray. How could he and a small girl outrun such elites? It was only because of the cannon fodder that he'd managed to get here successfully. If he'd left the shelter of the building, he would be a sitting duck.

Moreover, this was a school! With something like this happening, as long as they waited for a period of time there would definitely be some sort of response from the authorities.

As the seconds ticked by, the rummaging sounds coming from the surroundings echoed out without end, drawing closer and closer to the changing room. It made Leylin feel a little suffocated.

"Dammit! The government is useless in this area, I'll never vote for them again!" Leylin scolded hatefully.

Right at this moment, the changing room's door was pushed open violently and numerous footsteps invaded the place violently. The rummaging sounds continued for a moment, followed by a girl's alarmed cry. Leylin's heart stopped, knowing that Carol had already been captured by the enemy. His body slowly moved backwards, already prepared to retreat at any time.

"And the other student? Where has he gone to?" A buff man asked.

"I'm not saying!" Carol's stubborn yet airy voice echoed, but it made Leylin roll his eyes instead. Two crisp slaps sounded in reply to it.

“Not saying instead of not knowing, which means he’s nearby. But we don’t have anymore time! Let’s go!” That hefty man waved his hand, taking Carol out with him.

Through the blinds, Leylin saw a member of the troop throw a round metal object on the ground as they left, the thing shining with light.

Leylin cursed. “Damn it! A High-explosive magnetic grenade!” His entire body suddenly moved backwards as he began crawling desperately.

A blue glow suddenly swept across behind him, followed by many blazing flames. The sound wave caused even Leylin’s ears and nose to bleed.

A blind was kicked opened with a bang, and Leylin suddenly fell down along with large amounts of dust and rubbish.

“Finally out!” Leylin heaved deep breaths and patted his chest. However, when he looked at the surrounding scene, his expression changed.

Dozens of soldiers in steel armoured were walking over with a girl in tow, their faces growing dazed for a moment when they saw Leylin.

“Brother Leylin, I knew that you’d be back to rescue me!” Carol, who was being escorted by them, began cheering instead.

“I...” Leylin rolled his eyes speechlessly. It was like the saying went: Man proposes, but God disposes.

“We meet again, you rascal. What a lucky life you have!” A man wearing a steel skeletal mask came out, eyes shining with a vicious red radiance, “Kill him!” The opponent looked at Leylin as if he was looking at a piece of garbage.

The dazed Carol then realised something and immediately began begging, “No! Let Brother Leylin go! I’ll go with you!”

However, she seemed unable to change these men’s attitudes even slightly, and a dazzling white light shot out from a cannon. Leylin’s vision went black.

Suddenly, time seemed to stop at the moment, and a voice echoed out of

nowhere, “Between Carol and yourself, who do you choose?” Confusion emerged in Leylin’s eyes.

“Of course I choose...” Leylin glanced at Carol, whose face was frozen in a panicked expression.

“Neither, you idiot!” A hint of calmness appeared in Leylin’s eyes once more, “I finally regained a portion of my memories... Trying to trick me into signing a contract?” The stagnated time shattered apart with a crash, as numerous lasers shot to him once more...

“Fire!” Once again, Leylin read out a word from the ancient Byron language. Only this time, the moment the rune syllable was heard, space itself seemed to be mobilised. A large amount of an unknown energy gathered together, combining to result in an amazing transformation.

# Chapter 623: Trial and Destruction

A Magus created spells by using his spiritual force to draw the energy particles in the air. The current Leylin could cause a mysterious change with just a spoken rune syllable and the injection of spiritual force.

A ball of flames formed in front of Leylin and a huge wall of fire spread out, blocking the white light.

The figures that were armoured in black could only see a huge amount of flames appearing out of thin air to collide with the laser. The teen himself was still safe and sound.

Plop! An armoured man loosened his grip and dropped his laser gun. A peculiar scene such as this was still a first for them despite their years of war experience and the gory training they'd undergone.

"Mutants!" The leader cried.

"Mutants? Is this what your world calls people with mysterious powers?" Leylin laughed and placed his hands behind his back, sizing up his surroundings with a sense of nostalgia. 'Is this a dream? Or a world generated from my memories? Though there are many similarities to my previous world, there are still quite a few differences...'

"Our target is her, you can leave!" The leader said in a low voice. Being one of the few higher-ups that knew of the existence of Mutants, how could he not be afraid of Leylin's abilities?

"Scram!" But Leylin only looked at them apathetically as if he was looking at prey.

"You-" The leader's face flushed with anger.

He pulled out a glimmering ring from his waist.

"Magnetic Hybrid Storm No. 2! This is specially created to counter weapons created by Mutants! If you are to leave now, we will treat it as nothing happened."

"Hm, interesting!" The ring disappeared from the leader's hand in an



instant and showed up in Leylin's.

“Spatial power? Or high-speed movement?” Cold sweat gathered on the leader's forehead.

“How ignorant and stupid!” Leylin looked at them sympathetically and colour drained from the leader's face.

This was a Mutant who allowed him no chance of resistance and who could snatch the weapon from his hand in seconds. Leylin was definitely someone beyond what he could handle, and it was highly possible for his whole team would die here!

“We have to leave quickly!” The leader shouted as a mini laser gun appeared in his hand. He aimed several fatal beams at Leylin.

Pew! All the laser rays were blocked by a golden curtain before flames burst forth.

The massive flames illuminated the surroundings with a fiery red glow, the last sight this leader would see before he left the world.

Carol stood rooted to the ground, suddenly realising that the Leylin in front of her was very much different from the Leylin she knew. He seemed a lot more confident and exuded a monstrous aura. Although she thought of things such as power and aura as a joke, she learnt then that there was true power in this world.

Just a mere flash of red light could turn those threatening enemies into ashes. If someone with such power wasn't greater than the rest, who was?

“You are Carol, right?” In front of her stood the person she was familiar with speaking with a voice she was familiar with, but she couldn't help but move back.

“Who are you? Don't come near me! Where is Leylin?” Tears gathered in the girl's eyes. She wanted to leave this person, but an invisible force brought her in front of him.

“Are you the focal point in this world?” Leylin smiled gently at her and began to say things that made her mind spin. “Through the allure of

choices presented to me and tricking me into making decisions through emotions, my truesoul will forever be confined in this makeshift world huh?”

Carol knew the meaning of each individual word Leylin was saying but was confused at their intended meaning.

“Seems like someone’s been targeting me...” Leylin touched his chin, “A.I. Chip, how do I get out?”

[Beep! Host body affected by unknown radiation, truesoul at a loss.]  
[Beep! Fog appeared in host’s sea of consciousness, affecting cognitive abilities. Beginning projection of guiding coordinates...]

The A.I. Chip’s reply came instantly this time, accompanied with numerous status updates.

The A.I. Chip was fused with leylin’s very soul. No matter where he went, his truesoul’s survival meant the A.I. Chip’s survival. Enemies stood a chance of intercepting this connection for a short while, but they couldn’t break it.

The A.I. Chip was continuously trying to awaken Leylin’s truesoul. This was also why he was so quick to see through the hazy world so quickly.

“A.I. Chip, begin scan. The target is this entire world.” Leylin commanded.

[Beep! Mission established, scan beginning...] With the update after his advancement to Radiant Moon, the changes were not merely cosmetic. The Chip’s various functions had been updated as well.

[Scanning 3D structure! Instability detected! Absence of plane curves, concluded as unstable world!] [Curse detected. Concluded as dream curse.]

The A.I. Chip responded quickly.

“As expected, someone dragged me into a trance with a curse...” Leylin’s face slowly warped as he read through the data.

“In order to break out of this trance, we have to start from the ‘key’ of

this world and then neutralise the counterattack!” Leylin came to Carol.

“W-What do you want? Don’t come near me!” Carol moved backwards in fear, but Leylin maintained his poker face and pointed a finger at her forehead.

Boom! The world shook, and Carol fell down.

Though she had yet to die, Leylin could feel the connection between her and some form of entity weakening.

“Carol is only a shell, the counterattack should be coming soon after I’m done dealing with the ‘key’!” Leylin said, floating in mid-air as the very space vibrated.

“Gail, look! That person over there, he looks like Leylin!” Serway’s jaw dropped.

“It, it really is him! Did he become a superhero?” Gail ruffled her hair and seemed to be a little dizzy. Had her useless brother been pretending all along, hiding a secret life as a superhero? Was he one of those who secretly guarding the world’s peace?

A piercing anti-aircraft alarm sounded, and violet light filled the entire city. A large number of UFOs surrounded the area, armoured men flying out from within. Complex energy circuits flashed from on their armours, that worn by the troops from before complete trash in comparison.

These people with peculiar energy undulations should’ve been the Mutants that the leader of those troops was talking about. They looked pretty advanced.

“UFOs... Is this the extraterrestrial colonisation fleet of the federation? God!” Many students and passersby started screaming on the ground. The few figures in front especially made them feel like they were suffocating just by looking at them.

Delusion and reality, illusion and mystery, things that only existed in conjectures, were all suddenly appearing front of everyone’s eyes, giving them a strong sense of intangibility.

A ray of blue light scanned over Leylin's body, and the scanned data flashed across the glasses of the person leading the troop. It was like he instantly knew Leylin's identity.

"Leylin, year 3 student of Innocent Saints High School... How dare you use your powers carelessly in public as a Mutant? Return with us to the headquarters to receive your punishment!"

"Well..." Leylin shook his head and sighed, "Why weren't you here before when we were being attacked? And now you come over with such speed when everything's solved? I protest!" The mocking tone in Leylin's voice caused the person to furrow his brows. He decided to teach a good lesson to the arrogant young man in front of him.

"Who do you think you are? The headquarters only take actions against our own kind; humans are exempted. Prepare to be tried for your crimes!"

The troop leader waved his hand, and two figures ran towards Leylin.

"Hmm... As expected, weakness is a sin no matter what world you're in." Leylin sighed, and frenzied energy undulations burst forth from his body.

Whoosh! Huge clouds of smog wrapped around two Mutants. The sound of blood dripping was heard, and when the smog cleared, a few damaged bones and metal components fell down. The two people were nowhere to be seen.

Boom! The glasses of the leader's eyes exploded, the scratches from the shrapnel forming blood red lines across his face. Yet, he didn't seem to care at all, only glaring at Leylin as he muttered in disbelief, "Silvan-ranked! He is a Silvan-ranked Mutant!"

Many of them took a step back, as if realising they'd been surrounding a monster all this while.

Mutant of the Silvan-ranked is the highest of all the levels as of current times. They only existed in rumours, and were strong enough to cause energy probes to blow up!

The thought of going against someone of this standard made many of the troop members shudder.

“If the situation is as such, your Grace, shall we...” The leader clenched his teeth and walked forward, but Leylin did not want to waste any more time on them.

“What a group of clowns. The counter-measures of this world are weak, so weak that I’m disappointed!” A tiny black orb appeared on his finger, and he flicked it forward.

“You lot haven’t seen real strength! The pitch-black orb absorbed all light, causing space itself to collapse.

The terrifying turbulence enveloped all the UFOs and enemies.

# Chapter 624: Dreamscape Realm

Storms and turbulence wreaked havoc in the huge space, wiping out the entire troop within seconds. This terrifying scene rendered all onlookers speechless.

“Leylin is... actually so strong?” Gail looked at Leylin’s back view, a little confused. Large amounts of light started to leak out from the spatial crack, the scene within seeming like an entirely separate galaxy.

“First, it was the key, then it was the counterattack. I have to open up a path for myself next!” Leylin muttered under his breath as a dazzling moon rose up behind him. Space stabilised as the translucent moonlight scattered and revealed a silver pathway.

“Come here!” Before he left, Leylin waved his hand. Gail, who was on the floor, flew to him.

“Brother...” The little lass called out hoarsely before she kept silent, realising that Leylin was not the same person she knew.

“The power of destiny gave us a chance to meet in this world. Although I cannot be sure if this is reality or an illusion, let this be my present to you!” Leylin chuckled lightly, and directed a spot of light into Gail’s forehead before stepping through into the pathway.

Twilight Zone, on top of an altar.

The surface of the black altar was filled with runic circuits full of energy, and Carol was seated at the center. Opposite her was the crystal ball that had collected Leylin’s aura, streams of black air circulating around it continuously. Eugene and the other Magus could only watch on.

Suddenly, the crystal ball cracked and the black air dispersed. Carol screamed at the top of her lungs before fainting.

“What happened? The curse backfired?” The leader of the Magi knitted his brows together, and a bright green weapon flashed before going into Carol’s body and awakening her.

“What’s going on? Didn’t you say that your soul body spell has reached

the state where you can enter any dreams and fool any Morning Star Magus?” Eugene bellowed.

“We’ve been had! He’s already reached the Radiant Moon realm! The truesoul of a Radiant Moon is not something that a low-levelled dream manipulation could confuse...” Carol looked a little out of focus, “Furthermore, even though I couldn’t perceive everything in the dream, I’m sure that Leylin is hiding a huge secret!”

“That’s obvious. How could someone who broke through to the Radiant Moon realm have no secrets?” The leader’s voice turned icy. “Prepare for battle! He has definitely noticed us!”

Leylin was currently floating in the void, feeling weightless. He’d been in this state ever since he escaped from that dream world, only seeing a misty fog in front of him. There seemed to be no end to it.

“I can’t let this continue. I need to get back quickly!” Leylin pushed ahead, putting in all his strength. His soul exuded a cooling radiance under which the fog dissipated to reveal a small island.

As he stepped foot onto the island, the steady feel of the ground gave him a sense of security. The place wasn’t too big, at most a thousand metres in diameter. At its centre was a miniature fountain, a few lights moving about in the waters.

Grr! Grr! “Hi there!” On top of a black palm tree, a single-eyed owl greeted Leylin happily.

“Hello, friend! Where am I?” Leylin waved.

[Beep! Scan complete. No life force undulations detected. Heat and radiation levels are at zero.] The A.I Chip reported in secret.

“This is the gap between Dreamscape and the real world. Hmm... the last time someone visited was 572 years after you, that was a very pretty lass!”

Leylin grew confused by the owl. “Wait... Isn’t this the dream world from the curse? How could someone from the future arrive before me?” he asked.

“Dreamscape is a dimension created by the dreams of all intelligent creatures. It is everywhere, and unfathomable. Time and space are intangible here.”

The owl looked at Leylin, “Your dream is, therefore, a part of Dreamscape!”

“Is it?” Leylin grew suspicious. He had heard about Dreamscape before. Even in the ancient era, it was a place that caused many Magi to tremble. There had even been an invasion from Dreamscape once that caused great harm to the Magus World.

There were a lot of demons in Dreamscape that were not weaker than rank 7 Magi which wielded laws.

Of course, there was a lot of instability in this world. Even the weakest worm could grow into a powerful demon the next day, and the strongest demon could disappear in the next moment.

Due to this characteristic, the invasion of Dreamscape dissipated quickly, but to the Magi of the ancient era, this was a taboo, not to be spoken of.

‘Many Magi from the ancient era have explored Dreamscape. I never thought I’d get this chance as well...’ Leylin touched his chin, ‘Not mentioning anything else, what would happen if I found the dream world of powerful Magi, or even the dream of the ancient Wisdom Tree or the dream of the Snake Dowager... Wouldn’t it be too strange?’

“Then Sir, how does one return to the real world? And if I wish to come back here afterwards, how can I accomplish that?” Leylin bowed to the owl on top of the tree.

“I like your courtesy, lad!” The owl hooted again and shook its wings. A single grey feather fell into his hand.

Leylin looked at this feather. It was very soft, but the tail region seemed to have a certain sort of power to it.

“It’s easy to leave Dreamscape, all you have to do is wake up. As for coming back, that feather over there might be of some help!”



“Now, I need to return, I have a dinner appointment with the past me. Have a nice dream, sir!” As the owl disappeared from his sight, Leylin’s grip around the feather tightened.

“Will it be alright as long as I wake up?” He muttered to himself, looking a little perplexed.

.....

Boom! Leylin’s muscles tightened as he felt as if he was falling, and he abruptly sat up.

“Dear, are you okay?” Celine switched on the lights and came over in concern.

“This is... Nature’s Alliance Academy?!” Looking at the familiar yet strange ceiling and the surrounding decorations, Leylin’s pupils dilated and he quickly sobered up.

“Are you alright?” Celine looked worried. After all, for such a powerful Magus to have nightmares was something beyond rare.

“I’m fine!” Leylin raised his right hand, and a grey feather appeared in his left palm.

Leylin muttered under his breath, “Dreamscape! The strangest of planes, an ensemble of conscients in a messed up time and space. One day, I will reveal your secrets. A.I. Chip, show me my previous condition!”

[Beep! Host body facing an unknown disturbance, truesoul weakening.]

Various pieces of data showed that Leylin’s experience just now wasn’t merely superficial.

[Beep! Target coordinates found!] In the last line, Leylin saw a position.

This was the location the A.I. Chip had traced back from the curse.

“It isn’t too far... it looks like this sort of dream curse requires a certain amount of proximity...” Leylin’s face darkened, and he began radiating a murderous aura.

“Whoever you are that spied on me, die!” An explosion sounded out as

he turned into a phantom, disappearing from the room. Celine could only look into the space Leylin disappeared to, uncertainty filling her face.

“Quick! The curse has been countered, Leylin will find us!”

Carol seemed to wake up from her trance upon hearing the leader’s reminder.

“What should we be scared of? He’s just a newly advanced Radiant Moon. As long as the three of us combine powers, we have nothing to be afraid of!” Eugene said indignantly.

“Eugene makes sense. Prepare for battle.” The leader sighed.

“Leader, why are you—” Carol looked anxious at first, before growing shocked as she glanced at the sky not far away.

A black tornado was whirring with energy as it headed for them in full force.

“It’s not that we’re choosing not to leave. He’s already found us,” the leader said bitterly.

Hss! The person heading towards them at full speed was obviously angered by their provocation. The horrifying phantom of a Kemoyin Serpent Emperor appeared behind his back. Concentrated black gases engulfed everything in their path, sweeping in their direction.

Whoosh! The obstructions on the way, be they stones, mud or anything else, turned into nothing in a split second.

Eugene’s pupils constricted as he stared at the person charging at them with the speed of light. “Is that the Giant Kemoyin Serpent? Why do I feel so repressed? It looks so different from the phantom in the data, and...” his hand trembled, “Why does a newly advanced Radiant Moon have such a powerful aura?”

“All of you! Die!” The phantom behind Leylin devoured everything even as he was shouting.

“Shit! We have to leave!” Sparks of black fire flashed, and it seemed as though the serpent took a big bite of every place Leylin passed, loud snaps

echoing again and again.

“This is not the Giant Kemoyin Serpent... It’s their ruler! It’s the Kemoyin Serpent Emperor!” The leader seemed to have thought of something as he exclaimed, “That rumour is actually real!”

# Chapter 625: Discovery and Battle

“Legend?” What legend?” Carol wiped off the blood at the corner of her lips. Her true soul had been injured by the curse in the dream, and she was no longer in the best shape.

“I’ve heard the Monarch mention that Giant Kemoyin Serpent Warlocks carry the bloodline of the Snake Dowager. Although very low, there is a chance of a rank 5 emperor appearing amongst them.” The leader’s voice was very low, and Carol and Eugene could even hear a tremble in it, “And after the appearance of the Kemoyin Emperor, the entire Kemoyin Race will unify under them to regain the glory of the bloodline Warlocks...”

“That’s obviously just a prophecy. Who’s going to believe that?” Eugene pursed his lips in disdain.

“If it were merely another prophecy, nobody would believe it, but what if the person who had made it was the great astrologer, Magus Derrick? And what if I told you he sacrificed his life to do it?” The leader glanced at Eugene.

“Derrick? That legendary Radiant Moon Magus who was the most likely prophet to reach Breaking Dawn?” Carol exclaimed, her eyes now full of fear towards Leylin.

“That’s why, even as we suppressed the bloodline Warlocks, we’ve been paying close attention to the Ouroboros Clan. If we hadn’t been afraid of turbulences of ill destiny appearing, which would cause them to join the dark side, we would long since have eliminated them...”

This Magus slowly revealed some confidential details.

“So Leylin is the hope of their bloodline?” Carol’s expression turned grim.

“Yes! No matter the cost, Leylin must die today!” The Radiant Moon Magi used their soul force to open a communication channel, and made a decision in practically an instant. It was at this moment that a large black serpent attacked them.

A crimson crescent of an energy blade shot out from the giant serpent phantom's stomach, heading straight for Carol.

"It's an attack from a piece of high-grade magic equipment!" Their expressions changed, and Carol quickly retreated, her innate defensive spells flickering into existence. The undulations of energy from middle-grade magic equipment burst forth, fighting against the crimson blades of light.

The crimson blades only dissipated after three pieces of middle-grade magic equipment exploded in quick succession, revealing a Carol who looked deathly pale.

"So you're the ones plotting against me from the shadows?" The giant phantom serpent coiled up, and the devilishly handsome face of a magus was revealed as Leylin stared at these three Magi coldly.

Just the sweep of his gaze caused these three Radiant Moon Magi to feel their scalps go numb, as if they were being watched by some terrifying unmatched being.

Indeed, the opponent had a very handsome face. Even if she'd videos and acquired information about him before, Carol had to admit that a high-ranked Warlock like Leylin was someone who female Magi would go crazy over.

This unwitting charm he was giving off was very similar to a high-grade illusory attack.

"Who are you?" Leylin watched the three Magi, the gears in his mind turning. His greatest enemy in the central continent, Jupiter's Lightning, only had one Radiant Moon Magus in Zegna. However, none of these three was weaker than Zegna, and were total strangers to him. 'Could they be from the Monarch of the Skies? Or is it someone else afraid of my development?' Thoughts flashed quickly past Leylin's mind. At this moment, the A.I. Chip had transmitted to his mind all the information it had gleaned. 'Two peak New Moons as well as a Full Moon Magus! If it were the past me, I wouldn't be able to kill them even if I used Sun Scorching Nirvana...' These three Radiant Moon Magi were

obviously here to kill him, and Leylin's guard immediately went up. "Who exactly are you?" He spoke slowly while the A.I. Chip scanned their auras and undulations in detail. There were only a few Radiant Moons in the central continents. He could search them up in the future, and he would eventually find out where they were from. Currently, Leylin only needed to vent the fury in his heart! It had to be said, that dream curse they'd used on him had enraged him to no end. The leader of the Magi watched Leylin, his eyes first flickering with terror but then glowing with a staunch resolve. "Leylin Farlier... So you were able to break through the bloodline shackles of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent and reach rank 5! You're the most powerful bloodline genius I've ever seen, but it's a pity that no matter how talented you are, you have to die here today!" "Radiant Moon spell formation, three souls in one!" The bright figure of a full moon appeared behind the leader's back, and Full Moon soul force burst forth, bringing with it a piercing chill.

Eugene and Carol stepped into formation behind him, each of them at the three corners of a triangle with this leader at the head. The soul force from their truesouls merged as well. Three cold radiant souls unified, appearing in front of Leylin like lightning.

"A competition between truesouls?" The giant Kemoyin Serpent Emperor roared, and crimson runes began to spread across Leylin's body.

Even after reaching Radiant Moon and becoming a rank 5 Warlock, his truesoul was still weak in comparison to the combined truesouls of his opponents. With their spell formation, they'd suppressed his to the maximum, to the point that even his domain was weakening.

"Though my soul force has been stimulated by my bloodline to reach the peak of New Moon, it's too strenuous to fight three Magi at the same rank, let alone one with power at Full Moon..." Leylin's brows furrowed, the image of a truesoul similarly appearing behind him and soul force at rank 5 being released. Cold moonlight that brought with it a terrifying soul force competed with theirs.

The danger of such a battle was far greater than one of the spells. Just a slight misstep could push any of them to a point of no return.

The void was still, with no sound being emitted. A formless ripple was quickly spreading in all directions, and all beings in range of this battle between soul force, ordinary or otherwise, collapsed without a sound. This even included rank 3 beings. Terrifying soul undulations even spread as far as Nature's Alliance Academy, and even with the defensive formations Leylin had set up before there were massive casualties.

Pu! Leylin abruptly staggered back as his blood flowed down from his eyes. In the battle between soul force, he had clearly been on the losing end.

However, the Radiant Moon Magi weren't faring very well either, the huge loss of soul force causing their faces to turn pale.

"He's already reached peak New Moon?" The leader stared at Leylin in disbelief.

He knew full well how difficult it was for Radiant Moon Magi to advance, and the opponent was a newly-advanced Warlock. In such a short period of time, he had pushed his soul force to peak New Moon, and that was a huge shock for him.

Traces of jealousy began to form in the depths of his heart, even, nibbling at his spirit like a toxic serpent.

"Admit defeat! You're not our match when it comes to soul force. Injuries to soul force will reflect on your body, there's no way out for you!" The Magus Leader watched Leylin, whose blood was seeping from his skin, and hummed coldly.

"Is that so?" Leylin sneered instead, giving his opponent a bad omen.

"Devour!" The tremendous and elegant Kemoyin Serpent Emperor figure appeared behind him, widening its huge mouth towards the three Radiant Moon Magi.

A terrifying black hole was produced, causing everything within range, even light and space, to be sucked in. The powerful attractive force gave rise to a horrifying energy storm.

Rumble! In an instant, the ground under the three Radiant Moon Magi

turned nothing as an unending stream of life force flowed to all parts of Leylin's body, allowing his wounds to heal quickly.

With the Devouring innate skill, he was practically immortal, and could even mend his true soul using his body. No matter how grievous the injury, he could recover quickly. In a battle between Magi, this was completely like a cheat move.

Pu! The opponents cooperated to deal another blow, soul blades carving out a huge wound on Leylin's chest. However, large amounts of life force were channelled instantly once more, and blood and flesh regenerated. In the blink of an eye, he had recovered.

Leylin exchanged blows like a lunatic, injury for another injury, crimson energy blades flying everywhere and causing the three Magi to find it difficult to keep up. This was especially so for the frail Carol. Due to the backlash from before, she was now on the verge of collapsing.

"This isn't working. His regenerative ability is just too terrifying!" The leader of the Magi felt a chill in his heart. They had to fend against not just Leylin's attacks, but also the devouring force of the black hole. Leylin was contending with them with no qualms whatsoever, and he was finding this precarious situation difficult to manage.

"The opponent evidently regains life force through devouring matter. Let's go into a spatial rift. There shouldn't be much for him to absorb there!" His eyes flickered as he found the way to get around this devouring ability, its weakness.

If he were in a void, Leylin's devouring ability would definitely be affected. While he could devour space, the efficiency would definitely decrease, and the amount of life energy generated would be lessened.

"Trying to leave?" Crimson light flashed in Leylin's eyes.

Hss hss! The terrifying amber slits of the Kemoyin Serpent Emperor's eyes fixed onto the weakest member, Carol.

A layer of ash-white stone began to emerge on her body.

Boom! Boom! Leylin let the opponents' attacks land on his back, scales



and flesh flying as he charged into the centre of their spell formation.  
Numerous black shadow claws appeared and forcefully grabbed Carol.

# Chapter 626: Rank 5 Snake Transformation

Light burst forth as the spell formation that combined the power of three souls was broken through.

“Let’s go!” Eugene and the leader grasped this opportunity and, quickly pulled Leylin into the spatial crack.

The tremendous snarling figure of the giant serpent was still devouring the dust and space all around it, but the life energy being generated was obviously reduced. It was obvious at the slowed recovery of the injury on Leylin’s back.

“Carol!” At this moment, the opponents were gazing at Carol, who was in Leylin’s control, and a trace of despair appeared on their expressions.

Under the gaze of the Eye of Petrification, the female Magus had turned into a limestone statue. Though there was a layer of soul energy resisting the corrosion from the petrification, Leylin currently possessed a Serpent Emperor’s eyes, and the damage his innate spell could cause had risen greatly. Even Radiant Moon Magi would not be immune to such an attack.

“Carol? She’s the Magus who brought me into that dream? Very well!” Leylin lifted the statue, the Scarlet Earring emanating dazzling rays of light.

“What are you going to do? If you dare to attack Carol, our King won’t let you off!” Eugene exclaimed.

“Hehe... At this stage, there’s no need to discuss anything about letting people off. Don’t treat me like a child. Trying to deceive me like this is an insult to my intelligence!” Leylin’s voice was light, but his tone was ice-cold.

“What I want you to know now is the price of provoking me! Whoever you or your backers are, you will all perish!”

Ka-cha! Ka-cha! Numerous fine rays of light streaked past, and the stone

statue that was Carol burst into smithereens.

In that moment, Eugene and the leader were caught in a daze. They had never expected Leylin to be so powerful, and for him to be so merciless.

“You dare— you dare— “ The Magus leader trembled, evidently completely infuriated.

“Did you think that’s all I would do?” Leylin suddenly snickered as he commanded in his mind, ‘A.I. Chip!’

[Beep! Recorded opponent’s soul undulations. Beginning search for corresponding coordinates!]

There were many methods to save one’s life in the Magus World, clones being a popular one. This was especially true for Magi at Morning Star and above, all of whom had ways to prevent their fall.

Carol naturally had a few Morning Star ranked clones, considered to be a last insurance, but she was facing a Radiant Moon Warlock! His truesoul had already matured, and he had the ability to take care of all of his opponent’s clones.

Eugene and the other Magus, their leader, saw the truesoul image on Leylin’s back that was like a clear crescent moon turn blood-red.

A terrifying giant claw followed the path that Carol’s truesoul had taken after her fall and disappeared into the void, seeming to arrive at some area.

A strange energy undulation was transmitted, and Eugene and the other’s expressions changed.

“The astral plane! The astral plane opened up to receive her truesoul! Was there really an issue in Carol’s transfer to her clone?” They could not help but gaze at Leylin with fear in their eyes.

Boom! Boom! In the central continent, at almost the very instant the giant claw had appeared, a Morning Star clone of Carol’s collapsed onto the ground, eyes blank and void of any aura of life.

Meanwhile, a spell rune emitting green light mysteriously broke in

Carol's Magus Tower, and the spirit genie's voice rang out with ear-piercing warnings, "Suffered unknown attack. Reserve clone has fallen!"

"Magi only have one truesoul. Regardless of how many clones there are, all life-preserving methods are useless once the truesoul is damaged or sent into the astral universe..." Of course, the transfer of truesoul was a speedy process. Most Radiant Moon Magi seldom succeeded in killing others even with their soul force. However, given the help of the A.I. Chip, Leylin did not find such a thing difficult.

A notification wave flashed, and the leader stared at Leylin blankly. "News from headquarters. Carol's clones and the spirit of the life regeneration pool have all fallen!"

When Carol was being killed by Leylin, the fury he had displayed in fact only half true, as he did not believe Leylin could do it. Now, however, seeing that Leylin had actually completely wiped out a similarly ranked Radiant Moon Magus, dread arose within his heart.

"You won't be able to leave today!" In the spatial rift, surrounded by boundless starry rivers, Leylin had his hands behind his back, looking confident.

"Arcane Art— Kemoyin Serpent Transformation!"

Hss... A terrifying ancient might descended, and the two Radiant Magi had to retreat. A gigantic serpent that was over a hundred thousand metres long appeared, every scale on its body looking very vivid. The intelligence in its eyes made it seem grand and noble.

Compared to the previous Giant Kemoyin Serpent, Leylin had currently turned into a real rank 5 being. He was now the ruler of all Giant Kemoyin Serpents, the Kemoyin Serpent Emperor!

With the serpent's gaze fixed on them, Eugene and the leading Magus started sweating bullets.

The power of an ancient rank 5 existence far exceeded what most Radiant Moons could bring forth. A being like this, a ruler, possessed even more power, taking on the role of a predator.

“We’re going all out!” The leader and Eugene exchanged a glance, looks of determination rising in their eyes.

Dazzling light converged at their bodies, and a terrifying and tremendous might burst forth.

“Ancient rank 5 Arcane Art– Seal of the Abyss!”

“Ancient rank 5 Arcane Art– Spatial Grave!”

With the push from their soul force, the two Radiant Moons each had five innate spells fusing as a tremendous arcane art was used by their hand, surging towards the Kemoyin Serpent Emperor.

“Eye of Petrification! Toxic Bile!” Terrifying rays of petrifying light shot out of the Kemoyin Serpent Emperor’s eyes into the opposing black stream. A large amount of black gas fell as it turned to stone, but was shortly after replaced with more.

A large brass seal charged out from within that abyss even as, under the other Magus’ directions, silver spatial turbulence converged to form an even more horrifying spatial storm that swept up the Kemoyin Serpent Emperor.

“Hss...” The Kemoyin Serpent Emperor thundered, petrifying rays striking the gigantic seal. It instantly froze up, and with a swipe of the Emperor’s tail, the entire abyss crumbled as the large brass seal vanished.

The spatial storm caught up while Leylin was focussed on dealing with the seal. The silver storm wreaked havoc, and piece by piece the Kemoyin Serpent Emperor’s scales fell off, revealing fresh, bloody wounds.

“Devour!” The Kemoyin Serpent Emperor opened its mouth while facing the spatial turbulence, and a terrifying black hole appeared.

Large amounts of this silver spatial turbulence were unexpectedly swallowed, transformed rapidly into life energy that allowed the wounds on its body to heal.

“He can even devour spatial storms. He’s a monster, a monster!” Personally seeing even rank 5 arcane arts dealing negligible damage

against Leylin, the two Magi immediately sunk into depression.

They exchanged a glance, making plans to escape. However, how could Leylin give them another chance like that? In practically the blink of an eye, the Kemoyin Serpent Emperor swept through the region, submerging the figures of Eugene and the leader...

In the spatial crack that was like a universe of its own, the tremendous Giant Kemoyin Serpent snarled. Beside it, two bundles of various-coloured rays gradually grew dimmer, on the verge of disappearing.

At this moment, the bundle that was the more radiant of the two suddenly shattered, revealing the figure of a man who was gravely injured. He glared poisonously at the Kemoyin Serpent Emperor, and no longer daring to dawdle turning into a multi-coloured streak as he left.

A voice full of unwillingness resounded behind him, "You actually abandoned me!" Eugene yelled furiously. However, the bundle of light that represented the strength of his own life dimmed even further, and then finally disappeared.

When the last trace of light dissipated, the Kemoyin Serpent Emperor's body turned into black gas that condensed to form Leylin's actual body once more.

He stood in front of Eugene who no longer had any aura of life, eyes emitting blue light.

[Opponent's appearance and undulations have been recorded!] The A.I. Chip loyally intoned.

"Though one ran away, such a result isn't half bad!" Leylin muttered as he nodded. This time, not only had he killed two Radiant Moons, he had also caused a Full Moon Magus to flee, seriously injured. Even a Breaking Dawn Monarch would feel heartbroken about such a thing for a long while.

It could be said that this was a critical counterattack on his part towards the opposing organisation they were a part of!

Furthermore, once news of him reaching Radiant Moon spread, the

stream of Magi who wanted to eliminate him as soon as possible should halt for a while.

Of course, if they decided to proceed further, those coming after him wouldn't be mere Radiant Moons.

At this point, boundless light filled the void. The astral plane opened up, and traces of starlight moved to take Eugene's corpse.

The blue light in Leylin's eyes grew even more pronounced. After Eugene's body was brought into the astral world, Leylin could vaguely see that the ash-brown rocks that had gathered around Eugene's body had turned him into a bare isle.

The isle seemed extremely sturdy but looked barren as it became to float in the astral plane.

In the limitless void behind it were so, so many barren isles like this one...

"After Morning Star Magi die, their point mass will return to the astral universe. If Radiant Moon Magi fall and if the corpse isn't damaged, it'll turn into a barren isle?" Fear suddenly arose in Leylin's heart.

How many Radiant Moons had fallen in history? Someday in the future, would he turn into an isolated island like that?

"Even so, I must pursue eternal life! If I die while pursuing my dreams, I'll die with no regrets. I would have lived a marvellous life!" Leylin's eyes emitted a boundless spirit.

# Chapter 627: Shift and Prophecy

In the air above a region of Twilight Zone, countless distortions combined to form a spatial channel. Leylin, dressed in loose black robes, stepped out from the passageway.

The battle between rank 5s had resulted in extensive damage even within a spatial crack. Had it been fought in Twilight Zone, perhaps most of it would have been destroyed.

Even so, just the probing attacks from before had led to devastating harm to the land. Even if the affected area was not huge, the radiation and curses that remained would constantly corrode the land, even spreading out further.

In a worse case scenario, there might be the creation of malicious Conscients or attracting different World's Wills to descend here.

Whatever may happen, it would result in nothing good for Twilight Zone.

"A battle amongst Radiant Moons is far too destructive. It's not just the direct damage, but the indirect pollution as well..." Leylin watched the land that was in a terrible state and frowned, "If a Magus were to do this in the central continent, they would become a public enemy..."

Even the A.I. Chip had no quick methods to heal the land from such destructive damage, only waiting for nature to take its course or, at most, conducting some slow, suitable treatment.

Leylin's gaze suddenly turned to another region in the sky. "Now, onto the other guest who's been watching for a long time. Aren't you coming out to meet me?"

Not only could he sense the soul of a Radiant Moon in that direction, there was also the aura of a bloodline. Though it wasn't that of the Giant Kemoyin Serpent's, the person there was a sort of Warlock.

"Hehe... Your Highness has discovered me!" Crimson light flashed, and a large blood-red bat emerged from that direction. On its abdomen was a



young face.

The human face on the abdomen of the bat laughed as it spoke, “Your Highness! The last time we met was when you first explored the Morning Star area. I never expected you to catch up to us old things so quickly!”

After an attempt, Leylin quickly identified this person, “Such familiar undulations... You’re the protector of the Morning Star area!”

This was the conscient he’d interacted with when he’d entered the Morning Star area. He had long since gotten the A.I. Chip to record the aura of this rank 5 existence, there was no way he could be wrong.

The crimson bat chuckled. “Yes, I’m Jeffrey! I was afraid that they would harm Your Highness, but it looked like my worries were for naught...”

“Whatever it is, I’m still thankful for your help. How should I address you, Your Highness?” Leylin bowed slightly, and a look of puzzlement appeared on his expression.

“Our Warlock Union uses the same feudal system as your Ouroboros Clan. Rank 4s are Dukes, and rank 5 Warlocks are addressed ‘Your Highness’, we’re basically Archdukes,” the blood-red bat explained.

Leylin nodded. “I see! Well then, what business do you have coming here, as a fellow Archduke?”

“Oh yes! I hereby extend a solemn invitation to Your Highness Leylin. We hope you’ll come to the bloodline Warlocks’ final fort— the Morning Star area!” The human face on the bat’s abdomen looked serious.

Leylin agreed, “Indeed, I should go there. There seem to be some big problems between the Warlocks and Magi in the central continent.”

In actuality, Leylin was feeling somewhat annoyed. Initially, the only mortal enemy that he had provoked was Jupiter’s Lightning. Though the organisation of Sky City was hostile towards him, they wouldn’t go so far as to send people to hunt him down and kill him. Hence, after attaining rank 5 and taking care of Zegna, he was supposed to be able to do as he wished in this place.

However, reality dealt Leylin a huge blow. The appearance of Carol and the others indicated that there was another organisation that stood against Warlocks, and even took up the task of hunting down and eliminating Warlocks as their mission in life.

As the most dazzling of bloodline Warlocks with a meteoric rise, Leylin had unfortunately become their target.

‘Luckily, I’ve already reached rank 5. With the bonus from the Kemoyin Emperor and the aid from the A.I. Chip, I’ll still be able to escape even if I were to face a Breaking Dawn Magus. That’s enough...’ A cold glint flickered in Leylin’s eyes. This sneak attack against him had thoroughly irked him.

‘I don’t care who you are and how large your organisation is. Even if you have a Breaking Dawn Monarch backing you, there will come a day that I, Leylin Farlier, will completely erase you from the central continent. I swear on it!’

.....

Leylin was a very clear-cut person. He had little holding him back in Twilight Zone, and after sending Celine a simple message and mentioning what had happened he immediately followed Jeffrey out and into the Morning Star area.

Standing within the Morning Star area that had congealed, Leylin felt extremely emotional as he watched the shattered universe and gigantic stars within the space.

Though he’d visited this place numerous times with his soul force, this was the first time he’d entered the place with his real body. Sending his soul force out, the auras of the many bloodline Warlocks in the surroundings put Leylin’s mind and body at ease.

“Your Highness, Leylin. It’s nice to meet you again. Or should I say it’s nice to meet you again? I’m so happy that you’re joining us, our Warlock Union’s might has risen once again!” A Warlock with the same face as that on the abdomen of the bat emerged beside Leylin, his long crimson hair untied, flying in the air.

“Your Highness, Jeffrey!” It was obvious that this young man was a rank 5 Warlock. This was the main body of the Morning Star area’s protector, Jeffrey.

“Alright. I know you have many questions, but they’ll be answered once we reach headquarters.” Jeffrey enthusiastically brought Leylin all the way to the Warlocks’ headquarters in the Morning Star area.

In a gigantic receiving room, Leylin saw two other rank 5 Warlocks. One had a completely golden body, seemingly able to be likened to a god of battle. He was very familiar with this person— rank 5 Warlock, Golden Lion Wayde. He’d had quite a few transactions with him before.

“Come, let me introduce you. You already know Wayde, the person beside him is Offa,” Jeffrey smiled as he pointed to the Warlock beside Wayde.

Leylin took the initiative and bowed, “Your Highnesses!”

“Leylin Farlier! Once a Kemoyin Duke and now an Archduke. We’ve talked through imprints many times, but this is the first time we’re meeting face to face!” Wayde’s smile seemed to be bathed in sunshine, his body emanating a charismatic aura.

“Your Highness is truly a talent. With you joining us, I can be at ease... Cough Cough” Offa who was beside Wayde was like an old man approaching death, his aura full of decay. It seemed like he was but a step from the grace, and yet Leylin wouldn’t dare belittle him.

From this coughing old man’s body, he could feel soul force at the peak of Radiant Moon!

“Based on the previous rumours, the arrival of a few rank 5 Warlocks deterred the Breaking Dawn Monarchs from attacking, thus preserving the inheritance of Warlocks. If my guesses aren’t wrong, Warlock Offa is one of them...”

“Alright, let’s sit! What is it, are you astonished to see there being three rank 5 Warlocks in the Morning Star area?” Jeffrey laughed as he got Leylin and Wayde to sit, beaming as he got the robot servant to serve

refreshments.

“A little!” Leylin nodded in admittance. From both his own perception as well as the scanning of the A.I. Chip, these three Warlocks were here in their main bodies.

This meant the ones who were active in the Magus World were merely their clones. At this stage, Leylin knew just how much Warlocks were feared.

“We’re trapped here due to the suppression of the central continent’s Magi. We need to be on our guards against the Blazing Flame Monarch,” Jeffrey said solemnly.

“Blazing Flame Monarch? The Breaking Dawn Magus?” Leylin immediately recalled the Fiery World that he’d found when probing through the astral plane before ruthlessly being expelled by the organisation of the Blazing Flame Monarch.

“Yes. The other party has a terrible attitude, and even wants to attack us...”

Leylin touched his chin, “Then, are there other organisations in the central continent that are on good terms with us Warlocks?”

“No... Basically, all Magi are worried about our rise, and there are people who are just waiting to watch us run out of luck. Still, there’s only one organisation who’ve been attacking us brazenly, hoping to completely exterminate us, and it’s that of the Blazing Flame Monarch.”

Jeffrey and Wayde exchanged a glance before Offa spoke. “I can tell you this: those that attacked you, Carol, Eugene, and the rest, were subordinates of the Blazing Flame Monarch...”

“At the beginning, it was also this Blazing Flame Monarch who wanted to end the inheritances of us Warlocks. If not for Offa and the other elders advancing in time and transforming the Morning Star area into a gigantic battle fort, we Warlocks would probably have gone extinct due to him...” Wayde spoke in a low voice.

“Battle fort?” Leylin thought of something else. ‘Transforming a small

world into a gigantic weapon in war to be manipulated by three rank 5 Warlocks is something to be feared, even by Breaking Dawn Magi...'

"Well then, do you know why the Blazing Flame Monarch is hell bent on killing us?" Leylin asked gloomily.

"It could be because of some conflicts of interest and some old grudges..." Jeffrey didn't seem quite sure about this either. "Our intelligence officers have also discovered an interesting prophecy..."

# Chapter 628: Clone Creation

“What prophecy?” Leylin’s spirits were lifted.

“In this century, before the waves of extreme weather returns, the King of Bloodlines shall rise in splendour, crushing all the other thrones in the central continent!” Jeffrey’s body began to tremble with excitement.

“A Monarch of bloodline Warlocks?” Leylin shook his head, “How could there be something so easy?”

Wayde’s expression turned a little gloomy. “However, once a rank 6 Warlock does appear, they will surely exceed Breaking Dawn Magi in strength. Perhaps the Blazing Flame Monarch intended to nip the danger in the bud. This is also why the other Monarchs in the central continent are supporting it.”

“That certainly makes sense as well!” Leylin stroked his chin.

“And there are only a few candidates left that may fulfill the prophecy, one of them being Your Highness Leylin. Hence, for your safety and considering the futures of us Warlocks, we request that Your Highness stays in the Morning Star area as much as possible. Even if you wish to go out, please use some sort of clone...” Jeffrey said sincerely.

“Why? Do you think I can advance to the Breaking Dawn realm?” Leylin’s heart stirred but his facial expression was that of stupefaction, “Even if my bloodline evolved to become that of a Kemoyin Emperor, I am still limited to rank 5!”

“Of course, we are aware of the difficulty of bloodline shackles, but even a rank 5 Kemoyin Emperor will be one of our greatest military strengths...” Wayne pointed out meaningfully.

‘This attitude... could it be that they really found a bloodline Warlock that can advance to rank 6?’ Seeing Wayne’s attitude, Leylin already had some ideas in his heart.

“I’m naturally bound to do my duty for the Warlock Union. But there’s one problem. I still have to resolve the grudge between Jupiter’s Lightning

and my Ouroboros Clan...” Leylin’s expression showed a hint of hesitation.

“There’s no need for Your Highness to worry about that. Regarding this, there’s no need for Your Highness to worry at all. According to our intelligence, the chief of Jupiter’s Lightning, Night Phantom Zegna, is already dead...”

Jeffrey sneaked a glance at Offa, before he made the report to Leylin.

“What? Zegna has fallen?” This news immediately caused Leylin’s eyes to widen into full circles. He’d never expected that this enemy who’d caused him such tremendous stress before would just die so quietly.

Although he was confident in killing the man on the spot with his current strength, his opponent meeting an end still left Leylin depressed. It was like he’d punched out with all his might just to hit cotton.

“How did he die?” Morning Stars normally had lifespans of over a thousand years, and Radiant Moons usually lived to several thousand years old.

Given how young Zegna was, his death was definitely not due to old age.

“We don’t have any news about that, sadly. But we did receive information that Jupiter’s Lightning was taken over by a female Radiant Moon Magus after Zegna’s death. On top of that, they announced the end of all current diplomatic and military movements. This means your Ouroboros Clan’s emergency has been solved...”

“Female Radiant Moon Magus?” For some unknown reason, Leylin immediately thought of the power hiding behind Zegna.

During their previous fights, he had faintly sensed that Zegna certainly had assistance from a Magus who was more knowledgeable than him. This turn of events led to his instincts saying so even more

‘Was it really an accidental death, or was it man-made?’ Leylin’s pupils twinkled in a myriad of colours.

“As for the two Dukes, your wife, and any others, we can totally arrange for them to stay here to ensure their safety!” Wayne guaranteed, seemingly

worried that Leylin still had other considerations.

“Thank you so much Your Highness, but let’s wait until I finish everything on hand before visiting Freya and the others.” Leylin nodded in gratitude. He’d had some suspicions and concerns about the Warlock headquarters at this Morning Star area, but now it just seemed like they really wanted to protect a promising bloodline.

Although most of his suspicions had been eliminated, Leylin would still run his own inspections before he’d make a decision.

Leylin now more or less understood the peak military strength of the Warlock Union. The Morning Star area was their base camp, and of the executives among them, Jeffrey, Wayde, and Offa were all here. There was only one mysterious rank 5 Warlock hiding in the outside world, the last card in their hands.

It could be said that the current Leylin was already at the peak of bloodline Warlocks, one of their five magnates. His position in this Morning Star area could no longer be described as just respected. He instead was a partial ruler!

He’d even gotten access to some of the union’s resources, and the first thing he did was to enrich the A.I. Chip’s database with even more information.

.....

Morning Star area, in a castle specially built for Leylin.

A few months had passed by in a flash. Now, Freya was putting the books in her hands down and stretched, caressing her stomach. Her face was brimming with joy and love.

Passing through an astral gate, the two Kemoyin Dukes and Freya had seen Leylin in the Morning Star area. She couldn’t believe that her husband had advanced to rank 5, even upgrading his bloodline to that of the terrifying Kemoyin Emperor.

Rank 5! This was a painful topic for all Kemoyin Warlocks, but now the bloodline of the Kemoyin Emperor was already growing in her womb.



“Kemoyin Emperor, the ruler of all Kemoyin Warlocks...” Freya mumbled with blurred vision as her eyes brimmed with joy.

This was the right and proper ruling bloodline, one that had a guarantee of being able to advance to rank 5! Freya had a premonition that the Farlier Family would become the royalty of the Ouroboros Clan. All of the female Kemoyin warlocks would go crazy in order to obtain Leylin’s bloodline, even resorting to unscrupulous ways!

“With the injection of a rank 5 bloodline also has so many benefits for my Blood Serpent Family. Forget falling, our bloodline will definitely rise in rank now!” Thinking about how she’d successfully gained hold of these things that she wouldn’t have even been able to beg for before, Freya was filled with rejoicement.

And with that admiration came a further increase in her admiration and trust towards her husband... Thinking up to this point, Freya couldn’t help but tilt her head to look in another direction.

Outside the translucent glass, not far away from the master bedroom was a large laboratory for experiments on the astral plane as well as a breeding room for bloodlines. The two buildings stood tall like large monsters, even engulfing all the light in their surroundings as they made one feel stifled.

Inside the bloodline experimentation lab, Leylin was looking at a body in the breeding pool, a thoughtful expression emerging on his face.

[Constructing the clone’s body! Estimated to be a perfect body of a Morning Star!] The A.I. Chip’s scans and prompts were transmitted continuously.

Leylin was currently trying to create a clone of himself. Generally speaking, such a clone would be a rank below that of the Magi who created it. In order to obtain a clone of a same rank as the main body like Wayde’s, one required not only time and large amounts of resources, but a certain amount of luck as well.

“Beginning copying of soul imprint!” Two bright beams of light shot out of Leylin’s eyes and into the clone’s...

Half an hour later, the clone's eyelids suddenly raised, its eyes containing a slight vigour. Energy undulations at the peak of Morning Star began to spread out.

"Based on the Heavenly Astrals' blueprint and flesh that has been added to my own body, this clone's battle prowess pretty decent in the Morning Star level!"

Leylin nodded in satisfaction. Truth be told, such a clone wasn't very useful. Although they worked when dealing with weak enemies, they were only bugs in front of Radiant Moons.

However, its advantage lay in its simple structure. This type of clone was good cannon fodder that could handle some unimportant matters.

[Based on the main body's spiritual conditions, at most three imprints can be maintained at once!] the A.I. Chip's voice echoed once more.

"In other words, under normal circumstances, I can at most maintain 3 Morning Star ranked clones?" Leylin stroked his chin. He had a certain understanding towards the situation with this kind of clone.

Because truesouls were inseparable, many Magi had clones like this that only possessed a spiritual imprint. Its death would not have much impact on the main body, but on the main body's death, the truesoul could shift into the clone and successfully revive itself.

Still, this process had its dangers as well. For instance, Leylin had taken a Radiant Moon Magus' clones out with them, causing a thorough death by killing the truesoul itself.

'This kind of method is not very safe... Legends talk of a way during ancient times to break up one's truesoul. A clone formed in that way unifies both sides, but they don't necessarily affect one another. Even if one dies, the other can live on without a hitch. That is true cloning...' Leylin thought of some confidential information he'd acquired before.

'Only, because one is breaking up their truesoul, such a cloning may result in different personalities because of the different environments and experiences. There could even be a situation wherein the clones turn

against each other and become enemies. That's too dangerous...'

The technique he was using currently was like that of creating a photocopied substitute. Although it would not have any special abilities, it was better in terms of stability and safety. Of course, another reason for Leylin choosing this method was simply that he had no desire to break up his truesoul.

All such cloning required was a great amount of material resources and a piece of memory he could duplicate by using the A.I. Chip. It could be considered a bargain.

Thinking of this, Leylin could not help but take a look at his own status.

[Leylin Farlier rank 5 bloodline: Kemoyin Serpent Emperor (Complete body), Strength: 76, Agility: 62, Vitality: 138.9, Spiritual force: 1329.7, Magic power: 1329 (Magic power is in synchronisation with spiritual force) Soul Force: 133 (New Moon)]

# Credits

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